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The Motion Picture
Story Magazine Portraits

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These magazines aranged and
bound for
Mrs Bert G. Lantz
for her birthday
Aug - 29 - 1915 -

Presented by
her husband
Bert G. Lantz

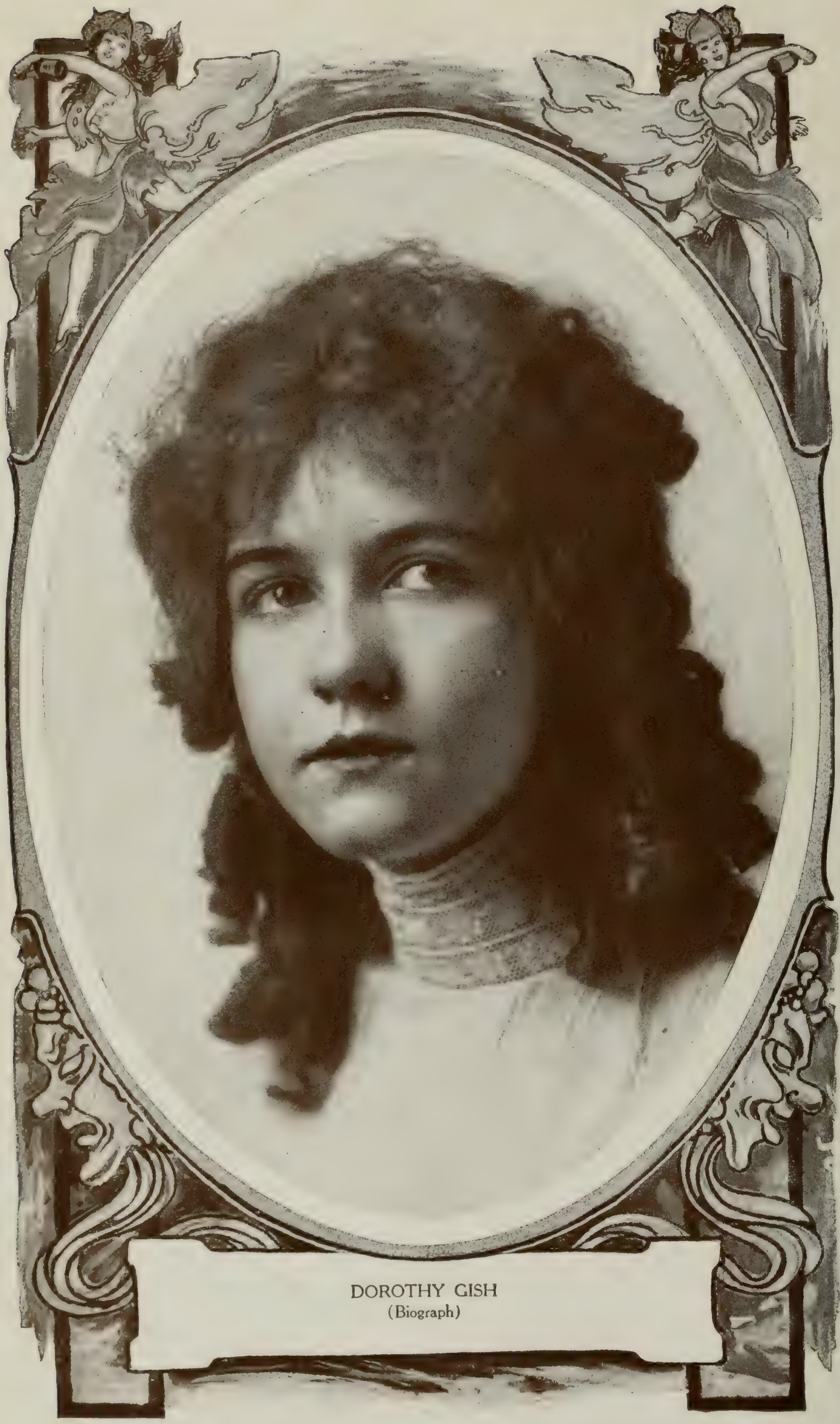
GALLERY OF PICTURE PLAYERS

MARIE WEIRMAN
(Lubin)

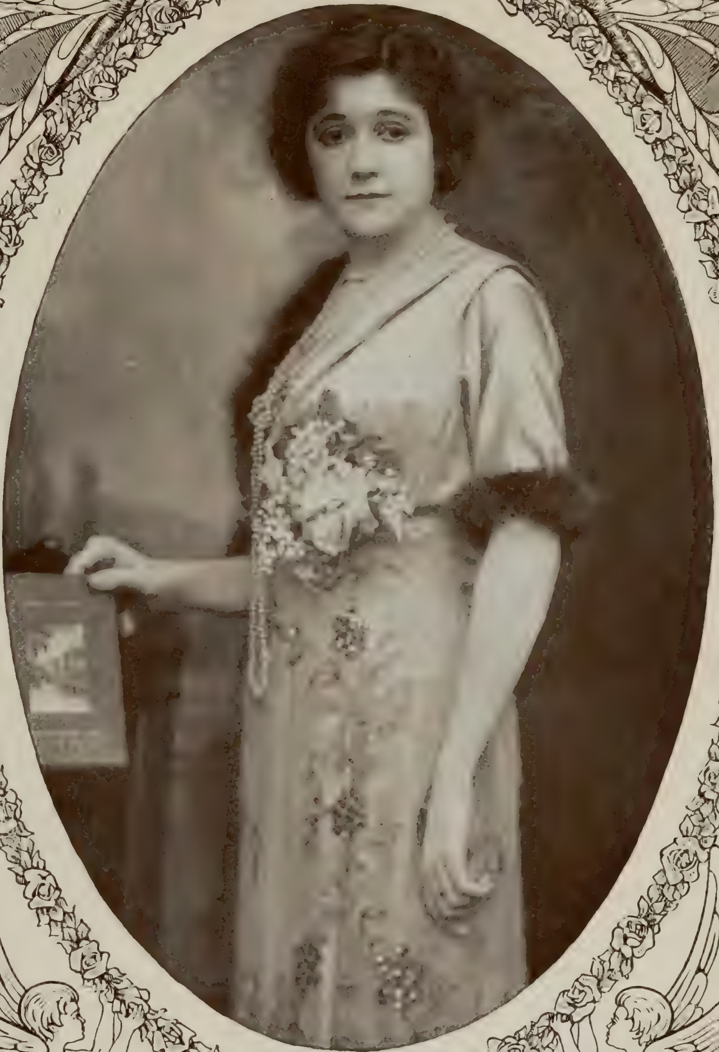
PEARL SINDELAR
(Pathé Frères)

MAE MARSH
(Biograph)

JOHN E. BRENNAN
(Kalem)



DOROTHY GISH
(Biograph)



MABEL TRUNNELLE
(Edison)

Some ESSANAY PLAYERS

MRS.
TRUE BOARDMAN

DOROTHY
PHILLIPS

Mrs. ARTHUR
MACKLEY

CLEO RIDGELY

J. M. RIDGELY

ETHEL CLAYTON
(Lubin)

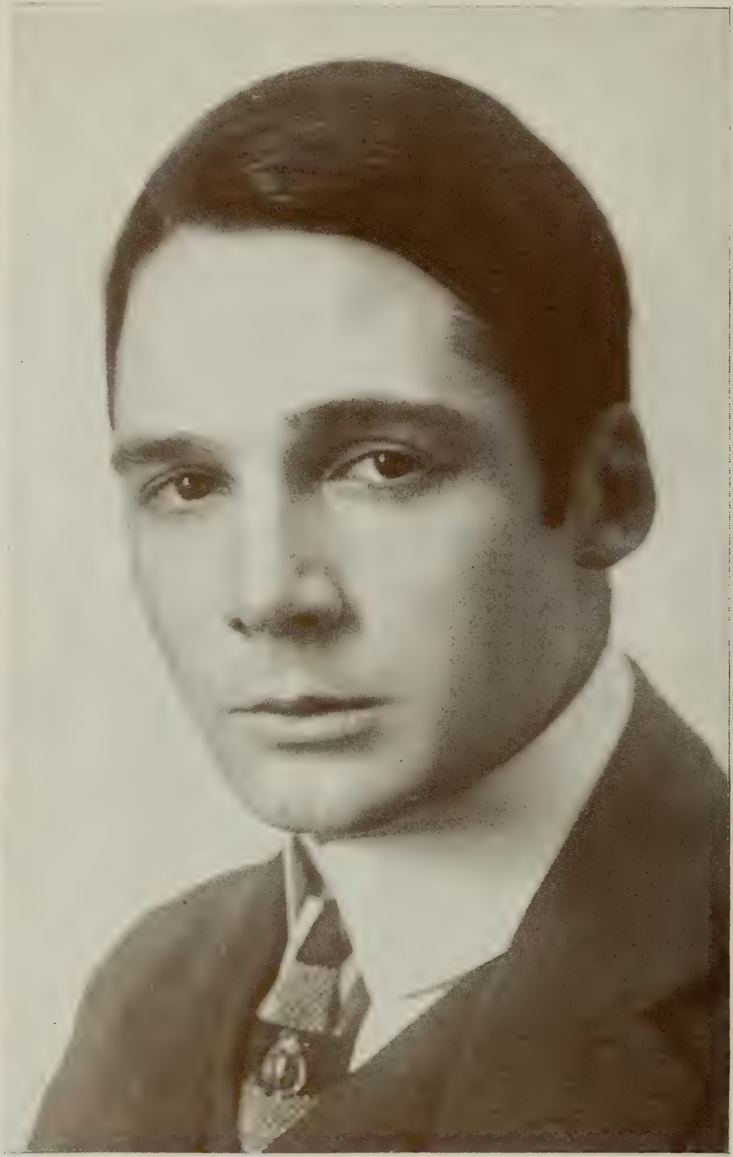
EDWIN AUGUST
(Universal)

BEVERLY BAYNE (Essanay)

GENE GAUNTIER (G. G. P. Co.)

CARLYLE
BLACKWELL
(Kalem)

MYRTLE GONZALEZ (Vitagraph)

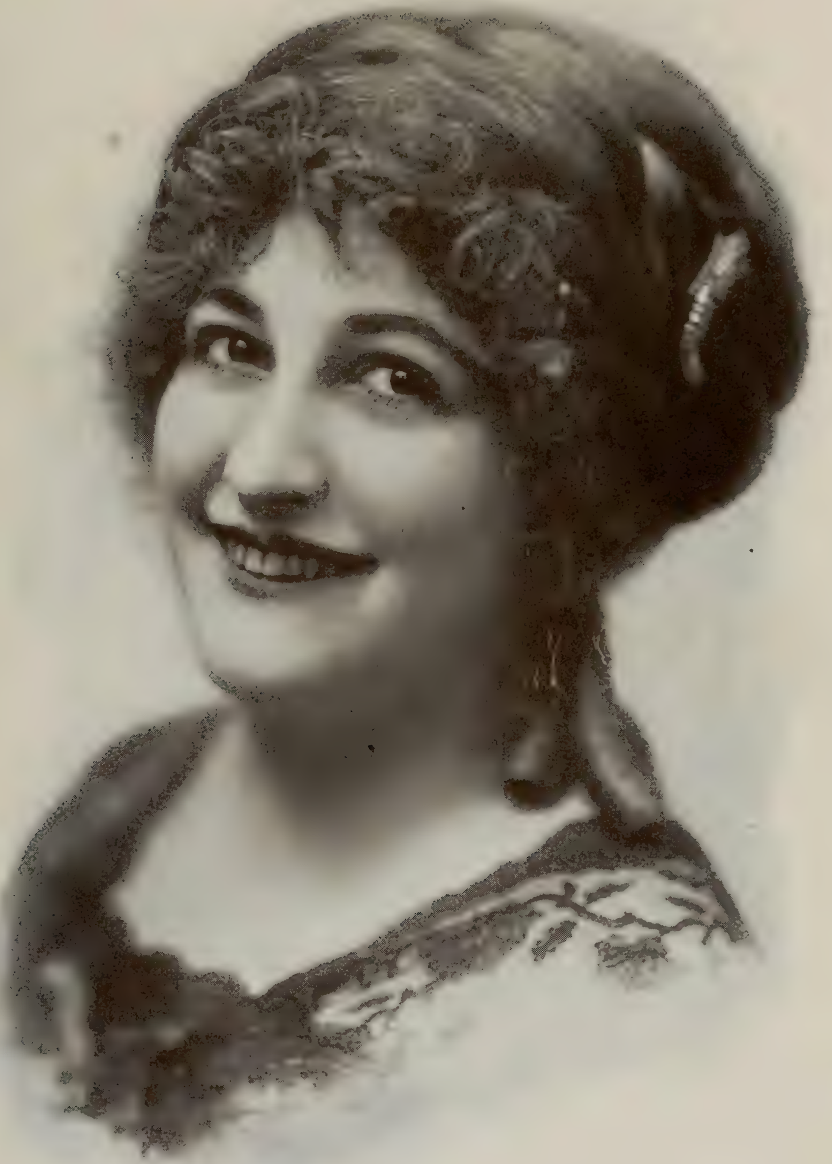


WALTER MILLER
(Biograph)

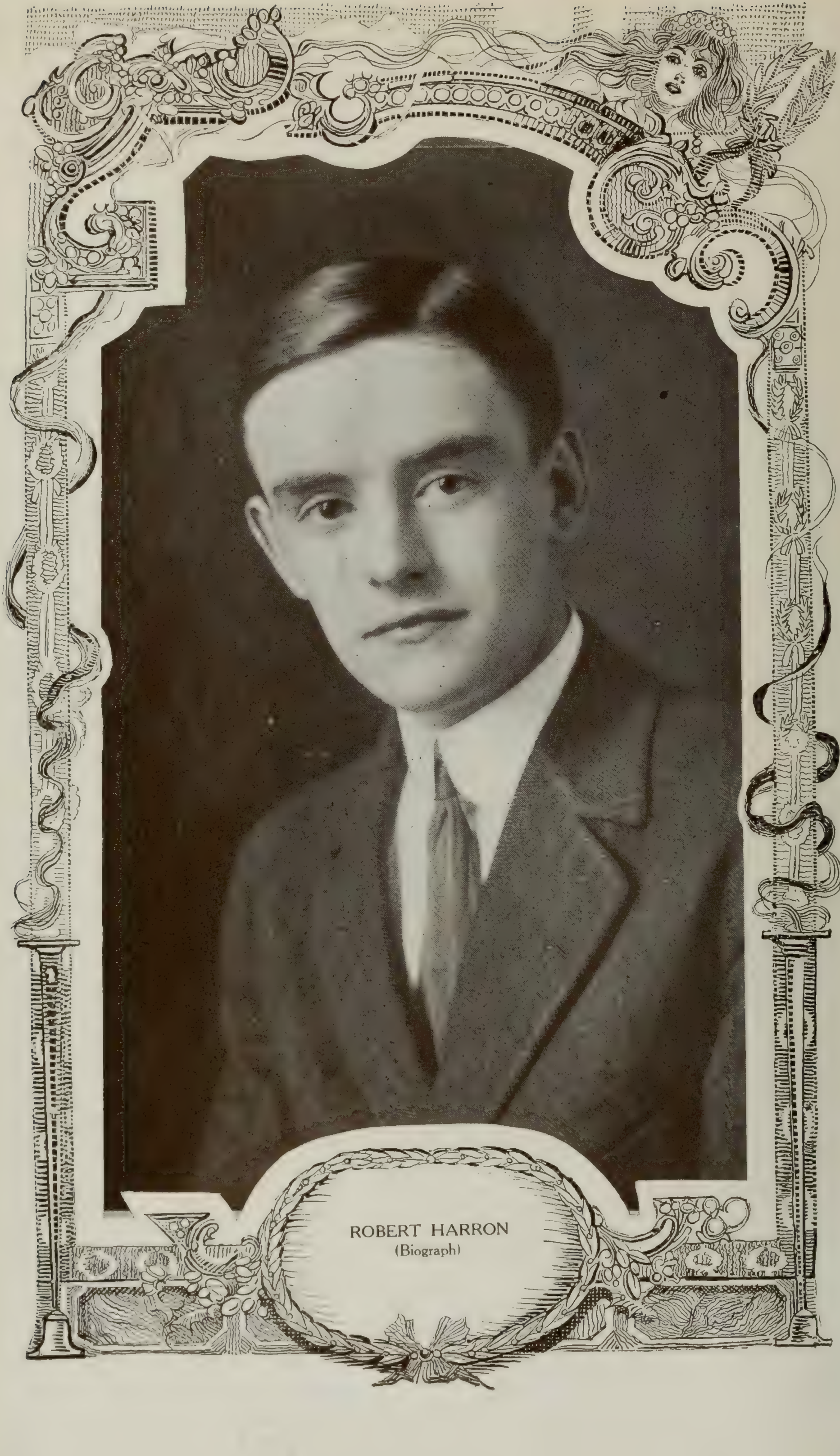
GALLERY OF PICTURE PLAYERS

E. K. LINCOLN
(Vitagraph)

NANCY AVRIL
(Pathé Frères)



OCTAVIA HANDWORTH
(Pathé Frères)

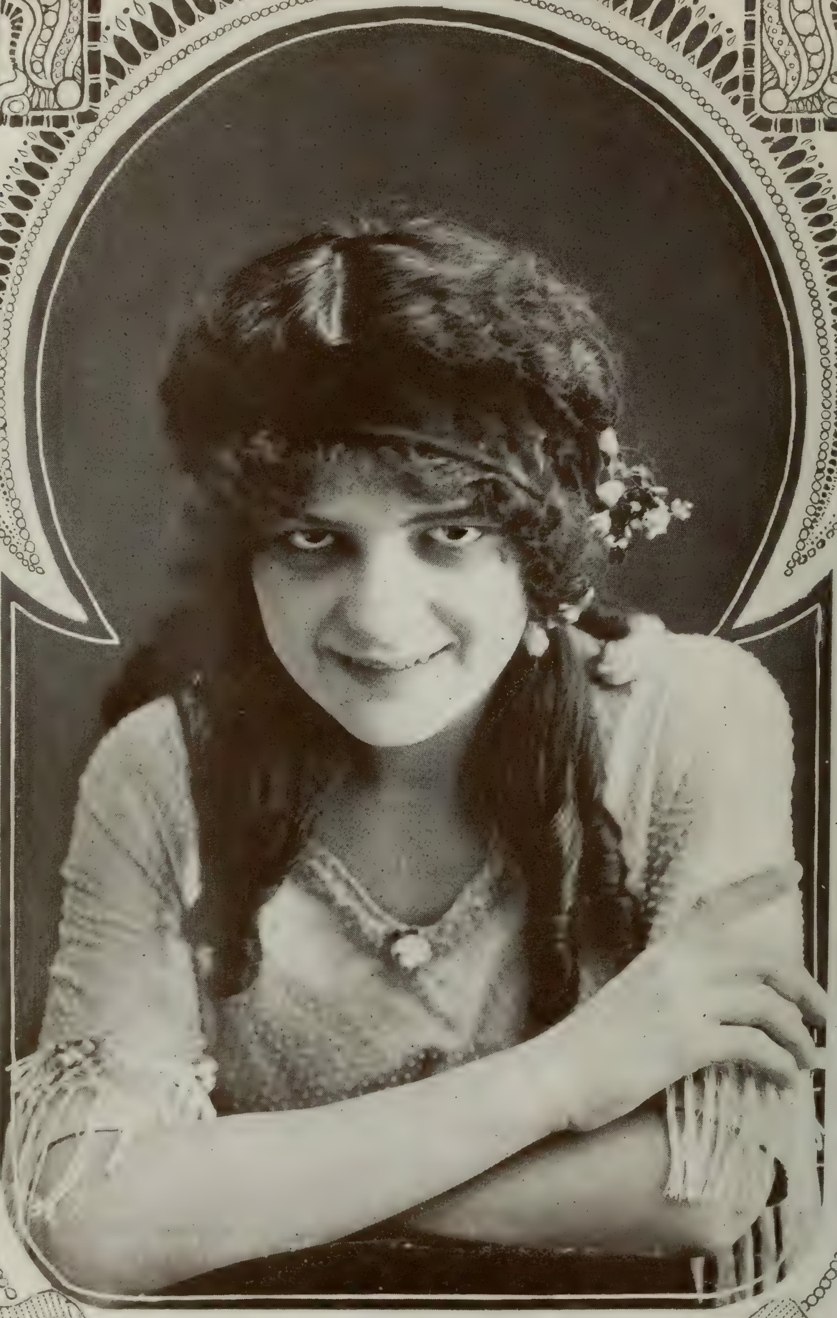


ROBERT HARRON
(Biograph)

MARY FULLER (Edison)

MARGUERITE COURTOT (Kalem)

GERTRUDE McCOY (Edison)



VIVIAN RICH
(AMERICAN)

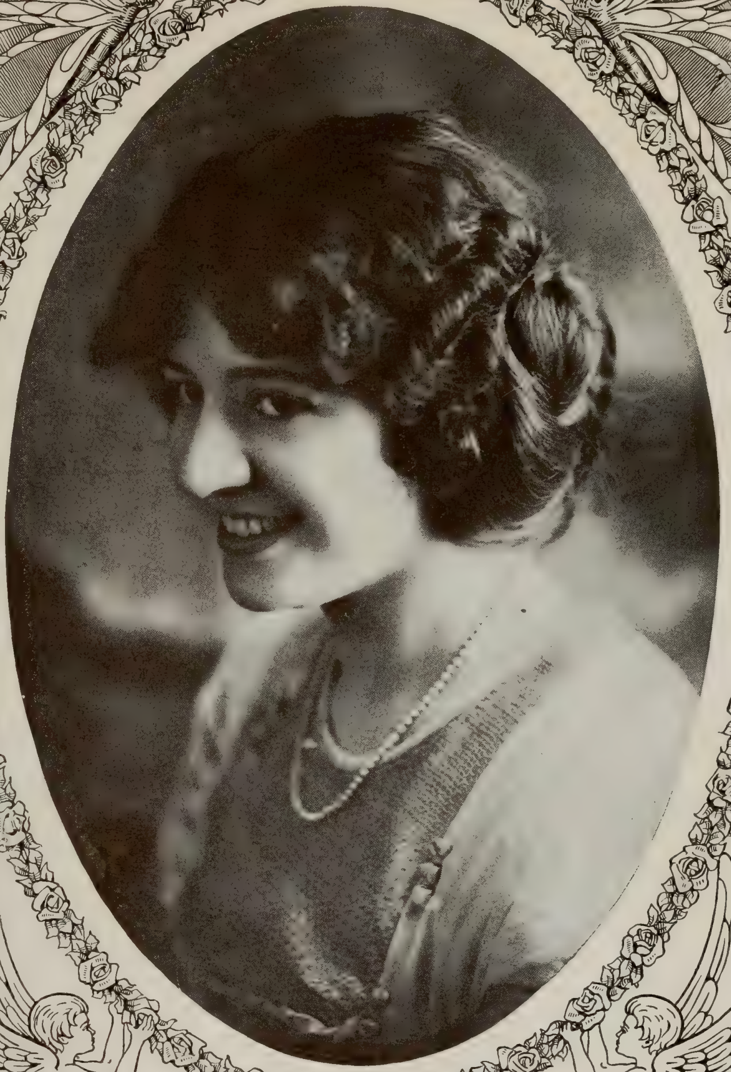
$500 REWARD FOR THE ARREST OF BRONCHO BILLY
SMITH SHERIFF

G. M. ANDERSON
(Essanay)

NED FINLEY

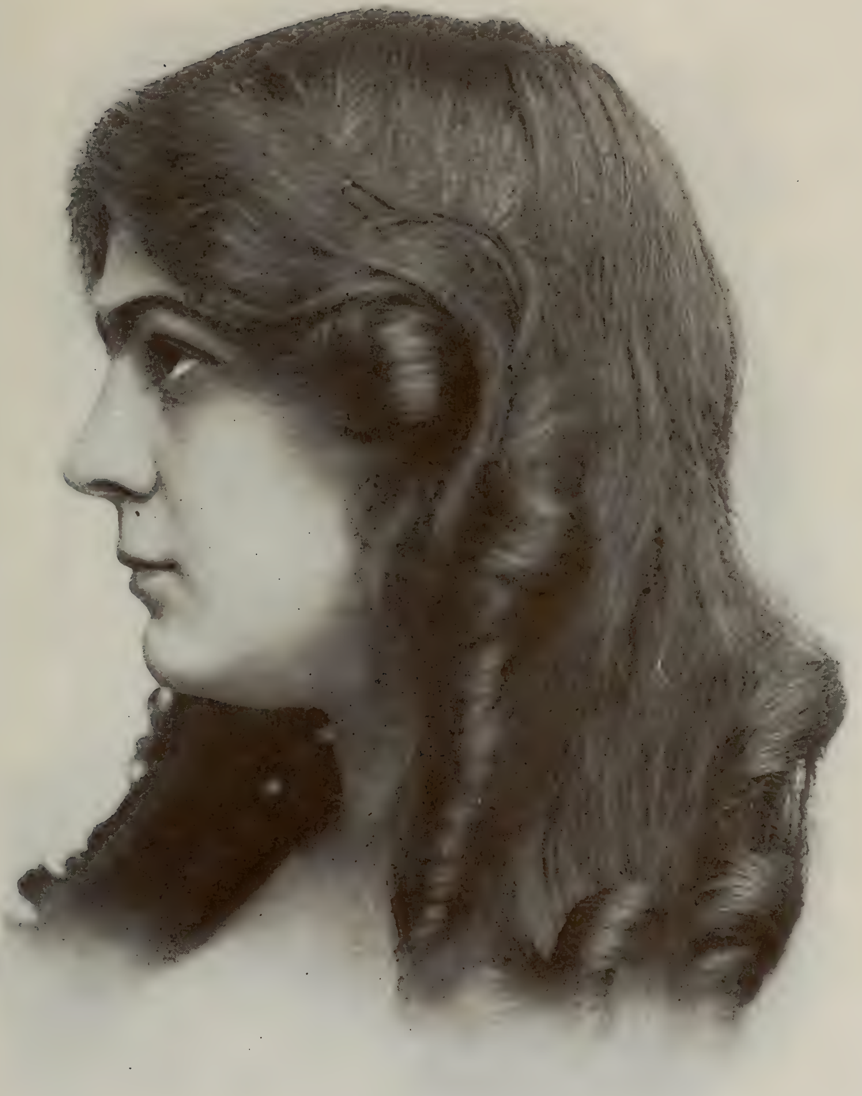
L. ROGERS
LYTTON

(VITAGRAPH)



MARGUERITE SNOW
(Thanhouser)

MARGUERITE LOVERIDGE
(Majestic)



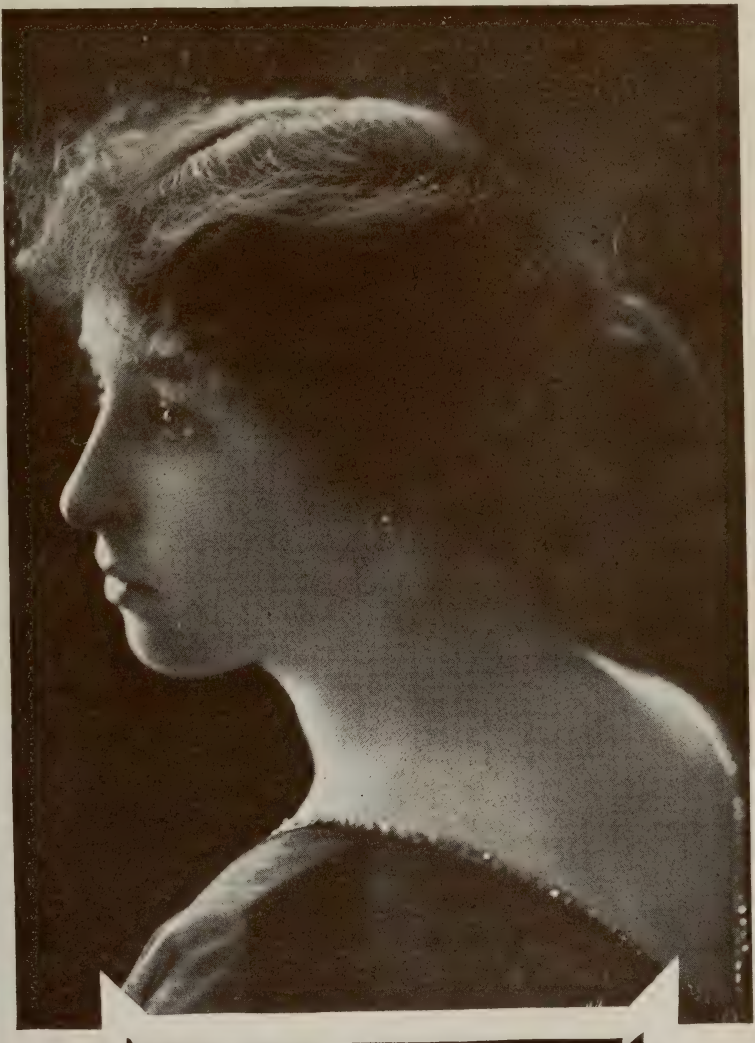
LOTTIE BRISCOE
(Lubin)

ROMAINE FIELDING (Lubin)

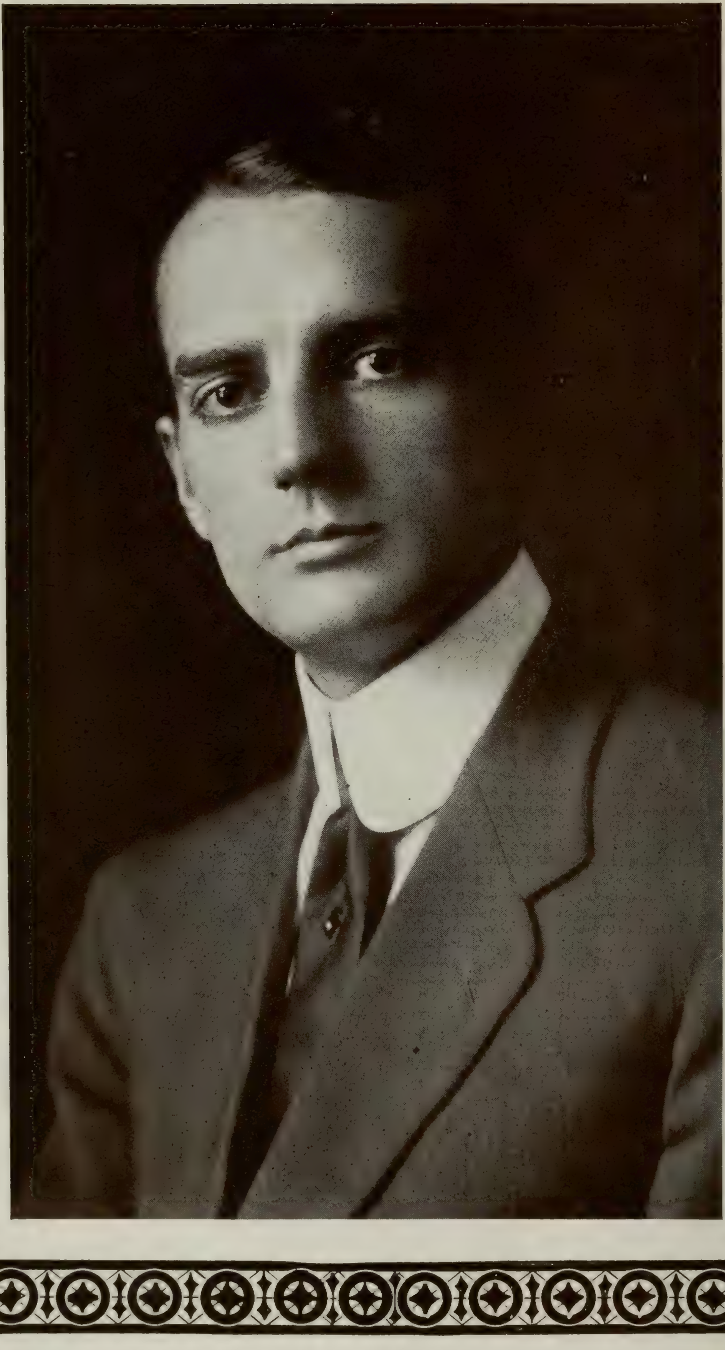
MARY RYAN
(Lubin)

CHARLES HILL MAILES (Biograph)

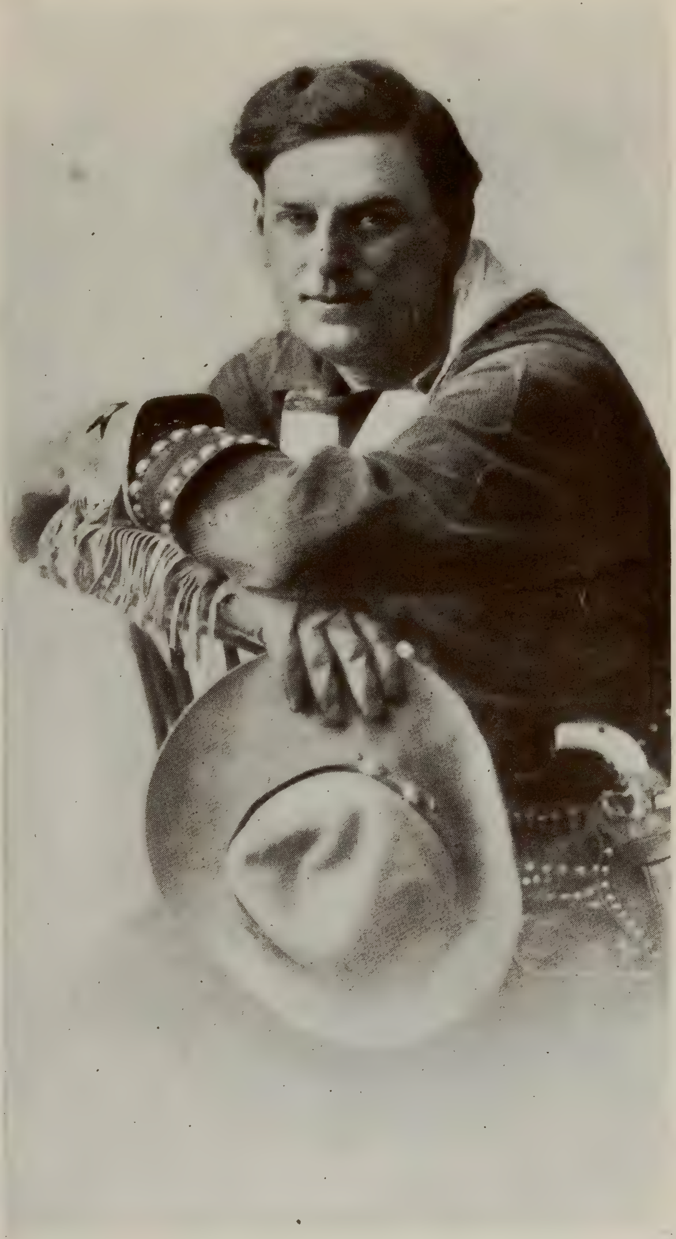
GALLERY OF PICTURE PLAYERS



EDITH STOREY
(Vitagraph)



CHARLES H. WEST (Biograph)

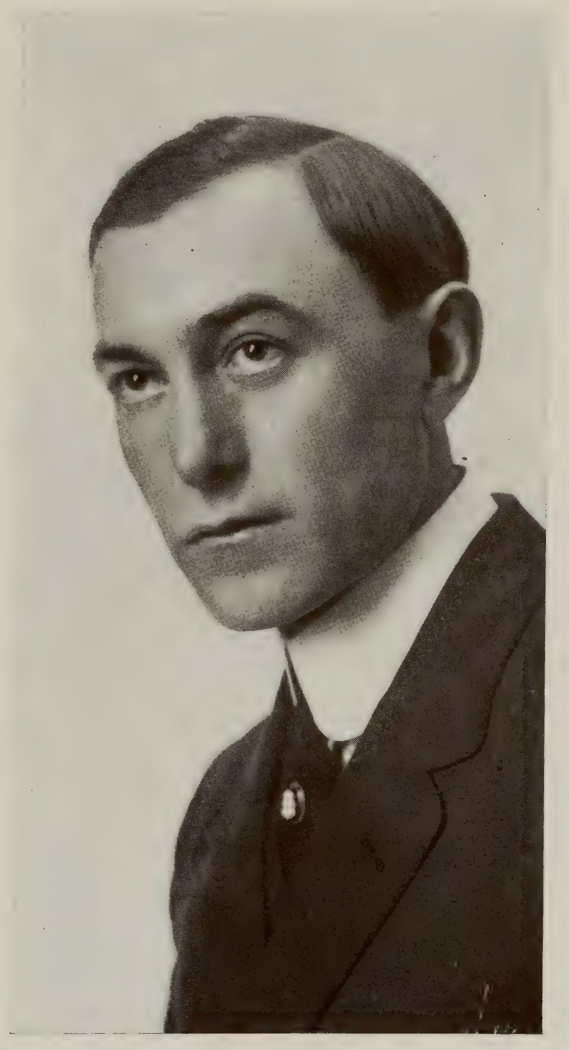


G. M. ANDERSON ("BRONCHO BILLY"—Essanay)

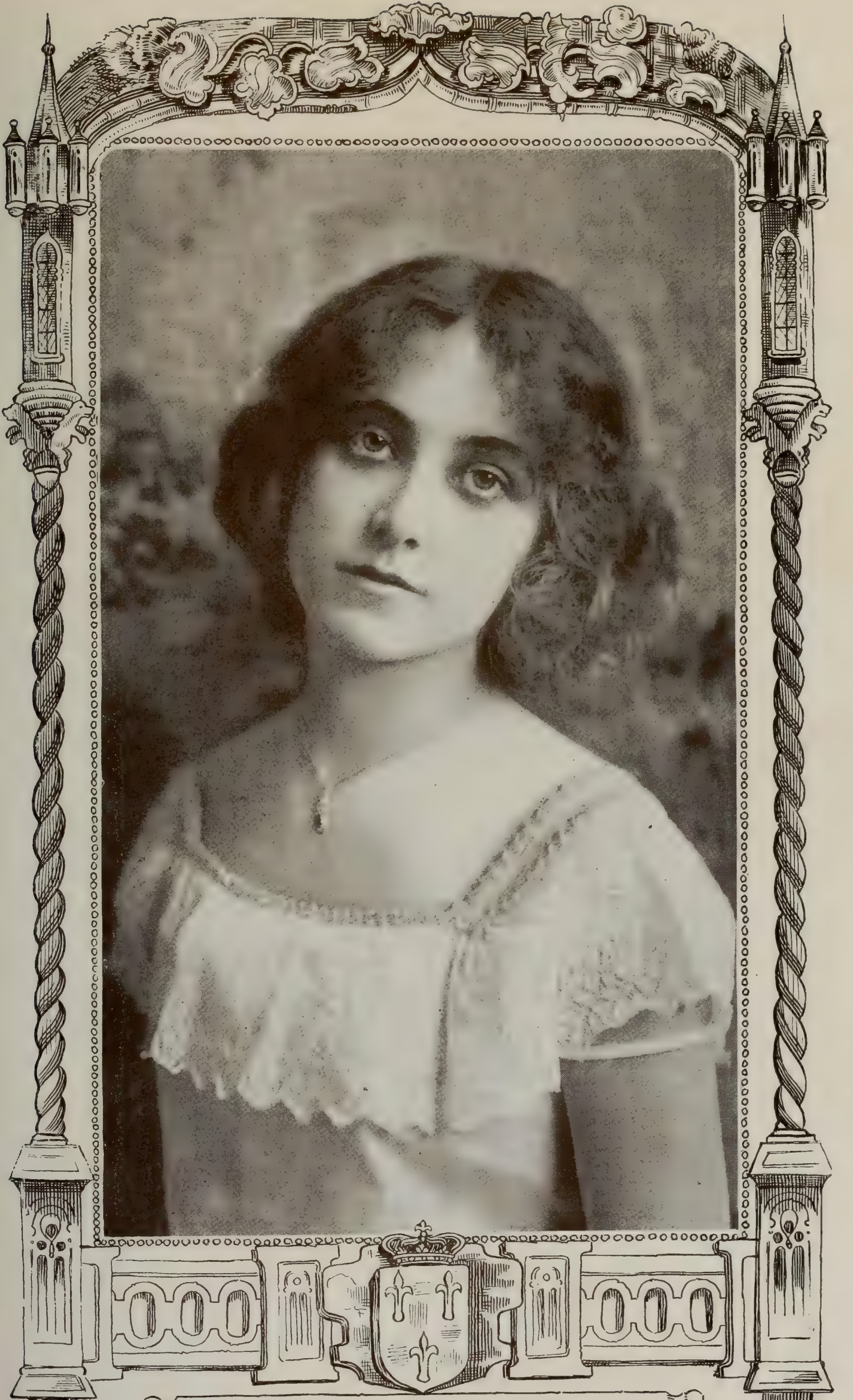
ALICE JOYCE
(Kalem)

EDGENA DE LESPINE (Reliance)

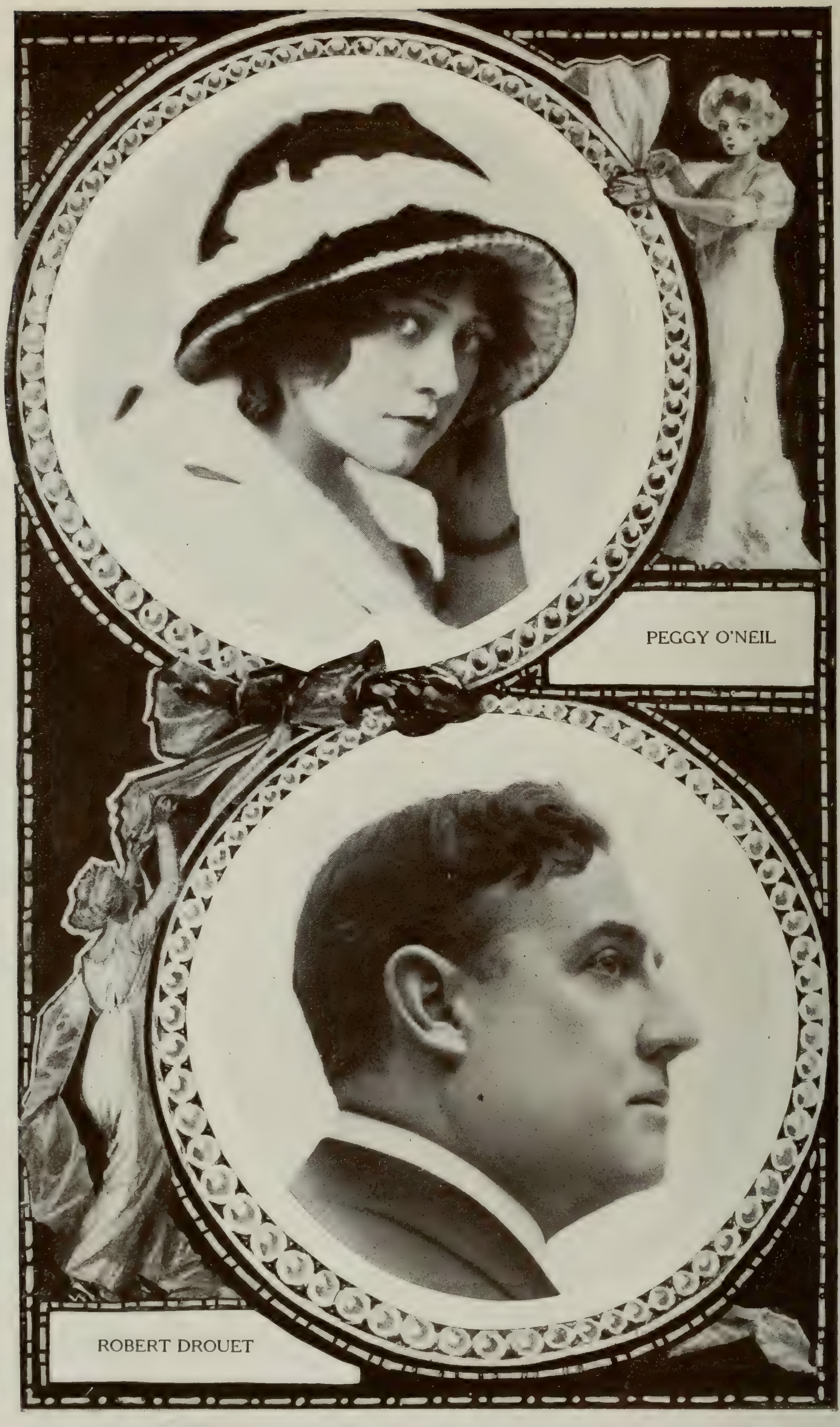
ETHEL GRANDIN
(Imp)



HARRY CAREY
(Biograph)



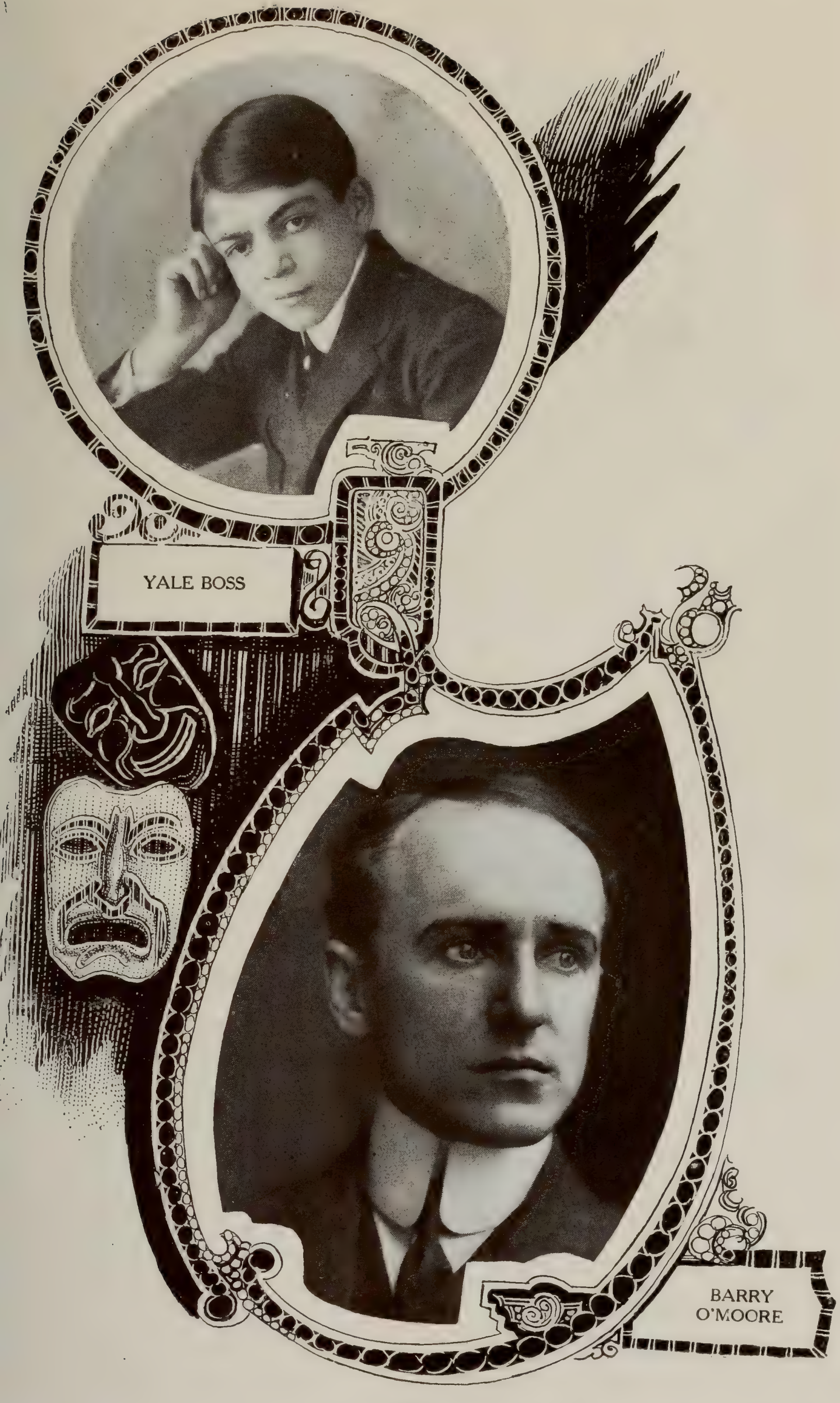
FRANCELIA BILLINGTON
MAJESTIC



PEGGY O'NEIL

ROBERT DROUET

(Lubin)



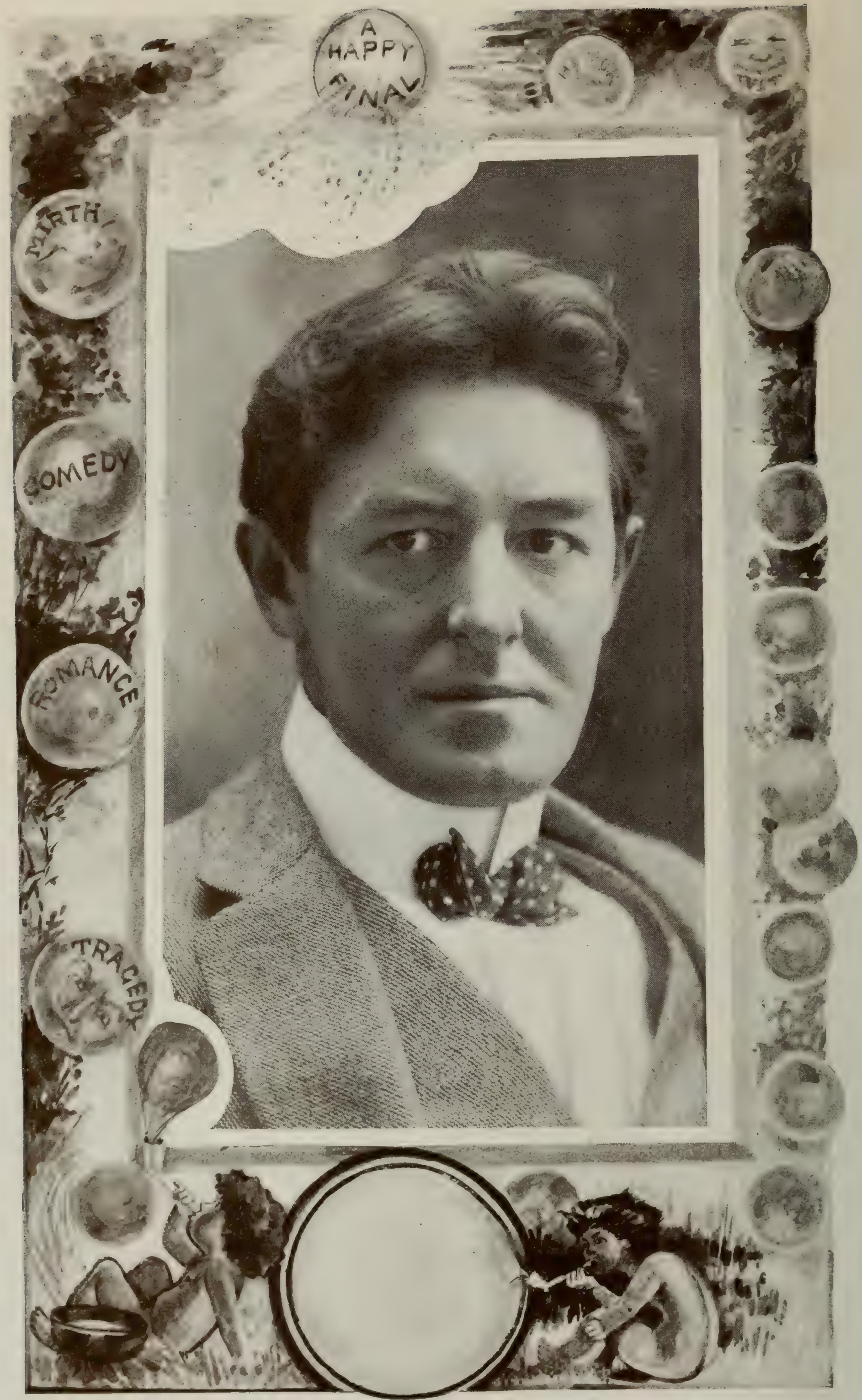
YALE BOSS

BARRY O'MOORE

(Edison)

CHARLES ARLING
(Pathé Frères)

GWENDOLINE PATES (Pathé Frères)

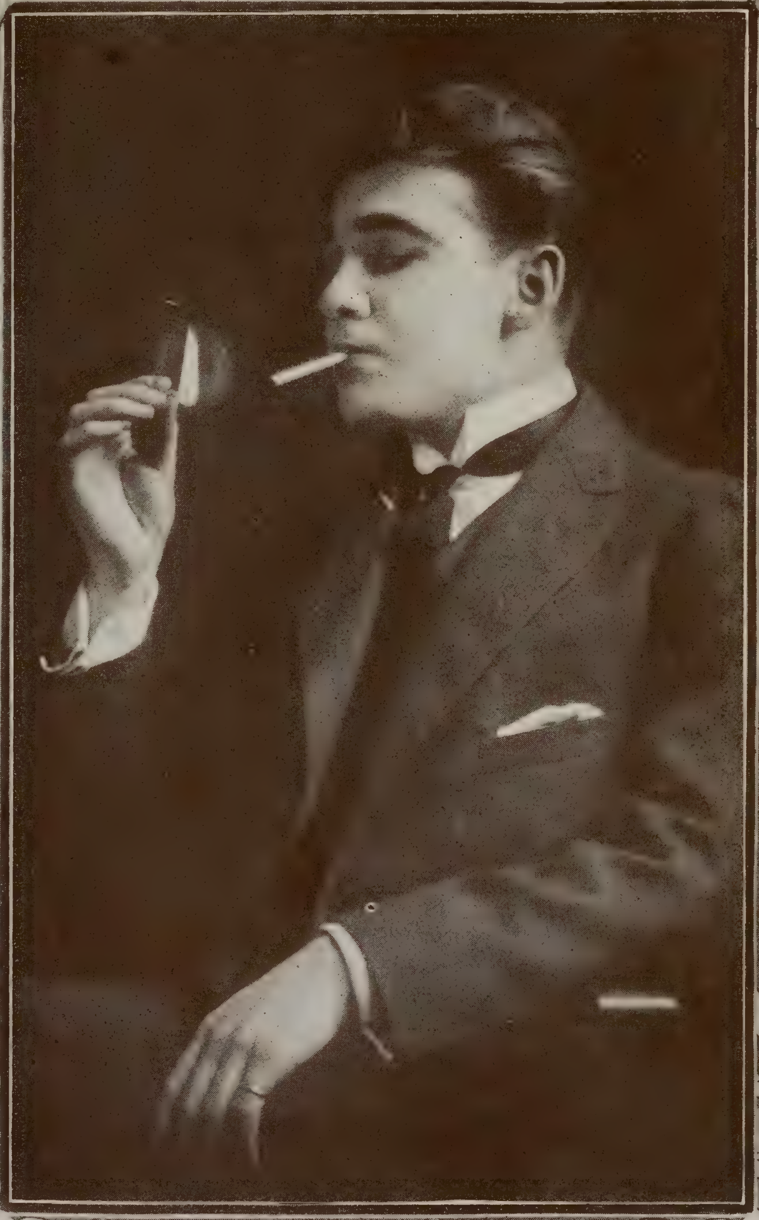


MARC MAC DERMOTT
(Edison)

ORMI HAWLEY (Lubin)

JUANITA DALMOREZ
(Essanay)

GALLERY OF PICTURE PLAYERS



THOMAS MOORE
(Kalem)

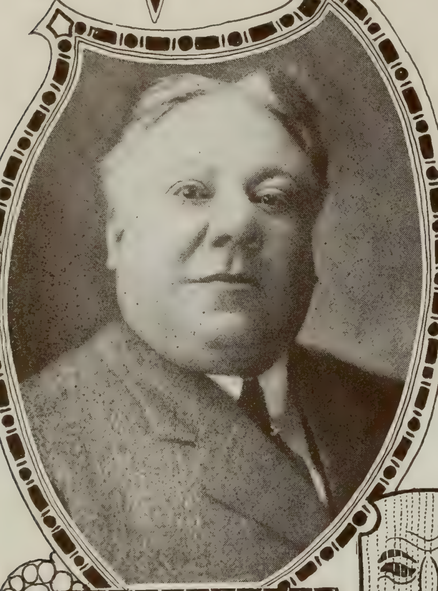
IRENE BOYLE
(Kalem)

FLORENCE LEE
(Biograph)

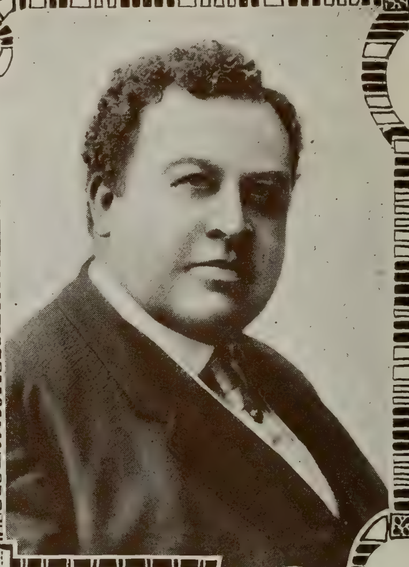
LOTTIE BRISCOE
(Lubin)

MURIEL OSTRICHE
(Thanhouser)

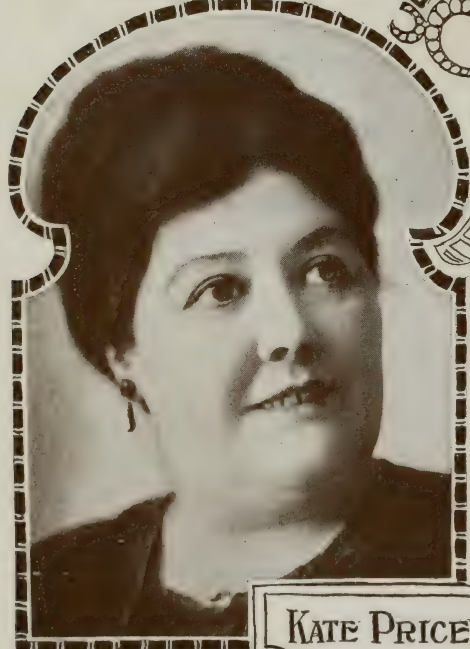
Nearly A Ton of Vitagraph Players



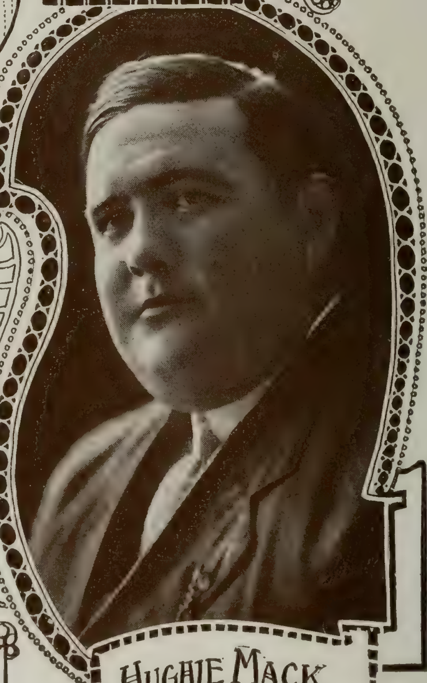
JOHN BUNNY



JAMES LACKAYE



KATE PRICE



HUGHIE MACK

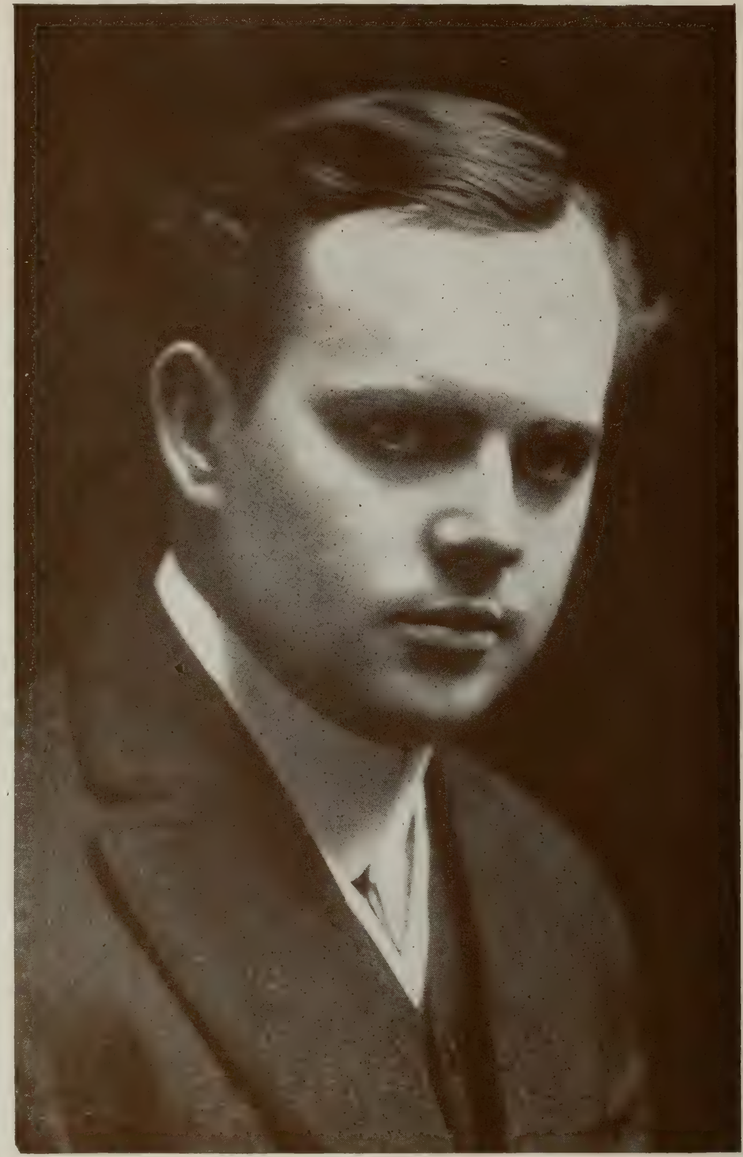
A Group of Pretty Essanay Players

DORIS MITCHELL
GERTRUDE SCOTT

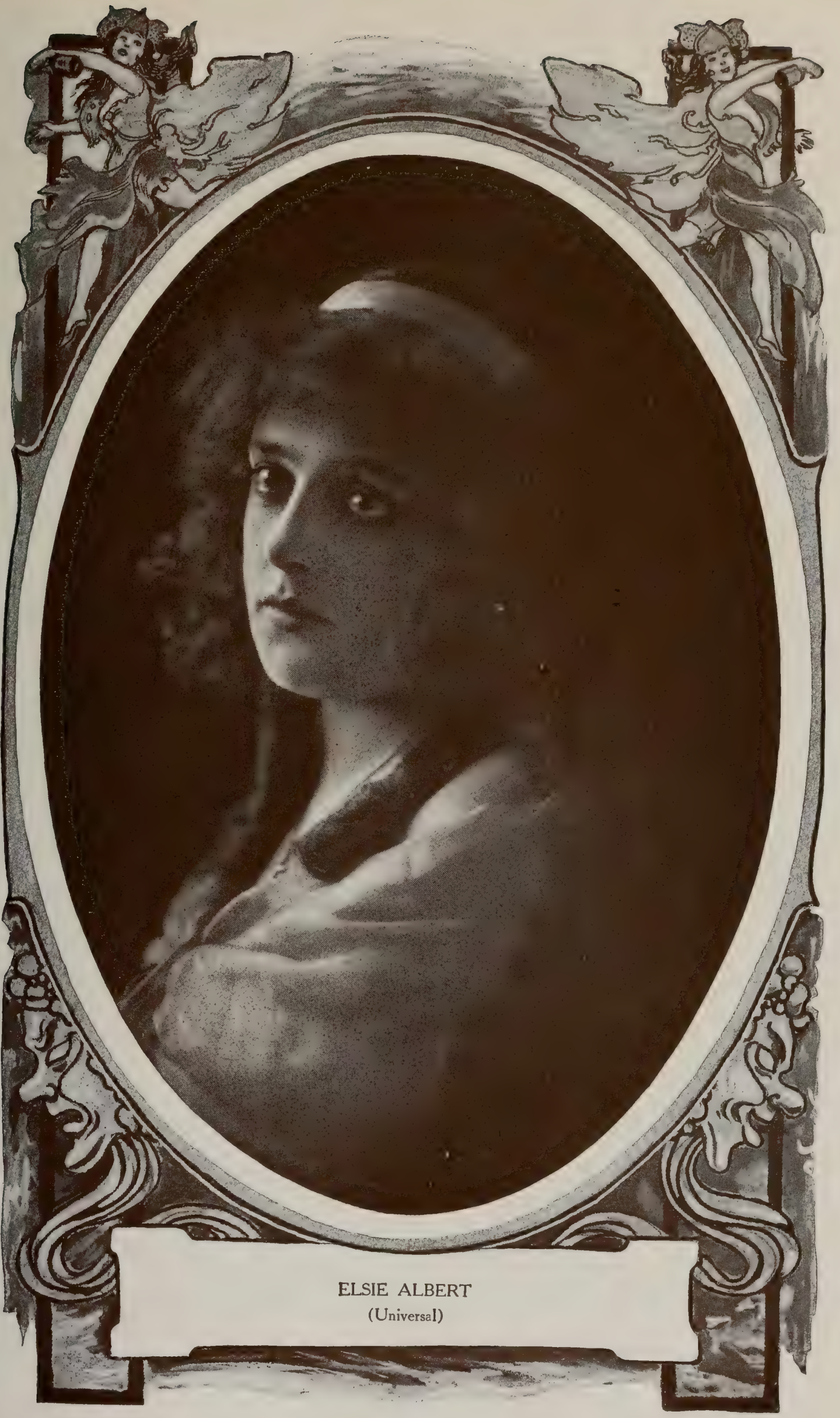
DOLORES CASSINELLI
GERTRUDE FORBES

Most sincerely
Rosemary Theby
"Reliance"

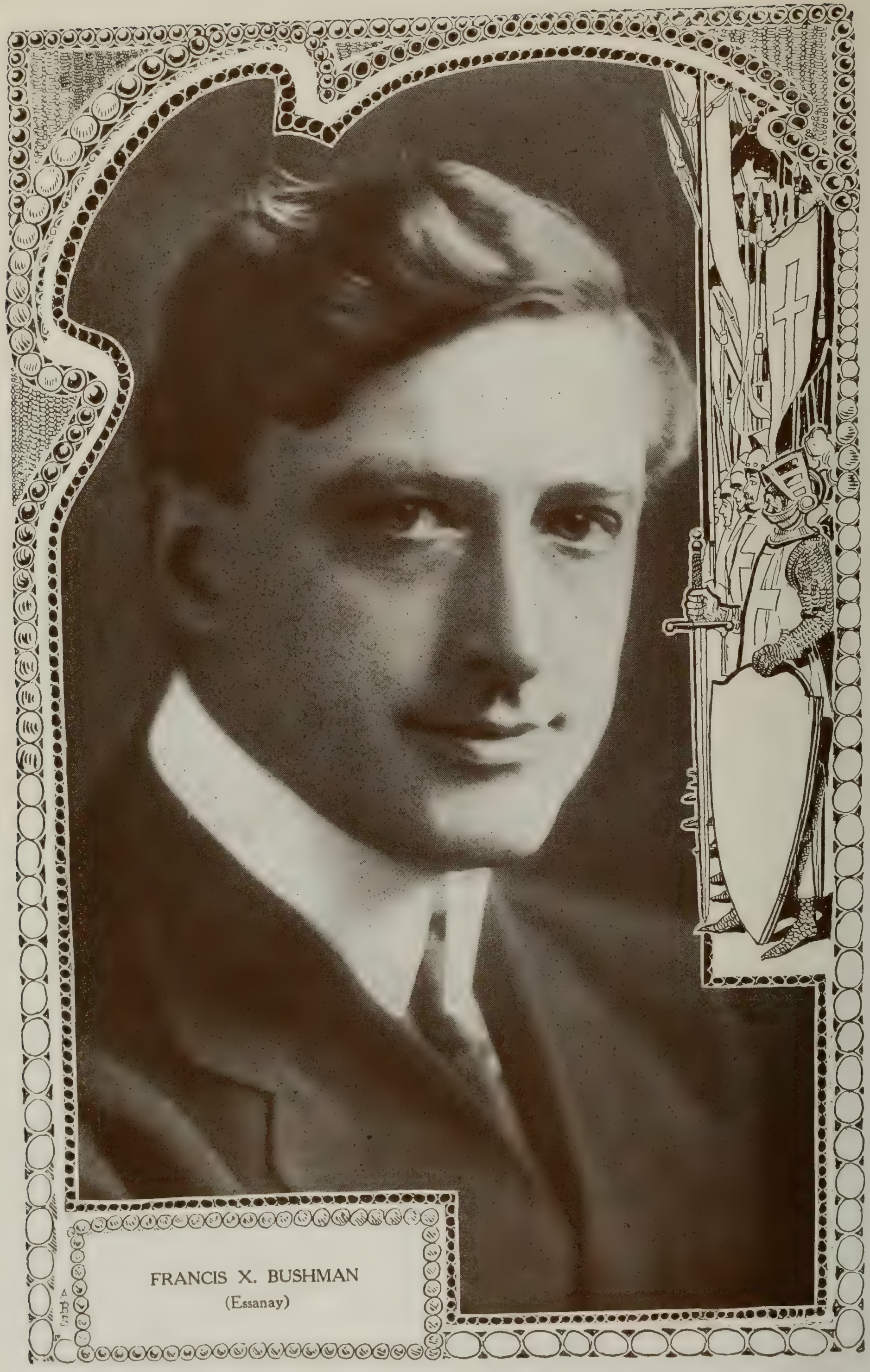
LILLIAN WALKER (Vitagraph)



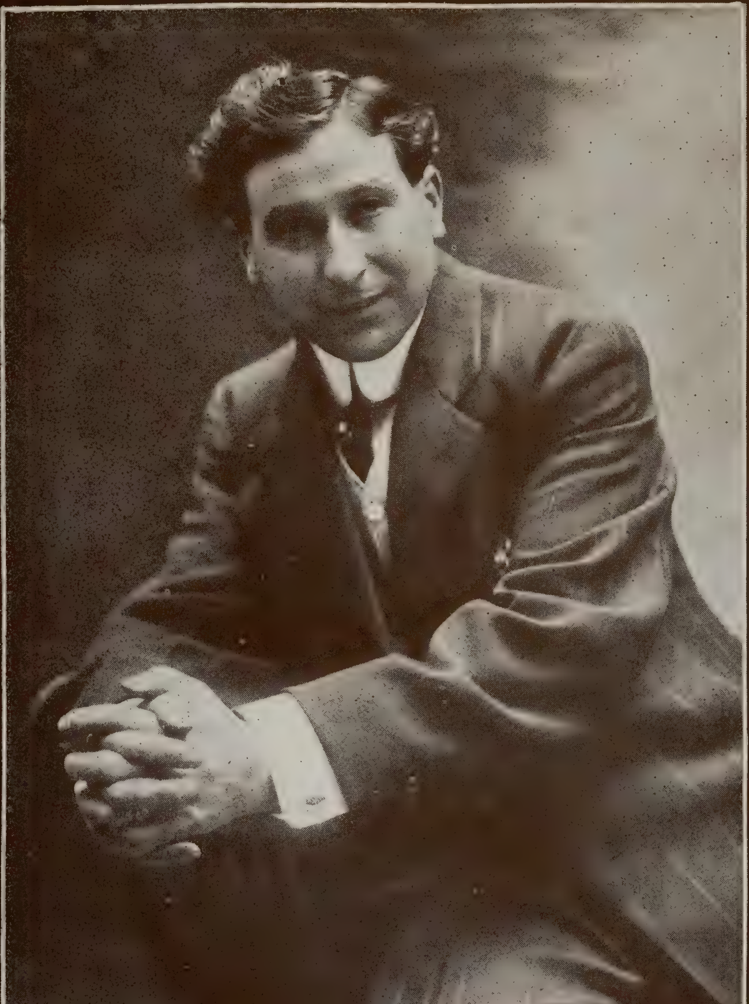
HOWARD MITCHELL
(Lubin)



ELSIE ALBERT
(Universal)



FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN
(Essanay)



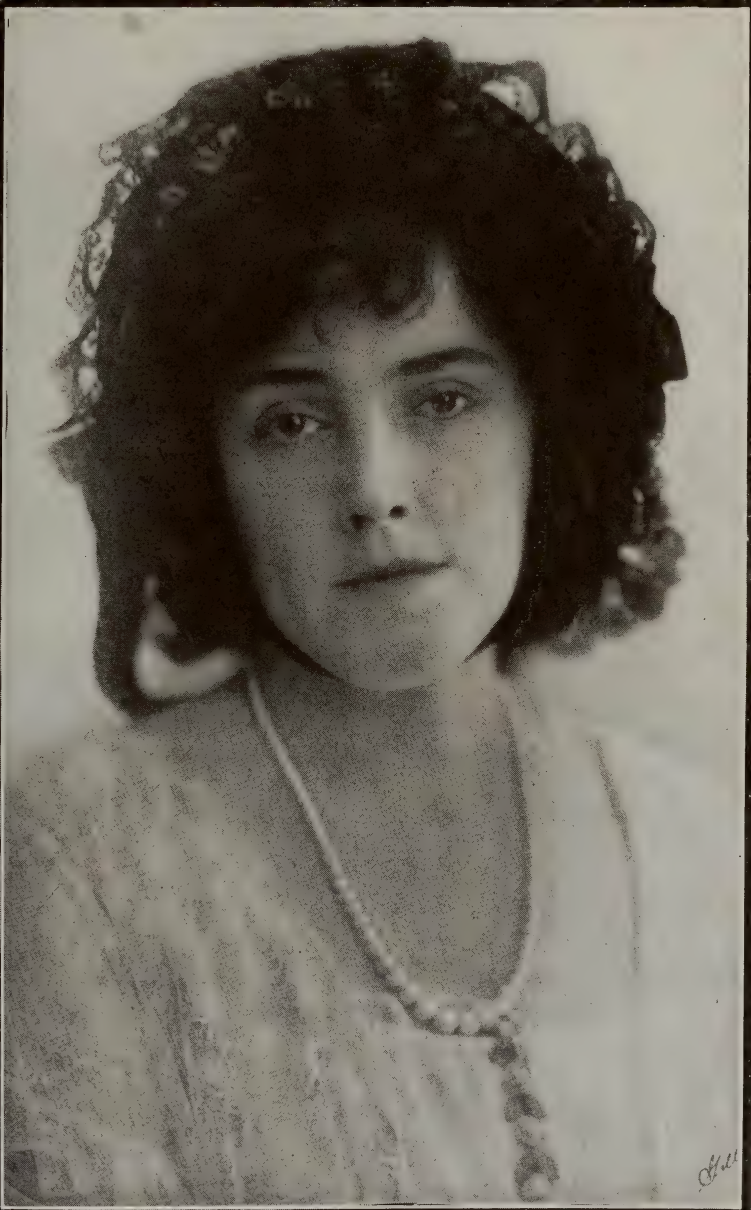
PAUL PANZER
PATHÉ FRÈRES

JUANITA SPONSLER (Kalem)

LINDA GRIFFITH (Kinemacolor)

MARY FULLER (Edison)

GALLERY OF PICTURE PLAYERS



FLORENCE HACKETT
(Lubin)

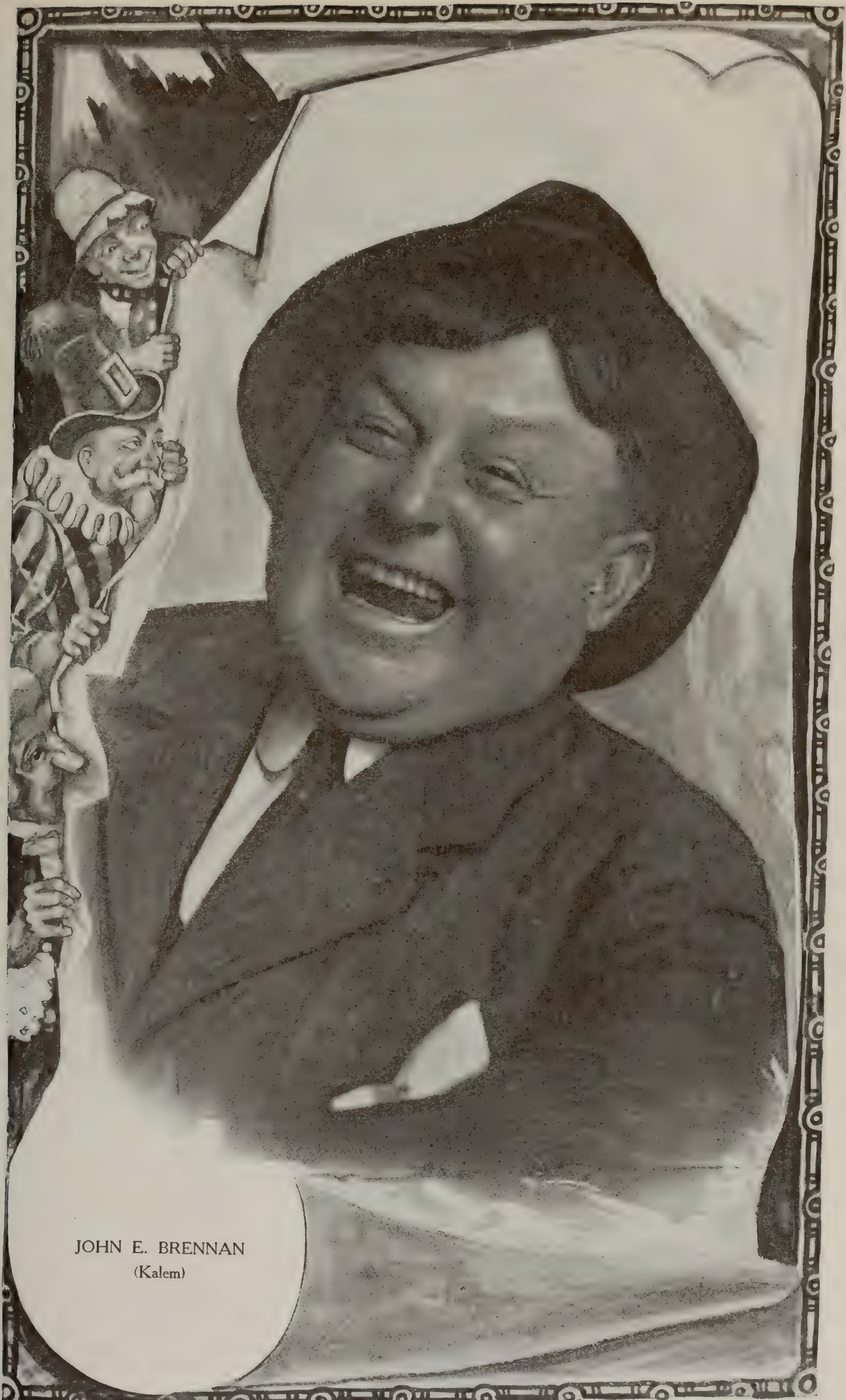
IRVING CUMMINGS (Pathé Frères)

MARGUERITE COURTOT (Kalem)

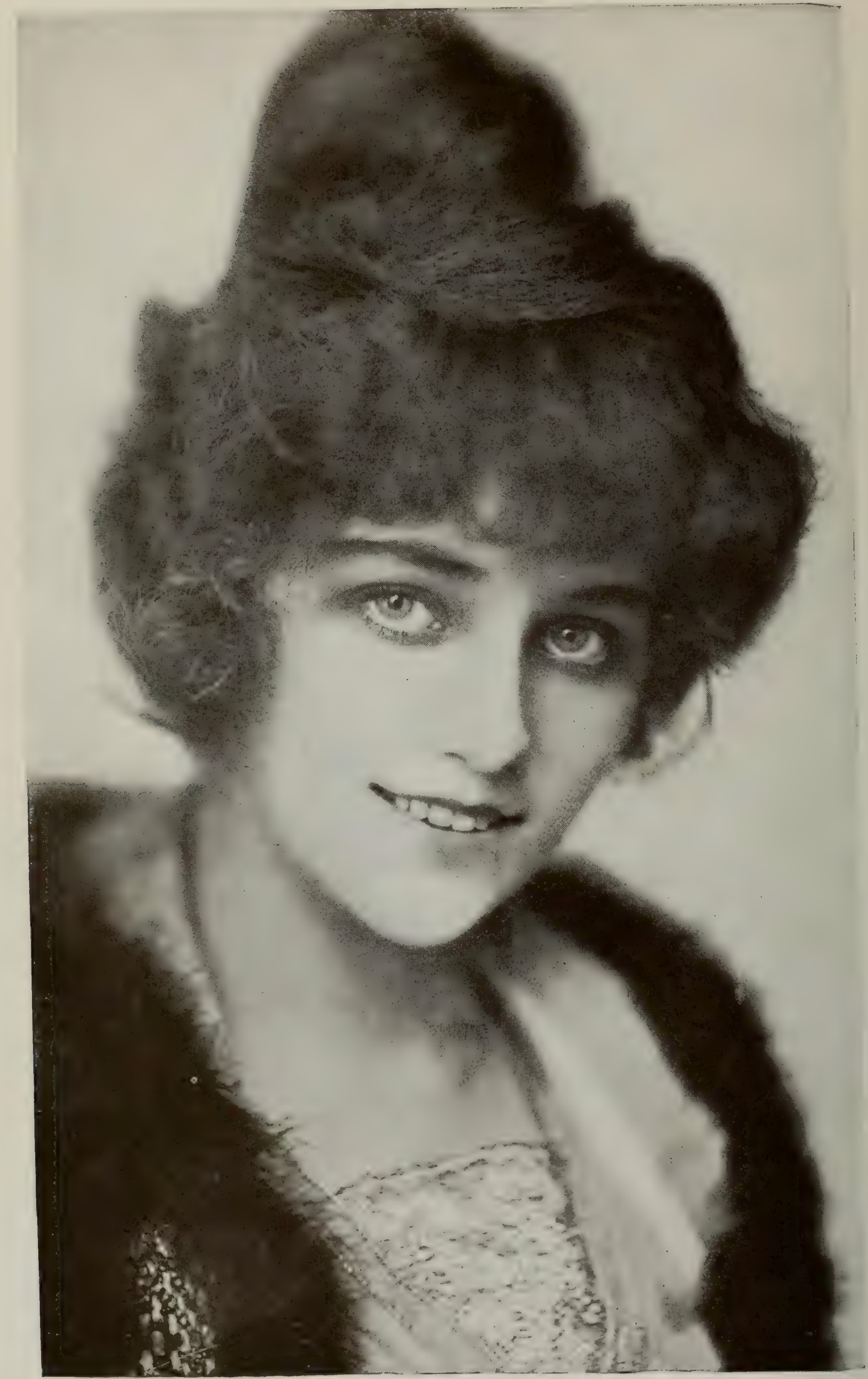
ORMI HAWLEY (Lubin)

BABY DORIS BAKER (Universal)

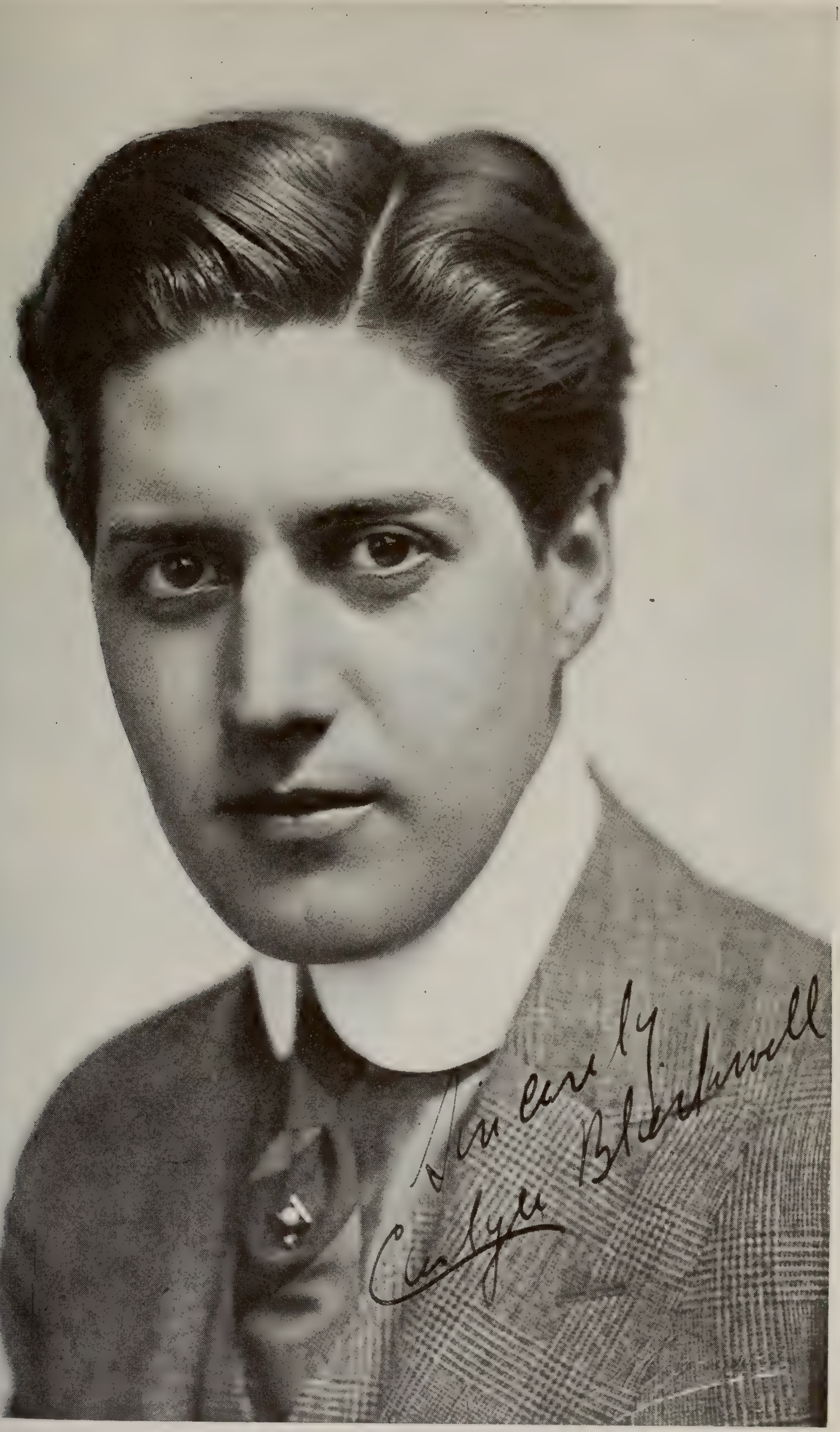
ELEANOR BLEVINS (Essanay)



JOHN E. BRENNAN
(Kalem)

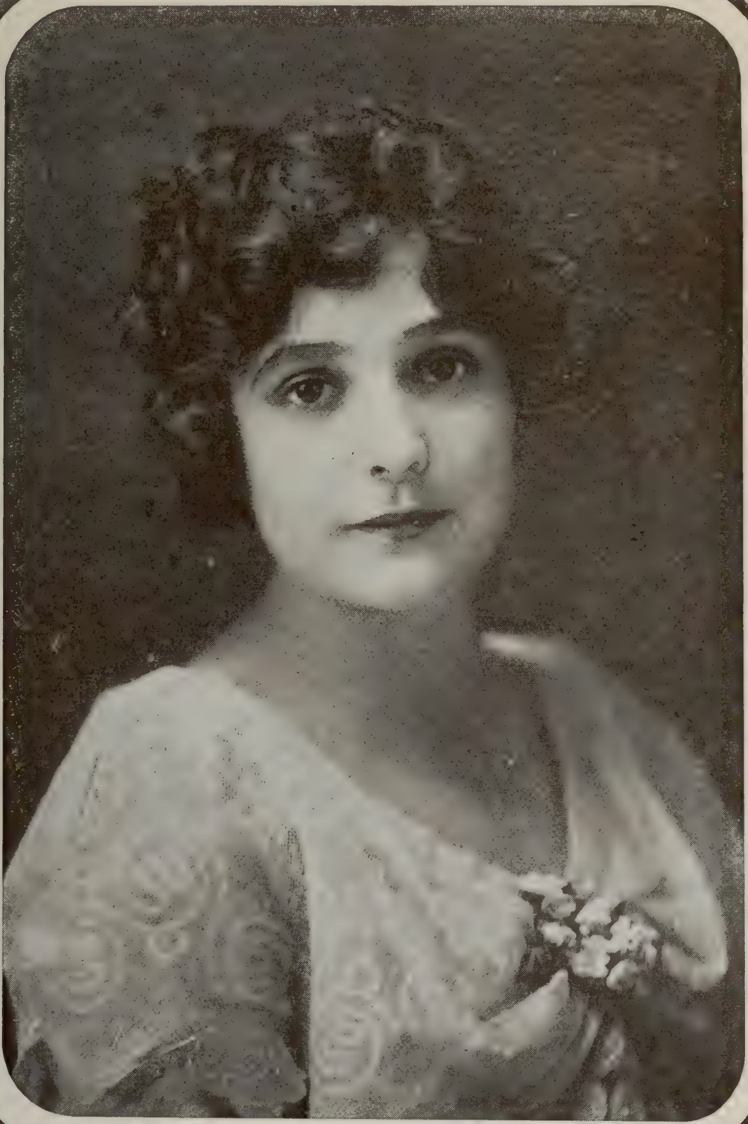


FLORENCE LABADIE (Thanhouser)

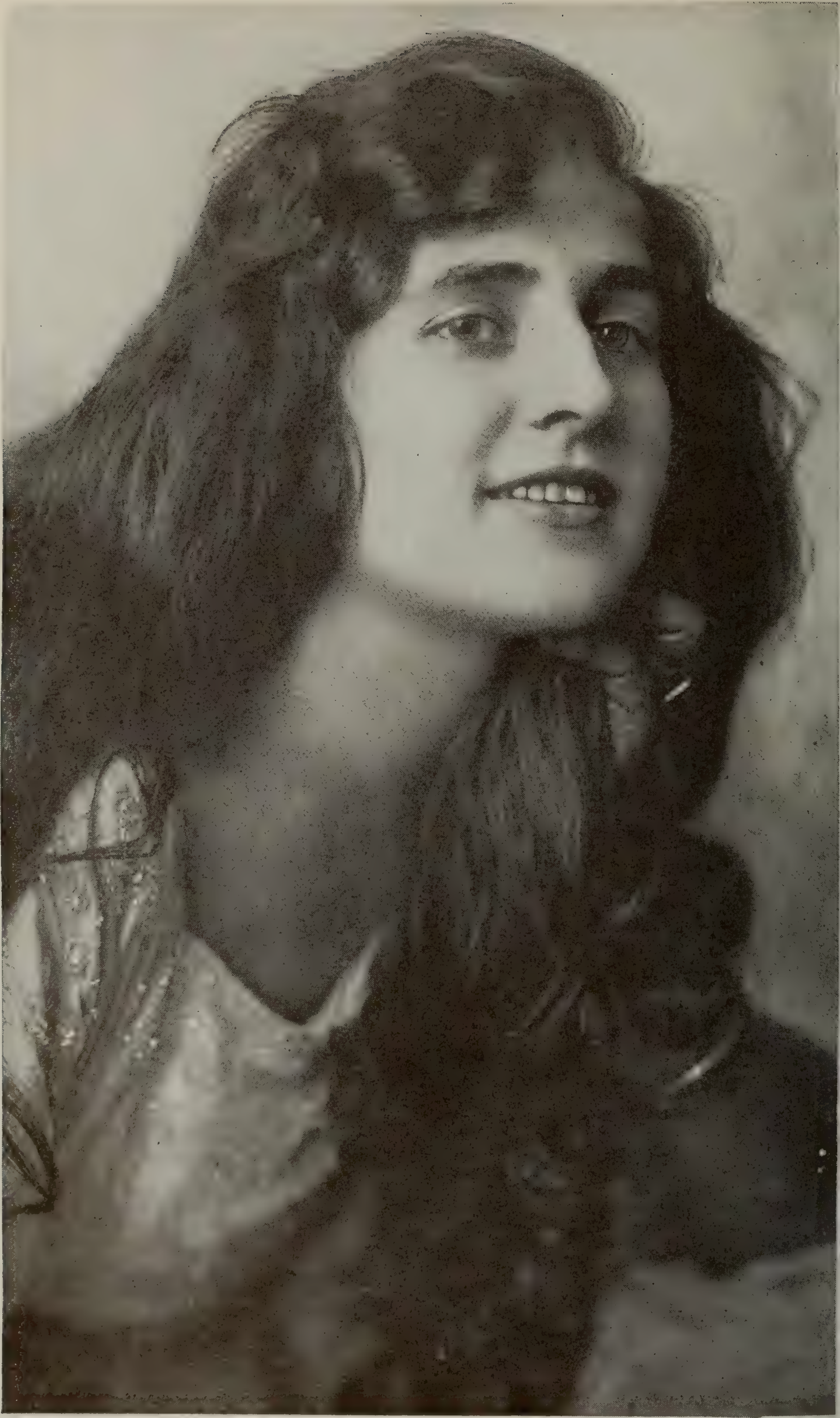


(Kalem)

MYRTLE GONZALES
(VITAGRAPH)
WESTERN



NORMA TALMADGE
(Vitagraph)

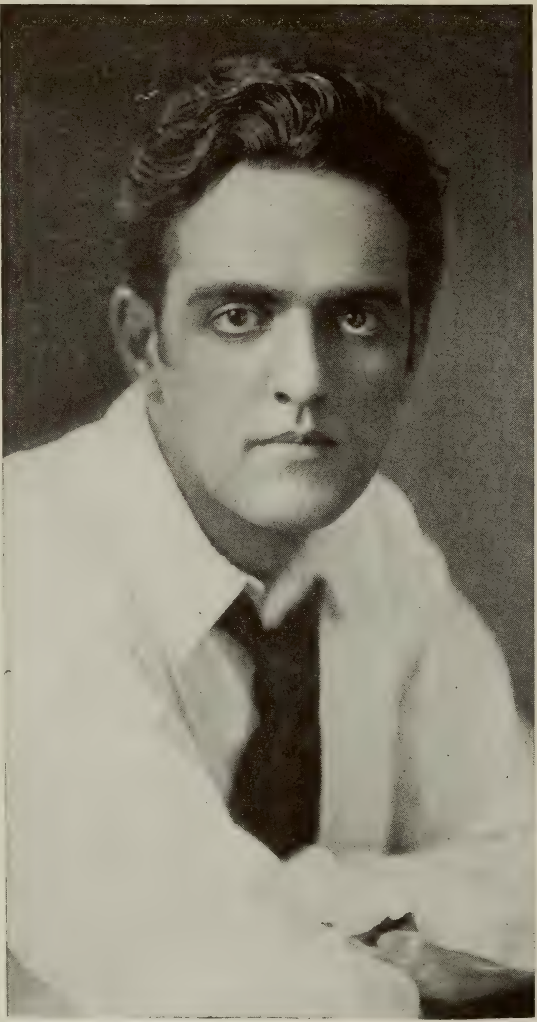


HELEN MARTEN (Eclair)

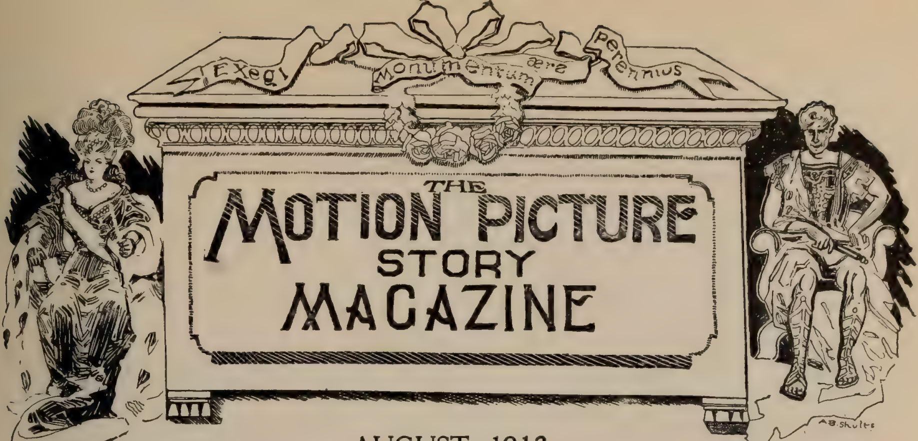
MARGUERITE RISSER
PATHÉ FRÈRES

EDNA FLUGRATH (Edison)

ELSIE MACLEOD (Edison)



RICHARD C. TRAVERS
(Essanay)



THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1913

Vol. VI No. 7

With Honor at Stake

(Gaumont)

By RODOTHY LENNOD

THE PLACE.—*The pink-and-gold boudoir of a loved and lovely woman; the dressing-table is strewn with ivory, silver and cut-glass; the floor deep with velvet. Madame D'Ambricourt, victoriously carrying her thirty-four years, stands before the mirror, arranging a chain of diamonds about her neck.*

MME. D'A.—What is the hour, Ninnette?
NINNETTE.— The bell of Notre Dame
Has just spoke nine, Madame.
MME. D'A.— As late as that?
Why, then, they'll soon be here *(takes off chain).*
Give me my pearls.
My color is too high for diamonds tonight.
They're friends of pallor. *(Knock on door)* My husband, thou? Come in.
(Enter Mons. D'Ambricourt, a stout man of fifty, with a look of well-being and well-meaning.)
MONS. D'A. *(kissing her hand tenderly).*—
You seem, *chèrie,* as young and beautiful
As when I married you ten years ago—
Not one day older.
MME. D'A. *(taking his hand tenderly).*—What a flatterer
You are, Anton! But then, it pleases me
To know that I please you. Our guests—
What of them; have they come?
MONS. D'A.— Why, one or two.
Madame de Grise, her son, the Count of Tours,
And a young fellow—I forget his name—
Friend of the Count, he took the liberty
Of bringing with him. *Peste!* what *was* the name?
(thinks a moment) I have it now, Jean Picquard—that is it.
A handsome fellow, such as ladies like.
(smiling) No doubt I shall be jealous—— Why, Marie,

What is the matter? You seem strangely pale.
I was but jesting——
Mme. D'A. *(faintly struggling for calm).*—It—it was the word
You used just now—jealousy. *Je le deteste!*
That word—it frightened me—indeed, that's all.
Mons. D'A. *(anxiously looking down into her face).*—
I am afraid that you are tired, *chère.*
You know the doctor warned you that your heart
Was weak. Shall I excuse you to our guests?
Mme. D'A. *(hurriedly and feverishly gay).*—
No, no, thou foolish one; go down to them
At once. I will be with you *toute de suite.*
(Mons. D'A. exits, looking back anxiously. She clasps her hands, with a long breath.)
Jean Picquard here! *Mon Dieu! (sees Ninnette staring curiously)*
Leave me, Ninnette.
But wait; before you go bring me again—
(looks at her white face in the mirror) My diamonds!

The Place.—*A ballroom, with a conservatory beyond. Couples pass, dancing. Monsieur D'Ambricourt, in the foreground, is talking with an arch dowager, coquettish and very stout, Mme. de Grise.*

Mme. de Grise *(slyly shaking her finger).*—
You lucky dog. *Ma foi,* in very truth
My husband never was so sure of me!
Such touching confidence in a wife's love
Is too, too rare in these distressing days.
Mons. D'A. *(eagerly).*—But she, *my* wife, is made of different stuff.
Such constancy! Such truth! I trust Marie
As I would trust a saint of God!
Mme. de Grise.— *Bién!*
And speaking of an angel, here she comes.
(Enter Mme. D'Ambricourt in back. Her husband goes to her. Jean Picquard, handsome and still slender at thirty-six, comes to Mme. Grise.)
Jean *(gesturing).*—Who is that lady that has just come in?
Mme. de Grise *(watching him curiously).*—
Our hostess, Madame D'Ambricourt. Perhaps
You know her?
Jean *(slowly).*— I? But no. That is an honor
I hope to possess soon. She comes this way.
I have a whim to meet her. Make us known.
Mme. de Grise.—Certainly. How pale she seems! *Bon soir,* Madame;
I just remarked how well you look tonight.
Allow me to present my Armand's friend,
Monsieur Jean Picquard, a stranger here,
To Madame D'Ambricourt. *(They bow ceremoniously.)*
(Mme. D'Ambricourt very pale and nervous, Jean composed and grave.)
Jean.— It is an honor
To meet Madame.
Mme. D'A. *(faintly).*— A stranger, did you say?
Then you have never seen my orchids.
Shall I not show you them? Botanists say
They are as rare as any found in France,
Outside Versailles.

JEAN *(offering his arm ceremoniously).*—There's nothing I adore
As much as I do orchids.
(They pass toward the conservatory. Mme. de Grise watches, sneering.)
MME. DE GRISE.—He trusts her as he would a saint of God!

PLACE.—*A conservatory with palms, orchids and a marble bench. Enter Jean and Mme. D'Ambricourt. They look at one another in silence.*

JEAN.—And so *he* is the cause you jilted me.
My rival, eh? That fat old man! My faith,
But I'm not flattered at your choice, Marie!

"ALLOW ME TO PRESENT MY ARMAND'S FRIEND"

MME. D'A. *(hotly).*—Peace! I'll not listen if you speak a word
Against my husband. He's a better man
Than you a thousand times!
JEAN *(sneeringly).*—
Yes, yes, but old; you must admit he's old.
(He runs a complacent hand over his own coat.)
MME. D'A. *(angrily).*—
He's faithful, kind, affectionate——
JEAN *(slyly)* And fat!
MME. D'A.—He has a heart of gold——
JEAN *(touching his locks thoughtfully).*—But little hair!
However, we'll admit his virtues, yes!
I would not quarrel with you, *ma chèrie.*
(He leads her to the bench and bends tenderly over her. A look of unwilling admiration creeps to her eyes.)
MME. D'A. *(sighing).*—
The same old Jean!

JEAN.— But not the same Marie,
For you are younger, yes, and lovelier
Than when you broke my heart ten years ago.
I wonder if you have forgotten what
I called you then——

MME. D'A. *(dreamily).*— Your Little Paris Rose!
I've not forgotten, Jean. And I called you——

JEAN *(bending still nearer).*—
Your Chevalier Sans Peur et Sans Reproche!

MME. D'A.—That spring day in the green Bois de Boulogne—
Do you remember how you wore for me
A wreath of daffodils, and swore my hair
Was brighter? And that moon-white evening sail
Along the Seine. What children we were then,
And happy!

JEAN.—And the letters you wrote me
In Normandy. Do you remember how they ran?

MME. D'A. *(blushing).*—Oh, I forgot that folly long ago!

JEAN *(quoting).*—
"I love you more than all the world or heaven.
No other man shall ever have my love.
Lacking you, the days drag in the passing;
I long, my sweetheart, for your tender kiss."

MME. D'A. *(terrified).*—
Hush, hush! Some one might overhear us, Jean.

JEAN.—That fat old man, your husband, *par example!*
(Slyly) I wonder whether he'd enjoy reading
Those letters——

MME. D'A. *(seizing his arm in horror).*—But surely you have burnt them
Long, long ago!

JEAN *(watching her with growing eagerness).*—But surely I have not!

MME. D'A. *(in terror).*—By all the love you ever swore for me
I beg you to destroy them. I was young
And foolish, with a girl's first love-affair!
But now I am a woman, and I love
One man and only one, my husband!

JEAN *(aside).*— Ah!
She's prettier than ever. I am half
In love again. And so she wants her letters.
How much, I wonder, would she give for them?

MME. D'A. *(clasping her hands).*—
He does not dream there ever was another.
He would not understand my girlish words.
I could not bear to lose his faith. *Mon Dieu!*
Speak to me, Jean, and say you'll send me back
My letters.

JEAN *(hurriedly taking her arm).*—We must go. Some one is coming.
I will let you know tomorrow morning.
I've loved your letters. They are all of you
I've had.

(They go out. Jean pauses at the door to let her pass, saying thoughtfully)

And if I put a price on them—
I wonder——

THE PLACE.—*The boudoir again. It is morning. The maid, Ninnette, is brushing a walking-suit and humming to herself.*

VOICE OUTSIDE.—The tailored suit, Ninnette.
NINNETTE.— *Mais, oui,* Madame.
(To herself) Tiens! but there is something strange in this:
A messenger, a note, Madame grows pale;
"My walking-costume, Ninnette, if you please."
And this when no one but gendarmes are up—
Before Monsieur D'Ambricourt awakes.

"WE MUST GO. SOME ONE IS COMING"

Allons! 'Tis none of my affair, and yet
Sometimes I think there's little difference,
Except in clothes and jewels, between Madame
And me, Ninnette, the maid!
(Enter Mme. D'Ambricourt in negligée. She is nervous and troubled. Ninnette slips the skirt over her head and arranges the waist.)
MME. D'A.— Is Monsieur
Awake?
NINNETTE.—I have not heard him stir, Madame.
Does Madame wish——
MME. D'A. *(impatiently)* No, no, I'm going—shopping.

Fetch me my smallest hat and bring my veil—
The heavy one, Ninnette——
NINNETTE *(curtsying and going out)*.— *Oui, oui,* Madame.
MME. D'A. *(pulling a note from her bodice and opening it)*.—
"I have decided to return your letters.
But if you wish them, you must visit me
And get them, for I cannot come to you."
(in terror) Ah! cruel condition; yet I have no choice.
I cannot rest till they are in my hands
And burnt to harmless ashes, where *his* eyes
Can never see them.
(Enter Monsieur D'Ambricourt in dressing-gown and carrying a package. She starts violently at the sight of him, and thrusts the paper into her waist. He kisses her, looking at her costume in surprise.)
MONS. D'A.—So early out, *ma chère?*
MME. D'A. *(tremblingly)*.—One must be early when the Paris shops
Are full of bargains. Wait until you see
The pretty purchases I'll make today!
MONS. D'A. *(undoing the package and handing her a gold chain-bag)*.—
Then keep your francs in this and think of me.
MME. D'A. *(embracing him)*.—You are too good to me, Anton. *Hélas!*
Sometimes I fear I am not worthy all
The love you give me.
MONS. D'A. *(reprovingly)*.— Chut, chut! What nonsense!
(Enter Ninnette with the hat and veil.)
MME. D'A. *(looking apprehensively at her husband)*.—
Not that hat, Ninnette; I said the *large* one.
And, *stupide,* what do I want of a veil?
One does not wear a veil when one goes shopping.
These Breton girls are slow to understand.
NINNETTE *(slowly)*.—
Non, non, Madame, *sans doute* I understand!

THE PLACE.—*A man's apartment, walled with books and sporting trophies. Jean paces up and down nervously, looking at the clock and listening.*

JEAN.—Perhaps I asked too much. She will not come.
I was a fool to think it—yet I hope
She will. It should be any minute now.
Ten years ago, when she wrote me those notes,
She'd not have ventured. She was timid then.
But for her Anton's sake—that fat old man
For whom she flung my heart and hopes aside—
It may be she will dare it. *Mon Dieu!*
I know not whether this I feel be love
Or hate—they are so near akin.
(Footsteps sound without. A light rap on the door. Joy sharpens his features. He flings it open. Enter Mme. D'Ambricourt, shrinking.)
JEAN *(bowing)*.— My house
Is honored at your presence, *chère* Madame.
Look not so pale, I am no cannibal,
But once your lover; now, I hope, your friend.
MME. D'A.—If any one should see me here—*terrible!*
(She laughs nervously, sits and looks up at Jean wistfully.)
I fear you think me foolish. On the way

I dropped a golden purse—my husband's gift
To me this morning. What if it should be
An omen, signifying I must lose his love
Also?

JEAN *(slow pity coming into his face as he watches).*—
And do you care for—him—so much?
Is there none other in the world could make
You happy if you lost his love, Marie?

MME. D'A. *(her pale face rapt).*—
You do not know a woman's heart, my friend.
Not light to grant its gift—not swift
To change. My life is rooted in his faith.
Torn from that soil, I have no being else——
But then, you cannot know.

JEAN *(suddenly, wildly).*— I cannot know!
Mon Dieu!
(Strides up and down, pauses at last, looking sadly down at her.)
I know how base a man's nature
May be. Love is a paradox! Fulfilled,
It makes men gods, and unreturned, it shapes
The same men's souls like horrid things of hell.
And yet, God knows, I loved you well, Marie!
(He flings himself on his knees, burying his face in her lap.)

MME. D'A. *(stroking his hair).*—
Forgive me, Jean!

JEAN *(springing to his feet and going to the table).*—
Quick! Take the letters, *chère,*
And go! It is too hard to have you near!
I mean well toward you, but I am—*a man.*
(He thrusts the letters into her hands and goes to the door.)
I'll step outside to see if all is clear.
(He goes. Mme. D'Ambricourt clutches the letters, turns pale and falls back in the chair, pressing her hand to her heart. Jean returns.)

JEAN.—Between us and the Arc de Triomphe—not a soul!
You do not answer? Speak to me, Marie!
Tell me you'll think of me with gentleness
Sometimes in all your happy days to come.
Still silent? Why, how deathly pale you are,
Marie, and cold!
(He feels her heart, and stands staring at her in growing horror.)
Blood of my soul, she's *dead!*
No, no, it cannot be!
(He looks closely at her, lifts her eyelids and shakes his head.)
My God! she's dead,
And in my house! What of her honor now?
The fat old husband never could be made
To understand! *(He paces up and down wildly.)*
He'll curse her memory
And her good name! The saints forgive me, sweet,
For loving you too little and too much.
What shall I do, good God, *what shall I do?*
(He tries to think, groans, goes to her and kisses her forehead.)
The kind earth in my garden and a spade—
There is no other way. He'll never know;
Mourn you as strangely lost, but ever dear,

And you'll be happier in Heaven so.
(He goes out. After a long time, her eyes open feebly.)
MME. D'A. *(weakly).*—My heart—I must have fainted. Where am I?
(She sees the letters, then the room, and rises with a cry.)
Ah, I remember—I must go *(staggers). Hélas!*
How weak I am!
(Jean enters and looks wildly at her, hiding his earth-stained hands.)
JEAN *(slowly).*— *Le bon Dieu* be praised,
You are alive! In the last hour I've been
In hell! What cordial can I bring, Marie,
To give you strength?
MME. D'A. *(impatiently).*— Help me to get away
Unseen, and I'll be strong enough without.
JEAN.—I'll call a cab and tell the man to wait
Beyond the avenue. Meanwhile, slip out
This door and gain the street across the lawn.
(They start to go out. Marie is going to the wrong door.)
Non, non! The other way leads to escape. *(Aside, as she disappears)*
And that door to a garden and a grave!

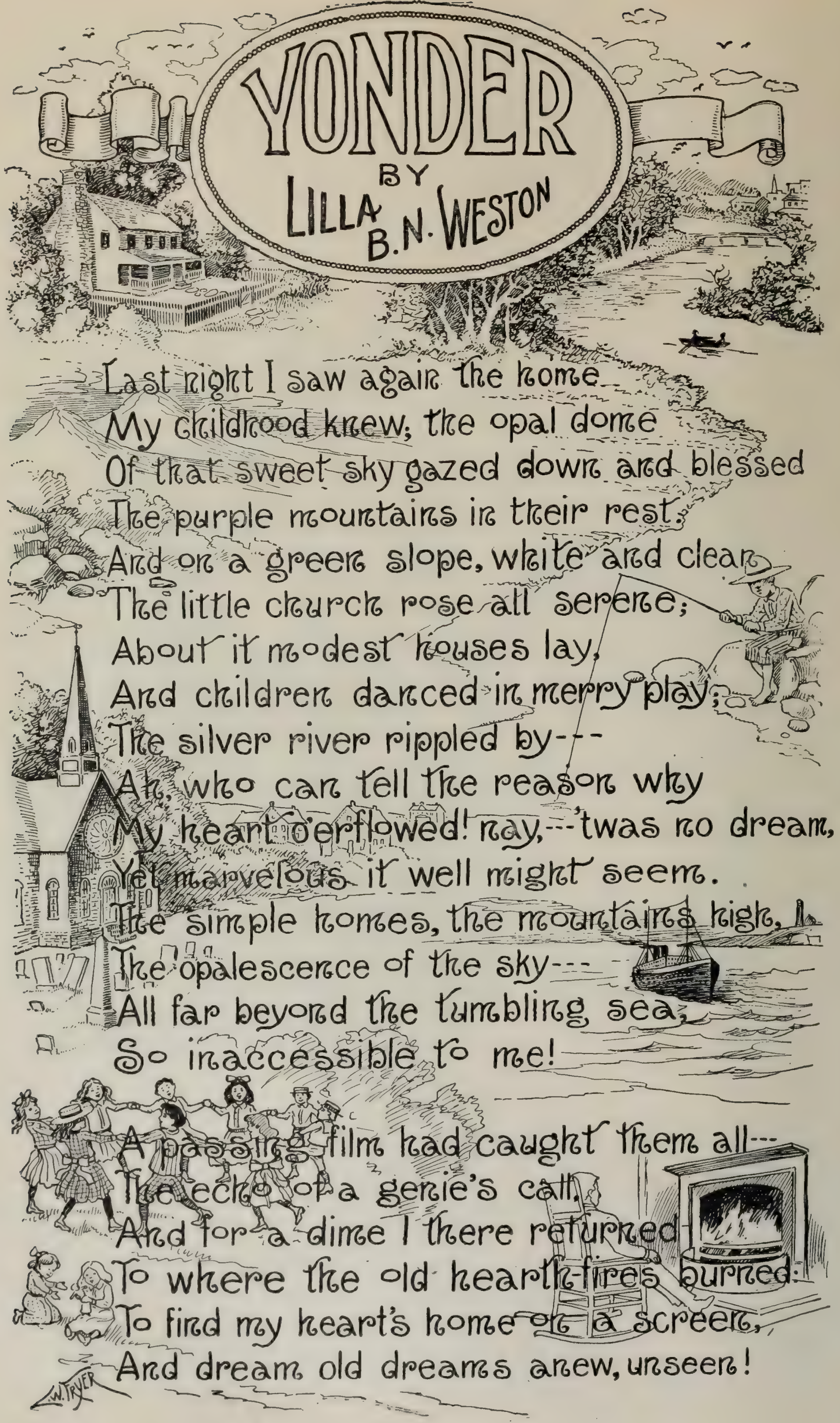
THE PLACE.—*The boudoir. Monsieur D'Ambricourt is pacing up and down. Now he glances at his watch; now listens. Enter Ninnette.*

MONS. D'A.—No news—you bring no news of her, Ninnette?
Since morning gone, and it is almost dark!
My poor *petite*——
NINNETTE.— A gentleman outside
Desires to speak to you, Monsieur.
MONS. D'A.—Let him come in——
(Enter prefect of police, carrying gold chain-bag.)
Her bag—I gave it her
This morning—then—*Mon Dieu!* she's dead?
PREFECT.—I do not know. We found this bag just now
In the possession of a laborer, who claims
He picked it up—but it is possible——
MONS. D'A. *(wildly).*—He murdered her! Beast! Let me speak to him.
PREFECT.—Come with me to the station-house. *(They exit.)*
NINNETTE *(thoughtfully).*— Murdered?
I wonder. But I think it is not so.
They are such stupid creatures—men! *Ma foi!*
Ninnette could tell them all a thing or two.
But it is none of my affair, and I—
I am a woman, too. I'll hold my peace.
(Enter Madame D'Ambricourt, carrying a package, very pale.)
NINNETTE *(clasping her hands).*—Madame!
MME. D'A. *(looking about eagerly).*—My husband?
NINNETTE.— Gone an instant since
To question a poor laborer they found
With Madame's bag. He feared you had been killed.
MME. D'A.—Go after him, Ninnette, and bring him back.
Tell him—I fainted—in the park—and lay
For hours in a swoon. My heart is weak—
You know how weak my heart is, do you not,
Ninnette?
NINNETTE *(gently and reassuring).*—I know how weak a woman's heart
Can be, Madame. Be comforted. I'll tell

Monsieur how you fainted in the park——
(She goes out. Mme. tosses package into the fireplace, watching it burn.)
MME. D'A.—And thus I make a Troy of my old flame!
And now no skulking shadow of the Past
Can creep across my Present, and I'll keep
My love untarnished by dank airs of Long Ago.
And yet Jean has been very good to me.
I wish *(she hesitates)*—I almost wish I'd kist him once,
Because he loved me in his way. *(Sighs)* Poor Jean!

"WE FOUND THIS BAG JUST NOW"

(Enter Monsieur D'Ambricourt and Ninnette.)
MONS. D'A. *(wild with joy, kissing her).*—
Mon ange! Mon ange! I have you back again!
MME. D'A.—I'll never leave you, Anton, after this.
There is no telling what my wretched heart
May do!
MONS. D'A.—You must not talk, poor child, till you are rested.
I'll have the doctor in to look at you.
Come, sweetheart, and lie down.
MME. D'A.— Then sit beside me
And hold my hand. *(They go out. Ninnette watches them, smiling.)*
NINNETTE.—*Ma foi!* how well it ends, our little play!



YONDER

BY LILLA B. N. WESTON

Last night I saw again the home
My childhood knew, the opal dome
Of that sweet sky gazed down and blessed
The purple mountains in their rest.
And on a green slope, white and clear
The little church rose all serene;
About it modest houses lay,
And children danced in merry play;
The silver river rippled by---
Ah, who can tell the reason why
My heart o'erflowed! nay,---'twas no dream,
Yet marvelous it well might seem.
The simple homes, the mountains high,
The opalescence of the sky---
All far beyond the tumbling sea,
So inaccessible to me!

A passing film had caught them all---
The echo of a genie's call,
And for a dime I there returned
To where the old hearth-fires burned:
To find my heart's home on a screen,
And dream old dreams anew, unseen!

Every Thief Leaves A Clew

(ESSANAY)

BY ELIZABETH HEINEMANN

"TEN—eleven—twelve. Midnight!" Patrolman Barney gave his night-stick a hitch to reassure himself that it was convenient in case of need, and resumed his whistled rendition of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" at the exact point where he had left the notes hanging in the air, to count the bell-strokes from the tower of St. James'. Unknown to him, a plaintive minor crept into the erstwhile cheery tune as he strode along the uncannily echoing street.

Patrolman Barney never felt quite certain of what might turn up in those doubtful hours between twelve and three, so he glanced this way and that, questioning the shadow of areaways, the secrets of ash-barrels and stoops. Once it had been a two-hour baby wrapped in a shawl and tucked into an inverted garbage-can; once a woman, with strange red hair and a knife-wound in her throat. There was no telling what he might find tonight—th' saints above! What was that?

An open door flapping aimlessly in the night wind, that was all, but a chill of coming adventure crawled along the sturdy spine beneath the blue, belted coat. An open door—at an hour when all respectable, law-abiding doors are shut and asleep, spells Something Wrong. Moreover, the door was attached to what in the daytime was known as Albert Henderson's Jewelry Emporium, the very place where, by all rules and rights, a door should be locked and barred. The chill prickled and tingled disagreeably as Barney gazed. Not that he was afraid—certainly not—but the possibilities of pistols, knives and such far-from-desirable objects that might be lurking behind that swinging door were enough to paralyze the bravest feet on the force.

With a preliminary yell, to spur his courage, Barney hurled his one hundred and eighty-eight pounds thru the yawning black orifice of the open doorway. The bright finger of his bull's-eye poked and pried along the show-cases, disclosing confusion everywhere—rifled trays of rings, scattered boxes, broken glass. It looked more like the work of a dozen burglars than of one.

"Shure Oi belave 'tis an elliphant that's bruk in here," gasped Barney. "Aven Sam the' Shmasher niver did such an untoidy job."

A muffled groan from the unknown regions behind the show-cases sent the bull's-eye staggering. In his confusion Barney pocketed the light and advanced, holding his pistol aloft like a torch, in order to better discover the owner of the sound. A soft heap, coming in contact with his number ten shoe, stirred feebly, uttering a second specimen of complaint.

"Mr. Hinderson, is it yersilf or another wan?" anxiously inquired Barney. "Shure be aisy an' comfortable, whilest I go out an' sind in th' alarrum!"

With this cheering advice, he staggered out, stumbling over a monster cut-glass punch-bowl and a loving-cup on the way, and, producing his whistle, blew it long and loud.

The pin-point of sound pricking heavy-lidded night soon had the effect of arousing it. From every cross-street and alleyway sped a defender of the peace, armed with a night-stick and a laudable desire to be in at the death. Trailing the sound to the open door of the jewelry store, they entered without the preliminary of knocking that is prescribed by the best etiquet books. A single electric bulb twinkling over the diamond-case revealed, in the forlorn flicker of light, Patrolman Barney methodically removing the last rope from the trussed form of Albert Henderson himself, pale and blinking, propped against the wreck of one of his own fair show-cases. A gag, consisting of a ring-cushion, dangled between his gaping jaws. Barney removing this thoughtfully, an incoherent stream of speech dribbled out into the room.

"Burglar!" gasped the storekeeper, wobbling an explanatory finger at the melée on every side—"burglar — broke in — hour ago — I was—late—shutting up. We fought"—he held up to view two scraps of cloth clutched heroically in one hand—"I tore those off him—before he got—away."

Exhibits A and B, a scrap of shirt and a piece of trouser leg, with one lonely button attached thereto, testified mutely to the severity of the struggle. The policemen looked blankly at the samples of burgliferous dry-goods; then at the disheveled shopkeeper, who had staggered to his feet and was frantically pawing among the aftermath; finally at each other, seeking an idea.

"By this time," remarked one, mournfully, "he might be over in Eurrup."

"Or th' Bronx," nodded another.

"Or Hoboken," sighed a third.

Ensued an awkward silence, broken only by the spasmodic wailing of the shopkeeper inventorying his loss.

"All the diamonds—my seed-pearl chains—the solid gold cuff-buttons—the pickle-forks——"

"Sthrange," mused Patrolman Barney, "that a burglar sh'd 'a' had a taste f'r pickle-for-rks, but ye niver can tell. I knew wan wance who'd lave joolery an' silverware an' load himsilf up wid nickel-plated shoehorns. 'Twas just his hobby, th' shoehorns."

"And the ruby necklace," sobbed the shopkeeper, hysterically, "and the skull-and-cross-bones scarf-pin! I'm a ruined man——"

"Didn't ye have any burglar inshurance on yer stock, man alive?" quoth Barney, in high contempt.

"A little—a mere drop in the bucket." Henderson tried to wring his hands with a dozen dessert-spoons in them and failed dismally.

"Shure he must have been a traymindous felly," quoth the smallest policeman, in an awed tone. "He's shmashed two counters, three sliding-dures an' a morris-chair."

Barney laid a capable hand, corresponding to the number ten shoe, on the unnerved shirt-sleeve of the robbed merchant and turned him face about.

"Best come along to th' station-hoose wid us, Misther Hinderson an' lodge yer complaint," he said, marshalling his forces into the street with masterly generalship and bolting the door thru the broken glass. "I'm fearin' ye'll not foind yer pickle-for-rks in a hurry, but ye niver can tell. If th' burglar foinds they're only plated wans, he may bring 'em back—who knows?"

"But, Mr. Henderson, we must have more proof than your bare statement," expostulated the insurance manager, tapping the desk with a nervous pencil-point. "You say you were robbed at eleven, day before yesterday, and fifty thousand dollars worth of jewelry stolen. Now, cant you give us some idea of the thief—a description of him, how he was dressed—how he looked and so forth——"

Henderson drew out the telltale scraps of shirt and trouser material and exhibited them, with a doleful sigh.

"My dear sir," he complained, bitterly humorous, "you dont expect that he left me a lock of his hair or a photograph, do you? Nor did he knock, but entered so unexpectedly that I caught hardly a glimpse of his face before we were mopping up the floor. He was a bigger man than I, or he wouldn't have got the better of me; then he tied me up with the bell-rope and helped himself from my store, while I lay under the counter in a swoon. When I came to, the police were untying me, and I found these scraps of clothing clenched in one hand. That's all the clew I have."

EXAMINING THE CLOTH UNDER THE MAGNIFYING GLASS

The manager examined the bits of cloth resentfully. The trousers might, at least, have been checks or stripes, or something distinctive, instead of a humble gray-and-black mixture. The shirt pattern was more individual—violet dots on a striped ground, yet probably there were three hundred blameless men and good citizens in the immediate neighborhood who were wearing shirts of that very pattern, purchased by presumably color-blind wives. He shook his head as he turned back to his caller.

"Well, we will let you hear from us in a week or so." Henderson's jaw fell.

"A week!" he echoed, open-mouthed. "Why not today, I'd like to know? I've got to get my business on its feet at once. I've been robbed. You owe me the insurance—not half my loss——"

"I know—I know!" soothed the manager, in the irritating tone with which a fractious infant is inveigled into listening to "Puss in Boots." "But twenty-five thousand dollars is a large sum. There are certain formalities to be gone thru before it can be transferred. In a week's time you shall have word from us. Yes—yes—good-day!"

A firmly latched door cut off the further indignant remarks of the robbed one. Left to himself, the manager stood in thought for some moments; then pressed a button on the wall. A thatched head of fiery hair entered the room on the opposite side, slightly in advance of a long, straggling body.

" 'Lo, Jim! Want me?" inquired the head, casually. "What's on—murder, arson, abduction, robbery—"

"The last, Powers." The manager beckoned, holding out the two scraps of cloth. "See if you can nab the owner of that pants-button. He's got some jewelry we've insured to the extent of twenty-five thousand dollars, with him."

"How'd he come to leave his calling-cards?" queried Powers, facetiously, examining the fragments thru a pocket microscope.

"The shopman — Albert Henderson's his name, Carmen Avenue—tore that much drygoods off him before the fellow got him tied and gagged.

"H-m! Well, I'll be off, Jim, and look things over. It's a pretty slim chance." Powers held up the cloth critically. "Cant very well go around the street trying to match these to the male population's wardrobe, can I? But ha, ha! as my esteemed friend, Sherlock Holmes, would say. There's a maker's name on this trousers button. I might telegraph—— Say, ring for a Postal Telegraph boy, will you, old man?"

When Powers left the building and turned homeward, he was immersed in such a brown study that he forgot his hat, thereby exciting amusement on the part of a couple of youths in the newspaper business, who followed him for several blocks with witticisms such as:

"You'll sure take cold, mister!" "Where's yer keeper?" and "I s'pose yer hair keeps yer head warm!"

His patient wife, having learnt thru four years of being married to a detective that apparent insanity indicated merely a new problem to be solved, ladled out the soup, carved the roast and cut the pie without one of those questions common to wives and unendurable to husbands—"What is the matter? Why dont you eat your dinner? Is it another tiresome old case? Have you caught him? Why not?"

Instead, she chatted on about the children's music lessons, the rise in the cost of rump steak and other sprightly and harmless domestic topics, to which her husband had long ago discovered she did not expect him to listen. Suddenly a word fell clatteringly among his busy thoughts.

"Shirt? What shirt, Anna?"

"Why, at the laundry this morning." Mrs. Powers smiled reminiscently. "It was so funny! I've never seen such an angry man, not even you, Petie, when you lose your collar-button. He simply *swore!"*

Her husband made a successful clutch at his vanishing patience.

"Suppose you begin at the beginning, dear, and tell me all about it."

"Well, I went down to the Ideal Laundry this morning with your collars and things, Petie, and while I was there a man came tearing in, dangling a shirt by one sleeve, and mad! I should say so! 'What you giving me a torn shirt that isn't mine for?' he roars. 'I'll have you understand you cant play any such low-life trick on *me,'* he says. I never *saw* such an angry man! The clerk took back the shirt—a real pretty one, with violet dots—and gave the man his——''

''Violet dots! Did you say *violet?*''

Powers arose, with a suddenness that unbalanced a plate and two tumblers. ''And *torn*—— Look here, Anna''—he was fumbling excitedly in his pocket—''you say you saw the shirt; did it have an expression anything like this?''

Mrs. Powers' startled eyes dwelt on the scrap of linen.

''Just exactly—but how—where—who—why—what—*Petie*——''

He was gone, in a whirlwind of overturned chairs and banged doors. Mrs. Powers shook her head resignedly as she repaired the damage.

''Sometimes,'' she sighed pathetically—''sometimes I almost wish that Petie had chosen the ministry, after all.''

The clerk in the laundry looked up from his leisurely perusal of the sporting sheet; then brought his heels down from their counter elevation with a bang. The customer was evidently in a hurry.

''See here,'' Powers described eccentric geometric figures with the long-suffering scrap of shirting before the clerk's inquiring gaze. ''Did a feller bring in a shirt like this pattern this morning—a torn one?'' He drew back his coat, revealing a glittering badge of authority. ''If so, hustle it out and hand it over. It's all right. I'm a detective.''

'''VIOLET DOTS! DID YOU SAY VIOLET DOTS?'''

At the potent syllables the clerk, with the idiotic expression of guilt that the most guileless assume in the presence of the law, fumbled, panic-stricken, among the bundles on the shelves.

"Yessir—here's the shirt, sir——"

Powers pounced upon it, turned it on its stiffly ironed chest, lifted the tail and revealed a jagged hole. He smoothed out the bit of shirting in his fingers and applied it to the gap. Like the last fragment of a picture puzzle, the two fitted perfectly. Powers explored the collar-band. "1-5—look it up, quick!" he directed. The clerk proffered an open ledger, pointing to a name. At the sight of it, Powers' jaw dropped. He stared helplessly at the writing, wagging his head in idiotic amazement. Then, with a yell, he seized upon the shirt and was gone.

The insurance manager looked up from his desk, to behold what appeared to be a somewhat one-sided turkey-trot performed by a violet-dotted shirt and a gentleman with flaming hair in the office doorway, to the chanted melody of "Snooky Ookums."

"Peter Powers, what in the name of all that's great do you mean by such tomfoolery?" His tone changed. "You dont mean you've *got* him?"

Powers gravely presented the shirt. "Make you acquainted with the burglar," he proclaimed. "And you'd never guess——" He leaned forward, whispering.

"No!" The manager was on his feet now. "Why—why—of all the infernal——"

"Telegram f'r Mr. Powers!" The office-boy surveyed the dissected shirt with the sophisticated eye of one who was merely bored by the eccentric, and found it no ground for curiosity. Powers tore the envelope open and read aloud:

FRANK POWERS,
Room 1462, St. Paul Building, New York City.
Universal Tailoring Co. and J. Jacobs, Canal Street, are the only firms in your city to whom we have sold the style button you inquire about.
STAR BUTTON CO.

Powers folded the strip of trouser material into the telegram, pocketed them and picked up his hat.

"To make assurance doubly sure," quoth he, "if one of these firms has goods like this, *and* if the customer is the same, I guess we have a pretty rotten case, what?"

"Meanwhile," chuckled the manager, "I'll drop poor Henderson a line and tell him we're prepared to settle with him for his insurance tomorrow afternoon. Will that give you time enough?"

"Sure thing!"

"Ole clo's! Ole clo's! Cash f'r ole clo's!"

The ill-looking possessor of the mournful howl came down the middle of the street, pushing his cart of unsavory garments listlessly in advance, and pausing, now and again, to glance hopefully up at the windows on either side. Suddenly his step quickened. A man was coming along the sidewalk whistling as he read a letter, which, from the satisfied expression of his countenance, seemed to contain good news. Perhaps it was his beaming smile that encouraged the old-clothes man to address him:

"Ole clo's, mister—got any ole clo's?"

Albert Henderson shook his head impatiently; then paused.

"H-m! Well, I might have something for you. Come in here," he snarled. "I dont suppose you'll give me enough to pay for a cigar. I know you fellows!"

"Oh, yaas, I buy 'em. I pay de price." The old-clothes man smeared his protest across his chin with the back of a sooty hand and followed his prospective customer into the house.

A few moments later he was back, bearing an armful of garments, which he deposited in his cart with singular care, bestowing a tender pat on one particular suit of gray and black mixture as he did so. Then again arose his wail:

"Ole clo's—cash f'r ole clo's!"

Albert Henderson smiled grimly as he listened.

"This afternoon, eh?" he exulted. "Then, maybe, in spite of being robbed and losing most of my jewels, I'll be able to afford some *new* clothes, after all——"

"Mr. Henderson to see you, sir."

"Show him in."

The insurance manager extended his hand cordially.

"How do you do, Mr. Henderson?" he purred. "Well, I'm sorry to say that the company stands in a fair way to pay over to you twenty-five thousand dollars. It's a big sum, sir, a mighty big sum." He sighed heavily. Henderson shook his head.

"Not nearly enough to cover my loss," he grumbled. "Of course, I'm not saying it wont help me out, but the diamonds I lost! And the ruby necklace and the solid pickle-forks! No, I'm a hard loser, after all, sir, after all. Not," he repeated cautiously, "that the insurance wont help me out, but it's a mere drop in the bucket just the same."

"I can well believe it," sympathized the manager, pulling out a chair. "Sit down, and we'll settle up this business at once."

"Ole clo's—ole clo's!" A squalid figure stood in the doorway, delivering himself of his perfunctory song. Suddenly he dived forward, clawing eagerly at Henderson's arm.

"Aint dis de feller wot sold me dis pair o' trousers a couple o' hours ago?" he cried. "Well, I was goin' to tyke it back to youse. Dere's some money in de pocket, an' I'm an hones' man, I is."

The old-clothes man extended the trousers to the inspection of the two men. The manager appeared annoyed. "Go away!" he commanded. "We know nothing of your old clothes. This is a business office."

"Hold on!" Henderson reached out an avaricious hand. "You found some money in the pockets? Well, hand it over. Those are my trousers, all right——"

He paused. The old-clothes man had executed a surprising pigeon-wing and flung off his greasy cap, revealing the flaming thatch of one Peter Powers, detective, beneath.

THE "OLE CLO'S" MAN GETS A BARGAIN FROM HENDERSON

"Ho, ho!" he cried, and speedily became incoherent from triumph. The insurance manager pressed a button and turned politely to the discomfited Henderson, whose expression vividly resembled that of a fish on dry land.

"I am glad to be able to tell you that we have traced your thief," he said. "These two officers here will take charge of him."

A pair of cold bracelets encircled the wrists of the sputtering merchant.

"This—this—is an outrage," he gasped. "I'll have the law on you—I'll—I'll——"

"Slowly!" The manager's voice was as steely as the handcuffs. He opened a drawer in his desk and drew out a tattered shirt, which he laid beside the trousers. "The two bits of cloth which you tore from the burglar's garments in your struggle, *and* the burglar's garments from which they were torn—your own garments, as you have confessed.

"Twenty-five thousand dollars looked mighty soft to you—easy money. There didn't seem to be any risk of discovery, so you, Albert Henderson, defendant, robbed Albert Henderson, plaintiff's Jewelry Emporium, concealed the goods in Albert Henderson's own apartment, where our officers have just found them, and put in a claim for burglar insurance on Albert Henderson's policy. Well, what have you got to say, Mr. Albert Henderson?"

"The neatest little job I ever pulled off, not even barring the case of the gold tooth," chortled Powers, as the wilted merchant was led away. "And to think Anna gave me the clew! Bless her heart, I'm going to stop on the way home and buy her a present of—of—a pickle-fork!"

The Happy Days of Old

By OTTIE E. COLBURN

I wish that I had Moving Pictures of
The happy days of youth,
That would show o'er again the village school
Where I met blue-eyed Ruth.
I would like to see my childhood friends,
From Tommy down to Flo.
Ah, those were jolly, sunny, happy days—
The days of long ago.

I wish that I had Moving Pictures of
The hill I used to slide,
And I would like to see the dear old lake
On which I used to ride.
I would like to see the swimming-hole,
The ball-ground far away;
And I would like to see the funny sights
In the games we used to play.

I wish that I had Moving Pictures of
The well-remembered past—
Those dear old, merry, joyful, childhood days
That were too bright to last.
Ah, childhood is fifty years too short—
Too quick the world grows cold!
But here is one heart that will ne'er forget
The happy days of old.

Moving Pictures of childhood
I wish that I had,
That would show o'er again scenes
I knew when a lad.
Dear old scenes of the schoolhouse,
The church on the hill.
Picture scenes of the old brook
That flowed by the mill;

Picture scenes of my mother,
My life's truest friend;
Dear old pictures of playmates
I'll miss till life's end.
Happy, yes, I'd be happy
Once more to behold
Moving pictures of childhood—
My childhood of old.

Yesterday and Today

By CHARLES H. MEIERS

To look at scenes of foreign lands,
In days of old, one had
To be a wealthy person or
Possess a wealthy dad.

But we are glad to note a change,
And, as things are today,
We view those scenes at little cost—
Brought here in photoplay.

The MISTAKE

BY

LILLIAN CONLON

(BIOGRAPH)

THREE years of close living in a deep gash in the side of the solitary Weavers had mortised the friendship of the two placer miners as close as the sappy logs of their cabin. It was strictly a community of two, six miles from the camp in Skull Valley and a day's buckboard ride from the pigmy army-post at Fort Whipple.

Bill could not remember how they had first been cast together as pardners—just drifted into it, he reckoned, from the days when the mad rush began to Antelope Peak, and the long trail from La Paz became a yellow dust-belt across the loins of Arizona.

They had arrived at Antelope, to find the Peak a swarming ant-heap of miners, and more tumbling in with each coach. Every foot of gulch and stream-bed and ravine was located by the gold-mad rush.

It was Jake who first suggested prospecting in the Weavers, and his seat-mate on the journey up from Yuma was the only other one to tear his eyes away from the feast of yellow quartz on Antelope and to turn his back to the mountain of Mammon. They were a scant three months too late for a fortune, a pick's length away, and might be thirty years from the next. But they had gambled, and lost, and knew it; and shouldered their kits to cut thru the primeval valley to the purple range beyond.

It was different down on the sandy floor of the valley—almost a desert, but the month was July, the spring of Arizona, and the cactus was in bloom.

"Dutch" Jake stopped, every now and then, to drink in the riot of emerald and scarlet loveliness. The young German's blue eyes deepened at Nature's struggle to clothe her arid bosom with the bloom of the despised cactus, and he muttered low words of praise.

Bill plodded doggedly on; it was tough luck enough to have a tenderfoot with him, but a sentimentalist who made sheep's-eyes at the landscape and the thorny *ocotilla,* and who stopped to climb the trunks of the *sahuaro* for their purple blossoms—that was rotten hard trouble to bear.

But, in the end, Jake brought him luck undreamed of. They had prospected the seamy sides of the Weavers for a fortnight, and had located paying quartz in a gulch that fed its snow stream into Skull Valley, far below. Others came, found nothing and, finally, settled in the valley, to pan the softer silt of the bottoms.

The luck of the pardners turned to amazing good fortune. The seamy sides of their claim was one huge sandwich of interlaid gold. Sometimes a fortunate stroke of the pick would unbury a generous nugget set in its matrix of quartz, and, at one stroke, they were richer by a thousand dollars or so.

And so Dutch Jake and Texas Bill were rich men before they knew what had happened to them, and others less fortunate located above and below them, to get discouraged finally and clamber down to the alluvial dirt in the valley.

These two ill-assorted miners became kings of the jagged and fantastic mountain, living side by side for twenty-four hours a day, and talking, thinking, counting, dreaming of nothing but gold. If they saw nothing but its yellow glint in the purple haze of dawn or under the brilliant stars, it was the lust that had fastened upon luckless wanderers time out of mind.

They became the firmest, tho queerest, sort of friends. Once a month Jake or Bill, turn about, shouldered a heavy sack of ore and, trailing a rifle, tramped across the valley to the infant town of Prescott, to bank the gold and to bring in fresh supplies. It was a dangerous trip, with the Apaches still the murderous rulers of the Territory, and the one at home always heaved a sigh of relief when the traveler returned.

Then, one night, they were aroused from their bunks by shots in the valley, and rushed out to see a red glare in the camp far below.

" 'Tweren't natch'ral our luck 'd hold out," said Bill, staring down; "them's Tonto Apaches cleanin' up th' pore pards yander.

"Our turn 'll come next," he vouchsafed to the silent German.

Jake's eyes were fixed upon the stars, and he was praying.

"It's a terrible country," he said finally, "but a good one to us. I'd hate to die; with only a backload of gold to show God."

"Some fellers 'd take a chanst," muttered Bill.

But the volley of shots grew fainter and fainter, and in the morning they climbed down warily and reconnoitered the settlement. Things were going on about as usual, with two men shot and a cabin burnt, and the friends blessed themselves as lucky again that the Apaches had been worsted and driven off.

Matters went along evenly enough after that until, one day, Bill made up his mind to go into Prescott.

"I've got an onery feelin' thet sumthin's goin' tuh happen, pard," he said, with a parting attempt at a smile, "an' wanter sneak aroun' an' git th' drop on trubble fust. S'long; dont take tuh pickin' flowers whilst I'm gone."

Jake turned his back and strode on up the gulch, to hack at quartz for three days with Teutonic persistency, and, of nights, to lie on his back and seem almost to touch the glowing stars above the dusky mesa.

On the fourth day Bill came back, and, with his first look, Jake scented news.

"Cast yuh lamps over thet," said Bill, handing him a time-stained letter, post-marked Marshall, Texas, "an' tell me I aint a prophet agin."

Jake glanced thru the missive. It was in a woman's scrawly handwriting, and went on to say, among other things, that the writer was in Marshall and was making the stage-route to Yuma and La Paz, and thence on to Prescott, "tho God knows when I'll get there, Bill," it complained.

"I am not to make anything out of it able," said Jake.

"It's my wife, *vrau,* woman, better-half!" roared Bill, with sudden verbosity, "an' as nigh as I kin figger, she's due on the stage come next Sunday."

Jake looked bewildered at the news. "You haven't told me never that you had a wife," he said.

"It's my way, Jake—to kivver things up. But she's a good leetle gal an' will set our shanty to rights an' bore sunshine into us."

Jake sat down on a pile of quartz dust and studied the thing hard. There had been three years of uninterrupted friendship between him and the rough, uncommunicative Texan, and he had learnt to know him and to humor him like a sick hound.

The man's speech was queer and seldom used, his face as seamed and scarred as the walls of a cañon; at times he sulked himself into black, murderous rage. But Jake had sensed that his heart was good, and that he was square—that was enough to cling to where others had shunned him. Texas Bill had a past, that he knew, but what it was or whence he had come, Jake had never asked.

"'AS NIGH AS I KIN FIGGER, SHE'S DUE ON THE STAGE COME NEXT SUNDAY'"

Now an unknown woman was to come popping and prying into their lonely midst. She might understand Bill—perhaps, but she would never fathom him. He had had an experience, and *knew*.

So when Saturday came, and Bill had departed for Prescott, he got together his personal things, a beggarly carpet-bag full, and sat down to write a farewell letter to his pardner. Many affectionate words stumbled to the point of his pencil-stub, and were rubbed out as hastily as the moisture in his eyes. So, in the end, it was no letter at all, but only a smeared and formal note.

With the first blush of the sun in the violet east, on Monday morning, Jake rose up and cooked a hasty breakfast. It was to be his last meal in their rock-riven home; and below, and far to the east, lay the pale valley, trembling for the touch of its sunbath.

He shouldered his bag, laid his letter on the table and started down the jagged trail.

Jake had been gone from the mountain cabin a bare ten minutes when a peal of light laughter carromed up the gulch, and Bill and a light-footed, lighter-hearted wife pushed open the cabin door.

The orderliness of the place struck the girl with delight. The coffee-pot and tin cups glistened on their pegs, and the packed dirt floor was clean enough for a dancer.

"It's Jake," said Bill, catching her bird-like glance; "he's a reg'lar woman when it comes tuh keepin' things slicked up."

"We'll be a surprise to him, I reckon," the little, blonde wife declared; 'he warn't expectin' us afore noon."

"Trust Jake," confided Billy; "I reckon he's down in th' creek, stripped an' colder 'n a snake's belly, with a cake of soap an' sech."

Then his eyes went to the table, and he picked up his pardner's note and ran thru its two poor lines.

"Jake's gone;" he gasped; "clean vamoosed! Just run yuh peepers over this hyah."

The startled girl snatched the note from his fingers and read:

> It's all right, pardner Bill. *Auf wiedersehn.* My share in the claim is yours.
> JAKE.

Bill's heavy jaw unhinged in helplessness, but the girl kept her wits about her and ran over to feel the dish-rag on its peg.

"He hasn't been gone long," she affirmed; "the cloth is still dripping. Oh! I want to see this crazy Dutchman more than ever now," she added suddenly, and took to light heels thru the door and down the trail.

Bill turned a pair of joyful eyes after her. "She'll find him," he asserted to the mountain, "an' tote him back—you see if she dont."

The girl, as if in answer, flew down the breakneck trail on the wings of a swallow. Far below, working thru patches of mesquite brush, she caught fugitive glimpses of the deserting pardner.

"Come — back, Mister — Mister Jake!" she called shrilly, and her voice was tiny and smothered in the lap of the lordly mountain. Then she set to running again desperately, skipping and leaping over rocks like a panicky big-horn. On the edge of the valley, with her face and neck as scarlet as the cactus-blossoms, she took to slipping thru the bunch-grass, and presently had passed by the eastward man and flung herself flat behind a thick soap-weed, patiently awaiting his approach.

Jake, as heaven ordained, passed within two paces of her, and at sight of the scarlet face, with its fiery blue eyes peering up at him, he stepped back as from a rattler.

"It's only me," she said, in a gaspy, thin voice. The deserting pardner stood off and drank in this bold statement as if it were the hardest thing to fathom ever uttered by lips o' woman.

"Madam," he finally said, with his slouch hat clasped in his hand, "will you have the graciousness to tell me who you are and wherefrom you come?"

"I'm Bill's wife," said the unabashed girl, "and you're Jake, and I've run all the way down here to get you and bring you back."

"I have made up my mind to go to my home, in Kansas—it is a long road," he pronounced, with firm lips.

"Why, Jake"—her voice was pleading now—"Bill wont stay up there a night without you." The words sank to a whisper. "He's superstitious 'bout you—says you've been his good angel an' brought him luck."

The errant pardner hesitated, and his lips trembled.

"You know," she went on, "th' horseshoe fell down off Bill's maw's door th' day he was born, an' he's been unlucky ever since. Some say he's shiftless an' a bad man when th' drink's on him, but you an' me know different, dont we, Jake?"

"It's a lie! Who says it?" answered Jake. "I, who have lived with him for three years alone up there, know he is a good man, with a good heart."

"Then come back, Jake," she pleaded, with her bright eyes searching him out—"he needs you. You never knew it"—her voice again sank to the half-sighing whisper—"but down Maricopa way, once, he shot a Tonto in a mix-up, an' they never forget an' never forgive."

"It's d—n lonely and fearful on the mountain at night," he blurted out. "I wondered why he slept with one eye on the door always."

"BILL'S WIFE WAS AS BRIGHT AS A LINNET AROUND THE CABIN THINGS"

"It's the Apaches, Jake—they never forget."

The decamping pardner turned and blundered back up the trail. He was convinced. If a slip of a wife could face the solitude of the Weavers, with no one but wordless Bill for company, he, too, would do it again. Winter was soon coming, but the work could go on, except in the heavy snowfalls, and in the spring they could mule-pack their gold over to

Prescott, sell out, and quit the place forever. Back on the claim, Bill received him, grinning comfortably, and the new life of three started without a jolt or a jar.

Jake had much time to himself now —Bill's wife was as bright as a linnet around the cabin things, and the work with pick and sledge went on with unabated vigor. The younger pardner, too, had it all figured out, in his methodical way, how much ore they would quarry that year, and what it would reduce to in dollars and cents.

"BILL'S WIFE TRIED HER LEVEL BEST, IN AN ARTLESS WAY, TO DRAW HIM OUT"

The sentimental side of him hardly ever showed now, tho Bill's wife tried her level best, in an artless way, to draw him out. He felt it and shut up like a clam, longing for the time when he could break free and win a woman such as she.

Then, as Bill's luck would have it, she took to bringing their dinners out to the quartz ledge in baskets, and Bill's was always sure to be a little less dainty and appetizing than Jake's.

With one little thing and another, Bill's pretty young wife showed her fondness for Jake—she reckoned he was a sort of Don Quixote out of a story-book, I think—and Bill, as was natural, took to sulking and glowering after her.

Any woman who had put up with Bill for three years of surly proximity and three of desertion, was entitled to a harmless friendship of this kind, just to keep her smiles from petrifying into wrinkles. But Bill didn't think so, and as for loyal Jake, he was pained into frozen silence.

Just the same, for the life of him, he couldn't help going on thinking that, if he ever met *another* girl that could hold a candle to Bill's wife, he would surely close his eyes and open his mouth to ask her to become Mrs. Jacob Sutter.

And now, of pale mornings, flights of wild geese were seen making their way southward down the valley, and the mountain lay covered with a tracery of silver frost. Signs of winter were slowly setting in, and in Big Cinco the troopers were busy as farmers, laying in the winter's fodder.

The Apaches had not been seen in a month and, to all reports, were skulking down toward the Verde basin.

Bill worked some, and mooned around a good bit more. Often he would go off for a day at a time, and come back with a bronze, acorn-fed turkey or a big "black-tail" slung across his shoulders. But the man's eyes had an evil look; a something festered back of them, poisoning them yellow. And he took to sleeping with his boots and rifle in his bunk.

With things at this inharmonious pass in the Weaver Mountain family, the long-expected event that Jake had started came about, and Bill finished it. He set out one morning at sun-up to sell their claim to the highest bidder in the valley.

Jake had started out, too, to catch a mess of trout in the limpid pools below their claim. From where he stood on a jutting boulder, he could look straight down the gorge to the valley settlement, as thru a gigantic telescope.

He stopped to watch a speck of a man cross a glade in the mesquite. And then he saw him fling up his arms and fall in an awkward sprawl. In an instant a band of Tontos broke cover and were hiving about their victim like angry hornets. One of them picked up a jagged rock and dashed it fiendishly against the dead man's chest.

Like painted ghosts they were off into the brush again. Jake's eyes fairly goggled in his head. Could he believe them, or were those only shadows mounting the upward trail? The thought of Bill and his taking to his rifle and boots flashed thru his head, and its meaning dawned on him at last. Perhaps on his hunting prowls he had seen things; perhaps it was second sight.

The Tontos were making for Bill's cabin—nothing else lay on the mountain—and it crashed in upon Jake's horrified brain that only Bill's wife was left up there alone.

"IT CRASHED IN UPON JAKE'S HORRIFIED BRAIN THAT ONLY BILL'S WIFE WAS LEFT UP THERE ALONE"

With a clutter of heavy boots, he panted up the trail, to find her smiling at him in the cabin door.

A glance at his pasty face and twisted mouth was more talkative than words. She felt that somewhere below him death followed on silent feet.

Jake gripped her arm and forced her after him up the gorge on the run. Soon volition came to her legs, and she ran deerlike and true by his side.

The man evidently had a definite purpose in mind. His hand, sunk in her arm, steadied the wild flutterings of her heart and kept her from womanish screams.

Suddenly he caught her up like so much straw and plowed his way across the slippery bed of the mountain stream. On the farther side a shelving rock ran up to the top of the gorge, and she slipped from his arms, to falter up the sheer slope with him.

They gained the top and beat their way across the mountainside, thru wild grape, brush, and berry-briars that fastened round them like so many tentacles.

It was a tortuous, tortureful trip, with perhaps death leering at the bottom for them. In order to reach the settlement, they would be compelled to cross the open valley in plain view of the Tontos.

Jake did not hesitate. The desire to save Bill's wife had suffused his brain with fire. All else was dead—even the mighty bashfulness that had walled him in from her smiles.

“HE FOUGHT TENDERLY FOR THE POSSESSION OF JAKE'S HEAD”

She clung to him, with her face of a scarlet blossom close to his, as he grasped her close in his arm for the first trial across the open.

Swifter than theirs, was the frenzied rush of Bill behind them. In the glaring bowl of the valley he had seen them in each other's arms and, at last, he thought he knew the truth. Crazed with jealous rage, he crept up nearer and nearer. They stood, with their backs turned to him, in a little clump of *ocotilla,* as he wormed up within revolver-range. The exotic blossom had long since blown away, and the cactus hung over them, hairy and full of bare thorns. Here he paused a moment, and in that moment he thought of the good side of his pardner. But only for a moment. The poisoned blood again surged to his brain, and his mind was made up once more. He raised his revolver, took slow aim and fired.

He saw Jake flounder to his knees and, inch by inch, his big, brown head sag till it sank to the sand with a sigh.

Like fiendish echoes from above him, shot after shot rang out on the mountain, and Bill thought he had gone crazy with the lust of hate.

But it was the irate miners of the settlement, stung to desperation and driving the Tontos, for once and all, out of the bloody valley.

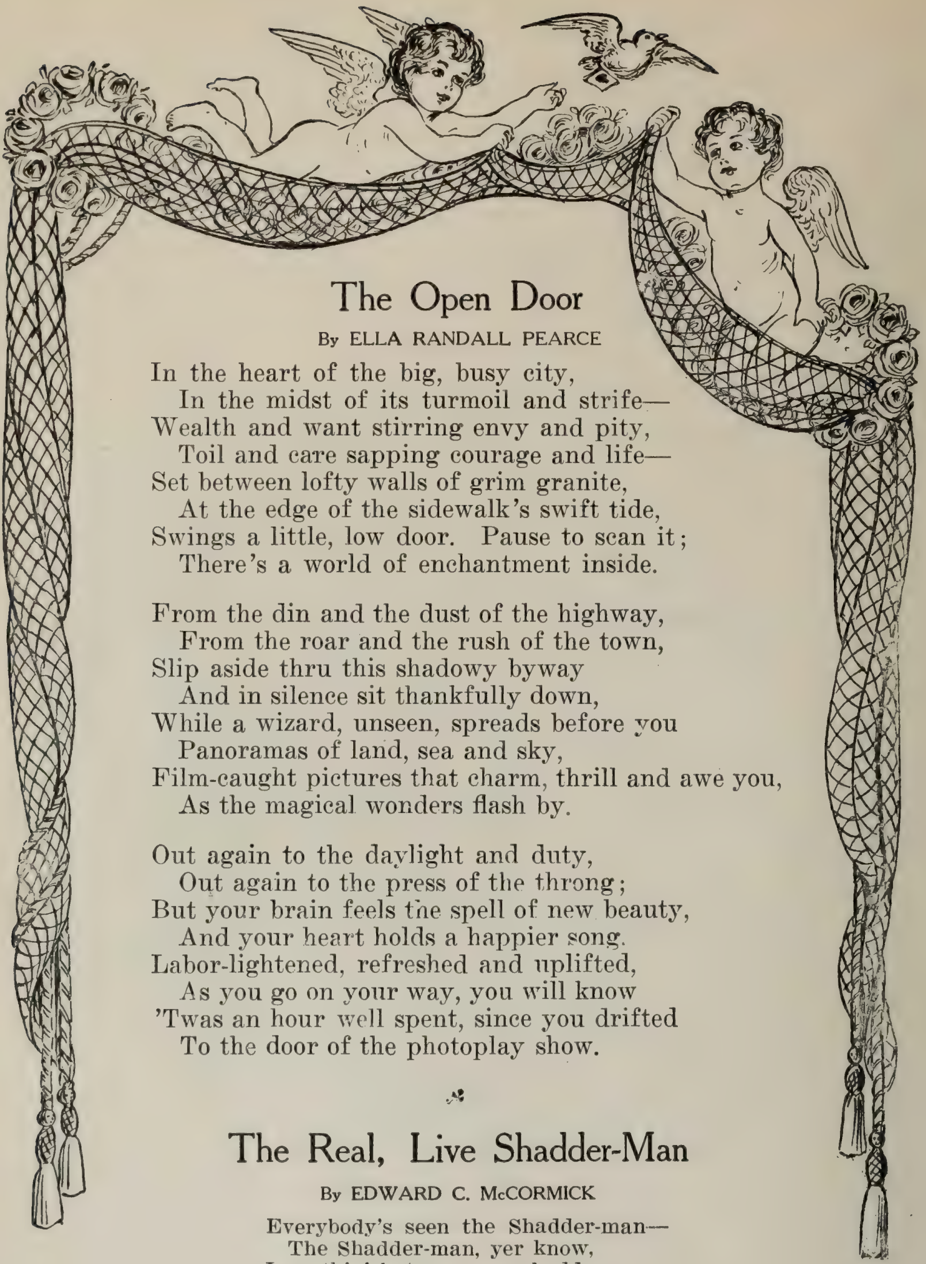
A new light came to Bill now, and he made his way slowly to his pardner, with doubt and misgivings in his heart. Coming upon his wife, he stared her squarely in the eye and, without a word, pointed to his pardner upon the ground. His brain began to work normally now, and he began to hear and to understand what his wife was telling him—it all sounded queer and away off at first. And the next thing he knew, Jake's head was in her lap, and his eyes held that fool sentimental look again.

Bill didn't care much. He fought tenderly for the possession of Jake's poor head, and it was in his lap, and looking up into his eyes, that Jake breathed his last.

Bill buried Jake on top of the mountain, near their claim, and sent all his money back to Kansas to his folks. He insisted on digging Jake's last resting-place unaided and out of the solid quartz. His wife journeyed over one day from Prescott and found Bill there. He had just finished the job, and, in the meantime, she had had a good think and was going back home to her folks.

As she stood behind the cabin and watched Bill planting a cross on Jake's grave, she couldn't help noticing, between frowns, that he had changed considerably and seemed to have caught just a touch of sentiment from his departed pardner. When he had finished with the cross, Bill brought an armload of evergreen boughs and made a pretty blanket of them for Jake. Then he awkwardly sank to his knees and started to pray. And as Bill's wife came up softly behind him, his eyes were wet and shiny, and he was speaking to the Lord, this time not in vain.

"BILL PLANTED A CROSS ON JAKE'S GRAVE"



The Open Door

By ELLA RANDALL PEARCE

In the heart of the big, busy city,
  In the midst of its turmoil and strife—
Wealth and want stirring envy and pity,
  Toil and care sapping courage and life—
Set between lofty walls of grim granite,
  At the edge of the sidewalk's swift tide,
Swings a little, low door. Pause to scan it;
  There's a world of enchantment inside.

From the din and the dust of the highway,
  From the roar and the rush of the town,
Slip aside thru this shadowy byway
  And in silence sit thankfully down,
While a wizard, unseen, spreads before you
  Panoramas of land, sea and sky,
Film-caught pictures that charm, thrill and awe you,
  As the magical wonders flash by.

Out again to the daylight and duty,
  Out again to the press of the throng;
But your brain feels the spell of new beauty,
  And your heart holds a happier song.
Labor-lightened, refreshed and uplifted,
  As you go on your way, you will know
'Twas an hour well spent, since you drifted
  To the door of the photoplay show.

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The Real, Live Shadder-Man

By EDWARD C. McCORMICK

Everybody's seen the Shadder-man—
  The Shadder-man, yer know,
Is nuthin' but yer own shadder,
  That goes where'er you go.
They used to skeer me quite a lot
  By telling me jest how
He got mean boys that wusn't good,
  But I know better now.

This Shadder-man I saw wus real—
  A real, live Shadder-man!
That walked aroun' like me an' you,
  An' do things what we can.
A real, live Shadder-man can laff
  An' run an' dance, an' all
A feller's got to do 's set still
  An' watch him on the wall.

It wus a real, live Shadder-man
  That done jest as I've said.
The reason why I'm sure o' it,
  I saw a sign what read:
"One moment, please, we're changing reels,"
  An' that's jest why I knowed
It wus a reel, reel Shadder-man
  The picter showman showed!

The Benefactor

By Karl Schiller

(LUBIN)

This story was written from the Photoplay of GEORGE TERWILLIGER

"Is it the wish of the Almighty, do you think, for one man to feed fat while hundreds go empty?" the speaker's voice hissed across the taut silence in the bare, ungarnished room. White, wistful faces yearned up toward the words, stolid with endurance, beaten, hopeless. Their look was audible in his heartstrings, tuned to sensitive response to misery. They seemed to beg, to plead with him. He flung out impassioned arms. "My brothers," he cried brokenly, "I have walked this world for thirty years. I have been wealthy—horses, fine clothes, rare food. I have passed among the universities and learnt of philosophy and law, and the cursed superstition they call ethics; I have heard men speak of God as a personal friend, in churches, to go out only to oppress the creatures made in His image; I have gone lean with the hungered, dry with the thirsty, unfriended with the friendless; seen the goodness of the good, the sins of the bad, the beauty that festers about the place of wealth, the ugliness that befouls the place of misery; and I tell you this: as I believe in God Almighty, it is all wrong!"

The thunder of an elevated meddling by, in a garish smear of light, was the only applause, but in the very breathlessness of their silence he read approval. His voice changed to a snarl. A finger quivered out, pointing——

"Yonder is old Jonathan Gedney, multimillionaire, tyrant, coiner of men's lives and women's souls. The evening papers say he has just completed his plans for a museum to house his choice old books and pictures. It is to cost *one million dollars!*" He paused, giving his words a chance to sink into their brain. "One million! Let us reckon it in other terms. It is to cost a million tears, a million pains, a million sins, a million drops of blood. Who is to pay? I say, who is to pay? *You!* Your unnourished wives pay in the bearing of weakling children; your babies pay in wizened souls and bodies; your sweethearts pay in virtue sold for a bit of bread and a soiled scrap of ribbon. Gedney buys his museum—you pay!"

A sinister murmur arose and swelled like an animal growl thru the air reeking with the unwashed, un-healthy, fetid exhalation of the slums. Boris Kreshmef turned from the platform suddenly wordless, yielding his place to another, and flung his long body down the steps, thru the packed hall, pausing, now and then, to leave a fierce word or handclasp as he went, and out, at last, into the gaslit squalor of a Greene Street evening. His young face, lifted to the sightless, starless sky, held the rapt vision of a prophet for an instant; then the glow flickered out, leaving it only a gaunt, unfed crucible of burnt-out dreams. It wore the look more of soul-hunger than bodily starvation, tho the clothes hanging loosely on the bony frame proclaimed the other also. Only the eyes, burning out thru the gray pallor, gave it a restless look of life; the eyes and the hands clasping, straining endlessly, as he tramped on.

Caricatures of children swore and leaped about him in ghastly mockery of play; babies shrieked helpless protest against their unwanted birth; lean mothers panted by, staggering under the burden of children born and unborn; thru tiny paned windows of shops, odorous with decaying food or bad whisky, murky gaslight crawled discouragedly. In a saloon on the corner men quarreled noisily above the shivering sound of broken glass. Boris lifted his face again, distorted with fierce scorn. "See what man has made of Thy world," he cried hoarsely, "and we call ourselves civilized!"

"PAUSING TO LEAVE A FIERCE HANDCLASP"

He turned sharply down a dark cross-street lined on either side with forlorn, brick dwelling-houses, once homes of wealth, as crumbling bits of carved cornice and dingy, graceful doorways proclaimed; now as pitiable as the traces of past beauty in an aged woman. Fly-specked cards lounged crookedly in every lower window, bearing the inviting legend: "Furnished Rooms Cheap. Inquire Within." At the door of one of these, Boris paused, fumbling for his key. His eyes sought the fifth story, puzzling over a lighted window.

"New lodgers!" he muttered, "and next to me. I wonder what my neighbors are like."

As if in answer to his query, two figures, hand in hand, passed by the window, a slender girl-shape, a solid man-one. And even as he looked, before his eyes could tear themselves away, he saw the taller shadow stoop and kiss the other. A strange breath of clean, sweet air seemed to blow along the sultry street as Boris turned his key and went in. The uncarpeted stairs heralded his approach ostentatiously, but the new lodgers took no heed. When he topped the last flight, Boris paused involuntarily by the open doorway, looking in, as the homeless outcast peers sometimes thru a lighted window, wishful of a glimpse of a home.

A furnished room at three dollars a week—gas extra—is a poor place for a home, but they had brought theirs with them, these two. In the greasy haze of the place, stifled with cooking food, their clasped hands and knit glances seemed alien things, yet wonderfully natural. Their slow words crept out into the hallway to where the young foreigner stood fascinated, watching. He had forgotten to remember one thing in his speech back there—the keynote of the whole situation. He had not reckoned with the sacred fact, that in crazy tenements and dreary labor there may be love—love that makes pain grateful, hunger and cold of no account. Perhaps he had not thought of it, because he knew so little of it himself—never a mother's cheeks to remember, nor the feel of a sweetheart's fingertips. Self-pity stung his eyes at the thought, but he put it away resolutely, as he put away all feelings of self.

"No use, Faith, my girl," the man was saying huskily. "Everywhere I go the same thing: 'Experience?' 'None.' 'References?' 'None.' 'Sorry, nothing doing.' And that's the last dime sizzling there in the frying-pan this minute." He essayed a laugh, but it was a sorry failure. The girl's attempt was better.

"As if there wasn't a tomorrow, Donald-boy," she smiled bravely. "And when it comes, *I'm* going, too. I could sell gloves or wait on table or something— Hush! dont you dare breathe a word, not a single— I guess I can help my—*husband*—" The blush before the name was a revelation of how short a time she had known the meaning of the word. He groped for her hand, seeking comfort.

"You're not—sorry—Faith?"

"Are *you?*" He caught her in his arms, to the hazard of the frying-pan, stifling the words on her lips. After a moment she pushed him away gently, searching his face with troubled mother-eyes.

"But your father—you're sure I can make it all up to you, Donald—the money and comfort and friends? Quite sure? Then *that's* settled, and supper's done to a turn!"

She sprang busily to her feet, and Boris, shrinking from discovery, tiptoed softly away. But his own room was next door to theirs, the walls meager, and bits of conversation leaked thru. By the time that their light winked out beyond the crannies and the words ceased to come, he had learnt most of the story: a wealthy father outraged at his son's humble marriage—disinheritance—the heartbreaking trailing for work—a shabby, common little story, poetrysized to the lyric meter of love.

"But Love wont fill their frying-pan over again," thought the young socialist, grimly. "There it is again—money playing God and wrecking lives—money grinding out hope and personality and possibility—money soiling a honeymoon. And I? Why, I suppose even I kowtow to the great god Gold, more or less. I dont fawn, but I scorn it, which is negative flattery, after all. At any rate, I wish I had a fistful of old Gedney's ill-smelling coin to give those poor, helpless babies in the other room. It belongs to them as much as it does to him." A quizzical smile touched his lips as he remembered the clasped

"HE GROPED FOR HER HAND"

young hands. "But they're richer than he is, after all."

"Nothing."

It was two days later. The sodden syllables came heavily thru the sounding-board of the thin partition to Boris' ears. He started up from his perusal of the *People,* listening unabashed for the rest. Surely today—but no.

"Nothing, girl o' mine." The bed in the next room creaked crazily under a weight flung across it in despair; then the grim sound of a boy's sobs.

"Dont, dear." The little, new-made wife's voice shook, in spite of her. "Here, put your poor tired head in my lap—*so* nice and comfy. I guess as long as we've got each other, boy——"

"My God! I wont have you long at this rate." The boy's voice was frightful to hear. Boris shuddered away from the raw agony of it. "How many days can a little, thin girl live without eating—tell me that, Faith?"

"I'm not—hungry."

"That's a lie!" He sprang up roughly and began to pace up and down the room with blundering feet. "Listen to me, sweetheart; I'm going out to steal for you—I'm going *now*——"

"No—no—no!" The wail tingled thru the listener's pulses, driving him to his feet, across the floor. He fumbled in his cupboard, searching—a loaf of bread, a lump of dry cheese, a bottle of sour red wine—they were in his arms in an instant, and he was gone. A moment later, he was back, breathless, the echo of his knock on the next door still hammering his ear-drums. The blundering feet dragged themselves across the floor; the door creaked open—an awed pause; then an incredulous, glad cry.

"Food, Faithie; look, sweetheart, bread and wine and cheese!"

"OUTRAGED AT HIS SON'S HUMBLE MARRIAGE"

“It’s the general situation that touches one’s sense of justice, but the particular instances that make one’s heart ache,” mused the Socialist. “I’ve preached brotherhood and equality ever since I found myself, but I never gave away my supper before, may God forgive me!” He paused, his face darkening. “A million dollars for a museum, and a man and woman hungry, physically ravenous for a crust and a crumb!” The paper rustled its unread pages to his feet. His great, hollow eyes were absent, searching the darkness for the answer, but they finally fell, baffled. “It’s all wrong—*wrong*,” he sighed hopelessly.

“IF YE’VE EMPTY HANDS TONIGHT—OUT YE GO!”

The next morning a shrill voice roused him from a dream-ridden slumber—a voice peculiar to the species landlady in moments of righteous indignation—piercing the partition above his head.

“Where’s the rent, I’m askin’ yer? No excuses, mind—ye’ll not get away with soft words. When ye talk to me, ye have to talk money, an’ if ye aint got it, out ye go!”

“Will you give me till tonight?”—the boy’s voice came dully, with an effort. “I’ll—try to pay you then.”

“Well—” the landlady hesitated, staring at the refinement of the girl’s plain clothes and the white, unlabored softness of the boy-hands hanging listlessly by his side—“well, not another moment, an’ I suppose I’m a fool to let ye stay that long. But if ye’ve empty hands to show me tonight, out ye go, an’ yer baggage stays here—tho poor enough it seems to be!”

Boris walked along the Avenue. By him, on every side, drifted painted human butterflies, with gorgeous and expensive wings—velvets, chiffons, laces, softness, luxury, but to his brooding eyes it seemed the wonderful fabrics were stitched with heartstrings, quivering human tendons and nerves. Carriages and automobiles floated noiselessly by; plumes swirled on the hot breeze; parasols lifted pink, yellow, blue silken blooms above the cushions; the very air was gracious with the scent of cared-for humanity, criss-crossed with little eddies of heavy perfume, colorful as flowers, filled with light chatter, automobile horns and easeful laughter. To his rebellious fancy the chatter was the moans of suffering women: the laughter, the fierce cries of downtrodden men.

"This street is a sore in the eyes of the angels," he muttered fiercely. "Shops of luxuries, toys, trinkets to pamper sensuous tastes—waste everywhere! Money pouring out for devil's baubles that would keep the blood and courage in the whole cityful of souls——" He paused, interrupted by the sight of a bundle lying beside the gateway of one of the splendid residences. He touched it curiously, looking about for an owner. Beyond the gate towered the blatant splendor of the Gedney mansion like a boast in the face of suffering. His eyes darkened. He stooped and picked up the bundle, prodding it investigatingly.

"Clothes of some sort, and no owner." He looked about thoughtfully. "It may be something my neighbors could use—I'll take the risk. It's theirs anyhow, more than it is any one else's."

But he gasped, a little later, as he unwrapped the bundle in his own room. A suit of men's clothes, faultlessly tailored, met his eyes—one of the pockets bulged. He thrust his hand in, groped, and drew out a wallet filled with banknotes, one thousand dollars worth of them in new, crisp bills. For a long moment he stared down at them, incredulous. Then he was on his feet.

"It's a beggarly part of the big Debt," he whispered, "but it may spell salvation in the other room. Whatever the blame for this, I'm willing to accept it. I am my brother's keeper——"

"But—but—Donald—it frightens me!" Faith's voice shook uncertainly on the panicky edge of hysterical tears. "Things dont happen that way—it *cant* be true!"

"Faithie!"

"Yes, dear?"

"It's—why, it's father! He did it; he must have. There isn't any one else could have known, sweetheart!"

"Oh, boy o' mine, then it means—"

"He's forgiven us, dear!"

An interval without words. Then:

"I'll put on the suit and go to find father. You take the money and buy yourself a new dress, to be ready when we come back for you."

Donald hurried along the Avenue, toward the big house on the hill, his heart outrunning his swift feet. Good old dad! And just let him *know* Faith, and he'd see how mistaken he was—— A heavy hand fell on his shoulder, its touch dragging down his buoyant spirits with the weight of nameless fear.

"No use to argue, young feller—better come along with me nice and quiet, see?"

Donald's dazed eyes met the flash of a detective badge, and shivered away, horrified. He gasped for words.

"Why—what?"

"Never you mind," the detective laughed meaningly; "dont try that innocent gag on me—it wont go. *I* know where you got that suit well enough—look here!"

A scrap of woolen, the counterpart of the suit material, dangled before the boy's bewildered eyes. "Pretty nifty little get-away you made, but I'm too old a bird to be fooled like that—come along!"

"Donald!"

"Father!"

The two stared at one another breathlessly in the great, splendid room. The son's hands went out, shaking. "What's this mean, dad?"

he pleaded. "Didn't you give me the clothes? I was sure it must be you when I found them in the room——"

Crafty suspicion narrowed the old eyes opposite. The father gave a terrible, sneering laugh and covered his face with his wrinkled hands.

"My son a thief—good Lord!" moaned Jonathan Gedney.

"Caught with the goods!" boasted the detective. "Of course, I'd no idea he was your son, sir; but even so, he cant get away with such a phony tale as that—*found 'em in his room!* and the money—found *that*, too, eh?"

The boy's jaw set dangerously. He took a step forward, hands clenching; then paused.

"Suppose you come back to my lodgings with me, you two," he forced thru white lips. "You can ask my wife if I'm not telling the truth."

Faith, arms treasure-laden, took the dare of five flights of steep stairs on a run. She turned the handle of the door, breathing quickly, cheeks excitement-pink; then started back in dismayed confusion, the color draining from her face. The grim old man facing the door strode forward, snatching the magic wallet from her nerveless hands.

"That's it—that's my money. That proves the theft!"

The ugly word crashed thru the girl-wife's daze. With a shriek, she staggered forward, clutching her husband's arm.

"No, no, no! Don is no thief! You are a wicked old man to say that of your own son!" She burst into a storm of weeping.

A step sounded in the doorway. All the faces—the angry, the hard, the scornful—turned. A gaunt figure met their gaze, a burnt-out, passionate face and raised hands.

It was Boris Kreshmef.

"No, he is not a thief!" The quiet voice in the doorway cooled the heated moment like a wind.

"What do you know about it?" sneered the old man, in the tense hush that followed. "Get out of here, you meddling eavesdropper!"

"He is no thief!"

The repetition maddened the old man. He struck the table a vicious blow. "I say he is!" he snarled. "My valet took my clothes this morning to the tailor's for pressing. By mistake, I had left a large sum of money in one of the pockets. He laid the bundle down a moment to drive away a vagrant whom he saw loitering in my shrubbery, and when he came back it was gone. I set a detective to catch the thief, and he brought me—*my son!* The disgrace of it—the son of Jonathan Gedney a common thief!"

"I SET A DETECTIVE TO CATCH THE THIEF"

"Jonathan Gedney? So *you* are Jonathan Gedney!"

Boris started forward, his face kindling. The moment that he had prayed for was miraculously at hand. He would speak out, and this old man should listen—pauper and millionaire, they were equals for the time. "If you are he, I tell you to your face that it is you who are the thief—*not* your son! Listen to me this once. I am the voice of the masses speaking to the classes. I am Want, Misery, Hate, Unrest, Sin! Who is responsible for me? *You!* You are a thief! You have stolen babies' lives, women's virtue, men's strength and joy-in-life for your millions. You are a thief! You have filched hope, religion, goodness, health, and spent it on your horses, houses and pleasures. Who gave you the right to sit while we stand, Jonathan Gedney? to eat while we starve? In God's hearing I repeat it—you are the thief!"

Those in the room stood dazed and silent. The old man breathed heavily, his face twisting with strange new pain.

"I took those wretched rags you are so anxious about," Boris continued, pointing to Donald's clothes, his voice tense with scorn. "I found them and knew he needed them. If it will please you, arrest me. No? Then I bid you good-day." He looked back from the doorway. "I thank God for the opportunity of speaking out to you," he said solemnly. "It is, of course, useless. Yet some day—and it is coming soon—I tell you that the writing on the wall is to be fulfilled in anarchy and flame."

"Wait!" The old man's voice was strangely altered. He started forward, laying a shaking, old hand on the young Socialist's sleeve. "It—what you have said—has—has moved me. I have never thought much about such things. I—I—would be *glad* to think more—if you will explain——" He turned to the others, smiling thru the film of tears. "You children!" he cried. "I suppose I've got to forgive you—we've all got to do some forgiving. I'm going to take you back home."

In his humble room again, Boris Kreshmef drew a long breath, lifting a softened face, from which the old, wild bitterness was gone. "Who am I to say Thy ways are not best, merciful God?" he cried.

"YOU ARE THE THIEF!"

TOM BLAKE'S REDEMPTION

BY

COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

This story was written from the Photoplay of MAUD MOORE CLEMENT

THERE was a something about them, as they stood in the door, that was appealing; a something which suggested more, far more than the dinner-pail told, or the working-clothes of the young, smiling man, who rested his hands upon the shoulders of his mother, even hinted at. There was a something about them that was piteous in the least degree—and that something rested within the eyes of the mother as she watched the form of the call-boy fading down the walk; then turned to look up into the face of her son.

"And you'll go right to the engine, Tom?" she asked.

"Right to the engine, Momsey—" he answered, and there was a little halt in his voice—he seemed to know the implied something in her voice—"right to the engine, Momsey. Wont I, Nell?"

He turned to look at the girl standing nearby, and for a moment there flashed into the face of him a look of determination of manfulness. Time was when that look had been steadily upon the face of Tom Blake, of Number 2414. Time was when he had been known as the surest, the steadiest engineer on the road, as the man who could pull Big Betsy thru on schedule time when every one else failed. But that was before The Thing entered his life, before—— The little girl who had promised to marry him was talking.

"I know you'll go straight to work—if you promise, Tom," she answered, as she came forward for the good-by kiss.

The man turned his head. He smiled a bit.

"Yes," he answered, "if I promise."

A kiss, and he was gone, to walk slowly down the street, his eyes on the ground, his lips drawn tight. After all, it was a lie—a lie, and he had known it. A lie and——

He clenched his hands.

"I wish—" he murmured slowly, "I wish—I could keep away from it. Honest I do," he added weakly. "Some day—some day I'll shut right off short and——"

He hesitated. Down in the yards, he knew, Jerry, the fireman of Number 2414—Big Betsy, Tom had always called her—was walking around the big, steaming brute of steel, oiling her and petting her until the time for her master to arrive. Down in the yards, where the trains rattled over the frogs and the automatic blocks fell and rose to the dictation of the men in the towers, lay his duty and his work and his livelihood. But before him was The Thing. He hesitated; he looked within; he heard the laughter and the clink of glasses and the hoarse voice of the bartender as he told some coarse joke. For just a fleeting second there came the thought of the mother and the little girl at home and the half-promise. Then it faded as Tom threw it out of his mind; the thought of Jerry and Big Betsy became nothingness. He turned and entered the saloon.

"'YOU GO HOME!' HE SAID SHORTLY"

It was a half-hour later that Bill Henderson, yardmaster of the G. & D. Railroad Company, approached Jerry at the cowcatcher of the engine and stopped for just a moment.

"Where's Tom?" he asked.

Jerry looked up.

"Haven't seen him," came the short answer. There was an evasiveness in Jerry's voice that the yardmaster did not like. He looked at his watch, and there came a bit of a frown to his face.

"He's doing this thing pretty regular, aint he?" was questioned sharply.

"Pretty regular?" The fireman made an attempt to appear surprised. "What?"

"What?"—the voice of the yardmaster was snappy—"you know what—this drink thing. He——"

A sharp turn. Three running steps forward, and the yardmaster had seized the arm of a reeling figure and jerked Tom Blake from the steps of the cab. For just a few seconds he stood glowering at him; then the words came.

"You go home!" he said shortly.

"Go home?" The thought of it brought a flash of soberness to the whirling brain of the drunken man. "Go home—why, what—"

"Dont stop to argue with me!" The scowl of the yardmaster was black. "You go home, and you stay there until you're sent for. You—you——"

But Tom did not hear. A half-laugh of liquorized mirth, and he turned, half-swinging, and walked away. Dimly he knew what had happened. He knew that The Thing had grasped him again—this time stronger than ever before—and that he had been caught. What the outcome would be he did not, could not fathom. That night a mother sat by the window of her tiny home, clasping tight to her the sobbing form of a little girl, who, too, looked at the moonlight and tried to find in its brightness some gleam of hope, some light of happiness. That night the maudlin eyes of Tom Blake closed in sleep, at last, while a mother watched over him, and while something, strangely pearl-like and glittering, fell upon his unfeeling features and glistened there. And the next morning the letter came.

It was strangely curt and short, Tom thought, as he held it in his trembling fingers and, reading the lines, passed it on to his mother. At least, they might have said something about the faithful work of the past, something about——

"Read it," he said hoarsely, as the paper crinkled in the hands of his mother, and while his sweetheart leaned across the older woman's shoulder, that she might realize the full import of it all. "Read it—I guess it says enough."

The check fluttered to the floor unnoticed. The few lines flared forth in almost fiery strength:

MR. TOM BLAKE, Wynola, Cal.:
DEAR SIR—From this date your services are no longer needed. Enclosed find pay check.
G. BETTS, Supt.

That was all. Just a line or so and the check. Nothing about the times when Tom Blake had fought thru the heat of the desert, thru the sandstorms, thru difficulties and obstacles to bring Big Betsy in on time. Nothing about the day he had been ill at the throttle, yet had defied everything that he might work out the day for the satisfaction of his company. Nothing about——

"But I guess they're right," he murmured after a while. "I guess they're right——" He stopped angrily. "No, they're not, either!" he muttered, and there was a savageness in his tone. "They ought to think of those other things once in a while. What if I do drink a little—I always did my work, didn't I? You never saw me shirk the job, did you, Nell? Or you, mother? And you know it. They didn't have any right to fire me—it's favoritism, that's what it is! Well"—and he clenched his hands—"there are other engines, I guess, and there are other railroads. They'll give me a job—they know me!"

But it seemed that they knew him too well. Day after day he returned to the little house where the vines grew about the veranda. Day after day he told the same story to a mother and to a sweetheart who hoped and longed for the awakening within the mind of the one they loved—and hoped and longed in vain. Day after day was failure, and, at last, the realization.

"It's me for somewhere else," Tom Blake said weakly. "They're all down on me here—that's the way with this business. Let one railroad fire you, and they'll all keep you down. It isn't right. It isn't fair. I'm not going to stand it—I'm not going to——" And he turned to pace the floor, while the two women who cherished him looked into the faraway and said nothing. They knew the reason; they knew the millstone which had fastened itself around the neck of Tom Blake; they knew and shuddered. But they said nothing. Women are made that way.

And so it came that, a week later, a broken being weaved his way slowly down the tracks of the G. & D. Wynola was far in the distance. Tom Blake, his chances of employment vanished, his hopes gone, the realization full that The Thing had grasped him and grasped him fully, knew only one thing, that ruin was his, that he was now a being of the lower life—that he was a failure. Slowly he walked along, his weakened brain calling and craving for that thing which had brought it to disgrace, his nerves jangling, his whole being demanding, crying out for the taste, the exhilaration of The Thing. He yielded; he stopped. He drew from his pocket the bottle and drained it. Then, slowly, he left the track and seated himself in the shade of a tree for the bit of a meal he had gathered for himself in the last town.

Slowly he ate and read his newspaper as he did so. Once he stopped and smiled.

"Yes, and I suppose," he muttered, "that some Sunday-school superintendent is running the train for him

—the thieves! They throw a good man out of a job and——"

He didn't finish the sentence. He was too angry. Sullenly he left his spot of shade under the tree and wandered on down the track. There still remained a little money in his pocket. The next town was not far away—and there were saloons there and——

"Throw a good man out of a job, eh?" he muttered. "Well—let 'em, let 'em, that's all I've got to say! I guess I can live without 'em—I guess——"

And as he walked, he did not see the man who wandered forth from the heavy shade of the trees, who casually picked up the paper and read it, to hurry excitedly back to his comrades in hiding. He did not hear the story read to them of how the Denver Express was carrying $20,000 in bullion from the newly discovered Katy Mine; how the private car of the president was attached to the train, and how the stop would be made at Cartright for the one transfer of guards which would be made on the journey between Wynola and Salt Lake. He did not hear the plans—of how one man was to sneak on the blind-baggage and hold up the engineer; how the train would be brought to a stop at just the proper point—he did not see the hurried rush for horses and the thundering departure of the bandits for their places in ambush. He did not hear, and he did not know. There was only one thing before him—the thought of whisky.

"HE DID NOT HEAR THE STORY READ TO THEM OF HOW THE DENVER EXPRESS WAS CARRYING $20,000"

There came the outskirts of the

little town; then the main street. Tom Blake hurried along, his thoughts centered upon that building where rested The Thing. He crossed the street. He stopped on the very steps of the building. A woman, her hair white, her face fair and full of the love which only a mother can know, had looked at him and smiled as he passed her. And there was something about that smile which ate into the heart of Tom Blake, which made him hesitate, which made him turn, for a moment, from the steps of the building where lay the lair of The Thing. There was something about that smile which made him stop on the sidewalk and stare into the past; something which brought him a picture—the picture of a mother sitting by a window, looking into the gloaming, her hands tight clasped, the tears finding their way down her face one by one, the prayers coming from between her slowly moving, quivering lips—the prayers for the one being in the world who counted; the one person in all the universe she loved and cared for and prayed for—her son. There was something, too, in that smile which brought another picture: of a little girl, with hair of glistening ebony, with eyes that were as dark and as soft as the midnight sky of the mountains, whose lips had always smiled until now, whose cheeks were as the rose—until The Thing had entered the life of Tom Blake. And there was something about it all that gripped his heart and hurt; something which seemed to grasp The Thing by its scaly throat and throttle it. A great trembling seemed to have seized Tom Blake. A great something as of fire shot thru him. A great wave of determination flooded thru his veins and reached his brain. His hands clenched; his lips went into a straight line. There, in the street, he straightened; he turned, and The Thing was gone forever.

"THE PICTURE OF A MOTHER SITTING BY A WINDOW"

"I've got to get to work now—" he murmured, as he hurried down the street—"get to work and show that I'm strong enough to resist it—and come back clean in body and in mind; come back strong and good and show them! And show them!" He repeated the three words. There was something about them that had a good sound—something which seemed to drive The Thing farther and farther away into oblivion. "If I could only get to Salt Lake, I could——"

The whistle of a train stopped him. There was his chance, on the Denver Express, just pulling into the station for water and for the change of guards. Tom hastened forward. He slunk low; then found his way to the blind-baggage. There he flattened himself in the blind doorway of the express-car and waited.

A clanging of bells; a screech from the engine, and the journey had begun. Tom straightened a bit and reached out for the pleating of the buffers that he might hold the better. A mile—two—three—twenty. The strain of standing was becoming tiresome. Tom started forward, that he might climb to the tender, and there lie, in security and restfulness, for the rest of the journey. A rocking step—then there came a sudden strain into his body, a whiteness into his face. His hands gripped tight. The red left his lips. His face grayed.

Some one was before him on the tender; a some one about whose features was wrapped a bandanna handkerchief; a some one who grasped a revolver, and who crawled slowly forward toward the turned backs of the engineer and the fireman before him. A flash of fire shot thru Tom's brain. He quivered in the realization of it all. Train bandits!

For just a second he crouched low; then he rose, and there was a slight smile on his face.

"The old trick, eh?" he said, and his voice was drowned in the rattle of the rocking tender. "The same old trick—grab the engine, and then stop the train at the right place, eh? Well—it wont go—not this time!"

A step forward—two. His eyes searching before him, he saw the bandit crawl on and on, his revolver rising slowly, his muscles tensing for the spring that would mean the seizing of the engine. And just as slowly, just as cat-like, the form of Tom Blake went forward also.

A moment of waiting that seemed an hour. Then, his whole being quivering like the touch of flesh under the iron, Tom raised himself, his hands clawed, his head shot forward. The bandit had sought the cab. A second more——

"Hands up!"—it was the command of the bandit as he leveled his revolver at the unknowing fireman and engineer—"hands up, and you do what I tell you—understand? Hands up and——"

A scream! A shot! The clutching hand of the engineer pulled the emergencies as the bullet struck his flesh and lowered him; the gasping sound of a stricken man as the bandit whirled and fell. Tom Blake had sprung forward. His great arms had extended and grasped wildly. His pounding fists had sought the flesh of the bandit's face and sent him crashing to the metal floor of the cab. A curse or two. Again the revolver spat viciously, but the bullets went wild. A quick look at the engineer, at his bleeding arm, and Tom Blake leaped forward.

"A LITTLE GIRL WITH HAIR OF GLISTENING EBONY"

"Watch that man and hold him!" he commanded hoarsely. "Keep him on the floor here. I'm going to take the engine thru!"

A sharp pull at the throttle as the fireman sprang to his duty and grasped the struggling arms of the bandit on the floor. Back on the rear platform of the observation-car, President Roberts of the G. & D. looked up from his dictation and wondered at the sudden stopping and starting of the train; then went back to his work again.

"Wonder what's wrong with the engine—guess it's all right, tho," he mused. "Seems to be going all right now. Now, Miss Grace, kindly take this: 'Your favor of the 19th received and contents noted. Will say, in answer to your question——' "

But Tom Blake neither knew nor cared what was going on at the rear of the train. He neither knew nor cared for the feelings of the president of the road, nor what he was doing. There was only one thing before him now—the running of the gauntlet. Far down the cut, he knew, the rest of the bandits were in waiting for the train, which they felt sure must stop to allow them to enter and to loot the safe. And far down the cut he must thunder thru like the crash of the avalanche, that he might escape. He turned his head the least bit and saw that the engineer was sitting up. His lips went into a line as he recognized an old friend of the road and gave his orders.

"Take that gun, Jim," he ordered, "and hold that jailbird. Fred, get busy on the coal. We're going to need steam—hear me? Well, hurry!"

There was a screech of the whistle as Tom Blake pulled the cord in answer to the signal of the white board in front of him, and with the screeching siren there came the change of watchmen on the floor. Bleeding, but grinning with his escape, the engineer took the revolver in his good hand and leveled it at the cursing man who lay before him. Panting, sweating, the fireman leaped to his duty.

The indicator of the steam-gauge went up — up — up. Tom smiled. Again his hand pulled the whistle-cord. Again the shoot of steam went high into the air—again the screech of the reeds sounded loud and strengthy above the roar of the engine. Tom Blake leaned forward, and there came a shout to his lips.

At the end of the cut there showed the forms of three men, who ran here and there, who took their positions and waited. A turn from Tom, a tighter grasping of his hands, and the engine seemed to leap forward beneath his touch. Like the sting of a million needles, the blood rushed thru the veins of Tom Blake, thrilling him, electrifying him. He laughed; he shouted; he leaned forth and jibed at the three angry men as the train rushed tearing, thundering past them, nor cared for the bullets which their furied revolvers spat at him. He sang; he turned and grinned at the cursing, struggling bandit on the floor of the cab. Then, as he had done many a time before in the cab of old 2414, he settled down in his seat and waved hello to the birds and trees and houses and farm-people as he sped past on the schedule time of the train. An hour, and a station. A call—the police. Tom turned to the assistance of the men in blue as they dragged the struggling man forth; then ran forward, with upraised hands. But the fireman, there on the platform, was not to be stopped. Louder and louder grew his story as the crowd gathered. Tom laughed abashedly and turned to leave. But some one was facing him. It was Roberts, president of the G. & D.

"Good work, old man," he was saying; "we didn't even know what was happening." He looked closer. "By George!" he said at last, "come to think of it, aren't you Tom Blake of Twenty-four Fourteen? Didn't you pull my car over the Divide last fall? Seems to me——"

He was struggling with his pocket-book. A moment more, and the bills came forth. But the upraised hand of Tom Blake stopped him.

"I guess you know the whole story, Mr. Roberts," he was saying. About how—I lost"—there came a trembling to his lips—"about how I lost Betsy."

The president's face grew serious.

"Yes, I know it. But let's forget that. Here's a little present——"

But again he halted. Tom Blake was speaking again, and his voice was low and earnest.

"I lost Big Betsy," he was saying, and there was a something in his voice that bore the determination of a man who has fought and won—"because I deserved to. But that's past now, Mr. Roberts. I've started on a new schedule—a good one. That's honest—and I'm swearing to it. I—I dont want money, Mr. Roberts. I—I want only one thing—and that's Betsy. And''—there was a long pause—''if you'll give her back to me—I'll make good!''

There was a wedding in Wynola. The old minister, who had held Tom Blake in his arms as a baby, was hurrying here and there about the house, his hands shaking in their excitement of happiness, his feet knocking together now and then, so anxious were they to go everywhere at once. There was a wedding, and just as excitedly as the old minister, there was a mother who sought to tell every one at once of the story of her boy, of his fight, and how he had won. There was a wedding, and as the guests laughed and talked and re-detailed the story of it all, there came a knock on the door. Tom took the letter, and his hand trembled a bit as he opened it. Perhaps, after all, there was not the faith in him, there was not——

THE NEW TOM RETURNS

Slowly he tore open the flap and jerked forth the paper. His face paled for a moment at the sight of a check, then reddened. There came an ejaculation from his lips. Hurriedly he turned and, with trembling hands, handed the letter to the little girl who was now his wife.

''Read it''—he asked, and there was a strange hoarseness in his voice—''read it—maybe I didn't see it right—maybe I——''

And the little girl who read also trembled.

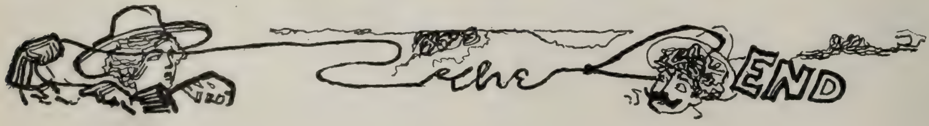
''No,'' she said, and her voice was strange with the happiness of it all—''it's right—it's right—see!''

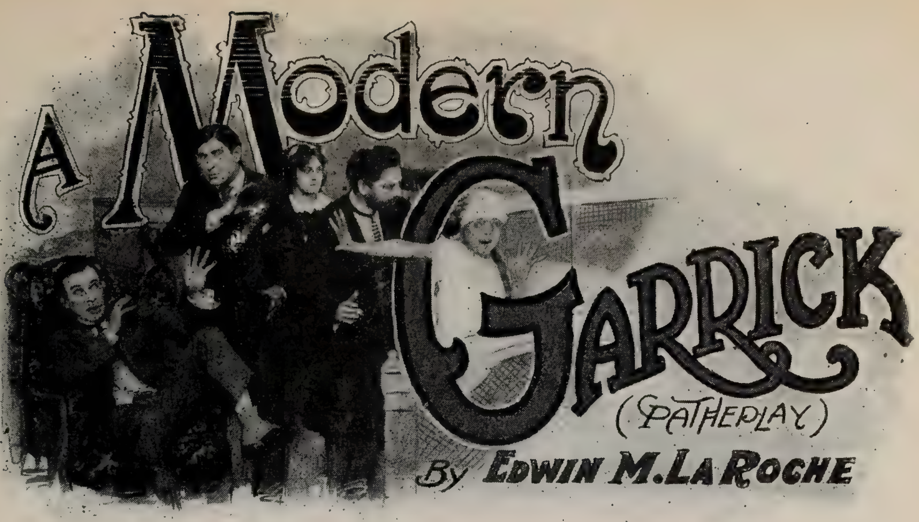
MR. THOMAS BLAKE, Wynola,
Cal.:

DEAR SIR—The enclosed check for $1,000 is for Mrs. Thomas Blake. The Limited will be your regular run from this date. I wish you both much happiness.

Sincerely,
DAVID ROBERTS, Pres.

And then, in the hazy, wonderful happiness of it all, the arms of Thomas Blake went out and closed tenderly about the forms of a mother and a girl who had loved and been faithful—faithful even against the insidious tentacles of The Thing. They closed about the forms of a wife and a mother—and in the eyes of all of them there was the glistening moisture of a joy untold, of a happiness that would never end.





A Modern Garrick

(Patheplay)

By Edwin M. La Roche

Clark's Opera House opened its doors and wiped the dust from its plush-backed chairs about once a week to a discerning audience. Last week it had sheltered "No Mother to Guide Her"; the week previous, "Ingomar; or, The Marble Heart"—"The Broadway Daisies" had succeeded only in getting the three-sheet lithographs of their shapely selves stuck up in front of the lobby; then had gone stony broke along the line somewhere.

It was a daring manager who would road the Bard of Avon, on the edge of a sticky summer, to Mechanicsville, yet it had happened: "Romeo and Juliet—Richard Hamspiel, with an able supporting company of stars, will present Shakespeare's masterpiece for two nights only, May 30th, 31st."

On this memorable evening the Opera House was filled mostly with emptiness. The Franklin Literary Society, under the leadership of Professor Leonidas Sipp, occupied exactly six seats. Proprietor Clark's fidgety family came—a matter of respect to the Opera House, and at no expense. A representative of the fire department also attended, *ex-officio*, and slept reposefully in his uniform of blue.

It was to the occupants of a stage-box, however, that Richard Hamspiel directed the finer part of his efforts. An exceedingly pretty girl, with parted red lips and glowing, sky-blue eyes, sat with plump elbows anchored on its rail and flushed face cupped between expressive hands. Back of her, somewhere, hovered an uneasy gentleman in the forties of full manhood. His attitude was that of alert yet discreet devotion.

The girl's eyes were centered only on the destiny of Romeo. He had, by now, braved the scorn of the Capulets and stood before his Juliet in the hostile house:

Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take,
Thus from my lips by thine my sin is purged.

The burning lines, and their kiss, were endowed upon the dowdy, peroxide Juliet of the play, but their effect was evidently designed for the rapt girl in the box.

"Let's go—and get some ice-cream," hissed her escort, appealingly, but the girl turned her back only the more fixedly to him.

The play dragged on, punctuated by the feeble plaudits of the Franklin Society and the restful notes of the fireman. Richard Hamspiel was a handsome man, with curling hair, a deep, musical voice and a well-turned leg. The inspired and beautiful poem cast a halo of romance round him that the cheaply painted sets and his ill-assorted support could not entirely dispel. Even a cow-hand's jocular hymn tunes have a solemn appeal under the starry vaults of the infinite sky.

The girl remained spellbound and trembling to the caressing touch of his words. As the impassioned Romeo stood alone in the tomb of the Capulets and tossed off the draught of poison, she could contain herself no longer:

> Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
> The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark.
> Here's to my love!—O true apothecary!
> Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die.

Big, round tears unprisoned themselves from the girl's eyes and splashed down upon the railing. She held herself locked in ecstasy until the curtain rolled down over Romeo's prostrate form, and up again, to disclose the bowing Richard Hamspiel.

His glance beat against her soft heart. The Franklin Society gave themselves up to wild applause, and the fireman woke up. Mr. Jenkins, the box-holder, and by day the genial haberdasher of Main Street, led the dreaming girl out into the open.

" 'ROMEO, WHERE ART THOU?' "

All the way to her home his pleasantries fell upon deaf ears. Mr. Jenkins had a tidy sum in the bank and was considered the catch of Mechanicsville. His top-hat and well-ordered evening-clothes were the envy of less fortunate and younger swains. Editha's parents encouraged his suit; he was the last noble oak in the forest that had not succumbed to the lightning of love's glances. And his love-affair had progressed brilliantly until the fatal evening that Richard Hamspiel had descended upon her.

Editha's key rattled ominously in the front-door lock. Jenkins took her limp hand in farewell and pressed it fervently, but she did not even smile. No longer was there the electric thrill that once had snapped from her wide eyes. She looked upon him absently, and was gone.

Editha mounted slowly to her bedchamber. The lighted gas disclosed Jenkins' last gift to her, a rose-and-green parrakeet in its gilded cage. It chattered cosily to her tragic approach.

> It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
> That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear.

Romeo's misleading words to Juliet came unconsciously to her lips. As she slowly undressed and sat on the foot of her bed, the vision of the handsome actor, standing among the roses of Juliet's garden in his scarlet tunic, burned before her eyes.

What young girl has not passed thru one sleepless night, tossing on her hot pillow, of this sort? Was it shameless and cruel of Editha? or does not every little sister of the gentler sex have this experience, and conquer it in time, to go on loving, in sober fact, on the flat earth again?

With the light of morning, the girl lay dark-eyed and feverish, and a tear-grimed likeness of Him, torn from the program, snuggled flat under her pillow.

She heard the breakfast-things jingling below, and then the door-bell's ring, and that detestable Jenkins talking with her father.

Presently she heard steps on the creaking stair, and her father came in to look her over and to utter silly words of sympathy. She felt, somehow, that Jenkins loitered in the upper hall.

The tension was too much for Editha; she felt heartily sorry for herself besides, and broke out with unrestrained sobs. Jenkins' sympathetic cough irritated her only into beating feebly at the bedclothes.

It was a case for the doctor, both men thought, and the good old family physician was summoned to Editha's bedside.

"Neurasthenia," pronounced the doctor, "superinduced by insomnia and splenetic enlargement. A bit of blood-letting is the specific usually—"

Whereupon Editha cut in with a series of hair-raising whoops.

"If she's got anything contagious," said Jenkins, determinedly, "she caught it from that actor fellow last night. He looked awfully germy to me."

Editha shot a baleful glance at Jenkins, and writhed under the diagnosis of unfeeling Man.

"I am under the opinion," went on the doctor, "that a powerful sedative factor is the first essential——" Another frantic outburst from Editha, with cries of "Leave me alone!" "I hesitate administering a hypodermic"—more violent objections from the patient—"and would suggest a consultation with Doctor Schlitz, the eminent mesmerist and neuro-hypnologist now visiting our city."

"What!" exclaimed the horrified Jenkins, "that long-haired, goat-eyed faker that makes the railroad hands cut capers!"

"Exactly; only he will bring his science to bear on her in such a way as to have a soothing, lulling effect."

Jenkins groaned, this time in concert with Editha.

"You will get him at once," the doctor ordered; "there's no knowing what this case may run into."

Jenkins cast a look at the unresponsive Editha, clapped on his hat and hurried from the house on his quest. Once before, with terrifying consequences, he had braved the presence of the magnetic German.

It was noon as he strode down Main Street and hesitated, for a brief moment, in front of the Opera House. The garish portrait of Richard Hamspiel stared at him from the lobby.

Jenkins frowned and shook his cane at it menacingly.

"It is you, cheap actorine," he said half-aloud, "in your suit of red union underwear and the rooster feather in your greasy hair, that has cast this spell over my simple Editha. It's amazing what women will fall for, when they are attracted by such as you."

He was on the point of hurrying on, when a bold thought struck him. He stepped softly into the gloomy building and walked toward the stage.

Did his eyes deceive him with the actor's cursed image, or was that the famous Hamspiel seated there upon the stage?

Jenkins, emboldened, strode forward. Richard Hamspiel, in humble citizen's clothes, was seated before an up-ended barrel, eating a luncheon of crackers and cheese. The dull light of the place gave his pallid features the austere cast of a monk.

The haberdasher took heart of courage at this ordinary, not to say humble spectacle, and approached the gorgeous Romeo of overnight.

Hamspiel saw him and unceremoniously beckoned him to approach. A further gesture indicated that the intruder was welcome to share his repast.

Jenkins climbed up over the footlights, his face fiery red and his manner formidable.

"I did not come to bandy words," he began, in his best oratorical manner, "nor to break bread with such as you."

Hamspiel's jaws stopped munching. "What *do* you want?" he asked.

"Satisfaction, sir," said Jenkins, flourishing his cane, "for my wounded feelings and a beguiled lady's heart."

"Is that all?" said Hamspiel, wiping off a smile caught in cracker crumbs. "Please sit down."

Jenkins was dumbfounded at the mildness of the actor's retort. Could this be the sneering, sighing, masterful Romeo that had stood off the House of Capulet?

He sat down on the rolled-up greensward of Juliet's garden and waited.

"You're an Elk, I see," said Hamspiel, eyeing Jenkins' diamond-studded pin.

Jenkins bowed his head in assent, with the majesty of a stag.

"ONCE BEFORE HE HAD BRAVED THE PRESENCE OF THE MAGNETIC GERMAN"

"What can I do for a brother Elk?" queried the actor, suavely.

Jenkins glanced at the actor's simple pin in his button-hole; then up to his earnest, kindly face.

"You can do everything," he blurted out impulsively—"can keep the world from going topsy-turvy; can raise a girl from her sick-bed; can cure my tortured heart——"

"That's plenty," said Hamspiel. "How am I to do it?"

Jenkins poured out all his story from its beginning, when Editha was a stray-haired, freckled chit, and he was a clerk behind a counter. Then came more prosperous days for him, and glorious womanhood for her. Their life had run as two water-wheels, clanking and prating, until the night just gone.

Something had set her merry life still—her hand had lain cold as marble in his. To be frank, he suspected the actor. With the morning, she had mounted to a high fever, and the doctor had sent him in quest of Dr. Schlitz, a rascal of a mesmerist. He was on his way, and had been so bold as to enter the Opera House, with thoughts of chastising the cause of his troubles.

Richard Hamspiel listened, with lowered eyes. It was an old story: he had read the girl's fascination in her eyes, and the starry look of them had cheered him beyond all the efforts of the Franklin Literary Society. And now came this over-dressed old hawk, scolding down on him for his gratitude.

"This Schlitz," he asked, glancing up after a silent study, "is he known to the fair Editha?"

"No!" said Jenkins, emphatically.

"You say he is old, tall, skinny, lank-haired," persisted Hamspiel—"all easy to acquire. In ten minutes I'll be back—as Doctor Schlitz."

Jenkins gurgled with astonishment at the brilliancy of the scheme, and waited, with scant patience, until the actor should reappear. As a stoop-shouldered, long-haired, bespectacled old man nudged his elbow, he turned, with a cry of bewilderment. Hamspiel's make-up would have fooled the notorious Schlitz himself.

"At your service," pronounced the deep voice of the actor. "We had better not mortify Schlitz in public; order a closed carriage, and be quick."

Jenkins drove Richard Hamspiel to Editha's home, with many misgivings. A languishing Romeo, a *bon vivant* on crackers and cheese, and the successful impersonator of Dr. Schlitz, all in the span of a day, were too much for his simple philosophy. A person who could so felicitously climb out of himself and into the flesh of some one else gave him a creepy feeling around his rosy gills.

Editha's shades were drawn, and her parent admitted them, with his finger to his lips.

"She's slept a little, fitfully," he advised, "and once she took to babbling stuff like 'Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?"

"This is serious," pronounced Dr. Schlitz; "I'd better go right up."

Editha lay snuggled in a lace-flecked dressing-gown as the visitant entered her room. She was not prepared for such a formidable-looking man, and the high color of perpetual Jack-roses fled from her cheeks in fright.

The visitant stood over her bed, and his spectacles seemed to focus on her, like an insect under a microscope.

He sighed, and she trembled in wonderment. "Poor little girl," he said, "it's the worst case of 'wanted-a mother' I've ever attended."

"Please, Doctor Schlitz," she said quite hopelessly, "please go away; you cant do me the least bit of good."

"EDITHA'S COLOR CAME BACK"

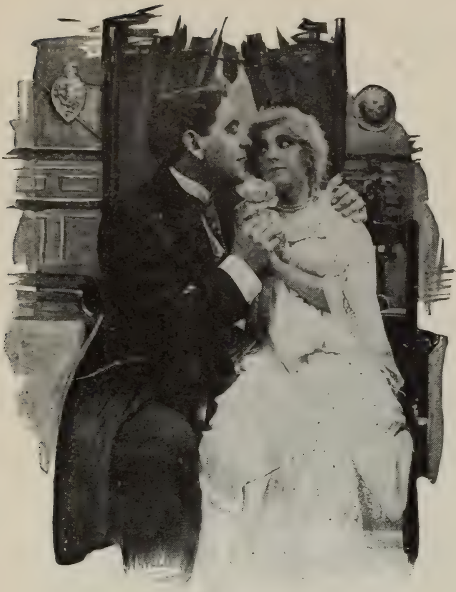
Doctor Schlitz drew up a chair.

"I used to have a case like yours, years ago," he began, "in nearly every city across the map. It is called actoritis," he added gravely.

Editha's color came back in a bright flood, and her blue eyes wavered before the spectacles.

"Old women get it," he resumed, "and they become only silly and laughable; grown women catch it, and they sometimes get over it, sometimes get into trouble. When a sweet little girl takes it, it is only sad."

Dr. Schlitz paused to mop his forehead, and as he did so, a wonderful transformation took place. Where



" 'YOU ARE ROMEO!' "

the steel-rimmed spectacles had stood, shone a pair of laughing hazel eyes. The mop of long, gray hairs had given place to close-cropt chestnut ones.

Editha sat bolt upright, the look of a superlatively healthy girl shining from her face.

"Oh, Mr. Hamspiel, how could you do it?" she gasped.

"My name is Richard to all good little girls," he corrected, "and I'm old enough to be your father."

"Oh, dont say so!" Editha cried, flinging out her arms; "you are Romeo, my perfect lover and knight." Richard Hamspiel looked puzzled for an instant, and avoided the snare of her eyes.

"Mr. Jenkins is awaiting the result of my cure, below. What shall I tell him?" he asked harshly.

"Tell him"—she was shameless now—"tell him that"—her lips formed the words of the play:

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee
The more I have, for both are infinite.

Richard Hamspiel drew himself up and drank in her words like wine. Then he answered softly:

Oh, speak again, Bright Angel, for thou art
As is a winged messenger of Heaven
To the upturned eyes of wond'ring mortals.

"Say no more," he added rapidly; "at midnight I will return."

"Mr. Jenkins," the actor announced, as he entered the parlor, "the cure has commenced. By six, your patient will be up and dressed; by seven, partaking of a meal; by midnight—but I prophesy too recklessly, I fear."

"Not at all so," beamed Mr. Jenkins. "How can I ever get even with you?"

"Perhaps tonight," said the other, vaguely—"I may call upon you in an unexpected manner."

"You arouse my curiosity, sir."

"You have more than satisfied mine, Mr. Jenkins, so good-night."

The hour of twelve, midnight, came none too quickly for Editha. She was fully dressed in a tailored suit, and her little bag was gorged with eloping necessities. One thing had pained her at parting—the parrakeet. But Richard would not look noble carrying a bird-cage, so she bid

" 'HAVE A DRINK, BIRDIE?' "

good-by to it in the parlor and left it behind for his sake.

Her father was asleep above when Richard's gentle knock, like a sigh, brushed against the door. She opened it, found his hand in the dark and led him thru the silent hall to the parlor. Richard's poor knees collided with an oak rocker, and she swallowed her tongue hard, lest she cry out and alarm her father. Then she thought she heard him swear under his breath and set to fumbling with a recalcitrant match.

Before she could warn him, he had the gas lit, flaring brightly, and the parrakeet, thinking the day come, ruffled its plumage against the bars.

‘‘Wise bird,’’ said Richard, thickly—‘‘wiser'n ish mistress. Wish I was th' same.’’

Editha cast him one searching, heart-rending look; then hot tears sprang into her eyes as he wavered before her.

‘‘Nish bird,’’ said Richard, soothingly—‘‘al' alone in a cage.’’

He forgot the girl in his tenderness for the ruffled parrakeet.

‘‘Have a drink, birdie?’’ He staggered toward the cage, a bottle slopping over from his hands with each step.

‘‘There, birdie!’’ The ill-smelling whisky flowed over the cage in prodigal profusion.

‘‘Ha, ha, ha! how goes th' lines, Juliet?’’

It was th' parrakeet, an' not th' lark,
That pierced th' fearful hollow of thine
  ear.

He lurched unsteadily toward her and clasped an arm about her shrinking waist.

‘‘An' then Romy spouts: ‘It was th' lark, th' herald of th' morn. No nightingale——’ ’’

Richard's perfervid rehearsal was cut short by the sudden entrance of Jenkins and Editha's father. She cowered away from them in her shame.

But not so with Richard Hamspiel. The glamor of histrionic thrall was upon him, directing his shambling feet and leering glance. He spouted to the little audience:

Where is she? and how does she? and
  what says
My concealed lady to our cancell'd love?

‘‘ ‘AN’ THEN ROMY SPOUTS——’ ’’

Jenkins drank in the meaning of the traveling-bag, the drenched parrakeet and the trembling girl. In an instant he was upon Hamspiel like a blood-hound, and had wrenched Editha from his profaning arms. She cried as if her heart had burst against Jenkins' plump shoulder.

With this dear burden in arms, he could only wave the actor from the room, nor do him physical violence.

Richard Hamspiel strode tragically, if unsteadily, out into the night.

Once outside, his stride narrowed to a steady walk, and his face suddenly sobered and went sad—the kindly face that Jenkins had seen munching crackers and cheese.

From within came the entreaty of unsteady sobs and soothing "There, there, darlings!" in a man's deep voice. And then a lulling silence, with the sound of a kiss cutting thru it.

Richard Hamspiel leaned against the garden gate and plucked a rose from his lapel to let it trail in the gravel.

"'I am hurt,' he quoted. "'A plague o' both your houses! I am sped.' Poor Editha! Happy Jenkins! Miserable Richard! To their dying days they will never reck how true my drunken acting was. In truth, Editha thought me a real drunkard, and proud am I, for am I not, indeed, a modern Garrick?"

* * *

The Wonder World

By HOWARD C. KEGLEY

I saw a youngster standing beside his mother's knee;
He was playing with a top, and was as happy as could be;
He had on knee-length trousers, his little feet were bare,
But when, ten minutes later, I saw him standing there,
His mother had grown older: she was worn, and she was gray;
And he was tall and twenty, so to school he went away.

I saw him enter college, and could not suppress a laugh,
For he graduated there in just three minutes and a half.
Two minutes later he had worked five long years of his life;
In one more second he had won a rich girl for a wife.
Three seconds passed, and their first son was seventeen years old,
And in less than half a second their old homestead had been sold.

I tarried in a strange world, where time was very fleet,
And life was short, but none the less enjoyable and sweet.
There creeping infants lived long lives in a quarter of an hour,
And in a jiffy men acquired influence and power.
But none of these things happened in reality, you know—
I saw them in that wonder-world—the Motion Picture Show.

* * *

A Moving Picture

(Written on an Erie ferry-boat, July 6, 1912)

By MAUD M. WOODWARD

Oh, beautiful boy in my neighbor's arms,
Laughing and dimpling, and showing your charms,
The clustered ringlets on your sunny brow
Have tangled up sunbeams and retained them somehow.
Draw the smiles to the lips of the watching troop;
Your little brows pucker and your eyelashes droop.
You cannot stand what your winsomeness draws;
Their smiling faces are like noisy applause.
But up your chin tilts with a gleesome thought,
And the guileless crowd with guile is caught
As you put us to rout with your parted lips;
And your dear little pearls are the pointed tips
Of an arrow which shoots from your winsome smile.
Who taught you thus our hearts to beguile?
Your sturdy legs and your little pink knees
That hold you so proudly, and seem just made to squeeze,
Will presently carry you out of our sight,
And we might be left in a doleful plight.
But your sunny smile will longer remain
To lighten our hearts and relieve us of pain.

The FIGHT at Grizzly GULCH

(KALEM)

BY HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

THE crimes laid upon the Indian and his nature are too numerous to recount; his virtues seem too few to remember at all. The single deed of Loma, daughter of Red Heart, the Comanche chief, is not surpassed among white-skins the world over.

Most of the Indian battles, massacres and wars have been precipitated by some more or less insignificant indiscretion on the part of white men. No man on the entire frontier was more honest and had less desire for bloodshed than young John Wentworth, the trapper. When he left his young wife and came down from the little stockade at Osage to bargain with the Indians for furs, he brought and found nothing but peace and friendliness. The greatest friend of all, among the two hundred or more Indians, was Red Heart, their kindly chief.

There was nothing in Red Heart's calm exterior to indicate the sore distress that troubled him within. In fact, Wentworth did not even guess it when Red Heart asked him, in a meaningless tone, to come and look at his child. Only when he arrived within the stuffy tepee did he find a beautiful young Indian maiden delirious with a high fever. The Medicine Man was tickling her with a painted feather and beating her bare arms with a circular relic fashioned with straw and beads.

"Buckskin," said Red Heart, gruffly, "you help my girl-daughter, ugh!"

"Not with him around," protested Wentworth, giving a disgusted inclination of his head in the direction of the Medicine Man.

Without an instant's hesitation, Red Heart roughly evicted the native practitioner. As luck would have it, Wentworth always carried a crude medicine emergency outfit on his person, and set about, without a moment's delay, trying to reduce the girl's temperature. For four hours he worked unceasingly, and was, at last, gratified to see a marked change for the better. By the time darkness had come on, the girl was almost herself again.

In the meantime, the disgruntled Medicine Man, working on the superstitious natures of the tribe, had held a pow-wow, that was followed, late in the night, by a war-dance. At midnight, Wentworth was roused from his well-earned rest by the descent of nearly a score of wildly excited Indians, who seized and bound him and threw him roughly into a well-guarded tepee.

Thus was begun one of the worst Indian outbreaks of many years.

The heart of Loma was hot within her when she woke in the cool, fading starlight of the morning's first dawn. The flaming delirium had purged her young mind of all its childish fancies, and there had come to dwell there, instead, a strange disquietude that seemed to flow in a steady stream from her heart, which had grown old overnight. She knew that she had become a woman, yet knew not how or why. It was not that womanhood which felt the squaw's heavy burdens on her back, but a strange pack of fancies that conjured the soft vision of a nursing babe at her breast.

But the dream faded like fresh dew under the dazzling rays of the rising sun, for there came the cruel realization that her man of promise had the fair skin of the paleface, who looked with contempt upon her red race. No twinge of her tortured mind had been akin to this realization. She owed her life to the white man, and her heart had gone out to him, unurged and unbidden. Thus were all the years, with all their treasures of life's joys, to pass her by and become the tomb of her maiden yearnings!

Guttural tones had, at length, droned in upon Loma's morose musings, and disclosed a situation that might lead her straight to the farthest star of her ambition. She learned that her father had fallen into disfavor, that Blue Wolf, the Medicine Man, held the hearts of the tribe as with a string of fire, and that the white man must suffer torture and death because he had dared to lift a mere squaw out of the Pit and thrust the Right Hand of the Manitou aside like a dead tree. The only just way to appease the wrath of an angry god was to take the blood of a few score of haughty palefaces and to burn their village about their proud ears.

"HIS GREATEST FRIEND OF ALL WAS RED HEART, THEIR KINDLY CHIEF"

A sweet glow had come into the heart of Loma again on hearing these words. She rose as one refreshed from the waters of a woodland stream and made her way thru the back of her tepee to the tent that held the imprisoned white man. The forms of many sleeping braves lay coiled about the tepee like the folds of a mighty serpent. Loma lightly stepped over them and came within. The white man's sleepless eyes fell upon her, filled with cold resignation. A feeling of thankful pride rose high in Loma's breast as she gave him a sign of silence. A restless brave lay close to the paleface's feet. With a touch lighter than the falling leaves, yet as firm as the rooted tree, Loma drew the hunting-knife from the Indian's belt and severed the taut thongs that bound the white man's limbs in numb embrace. Gently, with her nimble hands, she coaxed the restrained blood thru his veins, until he once more regained part use of his swollen hands and feet. She could feel the strong pulse of her own blood against her fingertips.

To bind and gag the brave, was the work of an instant. To guide the white man deftly past the prostrate forms and lead him thru a secret path to the ravine and safety, was part of the mission she had essayed as payment for the white man's service. He had saved her life and now courted death—for her. Tho her life were in the balance, she would save him.

When they had reached the point of safety, she turned to the white man and waited. She had hoped that the paleface would take her, as one fit to bear his burdens for life. But only gratitude was in his eyes, which in the language of her people came lamely from his tongue. Then, with a light foot, he was gone.

With the white man had gone the heart of Loma, and as one whose hopes

"THE MEDICINE MAN WAS TICKLING HER WITH A PAINTED FEATHER" are dead, she turned heavily backward. But on reaching the hilltop, she saw the whole tribe in pursuit, and knew that the paleface would be trapped like a rabbit in a noose. Besides, the only place for Loma, once the daughter of Red Heart, in the circle of her people, was beneath the raised tomahawk.

She found her paleface strutting along, humming weirdly after the manner of the white man's music, and with his eye directed across the valley toward the paleface settlement in a way that brought despair and emptiness of soul to Loma. She broke the news to him, and they sped on with the speed of the antelope fleeing from the hunter's arrow. With her hand in his, never before had Loma known such a glorious flight.

"TO BIND AND GAG THE BRAVE WAS THE WORK OF AN INSTANT"

The sun hung straight above their heads as they burst thru the stockade gate and tumbled exhausted at the feet of a group of white men who had assembled to hear the tidings. Then only did a dark cloud of insensibility enshroud Loma and tell her of her weakened state. When she awoke, it was to behold the bitterest sight that life could hold. The white man, for whom she would have walked thru fire to the ends of the earth, was pressing in his arms, after the manner of the paleface, a woman. And at this woman's breast was the babe of her morning dream!

For a moment her agony turned the color of revenge; then fell back once again into the gray ashes of hopelessness. The white man's squaw was a helpless thing of water, who groveled on the earth and was dissolved in tears when told of the great danger. Then Loma heard him speak to her, and she rose and went to him.

"My squaw is filled with great fear, daughter of Red Heart," he said, giving her a look of admiration that was enough to bring even greater service from her, "and you alone can take care of her. There is to be a bloody battle with your people, and I may be called to my fathers. Carry her and the papoose to safety. My gratitude shall be thine all my days!"

A feeling of sweet pride welled up in the unhealed heart of Loma, that sought to show this paleface creature how strong the redface maiden became for the sake of her brave. She seized the papoose, which burned like hot coals against her breast at first, and hurried along to the loghouse. On the way, the babe laid one of its pale little hands on the soft part of her neck, and as tho it had touched the depths of her empty heart, a tear of anguish was drawn to her eyes. Hungrily she hugged it close to her yearning bosom. Again the heart of Loma filled with pictures, and the world was blotted out.

Then the people of Loma swooped down with a shriek like a hurricane and with weapons filled with death. At the twilight of the closing day but a handful of men and women remained. One among their number must seek aid from the military post, forty miles away, if any were to be saved. The messenger must run the gauntlet of worse than death. In front lay a hundred warriors thirsty for blood; behind lay the dewless desert and the Valley of Death. Again the heart of Loma warmed, as she saw the warrior of her heart accept the dangerous embassy. And as he took the weeping woman again in his arms, Loma turned away and held the baby morsel of his flesh tight to her aching breast.

But the brave man seemed to have been the mainstay of the defense, for he had not been gone on his dangerous mission more than a short leap of the falling shadows when the warriors led by Blue Wolf burst thru the stockade as tho it had been of straw.

The brain of Loma had been working like a rapid streak of summer's lightning. Two dead braves lay just without the log hut. These she had stripped of their war raiments. One costume she had forced upon the shuddering white squaw; the other she had slipped upon her own nimble form.

When the first of the invading force entered the hut, they took no notice of the two skulking forms that were already bent over the prostrate bodies of fallen defenders, apparently busy with tomahawk and scalping-knife. That the voice of a whimpering babe was lifted above the din was but a matter to be left to the nearest brave.

Night had stolen down from the eastern sky like a giant cloud and formed a friendly cloak for the escape of Loma and her charge. To slip back and steal away a horse was her next task. Then they slowly stole down the steep path to the white sands of the Valley of Death, to which all roads led and whence none returned. A ghastly light fell on their lonely path, and a loathsome odor tainted the air from the burning stockade filled with slain settlers. It suggested something of the white woman's tragedy to Loma, and lifted a shade of the contempt for her weakness from her heart.

''THE WARRIORS BURST THRU THE STOCKADE AS THO IT HAD BEEN MADE OF STRAW''

Thenceforth did the soul of Loma begin truly to shed forth the glory of its purpose. Life seemed but a short span, but that span was illumined clearly by the steadfast flare of a mission.

Loma, the maid of the open, knew the peril that lay ahead of them, and had brought a canteen of water. She knew that by traveling in the cool of the night they could reach the edge of the burning desert and get beyond the immediate danger from her people. The white squaw would lie down and sleep, so Loma set her upon the horse and bade her do whatever she chose. Daylight found them all cast upon the ground from sheer exhaustion, and still a half-day's march from the desert doorway. The first thing her eyes discerned was a thin line of Indian horsemen slowly making their way westward, drowsy from the bloodshed of their white foe.

Nearby was a burial scaffold, and into this she lifted the frightened woman of water and the babe that was his. Then, still wearing the clothes of the dead brave, she made as if she had paused to make fitting orisons to the lofty souls of her fathers. The cavalcade passed on, scarce giving more than a passing glance. She found the babe and its mother asleep amid the bones and grave-clothes of a chief of a past generation. She left them there to rest, while she lay down beneath the welcome shade, the shadow of the dead seeming to have truly fallen upon her soul.

In a few hours they set out again upon their sun-baked journey, tho their hearts were filled with the darkness of a stormy night. At dusk they came upon the desert, its gleaming sands striking fire to the eyes and flesh like a jagged flint.

Loma paused and gazed steadfastly at the woman with the soul of water. Must she pass thru the underworld and something worse than her tribe's torture for this pale creature? The cry of the babe suddenly broke thru her rebellious thoughts and scattered them to the hot winds that blew from over the desert. She gave the babe a few drops of the meager supply of

JOHN WENTWORTH SURVIVES

water, turned the retreating horse's head forward and strode forth into the hot sands, with her eyes set firmly on a vision of the man with the heart of iron. He had taken her heart, and she owed him her life.

Loma knew the way, as the moose knows the path to the water-hole. She had passed thru this Valley of Death with her people, and a northern tribe snapping at their heels for blood. But the distance was great, and her strength had become as small as that of the babe lying spent and broken in the white woman's arms.

Before midnight the pale woman was mad with the delirious dreams of a broken spirit and a parched body. She fought for the few drops of water like the mountain lion, tearing the soft, red skin of Loma with her nails and teeth. Only now did she show the little iron in her blood to wreak destruction. But Loma had become filled with the spirit of her race, that utters no cry, tho the knife rips off the scalp or the fire devours the shrieking flesh. The feet of Loma had become more raw than the sores of a dog from blisters; no longer blood, but fire ran madly thru her veins; her throat and mouth had swollen like an air-filled bladder under the poisonous sting of thirst.

But Loma had promised to deliver the squaw of the man with the heart of iron, and her soul knew naught else. Thru all the long night she took slow steps in the deep sand, that every time made a hot wound and held her feet as tho in a trap, such as her people set for a bear. At length, she must lean against the limping horse, with the cries of the woman and her babe ever ringing close to her ears. She feared not until the pale stars began to glow with the redness of a forest fire and started to tumble down upon her from their fixed places in the heavens. Then she knew that the breath of delirium was creeping into her brain.

At length, with the break of day, came a cooling wind that filled her failing soul with refreshing draughts, and her vision cleared a little. Again she hoped until, close to the dazzling line of the blazing sand, she saw a moving form that reminded her of her man with a heart of iron! The demon of delirium had descended again. Here was the vision ever clear and steadfast in her soul, creeping out amidst the sands of the desert!

Loma pushed on, determined to let the mirage of her warrior guide her until the end came. A hundred paces more, and she stumbled against the groveling form of John Wentworth!

"LOMA SET HER UPON THE HORSE AND BADE HER DO WHATEVER SHE CHOSE"

What followed is but a song of the underworld in the heart of Loma. The man was revived by the sight of them—not of Loma, but of the woman with the soul of water and the babe she had given him. From the first he had been lost. And it was left to Loma to guide him on—the others had become as nothing now—and on, and on. Again she held his hand, and it stilled the cries of the burning, aching, bleeding flesh that filled her soul. It was a march of triumph, with the bravest warrior by her side!

Loma had no recollection of the moment in which the soldiers from the post picked them up. The palefaces were attended first, and then they brought a few drops of water to where she lay with aching eyes that scraped harshly at the least movement. They poured the water down her throat, and it felt as if a stream of fire had entered her lungs.

Our histories say that the Fight at Grizzly Gulch was an imposing battle, with far-reaching effects. But the true history of the Fight at Grizzly Gulch lies between the lines of the heart-story of Loma, the daughter of Red Heart, the chief of the Comanches who were wiped out in that memorable battle.

When that desperate fight was at its height, a noble figure of a proud Indian maiden stood alone on a neighboring promontory. It was Loma, whom the wife of John Wentworth had commanded that he should take back to her people. She had seen a light in the Indian maiden's eyes that needs no interpreter for a jealous woman.

So they took Loma back to the woods, where she watched the massacre of her people until the sun had faded in the west and the soldiers had ridden back to their post, John Wentworth with them. The midnight stars still found her standing there, with her back against a tree, their light reflected sympathetically in her eyes, that were too proud to weep, tho her heart was imploring the relief of a single tear.

The chill of the morning dews had come before Loma turned and slowly disappeared amidst the dark shadows of the trees.

◆

A Ballad of Adventure

By RALPH BACON

O! I am a rover, I've traveled all over
The earth from east to west;
I have fought the typhoon where the tropical moon
Guards what great Allah has blessed.

I have hunted big game where the sun, like a flame,
Withers you up in your track;
I have stalked it, up where the northern sun's glare
Beats on your eyes till they crack.

I have been on the Nile, where fashion and style
Play at their midwinter sports;
I have been with the Turks where the fever-plague lurks,
I have seen them surrender their forts.

I have been at Hong Kong, seen the wars of the tong,
And followed the Boers' wild raid;
I have seen the old crown of China go down,
I have seen the Republic parade.

And I know the great West, where the Rockies' white crest
Shadows the broad, fertile plains;
And I've followed the steers and the hopes and the fears
Of the punchers who handle the reins.

And I've seen all the kings and all the big things
That ever have happened on earth—
Like races and fights and aeroplane flights,
Bernhardt and Mrs. Longworth.

O! I am a rover, and I've traveled all over
The whole wide world for a dime.
The movies are great, for they so educate
And put one abreast of the time!

IN THE GARDEN

BY NORMAN BRUCE

This story was written from the Photoplay of WILLIAM BREDE

And so you think that you are the most miserable man in the world? Ah, well, Youth runs to superlatives; maybe you are, maybe you are. It's a bit queer, when you stop to think of it, that we old men carry our wrinkles in our faces and you young ones in your hearts, but yours erase easiest after all's said and done. I've kept my memory pretty well dusted for an old fellow, and I can peer back thru my glasses to the time when *I* was the most miserable man in the world myself. I cried it aloud in a garden, rose-breathed like this one, to yonder very moon. Dear, dear! forty years since then; and so women-folks haven't changed in all that time!

How did I guess the woman-part? Lord love you, lad, and pray what would drag a four-and-twenty's lip-corners down, unless it were a girl's small fingers; and what would drive a light foot from the dance-floor, to wander in the damp of the garden, but a lass that is slow to love? Yet sweetest fruit hangs highest, and the girl worthier the winning is not to be had by fretting. But I dont understand, you say? It's hard for a young person to remember that old folks weren't always old, and hard for an old one to realize he has ever stopped being young. White hair, brown hair—what does the color matter, as long as the heart isn't gray? And, too, the more years a man carries, the longer he's loved some woman. Maybe you'd never thought o' that before. You young lovers are like a child with a new toy; you only guess and hope; we *know*.

The music is pretty out here in the garden, isn't it? All softened and tuned to the moon. You ought to be back there with the lights and the lass, boy, and leave the echoes to me—the echoes of the old fiddles and voices and the memories—— No? Well, if

"HOW DID I GUESS THE WOMAN-PART?"

you'd rather sit out here on the rustic bench with an old, white-haired dreamer than dance with the girls, I'll be glad of your company and your ears. Yes, your ears, lad, for I've half a notion to show you I do understand, after all. My years mostly lie strewn behind me, but yours are ahead, waiting around the corner of day after tomorrow. Your coin jingles in your fingers yet new-minted, clean; I have spent all I had. Ah, 'Lispeth, 'Lispeth! how I squandered them, your years and mine!

She was the height of my hopes, lad, My One Woman. I never knew whether she was beautiful or whether I only saw her so; I do know that to me there was no other woman in the world, nor ever has been. Some men are made that way. But there were other men, of course—*all* women are made that way. A rose looks lovely to more than one—the pity of it—and blooms for the gaze of more than one. To be a woman's first and only suitor, you must be the first and only man she ever saw. It's hard for a man to realize that, but it's the way o' the world.

I was six years bearded when I saw a woman for the first time. Before that they'd been Crinoline and Curls and Giggles and Fancies; then, suddenly, they became Facts. The first week I found the meaning of the verb "to love," I understood "to hate." They go hand in hand on the same page o' Life oftentimes. I loved 'Lispeth—never mind the rest of the name, that's the way I've spelled Heaven ever since—" 'Lispeth"—and I hated every other man in our town. Aha, you know how that is, too, do you, lad? No man worth a woman's kiss who does not, I'll wager you.

You see, it was strange how it all came about. We were playmates one day, lovers the next, as I remember. Why, I'd toted her on my fustian shoulders when she was a shrieking, seven-year-old Mite o' Mischief, and I ten years sturdy; we'd quarreled over the biggest apple and gabbled out of the same reader at school. We'd grown up comrades, with never a thought else, and then, one day—well, all of a sudden, she wasn't my freckled playmate any longer, but a woman, and I saw her that new way. She'd tucked up her curls and let down her skirts; but that wasn't all. 'Twas a different look of her, a wistfulness as tho she were gazing back thru tears at something very dear

"THEN THERE WAS A DANCE"

and left behind—her dolls, maybe, and make-believe—and a shyness as if she were looking ahead at strange, sweet, unknown things to come. And to think that, that moment I saw her, I grew up, too. A boy often puts on his manhood when he feels a woman's presence for the first time. And so we were half-afraid of each other and spoke shyly, as tho we had no memories of shared apples and readers, after all.

"AND SO I LEFT HER"

You must forgive an old man, lad, if he lingers overmuch on the outskirts of his tale. I've seen mothers, wrinkled and faded, kneel before chests of yellowed, old-fashioned baby-clothes and touch them gently, lift them, fondle them as I am fondling my memories of long ago.

I was an amateur lover; oh yes, it makes me smile now in pity for the big, anxious, suffering, blundering boy-man I used to be, balancing my very soul in the whimsical scales of a girl's smile or frown. And she knew it—they all do, world over, long, long before they're told. I've never been quite able to understand why the sweetest, gentlest of them, who wouldn't step on an insect, like to watch a man tremble and glower and shake under the press of their pretty thumbs; but then, why does water drown as well as nourish, or the sun scorch as well as shine? 'Tis all a puzzle, lad, and woman's the greatest puzzle of all. I expect the answer to her is in the back of the book somewhere, but no man can even pretend to know it in this world.

'Lispeth loved gentle things; she liked to gather rose-petals to make potpourri; to mother abandoned kittens; to sing "Loch Lomond" on the edge of the evening, with me to turn over the music-leaves; and all the time she was tinkling her small fingers on the harpsichord, she was making deeper music across my heart-strings. So, finally, shy as I was, child-shy, for I knew so little o' womankind, I spoke out, and she listened, and I carried away her troth in the most sacred part of my soul, along with my remembrance of my mother and ideas of God.

Then there was a dance—— You

see, I cant really speak of it yet as an old, long-ago thing. The music back there makes me think of it a bit—that and the moon. It's strange, isn't it, to think how many dances the moon has attended—back in Sappho's time, before and since. But I was saying, —oh yes, I hadn't forgotten; I only dont like to remember, as maybe you'll thrust back the cold shiver of this evening some day. Memories are like old garments—some were becoming to you, and some were not. The happiest old man is the one who has worn always the most becoming memories.

The dance was at a neighbor's, and I walked to it on air, with my sweetheart on my arm. I'll not forget till the brain of me is dust how that night looked, all clean, sharp shadows and white, pure moon. The tall pillars of the porch were echoed along the silvered lawn, and the mockers and nightingales whistled and trilled across the fragrant air. 'Twas like a scene on the stage, ready for the lovers to come on. I never dreamed that it was to be a tragedy, after all.

Twenty-four-year blood is hot and red, and flows from the heart instead of the head, as later on. She gave away her smiles and dances for the asking that evening, my 'Lispeth—small blame to her for being the most admired She at the ball!

And like a fool I hung back, glowering, and watched her do it, instead of pushing past the others and claiming her boldly like a man. I think it was my laggard spirit that cooled her to me when I finally did reach her and, white-hot and sneering, demanded to see her card——

God knows, I cannot repeat now in sober syllables the words I said then. They wake me up in the fragile hours of sleep even now sometimes, bitter, harsh, and her white face quivering and terrified above her pallid gown—the old, old wonder of it, that we should be courteous to strangers and

"AS YOU HAVE LEFT YOUR SWEETHEART"

purposefully cruel to those we love! 'Lispeth, 'Lispeth! if I had known then how it would be!

And so I strode away, left her as you have left your sweetheart, because there were other men in the world who admired her. How illogical we are! No man wishes to marry an unattractive woman, yet no man is willing for her to attract. We would win a valuable prize, yet not have others find the prize worth their winning.

I remember I thought lordly-wise to myself that I would teach her a lesson, show her I was no boy to be badgered. Then a still finer idea seized me. I would go away to the war!

It was when the startled country was catching its breath after the gun that awoke Fort Sumter. The call for volunteers was just out, tho long expected, and on every street corner in the Southern town men were gathered in close knots, whispering.

"I CAME HOME TO 'LISPETH"

It is a paradox that Youth's sorrows are joyful ones; at least, I remember the pleasant swelling misery of my heart as I strode from my sweetheart's pleadings out into the harsher world of war and men. Vague fierce recollections of Byron's "Waterloo"; the sharp antithesis of love and battle; wild, self-painted visions of myself falling at the head of my troop; 'Lispeth weeping across my grave, healed my wounded self-love which I grandiloquently called my pride. It is a part of Youth, this *pride* we boast of, like our toys and fairies to be laid aside with other childish things when we cease to see darkly and behold face to face. It has fired cities and torn down kingdoms and lost souls, this pride. God knows the price our young years pay for the shreds of wisdom we take with us, in our later years, to the grave.

So pride marched with me thru the cheering town as the volunteers clanked away, and tho I felt her near me in the crowd, half-heard her low "Forgive me, Richard!" saw, without seeing, her dear, white face yearning toward me, yet pride forbade me to look up, and the golden moment was gone by. Even God does not grant us many vital moments. I never had another one. That's why I doubt that you're the most miserable man in the world tonight, lad, for you still may choose.

No, no, I didn't mean that. I am not miserable, just waiting. But then I am what you call old, you see. Maybe being old is just being patient instead of sorrowful, and content instead of joyful, after all.

The war lasted a long time. I reckon the time in heartaches, not months or years. I have forgotten the names and dates of the battles, but I remember the heartaches as one remembers keenly the twinges of past pain.

But I never wrote her a word, and never heard one. It is so much harder to say "Forgive me!" than anything else in the dictionary of words. "I love" or "I hate," yes, or "I fear" or "I hope," but not "I forgive—I want to be forgiven!" God, He knows why. And so it was summer and winter, and winter and summer, and summer again—and I went home. I do not know quite

"YOU WILL NOT NEED MEMORIES, HAVING HER"

what it was I expected to find—an angry 'Lispeth, a sad 'Lispeth, a joyful 'Lispeth—but surely 'Lispeth somehow. So I marched home, not all wretched for our surrendered colors, our broken cause, but thrilling with the sweet of her coming kisses on my hungry lips, the touch of her slender, light finger-tips on my cheeks.

This is why I have told you. Do you understand? No? Not yet? Then I must go on a little farther.

I came home to 'Lispeth. I found her grave.

How clean and clear the moon is tonight!—like old sins forgiven, old griefs that will soon be healed. You are going? Ah, I see; it is she that is coming. Yes, she is lovely, lovelier than you had told me. Go, lad—the last waltz is beginning; she has saved it for you. You will not need memories now, having her. I lonely? Oh, no. I shall soon have 'Lispeth.

* * *

The Reason

By OTTIE E. COLBURN

Sweethearts Cynthia and Reuben
  Never saw a picture show,
So one night, dressed in their best clothes,
  To the pictures they did go.
They gasped in wonder at the sights—
  Moving Pictures proved a charm,
Especially those which gave a view
  Of the scenes down on the farm.

But after the show Cynthia,
  Puzzled by the picture sights,
Asked Reuben why it was
  They put out the electric lights.
Then Reuben to Cynthia said:
  "Be gosh! here's how I view it:
They put out the lights so that we
  Couldn't catch on how they do it."

THE SULTAN'S DAGGER

BY DOROTHY DONNELL

(MÉLIÈS)

Thus runneth the *babad,* the sacred chronicle of Djokjakarta:

In the year of the red monsoon, which is two hundred past, as the Faithful reckon, the white strangers came to Java and lashed the land. When the war-mist cleared, Dipa Negra, last of the Sultans, was missing; neither hath the eye of man beheld him since that time. Yet, tho the white strangers walk the dunes and rice-fields like conquerors, the sons and daughters of Java shall never bow their spirits in the submissive dust until Dipa Negra bids them with a sign. For there be those, old men and wise, who say their grandsires told them that the last of the Sultans liveth and bideth his own good time.

Terrace above terrace, bursting here and there into strange bloom of cupola and minaret, old as Nature and Time, it rose, "The Aged Thing," aspiring to the sky. Some say that Buddha himself built it, ages ago, to teach men's thoughts to climb upwards; others, that it is Mohammed's footstool, waiting, ready for the sacred feet to step upon it when the Prophet shall return. Pagan traditions, wild religions, mystic beliefs clung, like the vermilion fungi, to the rolling lava walks before which Jew and Gentile, naked fire-worshiper, Brahman, priest and soothsayer, devil-dancers, brown skins, yellow and white, wound by; the East and the West meeting, but never mingling, like some strange river fed from unfriendly streams.

It was at the "canting" of the monsoons, which is to say the turning of the season, and all day and all night the heavy breath of the island sagged with insect clamor, shrieking from chalk-dune, green-scummed morass and marshy rice-bog, and the flying-cat affrighted the native in the groves of banyan trees. Beady black eyes read signs of coming good or evil in the bandings of the butterflies' frail, painted sails or the shape of the first star-fruit's polished seeds, and over the hill of Tedar, called "The Spike of the Universe"—for did it not nail the Island of Java to the earth?—hovered a perpetual vague mist, symbol of the veiled purposes of Allah unseen.

"Jove! Burton, and to think I've put in the last two years pitying you." The speaker turned reproachful eyes on his companion under the shadow of the pith helmet, while his arm caressed the warm, tropic scene in a gesture of admiration. "Why, man alive, what's the matter with your soul?"

"Always the M. D., even on a vacation," laughed Dick Burton. "The soul is very well, thank you, tho severely sunburned; but why on earth I should rave over dirty, roofless temples and dirty, noseless statues and dirty, clothesless Malay brats, is more than I can see. You always were a queer, two-natured chap, Curtis, with your pill-shooter's mind and your schoolgirl imagination."

He clumped a hand in friendly raillery on the broad shoulders next him. "If you long to penetrate the husk of old Boro-Budur, I have a standing permit to go in. There are treasure-chambers filled with bronze kettles and secret passages and dungeons enough to please Marie Corelli, and *dirty*—Lord!"

The young doctor, whose untanned skin spelled him a newcomer, spun about eagerly. "Why didn't you say so before?" he chided. "With a shell like this, who *wouldn't* want to get at the kernel? Why, do you know"—as they climbed the first flight of crumbling stones—"I've seen the Taj Mahal and the Sacred Temple at Pekin and the Great Pyramid, but none of 'em ever got at me just like this. I'll wager you a box of perfectos against a *rupee* that there's a secret rusting in here somewhere. *Look out!*"

They turned a corner sharply, and almost fell over a motionless heap of brown limbs crouching in the crevice of the wall. Behind the heap a withered shadow detached itself from the moss-crusted stones and wavered forward, right hand outwards.

"Fear not—all is well!" chanted an old, inflectionless voice.

Burton jerked out a few Malay syllables, and the shadow turned the wrinkled palm upwards. "I give thee all—the *chandis* is thine——" He settled back into the crumbling niche, a veritable part of the ruin. The brown heap squatting at his feet darted a glance of hissing venom into the faces of the white men as they turned away. Curtis laughed rather nervously.

"Winning manners, haven't they? That young one *looked* a kris into my back—ugh!"

"They're all like that toward the whites." Burton frowned. "Blest if I see why. The natives have never been so well off as since the Dutch took hold of things two hundred years ago, but they hate white skins in spite of the fat years that go with them. They're harmless, but hostile as a sheathed dagger and silent as that hideous bronze image yonder——"

Thru a squat archway, an oval glimpse of sun-gilded courtyard suddenly glowed like a wondrously colored painting in a sober frame. Strange, grotesque bits of statuary started up from the ground, leering the petrified threat of the long-forgotten, unworshiped past into the careless, smiling face of the present. Far perspectives of sugar-palms and cocoa-trees simpered under their gorgeous headgear of purple orchids and crimson vines, while clusters of black bats hung like languid fruit from their branches, waiting the plucking of moonrise.

"A *rupee,* most gracious ones——" Curtis brought his mazed eyes to earth with difficulty. The wizened being at the base of the arch thrust claw-like talons from the dingy folds of his *sarong* with hideous, toothless leers, then dived startlingly forward, clawing the sandy soil before his right knee. "By the earth! I swear to read thee the future rightly, for one miserable, small *rupee,* gracious ones."

"It's a *hadje*—a fortune-fakir. Come along, Curtis, it's getting near nooning, and I feel more inclined to food than futures."

Curtis smiled apologetically, pausing before the apostle of the To Be.

"It wont take an instant and—well, Dick, laugh if you like, but I've the queerest notion that he can tell me something——" He was holding out his hand. The beady eyes, bright and tiny as a lizard's, peered down watchfully; then came slow words:

"I see a great deed in the hollow of thy hand—a discovery on the horns of thy finger-tips."

"He should have given you wealth, health and immortality for that coin," jeered Burton as they passed beneath the arch. "You got little enough for your money, old man. What are you wasting good eye-sight on now?"

Curtis gestured. "That native girl yonder with the black hair bleached to auburn on top—she walks so peculiarly. I believe she is blind."

"That? Oh, that is Liti, the custodian's daughter." Burton's tone was tolerant. "Behold the M. D. side once more. You're a perpetual flip-flap, Curtis. It's almost *ris traval.*" He consulted his watch with lunchless impatience. "Blind? What if she is?—it's not your look-out, man alive. Come along and see the cupola and the bells of beaten silver on the next terrace. That blue and purple mountain over behind the cocoa-jungle is the Fire-Throwing Cone, and most of the walls of this temple were made out of its lava vitals——"

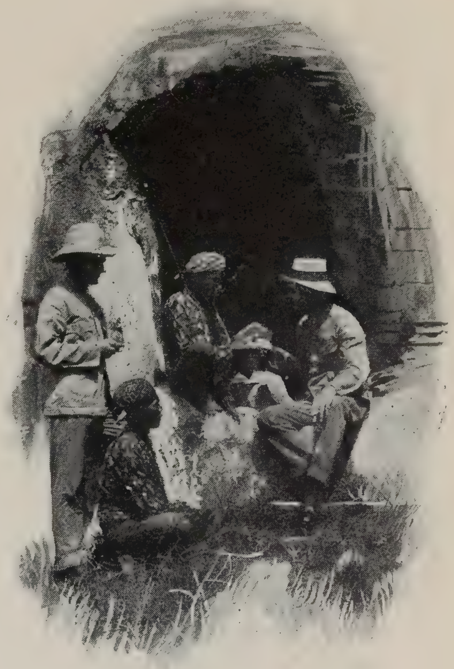
"You sound like page three hundred and forty-six Baedeker," laughed his friend as they turned to leave. "But there's more to this place than your musty dates and dusty facts—more than those hostile creatures at the gate or the blind girl in the garden. There's the scent of a secret here"—he sniffed whimsically—"and what's more, I'm going to find out what it is."

Thus saith the *babad,* the sacred chronicles of Djokjakarta:

Dipa Negra, when he passed from the eyes of his people, carried with him the jeweled kris of his fathers. All else—temple, jewels, crowns—the bearded strangers took unto themselves, but the kris, sign of surrender, they could not find. To this hour no man knoweth where it lies, and until it be found the people of Java are still unconquered thru the favor of Allah, one and single.

Curtis bent over the yellowed page, shoulders crooked with the labor of translation. The slow fitting together of the words crept into meaning; then into triumph.

"Dick—hi!—come here, you old cynic, and see what I've found. Jove! that fortune-teller hit it right. I *have* made a discovery."



"I SEE A GREAT DEED IN THE HOLLOW OF THY HAND"

Burton surveyed the crabbed page skeptically. "Hm!——" he drawled. "Well, suppose that does explain the unfriendly attitude of the Malays, I dont see how that mends matters especially. You dont purpose to get a spade and scratch up the surface of Java to find the old guy's kris, do you? Hullo! what's this?"

A saffron scrap of paper, seamed as an octogenarian's face, fluttered feebly from the leaves. Both men bent over it, breathless with expectation. It was faintly traced with dying ink in English:

I believe the only men who know where the missing kris is hidden are Birnjee Mal, keeper of the temple, and his son Devaka; the secret having been handed down in that family from generation to generation.—C. H. D., June, 1867.

"1867—the son Devaka must be that old mummy we saw at the gate this morning," reckoned Curtis, rapidly. "And he has the secret of the Javanese hostility to the whites stored behind that wizened skull." He sprang to his feet, banging the open volume to with an emphasis that shook the bamboo walls. "*I'm* going back to Boro-Budur and excavate the old fellow's memory. I dont know about *you!*"

"Lord!" Burton caught up his helmet, groaning. "You'll come home on your back with a couple of modern krises in your vitals if I dont take care of you. I tell you it's like questioning the stones of the temples themselves; you'll never reach a secret thru a Malay's brain."

Curtis slapped his thighs significantly, with a metallic jangle.

"Nor thru their pocket-books, either, tho they have an itch for coin; but come along, since I see you intend to, anyhow."

Thru the mangroves and breadfruit trees, the Indian Ocean caught the sun in a thousand iridescent angles, crusting the jagged coral reefs and sponge islets with a film of shifting gold. A dozen dugout canoes, weighted to the water's edge with quaint, flower-like fish—pink, pale mauve, opalescent—shot across the perspective and vanished in a flash of tawny, muscled arms. Curtis worshiped the scene thru half-shaded eyes.

" 'Pon my soul! I believe I'll never go back," he cried. "It is the very Island of Hesperides!"

"It's like those rose-apples yonder," said Burton, pointing to the pink globes hanging from the boughs of the grove they were threading—"gorgeous to look at—tasteless, profitless inside. In the hot rainy season of the west monsoon, I'll wager a year's salary you'd prefer the Fifth Avenue bow-window of the Manhattan Club, with an electric fan purring overhead and a long, frosty green glass on the table, to all the custard-fruit, balloon-fishes and gray ruins of the Archipelago."

Honey-birds, tiny as insects; butterflies, large as swallows, wheeled on the invisible wings of the baked air. Grass-green parrots sputtered and quarreled overhead. Thru a rift in the weighted boughs sparkled the miracle of The Aged Thing. Brown limbs, the scarlet flutter of a *sarong* glowed among the trees, and the Malay girl of the garden, led by a small, wide-eyed boy-child, pattered toward them across the mosses, closed eyelids blank to the vivid yellow day. Curtis stepped forward, peering down into the blind face. A hand on one bare shoulder startled her, but the foreign voice in her ears was gentle with reassurance. The doctor lifted one drooping lid, peering keenly into the clouded iris below with professional brusqueness.

"Cataracts!" he nodded across to Burton, waiting impatiently, amused. "I think she could be cured——"

A sudden snarl brought his hand limply to his side, and he turned to face the bared, filed fangs of the temple-keeper and the poisonous eyes of his son.

"My friend is a healer," interposed Burton, hurriedly, in the Malay tongue. "It is his belief that thy daughter can be made to see again."

The withered head inclined in a cold bow.

"I and mine are honored, gracious ones. Doukis, lead thy sister away."

Curtis watched the young figures disappear, in exasperation. Then, with a shrug, he turned.

"Call him by his name, and speak of the kris," he demanded eagerly.

Burton looked down into the inscrutable face of the temple-keeper.

"Devaka, son of Birnjee Mal," he said slowly.

Like a strange upheaval of Nature, the face underwent a change, kaleidoscoping from surprise to awe and fear. "How does — the most gracious—know—my unworthy title——"

Burton frowned. "The white stranger knows many things. He knows, for example, that somewhere in yonder ruined pile you have hidden the filigreed kris of Dipa Negra. Where is the kris you have hidden, Devaka Mal?"

The words rang like brass thru the jungle, but before their echoes died in the bamboo crests, another cry set the air singing, and Doukis, the son, burst like visible threat thru the thicket, clawing fiercely at his father's feet.

"Nay, nay, tell not our secret to the bearded strangers; be silent, *silent*, Wrinkled One."

With a proud gesture, the father flung the boy from him and faced the Europeans.

"Never, until they are shriveled to dust, shall my lips betray their holy trust," he cried.

"I thought as much," said Burton, ruefully, as they watched the brown backs twinkle out of sight. "We may as well go home as hang around here any longer."

"A SUDDEN SNARL BROUGHT HIS HAND LIMPLY TO HIS SIDE"

The shrubs at one side of the path rustled, and a swarm of black apes, who had been swinging from the twigs, leaped nimbly away, complaining viciously. Thru the painted blossoms a breathless figure staggered, panting, to their feet and knelt, clutching the doctor's knees. Another girl panted in her wake.

"THEN I MIGHT BEHOLD ALLAH'S FACE"

"The little blind girl!" cried Curtis, stooping over her. "What's she saying, Dick? *I* cant make head or tail of their jargon."

"Most gracious one," translated Burton, "I heard thee say my seeing might be given unto me. Then I might behold the majesty of Allah's face, the colors of the roses and the sun. Give me my seeing, O most gifted one."

Curtis' eyes sparkled. He bent toward his friend. "Perhaps I may win the Malay's secret yet, *thru his heart;* who knows?" he cried.

So saith the *babad,* the sacred chronicle of Djobjakarta:

Stronger than the hope of the Inner Paradise is the love of a parent for his child. For the flesh that he has begotten, the father will sacrifice all, even to the dearest possession that he hath. For, saith the proverb, the well-being of the beloved is the fairest jewel in a patriarch's crown.

From sunrise to sunset the harsh, weird insect voices moaned across the air; the pitcher-plants were a month flowered, and the tea-bushes already rusted before Devaka Mal beat his shriveled bosom in token of consent. Then the barriers of pride fell, and his tears and his words flowed:

"Aye, if thou canst give Liti, my daughter, the miracle of seeing, there is naught I will not do for thee. When she cometh to me with open eyelids, we will lead thee to the kris, she and I."

"Gree — gr-ee-ee!——" The ear-splitting shriek of the coolies beside the *sadoe* spurred the tiny ponies to a nervous trot that shook the two-wheeled wooden cart rackingly over the sandy stretches of road. Curtis lifted his voice to a yell to make himself heard above the din.

"A simple operation enough, but a miracle to these people. Look at her face, will you?"

Burton nodded. He leaned forward, touching the girl's shoulder.

"How likest thou the world, little one?"

The girl's rapt eyes caressed the

"WHEN SHE COMETH TO ME WITH OPEN EYELIDS" silvery grass, the scarlet convolvulus swaying, heavy-headed, by the roadside, the slim flanks of bamboos clothed with vines and tree-ferns; then moved slowly to the faces of the white men, blurring with joyous tears. But the wonder was too great for the wording. In silent gratitude she pressed her forehead to the doctor's palms.

The cart swung around a sudden turn, and the temple lay before them, piling upwards against the purple sky. Old, wrinkled claws clutched the girl's smooth arms.

"My daughter, seest thou, indeed?" cried Devaka Mal. "Aye, Allah be praised, it is a miracle!" He turned solemnly, holding out a shaking hand. "Thou wouldst behold the sword of the last Prince of Java—come!"

Behind, two fierce eyes smoldered beneath a lifted kris. The twisted shadow of the thing crept, like the soundless wind, across the grass.

"Rather than yield up the kris of Dipa Negra, better he should *die,*" snarled Doukis. Cat-footed, he sped along the terrace, down the vine-draped steps, across the courtyard stained with the ruddy noontime sun. The murderous weapon poised, swung downwards——

"Just in time!" remarked Burton, coolly, as his fingers closed vise-like about the lean boy-arm.

"Blame not my son"—there was strange pride in the old custodian's voice—"he doth not know—how should he—of the father-heart that moves the deed."

"JUST IN TIME!"

He bent over what seemed a stone altar, pressed one of the blocks aside and plunged his arm into the aperture shoulder-deep. Slowly he drew it out, clutching in his talons a muffled thing, mummied in folds of cloth and soft, beaten silver.

"The kris!" said the old man, waveringly; "the kris of Dipa Negra." He bent reverently above it, touching his forehead to the shrouded steel; then, with a proud gesture, laid it in Burton's arms.

The white men, strangely moved,

"WHEN THE KRIS SHALL BE YIELDED TO THE WHITE STRANGERS"

bent above it, unwinding the concealing folds. The moldering cloth fell aside in sodden shreds, and, for the first time in two hundred years, the jeweled dagger caught the sunlight and sent it flashing along its burnished steel.

Behind them, as they turned away triumphant, a boyish figure crouched, sobbing in impotent anguish against the ravished altar.

For thus runneth the *babad*, the sacred chronicle of Djokjakarta:

When the kris of Dipa Negra shall at last be yielded to the white strangers, Java is indeed conquered. Allah be merciful!

* * *

The Operator

By WILLIAM FRANKLIN ROSENBLUM

High in Heaven, where no mortal eye can scan,
  A cinematograph revolves, unchecked;
The Operator focuses on Man,
  The film with deeds of Good and Sin bedecked.

'Tis Creation's Cinematograph Divine,
  The Operator is Almighty God,
The film unwinding is the Film of Time,
  The actor—Man; the scene—our mortal sod.

When Darkness Came

(THANHOUSER)

By Allen Stanhope

May Langley often asked herself why she accepted the lavish attentions of her employer's son, Billy Gray. And she always gave herself the same reason: she was willing to do 'most anything, it seemed, to relieve her poor head and mind of the terrible strain that had, of late, crept into them, driving her half-mad after the day's gruelling work at the typewriter was over.

But the rest of the jealousy-inspired office force knew nothing of the shooting pains and the burning eyeballs. Nor did they ask why May accepted Billy's gifts and treats. They asked, rather, with raised eyebrows and understanding winks, why did Billy proffer them?

There were two exceptions, perhaps, who viewed the girl with more or less personal concern. One of these was Billy's father, "the old man," who looked upon the pretty little stenographer as something of an ogress who was devouring his pampered son by inches. He was willing to do anything on earth the boy asked, however, even to the point of giving up his private car to Billy whenever he chose to take May out for a spree. The second of the specially interested people was good-natured Jack Speers, the chief clerk. He had noted, with growing apprehension, both Billy's attentions and the girl's growing attachment for the boy, and May's peculiar malady.

If there was one person in the entire office whom May might be said to have slighted in her pretty attentions, it was this same Jack Speers. In his quiet way, he had always stepped aside to let her pass, yet had always managed to open the door, move a chair from her path, or otherwise ease her way. For all of which he never got even a "thank you." Her memory of him reverted to paydays chiefly, when Speers came quietly to her desk and handed her her money, with a gentle "Your salary, Miss Langley. I trust it will be the source of much happiness."

If the truth were known, this little speech annoyed the pretty little stenographer, for, as a matter of fact, the salary and everything else had come to annoy her, and her eyes and head began to vex her more and more. Billy excepted. The boy had become dearer, in his big, blundering way, on each recurring excursion. She could not help liking Billy Gray, and, as far as attentions went, at least, she had every reason for believing that he was fond of her. She tried her utmost to conceal her ailing brain and eye-troubles from him, and to all intents and purposes succeeded.

"'DONT BE FRIGHTENED AT WHAT I TELL YOU'"

At length, a morning arrived when she woke with reeling brain and a misty blackness floating before her half-seeing eyes. How she managed to get to the office she never quite knew. The forenoon dragged along almost intolerably, and at noon she felt physically unable to go across the street for a bite of lunch. The office was deserted, and she was leaning over her machine in despair. At length, she became aware of some one at her side. She looked up, with aching eyes, and beheld Jack Speers untying a neat package that soon disclosed a few dainty morsels of food, practically the only kind that could have tempted her.

"You are not well, Miss Langley," he said kindly. "I have arranged with Mr. Gray for Miss Grant to take your place this afternoon. I should advise you to drop in at this address"—he handed her a professional card—"on your way home and see Doctor Greene. The most genial old fellow you ever saw. Prices reasonable and all that. A visit with him does more good than a quart of medicine from most doctors."

The girl was looking at Speers, too deeply affected to say anything for a moment. Before she could say what she wanted to, he had turned and passed into the inner office. In that moment the girl had almost a feeling of dislike for him for having made her feel shame and putting an extra load of obligation on her shoulders that she had not even sought.

May took Speers' advice, however, and slipped out, going without delay to the doctor's. Dr. Greene was genial, asked a few questions that seemed more or less trifling to May, and then examined her eyes.

"Dont be frightened at what I tell you. There is no danger if you follow my instructions. Take a complete rest, that's the worst there is to it. Cant you go away somewhere from your work for—say six weeks?"

"No," said May, in vexation, "for I have scarcely enough money to keep me going, with no salary coming in."

"Um-m!" was all the doctor said for a moment. "Now look here, I guess you'd better let me help you, young lady. For, to be frank with you, unless you take my advice, *you may lose your sight!"*

"What shall I do! Oh, what shall I do!" moaned the girl. She left a few minutes later, saying that she would have to think the matter over.

After spending a sleepless night, she rose in the morning to find her sight, as she thought, much better. Almost joyfully she hastened back to the office, pronouncing the physician an alarmist.

She greeted the look of evident concern in Jack Speers' eyes with a half-angry stare, as tho he were personally responsible for all her trouble. Later, when Billy Gray came around and proposed that they should have a royal lark that night, as he had persuaded the old man to let him have the car for the evening, she eagerly assented. She took an almost keen delight in the fact that Speers had overheard the invitation and her acceptance. The two were the first to leave the office that night. Jack Speers was the last—as usual. When he did leave, he held a little whisp of a handkerchief tight in his hand inside of his coat-pocket. He had found it on the floor beside May Langley's desk. He walked directly to Dr. Greene's office.

Little May Langley had something ominous in her eyes the next morning when she wearily dragged herself to her desk. Jack Speers was watching her like a hawk. Billy had not yet appeared.

Ten o'clock had just struck in the neighboring church tower when the catastrophe came. Jack Speers was the first one to arrive at May's desk. She had given a little, futile cry, and then began half-groveling among the papers on the desk in front of her.

"I am blind!" she whimpered wretchedly to those who had gathered around. Only Jack Speers seemed to know how to act or to be willing to take the initiative.

"Get a carriage for me—quick!" he called in a sharper tone than any one had ever before heard him speak. He gathered the girl up in his arms. She had swooned. Laying her tenderly on a bench in Mr. Gray's private office, he phoned Dr. Greene. Fifteen minutes later, he had carried her to her little room in her boarding-house and placed her in the care of Dr. Greene and the kind landlady.

It was five days before little May Langley recovered sufficiently enough to realize just what had happened to her. Her face blanched when she saw a neatly frocked trained nurse hovering noiselessly about. "I cannot—oh, how can I pay for it all!" she sobbed softly. The nurse soothed her, and soon she fell asleep again.

"'I AM BLIND!' SHE WHIMPERED"

When she woke, the sun was sinking. In the dim light she could see nothing at first, tho she was conscious of a searching odor of roses. At length she saw them. At least twenty great red beauties in a vase on the table at her side. Her face broke into the first smile she had known since she fell ill. "Oh, Billy, Billy—you dear, thoughtful boy!" she cried in the little, weak voice that her illness had left with her. She thought she heard a step at the door and turned her head that way, hoping to find the donor of the roses—but it was only Jack Speers. She sighed and tried to smile.

"I just dropped in to—to ask how you were," he stammered half-apologetically.

"They tell me I am better—tho I do not feel quite myself yet." She turned to the roses. "The sight of those flowers has been the sweetest thing I've experienced so far!"

"Naturally," said Jack.

"I dont know for certain who sent them to me, but I think I can guess, tho," she went on, coloring slightly.

"Of course—who?" he asked, leaning forward to catch her small voice.

"Why, dear old Billy Gray, of course!" she said, smiling with pleasure.

Only an instant did Jack seem in doubt; then he repeated his former conversational gem, "Of course!"

"But you know, Mr. Speers"—May hesitated an instant, as tho in doubt whether or not to confide her secret misgivings to a man who was practically a stranger to her—"I am worried to death—for I dont know what I shall do." She swept the table, covered with medicine-bottles and other expensive signs of her illness, with a helpless gesture of her frail hand. "How can I——" Then she broke down weeping.

"Please, Miss Langley, dont," and his big hand smoothed hers for an instant. There was something so quieting and gentle in that touch that May was filled with wonder. She had never felt anything quite like it, and lay thinking about it long after Jack left.

"But I cant help it," she insisted, looking up into the man's eyes and discovering, for the first time, a soothing flood of sympathy pouring from them. "I have no money."

"But you are not paying for this," said Jack, with a smile.

"I'm not?" asked May, looking up at him with wondering, tear-wet eyes. To hear him say things now inspired her with a strange confidence, for they all seemed the most natural things in the world. Then she understood it all. "Well, I suppose Billy had his father do it. Billy can persuade his father to do 'most anything."

"I helped a little in that direction, too," said Jack, with a proud little smile.

"Well, I thank you all from the bottom of my heart! I am afraid I am going to have a bigger debt, both in money and kindness, than I can ever repay."

"Between you and me," said Jack, confidentially low, "I dont think that it's expected that you will pay it back."

"Oh, but I will, if my position will be left open to me to work and work and work."

"Dont worry about that," he reassured her. "And in the meantime, if there is anything *I* can do, you'll come right out and ask me, wont you?"

May looked up into those big, brown, caressing eyes of his. "Yes," she said, taking the big hand and nestling her own in its palm. "Good-by."

For three days May waited impatiently—for Billy. The flowers came, but that was all. Strangely, too, she missed Jack Speers. She felt that he officially represented the powers that be, and besides, he could tell her all about Billy and everything. On the afternoon of the third day she asked Dr. Greene if he couldn't summon Jack Speers.

He was there early that evening. "If I had known you wanted me before, I could easily have laid off working any night and have come," he said, smiling, and producing a potted lily miraculously from beneath his coat.

"Oh, isn't that splendid! Why didn't Billy think to send me that?" Thinking she might have seemed rude, she turned to his personal affairs again. "I didn't know you worked at the office evenings."

"I dont; this is something on the outside that I am trying to make go. You know, I'm an expert accountant, and there's a big field. A little hard work is all that the venture needs."

She looked at his face, and started back at the ghost of weariness and care she saw there. Perhaps it had always been there, she thought, but this was the first time she had seen it. "Mr. Speers," she said, assuming, for the first time, a note of personal concern, "are you sure you are taking care of yourself?"

She had never before seen such a light in any one's eyes as came into his at these words. "Me! Why, I feel fit for anything!" he said protestingly. There was a ring of sincerity to his tone. "Thanks for your kind thoughts—you've got mine."

"I know it. And do they all ask about me? Why dont they come and see me—especially Billy? I'drather see him than merely have his flowers."

"Billy? Why, let's see"—he knitted his brow in thought a moment—"Billy's been away now for a week and expects to be gone a little while longer—some of the firm's interstate business or other."

"Well, I want to see him more than any one else on earth, and you tell him so when he gets back. It was fine of him to think of the flower messages, anyway, and I appreciate it. Give them all my love at the office,—please do."

Jack left, promising he would.

The next day the lily came out in full bloom, and despite everything, May found her attention taken from the roses to it. Likewise that wonderful look that Jack Speers had given her haunted her dreams, waking and sleeping. The next evening he did not come. She remembered that she had not asked him. The evening dragged along at a snail's pace, and she found herself wishing, with all her heart, that Jack Speers were with her.

As soon as the doctor arrived the next morning, she asked him to have Jack come around that night without fail.

"HE WAS THERE EARLY THAT EVENING"

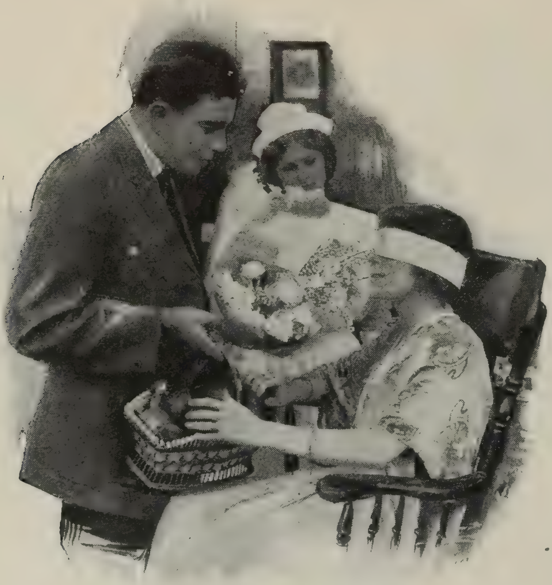
"I wish you could get him oftener. He is killing himself. Three o'clock in the morning is his usual hour of retirement," said the doctor, sharply. "Ambition, or no ambition, it's got to stop."

All day long she brooded over it, until she came to one conclusion that had never before presented itself. Jack Speers probably had a wife and children depending on him. He was so uncommunicative that no one ever knew what he was about.

"Now, Mr. Jack Speers," she said

that evening, when he had shaken hands and sat down by her bedside, "I'm going to take charge of just a wee bit of your affairs. You are working too hard nights. I want you to stop it. Even if you have got a—a—" a sudden sinking feeling entered her heart and stopped her voice at the thought "—wife and babies—perhaps?"

Jack sighed, and a far-away look came into his eyes. "No," he scoffed dramatically, smiling sadly all the while, "I'm not cut out for that sort of thing."



"'NOW, MR. JACK SPEERS, I'M GOING TO TAKE CHARGE A WEE BIT OF YOUR AFFAIRS'"

"Oh, isn't that fine!" exclaimed May, and before she could explain why, she gave his hand a big squeeze. "Now you can become my big brother and come and see me every night!" She did not note the dawning glory that faded from Jack's face, leaving a dull ashen pall in its place.

Except for a few messages and pretty things that had been overheard by him in the office, he said little. He said that he could not promise to be there every night, but that he would come three nights a week, at least, and spend Sunday afternoons.

Two more weeks passed that found May improving rapidly, thanks to having no item left unthought of for her comfort and care. She sat at the window one afternoon, watching the traffic pass, when her eye was caught by a rapidly moving automobile that flitted by. She thought she recognized one of the occupants of the rear seat. She gave a little cry. It is true, she must have been mistaken, yet a horrible thought had come whirling thru her brain that she felt would drive her mad. She made a decision rapidly. The nurse was no longer in attendance, and the doctor would not call until after six. She decided to make a visit to the office and tell Mr. Gray that she could take advantage of his goodness no longer by idling about when she was fit to do a fair day's work.

How she did it she never knew, for she was weaker than she had thought. But about three o'clock she tottered into the office of Gray & Co., with a wan smile on her face. The wonderful welcome that she had expected was turned into a general stare and cold nods. She tapped on the door of Mr. Gray's private office and was gruffly told by him to enter.

"Well, what do you want?" was her former employer's greeting.

"I—I have come back to—to thank you for your great kindness—and to go to work. I——"

"You owe me no thanks, Miss. And as for going to work, your place has been filled long ago. I told Speers to cut your name from the payroll. Sorry; good-day!"

Little May Langley staggered out of the place. She had scarcely left the door when Billy Gray drove up before it in the big car. She was about to turn and greet him, when she recognized the girl by his side as the head typist in the office. She was dressed like a lady of fashion and seemed to occupy her place as one who had a right to it. May turned and made her way back. The doctor was bending over her when she next came to. A man was by his side—in the dim light she recognized Jack Speers.

He was talking to the doctor in low tones: "Why did you let her go down there yet? You've probably let her kill herself and spoil it all!"

The doctor had been looking at May's rapt gaze. He even went so far as to chuckle at Jack's anguish. "I think not," he said blandly. "You take care of her until I come back—and see that you dont tell her any more of those white lies!"

When Jack turned, May was gazing at him with the most wonderful adoration in the world. At first he cringed under it, and then he knelt down and actually half-cried over the hand that she had put tightly into his own. He was going to say something more than was in his eyes, when she kist away his drying tears, which took away words again.

When the doctor returned, he found Jack holding her tight, with one arm about her waist and her head nestled on his shoulder.

"I told Gray what I thought of him, and accidentally pushed Billy onto his face in the gutter," Jack was saying. "But I think that my expert accounting-bureau is going to yield big money soon, and I've got about twenty dollars left to keep the wolf from the door—and get married on."

"And the doctor says he insists on giving you his fee as a wedding-present," chimed in the doctor.

"And I believe you were working every night to pay for those red roses," said May, cornering his big, brown eyes, and then stroking his blushing cheek with her frail little hands.

The Ocean

By HAZEN CONKLIN

Would you see a human ocean,
Where the tides that ebb and flow
Are the waters of emotion
In hearts surging to and fro?

Where the treasure-ships that ply it
Are the vessels of the mind,
And the treasure—none can buy it—
From the human heart is mined?

Where the sunshine, lightly dancing
On the waters, to the sight
Is a golden flood, enhancing
All the visions of delight?

Where, for every cloud of sadness
That may drift across the sun,
There's a Heaven-store of gladness
Silver-lining every one?

Then some night come with me, brother,
To a little place I know,
And we'll show it to each other
In a Moving Picture show.

And we'll float there in that ocean—
Float together, side by side—
And we'll capture each emotion
That may flood that human tide.

We will thrill to pictured stories
Told upon that whitened wall,
And we'll rise to imaged glories,
Or to imaged sorrows fall.

And the stories we'll be reading
On a moral'd point will turn,
And the lessons we are needing
Are the lessons we will learn.

For each picture, tho it's dealing
With a tale of joy or strife,
Is but faithfully revealing
The experience of Life!

And tho we are moved to laughter,
And tho we are moved to tears,
Somehow, some wee brain-cloud after
Every picture lifts and clears.

And they're Moving Pictures, brother,
For they move us to the core,
And I hope, somehow or other,
That they'll move us more and more!

Wild Beasts at Large

or

When the Menagerie Broke Loose

(Vitagraph)

By JOHN OLDEN

Grandpa Seeley sat on the front porch, nursing a charred corncob and a pair of rheumatic feet in roomy carpet slippers. William Hamilton Seeley hunched on the steps and littered them disconsolately with pink skins from a pan of new potatoes. It was high noon of a sparkling June Saturday, and the street was swept clean of other inhabitants, including boys and dogs. From distant Main Street the rollicking blare of a steam calliope announced the arrival of ''Rondebush's Mammoth Circus, with fifty—50—fifty big acts, and 40—forty—40 side-splitting clowns.''

William Hamilton Seeley went on skinning spuds with the desperation of a vivisectionist. Grandpa Seeley eyed his efforts with mixed sternness and pride.

''Keep them skins off th' steps, Willum,'' he admonished; ''I aint goin' to flop into th' rose-bush agin——''

The riotous calliope cut off his briarful reminiscence.

''Circuses is circuses,'' Grandpa Seeley resumed, with his corncob cradled between two snags, ''an' always will be circuses—only th' lions git mangier an' less ferocious, an' th' bareback gal, in spangles, gits fatter an' more human-like as we git older.''

Distant treble sounds of cheering rent the air, and Grandpa Seeley stopped to listen.

''You recollect that old lion-skin sleigh-robe, Willum,'' he went on determinedly, ''an' how your paw said I had skunned it off a man-eatin' feline in Africa?'' Grandpa sniggered suspiciously. ''Well, it weren't so. I bought it in Oil City, an' it came near swallowin' me, boots an' all.''

William Hamilton looked interested for the first time and condescended to listen.

''Your paw was a boy at the time,'' Grandpa Seeley went on, ''an' th' circus was comin' to town, jest like today. It were comin' on a special train of gold-painted, rickety cars. Independence had turned out on Main Street, lock, stock and barrel, to take in th' procession.

''Th' station-agent had turned out, too, an' in th' excitement had forgot to flag th' down freight. They met—th' freight an' th' circus special—head on in th' sand-cut below town, an' th' freight walked right thru th' circus train—animile cages an' all.

''Th' fust thing Independence

THOSE
CIRCUS ANIMALS
CERTAINLY DID CREATE
A LOT OF TROUBLE
WHEN THEY GOT
LOOSE IN THE
VILLAGE

knowed about it was a flock of kangaroos, hoppin' an' skippin' up Main Street. They was followed by a bevy of chatterin' monkeys an' baboons—an' then th' crowd scattered, th' wimmin runnin' an' screamin' like a lost litter of shoats.

"Th' monkeys was as scart as th' wimmin an' sprung into Eyetalian Joe's fruit-store. Jiminy! how they did tackle them oranges and bunches of bananas, fightin' an' jabberin' like little, black devils!

"Isaiah Mullen was sellin' a sack of sugar to Prudence Conklin when three black b'ars wandered into his store. They had jest time to git th' back-room door shet, an' to fall agin it, when th' b'ars started in to keep store. They pawed down all the cracker-boxes, licked up a barrel of sugar an' kinder thought they was in b'ar heaven at last.

"In th' meantime, Deacon Flinders was gettin' his Saturday shave in Brown's barber-shop. You aint never seen that big scar under his whiskers? He come by that honestly when a big 'painter' cat flopped thru th' open window, an' Brown an' th' deacon an' th' razor all got mixed up in th' doorway.

"Bill Bailey's meat store looked as pretty as a parlor, with th' fresh veal an' chickens hangin' from th' hooks an' his gal perchin' in th' cashier's cage. All of a sudden a sore-throated growl made him turn around, an' three big lions stood close to him, takin' account of his stock. Bill an' his boy sprang into th' ice-box, an' his gal locked herself in her cage, while th' hungry lions clawed down Bill's meat. Bill swore afterwards—and Bill's truthful—that they sprang clean over th' cashier's cage, pulled down all his racks an' gobbled up three calves an' four dozen pullets.

"In th' meantime, your grandmaw had dove into th' cellar with your paw, an' most all th' fightin' men of Independence were cooped up in Jake Schreiber's hotel. On account of my havin' shot that African lion, they was all gathered 'round me an' lookin' up to me as a leader.

"I was jest outlinin' a plan to make a sally with pitchforks, an' we was all considerable bolstered up with Jake's licker, when th' biggest snake I ever seen outside of Bible pictures slid into th' barroom an' raised his bald head to listen to th' plan.

"Th' men-folks adjourned—out th' back-door, thru th' windows, down th' cellar trap. An' I found myself without an army an' carryin' one of th' swing-doors home as a souvenir.

"Your grandmaw an' your paw had come up to th' parlor an' were tremblin' behind th' melodeon like new-born kittens.

"Pretty soon your paw slipped out, an' I took your grandmaw in my strong arms an' cozied her, tellin' her about th' sarpint to comfort her.

"Then she catched up her hair an' regulated her cryin', an' I walked to th' hall-door an' proudly flung it open.

"There, ready to spring, within six feet of us, crouched an open-mouthed, man-eatin' lion!

"I shet th' door softly an' turned th' key till it squealed in th' lock.

"'Up th' stairs—quick!' I says to your grandmaw; 'I'm took suddenly sick an' want to git under th' bedclothes.'

"We crept up th' back-stairs, an' I shook so when we come to our room that your grandmaw couldn't pull off my boots.

"Then, oh Lord! th' bed began to heave, an' th' lion crawled from under it, an' his skin got cotched in th' slats an' flattened out on th' floor.

"Your paw dashed for th' door, but we cotched him, an'—— My palm aches to this day," said Grandpa Seeley, sternly, "from th' hidin' I gave th' durned little rascal."

The rumble of heavy vehicles and the blare of silver trumpets billowed down from Main Street.

"Is your grandmaw asleep?" asked Grandpa Seeley, reaching for his hickory cane. "I reckon I'm an old fool enough to hobble down to th' circus lot with you, Willum."

A GIRDLE OF FILM ROUND THE WORLD

BY PETER WADE

I THINK it was Puck, the light-footed good fellow of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," who promised Titania, the queen of the fairies: "I'll put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes." Altho he promised her, he never performed this prodigious feat, of course. And later, it was Phineas Fogg who circled the world in eighty days for a princely wager, which he won in the nick of time. All this in best-loved fiction. But it remained for James Young and his flying squadron of Moving Picture players, Clara Kimball Young, Maurice Costello, Mrs. Costello, W. S. Ranous and Helen and Dolores Costello, not forgetting Harry Keepers, the inexhaustible camera man, William S. Smith, the wary manager-strategist, and Gene Mullen, the script writer, to accomplish this exploit for the first time in the interests of a Moving Picture company—the Vitagraph Studio of Brooklyn.

In recent years it has become quite a habit of film manufacturers to invade foreign shores, as witness the Kalem Company's conquest of Ireland two years ago, and their prolific winter in Egypt and the Holy Land last year. Then, too, while Paul Rainey was holding his camera under the noses of wild animals in Darkest Africa last spring, John Bunny, of Vitagraph fame, went to England and Pickwicked himself into immortal camera fame. The traveling studio is not exactly a novelty, but the extended tour is a recent creation, involving great expense, a big company, as a rule, and endless preparations to get it going. Most of the trips have confined themselves to one country, or one continent, at most. But when Mr. Young proposed, last fall, organizing a company to girdle the world with film, taking dramatic pictures, as well as scenic, industrial and educational ones, in the Far East, the heart of the Orient, Italy and on shipboard, the Vitagraph Company immediately hailed his daring venture with delight and proceeded to equip him.

The prime necessity was to "travel light," with none of the delays and heavy equipment of a big company. A special developing apparatus was devised which could be carried in theatrical trunks, including drying-drums, tanks and chemicals. This portable outfit worked to perfection, and Mr. Young assured me that they had not spoiled a single foot of film thru climatic conditions or faulty handling. When one remembers the sad statement of Paul Rainey's manager, that they had "lost over $100,000 worth of film!" this is a remarkable performance. The principal difficulty encountered for proper development was in getting an adequate supply of water in desert places. The sensitive, expansive film had to be developed at all hazards, and often water was brought to the developing crew on donkey-back or by man-pack a distance of twenty miles or more in water-jars or skins.

It was my personal good fortune to meet Mr. Young and his globe-trotters at the end of their forty-thousand mile jaunt on June 2d, as their steamer, the *New Amsterdam,* swung into her dock in New York. They were sea-tanned, homesick and happy, and had been away from the United States just one hundred and seventy-five days, seventy of which were spent on the brine. I am under deep obligation to Mr. James Young for the facts of this article and for a selection from his private collection of photographs of the trip, of which he snapped over five hundred, I believe.

The party started from San Francisco, December 12, 1912, on the S. S. *Tenyu Maru,* bound for Japan. One day was spent en route in sightseeing in and around Honolulu. The further monotony of the long Pacific trip was broken by posing a little comedy picture on shipboard, in which fellow voyagers volunteered as "extras" and "supers." Most of them will never have the sensation of seeing their own faces on the screen, as it was a queer little film concoction called "Extremities," and dealing mostly in feet and hands. An interesting feature of the *Tenyu Maru* was her complete and compact Motion Picture theater, with a change of reels each day. New pictures were relayed from the west-bound steamer at Honolulu, and the *Tenyu,* in turn, transferred her reels to her sister ship.

When the party reached Yokohama, they were courteously received by the authorities and permitted to photograph some interesting industrial film, showing street scenes, native customs, funerals and the famous cloisonné art-workers in their shops. Mr. Young was anxious to put on at once his two big plays, "The Wrath of Osaka" and "Jack's Chrysanthemum." The Japanese "extras" that he used in these productions were easy to hire, intelligent to a high degree, and required very little rehearsing. But he was completely bowled out when it came to buying or hiring costumes. Costumers, as far as he or his guide could find out, simply did not hold forth in Yokohama. The "flying squadron" were in deep despair—a full Japanese costume is a thing of months in the building. But Clara Young's four-foot hair-dresser, Toki Arai, had taken a fancy to the pretty Vitagraph lead, and she was talkative and knew a society lady who might consent to part with some of her clothes, and the lady knew a high *samurai* who might sell some of his. And thus the problem was solved—society is hard up even in Japan.

After four busy weeks in Yokohama, including a jaunt to Kamakura and its famous Buddhist temple, the party took steamer for Hong Kong. They were met at the water-

1. COSTELLO AND YOUNG IN JAPAN
2. COSTELLO REHEARSING "MANDALAY"

front by a zealous Chinese exhibitor, who had been a week in getting ready a luncheon of welcome to them. The lunch consisted of Chinese luxuries and came near capsizing the trip right there. There were jellied eggs fifty years old, dog meat, sharks' fins, snake meat, bird's nest soup and fried cattle eyes! The host said, in a long speech of welcome, if he had known sooner of their arrival, he would have prepared older and rarer titbits, and proceeded to bemoan his simple table. But they were satisfied, and ate not. Mr. Young and Clara Young posed for the "Taming of Betty" in Hong Kong, also "Love and Botany," taken in the wonderful botanical gardens of the city. Costumes were just as difficult to get hold of as in Yokohama, and the coolies were very bashful in front of the camera. At the first attempt, they all balked and threw their handkerchiefs over their faces—the way of bashfulness and superstition.

Two weeks in Hong Kong was enough, and it gave them time also to take in the Chinese New Year—the 3d of the Republic, the 4,916th of the Old Dynasty. Strings of fire-crackers thirty feet long reached to the roofs of the houses and littered the streets a foot deep. Not much like our sane and silent Fourth—not for the young Chinese republicans!

Singapore, like a corn on the foot of the Malay Peninsula, held them long enough to photograph some of the native street-dancers, and then they were off into the heart of the mystical Far East, thru the Strait of Malacca to Rangoon, the capital of Burma.

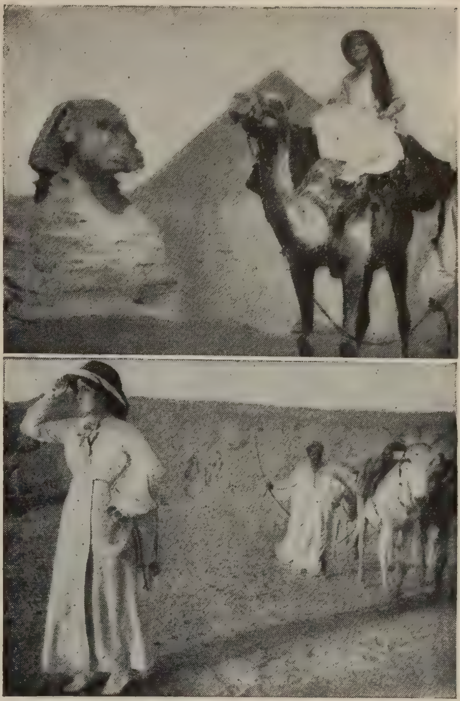
Clara Young's make-up as a Burmese woman was almost perfect and caused a lot of amusement in the hotel. It also was one of the trivial things that almost got them into serious trouble with the priests of

CLARA AND JAMES YOUNG IN "THE WRATH OF OSAKA"

Buddha. The company had just finished filming ''Mandalay,'' in which Maurice Costello was cast as Tommy Atkins, and Clara Young as the Burmese girl, and decided, as a bit of relaxation, to visit the Shwa Dagon pagoda, the most beautiful gilded temple of Rangoon. The party, still in costume, entered the precincts of the temple wearing their shoes, in unconscious profanation of Burmese religious custom. Yellow-jacketed priests and café-au-lait natives buzzed around them in a threatening manner. Their feet were the center of all eyes. Finally Mr. Costello caught on, removed his shoes, and the others did likewise, to the relief of the natives and to their own burning discomfort. It was a ticklish proposition either way, and they did the best thing. Mr. Young gave the priests enough money to gild a few more feet of the pagoda tower, and their profaning shoes were forgiven and forgotten.

A smooth passage across the Indian Ocean on the S. S. *Elora* landed the ''flying squadron'' in Calcutta, the hottest and the busiest place in India. They spent two weeks there, taking ''The Hindu Charm'' and ''The Spirit of the Orient.'' The same trouble followed them about getting costumes, and for a time, Mr. Young, who cast himself for the snake-charmer in ''The Hindu Charm,'' thought he would have only a pair of pythons to wear. But the rupee in India is mightier than the dollar with us, and beautiful costumes were finally bought, including the temporary renting of a real rajah's palace for some of the big scenes.

The sixty-hour railroad trip across India to Bombay was the hottest heat by day and the coldest cold at night the party had ever experienced. They were locked in the tiny cars, with no water, and sucked oranges with the gluttony of baboons. ''On Their Wedding-Eve'' was finished in Bombay, much to the relief of everybody. It tells the story of a lovers' tiff on their wedding-eve, and their setting off around the world, to be rid of each other. The ex-lovers unexpectedly meet on a bridge in Bombay, and the quarrel (Mr. Costello's and Clara Young's) is made up, of course. Mr. Mullen volunteered to take some local pictures in Bombay, in the famous zoo gardens, and got his camera too close to the Bengal tigers' enclosure. They smashed his camera and ripped his arm open, and he doesn't picture anything but rabbits from now on.



CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG IN EGYPT

From Bombay the globe-trotters took the P. & O. steamer *Mantua* to Port Said, and thence by rail to Cairo. It is a city long on tradition and tourists and pyramids and golden moons broadcasting over the desert, but cruel short on theatrical properties, costumes, water and transportation. Its hotels have been known to contain fleas and their great grandchildren.

Mr. Young needed a carload of costumes and properties in Cairo, but there was only one costumer, who politely bowed him out—said he would be busy for years making soldiers' uniforms for the govern-

THE CINES STAFF ASSIST THE GLOBE-TROTTERS IN FRONT OF ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL

ment. Gad Michel, the faithful guide, swore that there was not another maker of costumes, spears, shields and wigs in all Egypt. And again "there was darkness in Egypt"—for a stranded troupe of Thespians, this time.

"Cupid versus Suffrage" and other pictures *had* to be made. The cast, the temple of Isis, the pyramids, the streets of Old Cairo were waiting, majestic and ready to hand, but the whole Egyptian army would have to be clothed before they could thread a film. The cast took several camel-rides to Memphis and a donkey-ride across the desert to the Well of Moses before the problem was solved.

There was an old sheik living in Cairo—eighty years old and the proprietor of the largest native theater. His name is Sheik Salama Higazi, and he is venerated as the Joe Jefferson of the East. He employs forty principal actors the year round and a pyramid full of "supers."

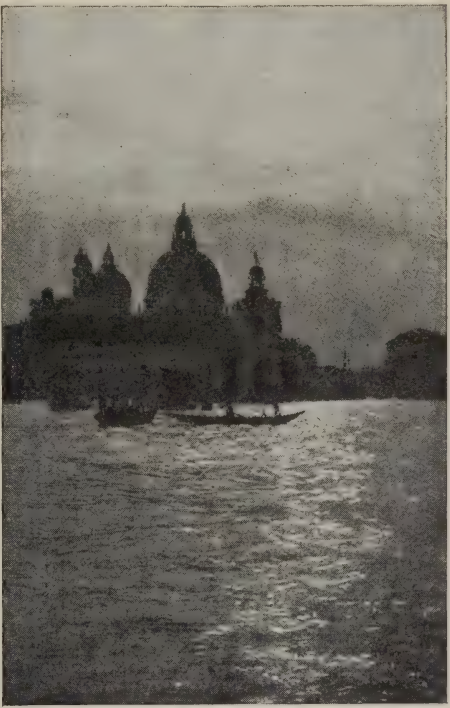
To him Gad Michel, in fear and trembling—Gad being a religious man and averse to things theatrical—led Effendi Young and Clara Kimball Young, the ripe date of his harem. And these two were received by the venerable magnate with Eastern graciousness, and welcomed as brother actors from across the sea. He promised to look into the matter of costumes, and sent them back to the obdurate costumer, who struck his forehead repeatedly upon the floor this time and accomplished the impossible for them in the matter of a theatrical wardrobe. So much for the old sheik's courtesy to strangers. If, turn about, he had come to New York, alone and unfriended, our own Hebrew theatrical rulers would, in all probability, have cast him as a camel-driver in "The Garden of Allah."

It is only four hundred miles down the Nile—half a step for globe-trotters—to the hoary City of Thebes and the Temple of Karnak. Historians, Egyptologists and archæologists devote many volumes to the wonders of Karnak, even the dry-as-dust guidebooks wax eloquent over Karnak as the greatest work of man. It makes modern architecture look little and cheap and foolish. Mr. Young and

1. GONDOLIERING IN VENICE
2. THE CINES STUDIO

Mr. Keepers spent several days exploring the wonderful temple and took a lot of interesting film. The series of chambers and great pillared halls are far too large for dramatic camera work at close range, and would dwarf any cast that attempted it.

The Vitagraph travelers bid good-by to Cairo with regret and took steamer at Port Said again, en voyage for Brindisi, Italy. A pack of little Greek destroyers were hanging around outside the harbor, waiting for signs of the Turkish fleet, and all along the rocky coast of Greece the lighthouses had gone out of business, a menace to friend and foe alike.



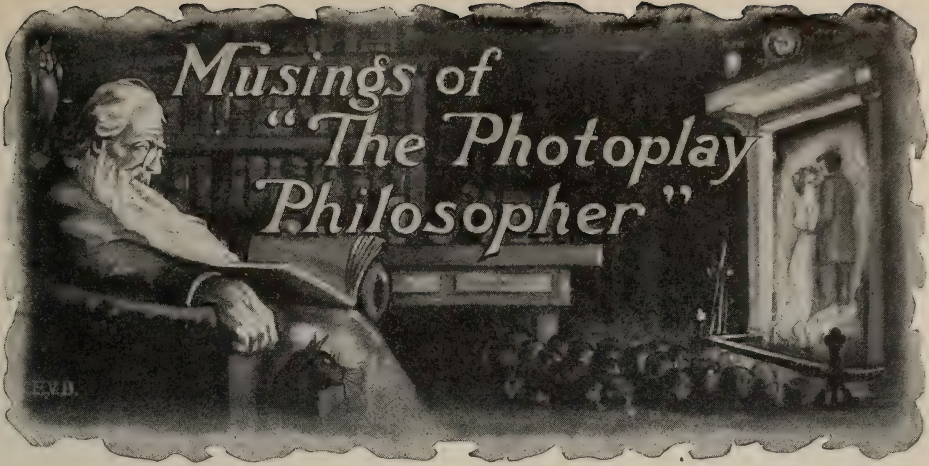
VENICE BY MOONLIGHT
(Photo by J. Stuart Blackton)

From Brindisi the company entrained for Rome, where the Cines Studio (pronounced Shénays) was put at their disposal. Mr. Young found Rome a charming place to work in, the air being singularly clear for photography; the ancient and picturesque buildings making fine sets, and the "supers" easy to obtain. The Roman "supers" are born actors, easy of gesture and with fine facial play and expression. They required as little rehearsing or "mothering" as the Japanese. It was at Rangoon, tho, that the "flying squadron" struck some inimitable assistance. "Supers" were hard to pick up, and the awe-struck proprietor of the "American Star Bioscope" Theater loaned Mr. Young two of his assistants to play the parts of bandits. They almost fell asleep in front of the camera and would hardly "bat an eyelid" until the scene came where they were to waylay and rob Maurice Costello. This they did with so much realism that he was forced, in self-defense, to decorate one of them with a black eye. The following day the bandits did not show up to "have their pictures took," and the missing scenes had to be "cut" from the play.

In Venice the company were fortunate in securing some very interesting industrial film of the wood-carvers, glass-workers and mosaic-workers, including canal scenes and pictures of the famous Bridge of Sighs and Palace of St. Marc. An unusually strong dramatic picture, "The Lonely Princess," was made in Venice also, with the canals, gondolas and a fifteenth-century palace as sets, and Mr. Young practicing for weary hours with the sweep before he could do justice to his part of a romantic gondolier.

In Venice, too, the company packed up all their costumes, souvenirs and camera duffle for the last time—until the day, when on the docks of New York, Uncle Sam's Argus-eyed agents were to overhaul their trunks for that fatal levy—duty.

AT THE AERODROME, WHEN HARRY MYERS MAKES LOVE. DRAWN BY A. B. SHULTS



Musings of "The Photoplay Philosopher"

THE Popular Player Contest, now going on in this magazine, should be of more than passing interest, because there are several lessons to be drawn from it. In the first place, it has shown what a wonderful hold Motion Pictures have on the public and how anxious the public are to show their appreciation of the plays and players. Was there ever such a contest held for the players of the speaking stage? I think not. In the first place, there never has been a periodical devoted exclusively to the interests of the patrons of the stage. While there have been, and still are, numerous publications devoted to the stage and to those directly interested in the stage, there has never been published a periodical devoted to the *patrons* of the stage, the theater-going public. Such excellent publications as *The Dramatic Mirror* and *The Theater* are not widely read by those who constitute theatrical audiences, and they appeal mostly to that very large class who are interested, in one way or another, with theatricals. The public depend mostly on the newspapers for such information as they desire on matters pertaining to the stage, augmented by departmental matter contained in various magazines. Thus, were it desired to conduct a real contest to ascertain the popularity of actors and actresses, there is no publication in the world that could be depended on to reach a fair percentage of the theater-going public, and the result would be a contest among theatrical people themselves. No doubt there are hundreds of thousands of theater patrons in this country who would like nothing better than an opportunity to show their appreciation of the actors and actresses who have entertained them, but a representative contest seems impossible, because there is no representative publication to conduct such a contest, and because there is lack of organization among the great theater-going public. It is quite different with Motion Pictures; they have a publication that reaches into nearly every little hamlet where there is a Motion Picture theater, and there seems to be a bond of fellowship among their patrons that closely resembles an involuntary organization. And just this state of affairs is what has made this contest so popular and so successful. Millions of votes and thousands of verses of appreciation have been received, and the interest and enthusiasm displayed is really wonderful.

Another lesson to be drawn from this contest, and it is a sad one, is the fact that Motion Picture fame is short-lived. Let us hope that this will not always be so. We have boasted of *perpetuating* our Bernhardts, but if we do not change the present order of things, the Bernhardt and other famous films will all be found in the junk-heap after they are scarcely a year old. Glance at the pages of this magazine that contain the results of a similar contest conducted a year ago; compare them with the results of the present contest, and you will realize the truth of the statement that, at present, Motion Picture fame is short-lived. For example, a year ago every mail brought in scores of votes and verses in enthusiastic praise of a certain player, and they were certainly spontaneous and world-wide in their inception; yet now that player is all but forgotten. Most of us older ones saw Booth in "Hamlet," not once, but perhaps a dozen times; but who now has intentionally seen Alice Joyce or Warren Kerrigan or Mary Pickford more than once in the same play? No doubt all this will be changed in the near future, and no doubt things will be so arranged that we can see our favorite plays and players whenever we want to, or nearly so. The theaters will soon learn to repeat, and there will be an era of revival.

Another lesson to be learned from this contest is that the public desire to know the players more intimately; they want to know the names of the players, and they want to keep in touch with their movements. But a few years ago the players were entirely unknown to the public, and now it is the exception rather than the rule, in the average Motion Picture theater, if most of the patrons do not recognize a majority of the players as soon as they appear on the screen. There is no doubt that this knowledge of the players greatly increases the interest of the spectators, and the theater managers and manufacturers are now taking full advantage of that fact by giving their players as much publicity as possible.

This contest, now drawing to a close, has been the most successful of all, and it has been supported by the public with great enthusiasm. We feel amply rewarded for our arduous labors in conducting it. We believe that it has been a good thing for the magazine, a good thing for the public, a good thing for the players, and a good thing for the whole Motion Picture industry.

⁂

It is a strange and sad thing that we do not fully appreciate the great men and women who live in our own time. Just as "a man is never a hero in his own home," and seldom in his own town, it takes the perspective of time and distance to make us appreciate the greatness of our contemporaries. Perhaps this is natural, after all; for we cannot judge a thing if we hold it too close to the eye, and a small coin, if held close, will obscure the sun. We worship the ancient celebrities with adoration, but give scant praise to those who are now making history. In oratory I doubt not that we have our Cicero, our Demosthenes and our Pericles; in philosophy we have our Socrates, our Plato and our Aristotle; in our drama we have our Thespis, Æschylus and Aristophanes, and so on thruout the entire list of arts and sciences, with the possible exception of poetry, but who knows but what the Will Carletons and Edwin Markhams of today will be the Homers, Virgils and Horaces of tomorrow? In science we worship Archimedes, Galileo, Copernicus, Newton, and so on, but did any of these ever do the marvelous things that have been done by our own Thomas A. Edison? The ancients had no Motion Pictures, no phonographs, no telephones, no electric lights. And Edison is only one of a hundred moderns that might be named who have surpassed their predecessors in the arts and sciences; so, let us try to give the living their due, so that it cannot be said that we roast them when alive and boast of them when dead. And why not see that the great men and women of our time are featured in the films? Would anything be more interesting than a film history of Thomas A. Edison and his inventions?

MUSINGS OF "THE PHOTOPLAY PHILOSOPHER"

"By the streets of By-and-By one arrives at the house of Never," says the fantastic hero of Cervantes. "Poor Richard" improved Don Quixote's epigram by warning us never to put off till tomorrow what we can do today. But Franklin's advice is not much heeded these days, and many of us have a habit of always putting off till tomorrow what we dont have to do today—particularly the collector. Verily, procrastination is the thief of time, and we will never accomplish much if we keep waiting for tomorrow. Tomorrow is the day when the idler works, the debtor pays, the drunkard reforms, the wicked repents, and the habit-slave turns over a new leaf. But, unfortunately, Tomorrow never comes.

◆

It is a question which causes the more marriages—the desire to be married or the fear of remaining single. There seems to be no doubt that most marriages are happy. We dont hear much about the happy ones, but the unhappy ones are on every tongue. Somebody has likened marriage to a beleaguered fortress: those who are within want to get out, and those who are without want to get in. Socrates and Milton both had cruel wives, and while Socrates took poison, did not Milton write "Paradise Lost"? Marriage is the proper and natural state, and the home is the cornerstone on which the peace and happiness of our nation rests.

◆

It is well to criticise and to point out the defects of a play, so that the films of the future will profit by the mistakes of the past, but it is important that we do not fail to give due credit for the good as we give blame for the bad. To reject and frown on everything with a flaw is worse than that excess of credulity that swallows everything.

◆

We believe easily what we wish or hope for earnestly, and we discard easily the truth that gives us pain.

◆

A friend in San José, Cal., informs me that the Sunday-schools are preparing to install Motion Pictures in every church in that city. Similar reports have come from various quarters elsewhere. Is then the Motion Picture so bad, when the churches and Sunday-schools are adopting it? If Motion Pictures are good enough for the Sunday-schools, they ought to be good enough for the theaters. Right here in Brooklyn the St. Marks M. E. Church has just decided to raise money to pay off its debt by erecting a tent at the rear of the church and conducting a regular Motion Picture show.

◆

> "There is no greater mistake in the world than the looking upon every sort of nonsense as want of sense. Nonsense, in the bad sense of the word, is very fond of bestowing its own appellation, particularly upon what renders other persons agreeable. But nonsense, in the good sense of the word, is a very sensible thing in its season, and is only confounded with the other by people of a shallow gravity, who cannot afford to joke. These gentlemen live upon credit, and would not have it inquired into."—*Leigh Hunt.*

This superb writer has said but little, in some eighty essays, that every person is not willing to subscribe to, and this paragraph is no exception, provided a more suitable word than *nonsense* be substituted. Nonsense is "no sense; an absurdity." That which has no sense is not sensible. Even a joke has sense, and, if it did not have, it would not tickle the senses. What the writer means is mirth, gaiety, merriment or hilarity. What the clown does is as near nonsense as one cares to see; yet it is not quite nonsense, since most of his pranks are the result of careful, solemn thought and study, and is very sensible, after all. A little nonsense now and then is *not* relished by the best of men, because the better men prefer—nay, demand—that there be some sense to their lighter amusements.

⁂

The United States Supreme Court, the highest court in our land, has a high opinion of Motion Pictures. In the case of Kalem Co. v. Harper Bros., the Court said: "The Moving Pictures are only less vivid than reflections from a mirror. With the former, as with the latter, our visual impressions—what we see—is caused by the real pantomime of real men thru the medium of natural forces, altho the machinery is different and more complex." Which is a very good illustration. Viewing Motion Pictures is very much like seeing the real actors thru a mirror, for the reflection in a mirror constitutes a picture, and when the things or persons reflected move, it is a Moving Picture.

⁂

The conservatist would have things forever go on as they are; the radical would hurry on tomorrow before today is spent. *Resultum:* on the one side we would have a barren desert, and on the other a field of overgrown weeds. But since neither the conservatist nor the radical has his way, we find the happy middle ground, because between the barren desert and the useless field runs the road called Progress.

⁂

A correspondent sends me the following eloquent tribute to Music:

> That "Music is to ennoble the soul" is amply demonstrated in all nature. The singing birds, the moaning of the winds, the gentle pattering of a summer rain and the swish-swash of the surf upon the beach are musical compositions. In them we see, as well as hear, conanimato, conduolo, dolce, sforzando. In the thunder-storms we see, as well as hear, agitato, brillante, conenergia, decescendo, with sforzando, and at last, lentando, with again decapo. Man flatters himself that much of life's enjoyment is due to his inventive brain, when, in reality, he does but adopt to humankind's use that which the Creator has ordained in nature from the beginning. Music is an inexhaustible theme. It is found in the air, in the rustle of the leaves, on the mountain and by the riverside. It is everywhere, and life would be a chaos without it.

Music has been called the sacred tongue of God, the speech of angels, the universal tongue of mankind, the medicine of the breaking heart, the hidden soul of harmony, the poetry of the air, the poor man's Parnassus, etc., but how few of us really enjoy it! As Byron says, there is music in all things, if men had ears, but, judging from the class of music that now seems to have won the public's favor, our ears have deteriorated. Not that our modern popular songs and ragtime represent the taste of the majority; not that it is necessary to enjoy the classic compositions of the great composers and the music of the symphony orchestras, but that we have not learnt to appreciate the music that is in nature all about us. As William Lord Wright says, why must the pianists in the picture theaters play ragtime and popular songs to illustrate the pictures, when we have such a wealth of "popular classics"? and Mr. Wright mentions "Beulah Land," "Home, Sweet Home," and other old songs familiar to all. Let us have better and more uplifting music.

THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE—CONTEST CLOSES JULY 23d.

BEFORE this issue of the magazine has been fully circulated, the great Popular Player Contest will have closed. At noon on July 23d the curtain goes down on the scene, and the ballot-boxes will be closed. After that date you friends of the silent players can do nothing more for your favorites until another year has rolled by. You can applaud them only when you see them on the screen, but they cannot hear. Therefore, when you read this, if not too late, why not sit right down and send in your votes? That is an excellent way to show your appreciation. And you can do even more—you can go out and electioneer; that is, you can get all your friends to vote, too, and send all the votes in one envelope. Be assured that the players will appreciate your efforts. They will, that we know, even if they do not win. And you can do more—you can write a verse or a few lines of prose in favor of your favorite. Even if we cannot find room to print it, you may be sure that the players will see it, for we have made arrangements to send all votes, verses, letters, ballots, petitions and such direct to the players at the close of the contest. If you feel real enthusiastic and want to do more for your favorites, scan closely the advertising pages of this magazine, and you will learn of several things to your advantage.

As we have hitherto announced, this contest was not started to make money for anybody. It was not to be a lottery in any sense of the word, nor did we intend to offer prizes so attractive in value that the players themselves would become interested. As near as we can tell, the public is deciding this election, and it is doing so out of pure regard for the players, and not because of any promised monetary gain. Honor, not money, was the promised reward, and we have made it possible for those players to win whose friends had no money, a copy of this magazine and a postage stamp being all that was necessary to pile up a huge and winning vote. Thus those players who have the most admirers are pretty sure to be the winners.

There are about 250 players represented in the contest. To the one hundred receiving the highest number of votes we will present a handsome, engraved certificate. Some of these will be handsomely framed. The five players receiving the highest number of votes will receive unique presents, and in the next issue we shall publish photographs and give descriptions of them. While these prizes will not be grand pianos, yachts and automobiles, they will be elegant and of enduring worth; in fact, they will probably be worth as much fifty years from now as they are now.

Every person may vote twice this month—once for a female player and once for a male player—but each vote must be on a separate slip of paper and must contain your signature and address.

At noon on July 23d the count will begin. The entire second floor of our building will be set aside for our ballot-clerks and for the cart-loads of ballots that are sure to come in during the last few days of the contest. Voters from distant points should mail their ballots about July 18th to insure being counted.

We shall publish the result in the September issue, provided the count is completed in time; at any rate, we shall probably be able to announce part of the result at that time, if not all.

Before announcing the result of the contest up to the time of going to press, let us look over some of the interesting comments and tributes that we have received. First, here are some verses for Earle Williams to frame and hang up in his room to cheer him up when things dont seem to go just right:

CHARACTER STUDY OF EARLE WILLIAMS.

Have you ever seen the meadows
When the twilight shadows fall
And the evening mist is rising
Thru the rushes, straight and tall,
And a single star shines brightly
In the height of rose and blue,
And a bird's note, long and pensive,
Thrills the summer twilight thru?

Have you ever seen the woodland,
With its tall trees, spicy, sweet,
Casting grand and sombre shadows
On the blossoms at their feet?
Have you ever heard the murmur
Of the brook that dances on,
Laughing, crying, singing, sighing,
With its little, lilting song?

Thru it all there comes a church-bell,
Clear and sweet and far away,
Calling us to come to worship
At the closing hours of day.
Thus he comes upon the canvas,
With his slow, exquisite grace,
And the whole scene is made holy
By the beauty of his face.

Sweet his eyes; divinely tender
Is his brave and helpful glance,
Till he smiles, and then around him
Laughing fairies seem to dance.
Beauty rare and full of feeling,
Quiet strength and manly grace—
O! Dame Nature loved him truly
When she fashioned his dear face.

All the beauty of the twilight;
All the sadness, patience, rest;
All the singing of the night-birds,
And the woodland shadows blest,
Find their full, complete expression
In his wondrous, matchless grace;
Find their highest soul reflection
In the beauty of his face.

May the angels guard him ever,
Keep him safe from every ill,
Guide him, love him, lead him always,
Every wish of his fulfill.
May each day but lead him upward
In this worldly, restless race;
May the peace of God dwell with him,
Bless his dear, exquisite face.

MARION C. VAN BUREN.

"Little Mary" Pickford continues to be a favorite, and everybody is glad that she has returned to the screen. Here are a few verses for her:

Now how can we go
To that empty picture show,
And sit and watch strange faces
That come and go?

My eyes are on the screen,
But still I sit and dream
Of a dear little fairy
Who was just as sweet as cream.

She was all animation—
Why, she'd fill you with elation;
She was dainty and so airy.
Oh, how we miss you, Little Mary!

O. M.

Miss Elizabeth Lee Bedwell, of Chicago, is one of three sisters who sends in three sets of verses for their favorites. Miss Elizabeth says: "I want to say right here that I wish the Motion Pictures—and their promoters, whoever they may be—the greatest of success. I believe the Motion Picture will be the greatest influence in education and in shaping ideals that the coming century can produce, for the principal reason that it will be seen by the greatest number. I hope the producers will make proportionate strides forward in the future, to their progress in the past few years." Miss Margaret prefers Marc MacDermott, and, among other nice things, says:

When I ride on the car in the morning,
I always watch to see
At what theaters you'll be playing,
And those are the ones for me.

Miss Zina prefers Owen Moore, of whom she sings, in part, as follows:

Genial smile and graceful art
Of your charm are but a part;
Always pleasing, you're delightful;
Your place as a leader's rightful.

From Joliet, Ill., comes a pleasant note for Romaine Fielding, in which Miss Eleanor O'Brien says:

> Were I a poet, I should tune my lyre and sing the praises of my favorite Motion Picture actor in immortal verse. Not having even the gift of rhyme, plain prose must do, and that expresses my feeling quite too inadequately.
>
> In every character I have seen portrayed by Mr. Fielding, he has been convincing. He is so natural he does not seem to be acting. But he is never the same, as no two people are ever alike. And this, I think, is real art.

And a critic who calls herself "Mabelle" says that she considers Mr. Fielding the best photoplayer and director in the world, and that when criticized by one who understands, he will be found perfect, even in the smaller details.

Among many others, Mrs. George Mahaffey, of Williamsport, Pa., thinks that Blanche Sweet, of the Biograph, is not given enough credit, and perhaps that is so. Hence, here is part of a tribute from Miss Alice Flanagan, of New Orleans, who has sent in many votes for "The Sweetest Girl in Picturedom":

MISS BLANCHE SWEET.

I often sit and think
Of a little picture girl;
Slowly and slowly I sink
Into another world.

She has two eyes of blue,
And, oh, such golden hair;
So honest, lovely and true,
She haunts me everywhere.

She has two rosy cheeks,
A dimple in her chin;
I watch, wait and seek
For an A. B. to begin.

Her little girlish ways
I dearly love to see;
She's on my mind always—
My Queen of the A. B.

Thomas Moore, of the Kalem players, is very popular, but he is unfortunate, because all the poets seem to tune their lyres for his team-mate, Alice Joyce, and poor Thomas has no poet laureate to sing his praises.

Miss Lola Klepper writes enthusiastically in favor of Walter Miller, of the Biograph, calling him "The Prince of Photoplayers," but her sister is just as enthusiastic for Alfred Paget.

Here is a nice little bit for Ormi Hawley from a miss who signs herself "A Devotee":

TO ORMI HAWLEY'S EYES.

LUBIN

Eyes like thine, where'er they shine,
Must melt away all sadness;
To hope and joy, love's sweet alloy,
They wake the heart in gladness.

The shimm'ring sheen that gleams at e'en,
From 'neath thy twinkling lashes,
Bids every heart to do its part
In bondage to their flashes.

And by the light that shines at night,
From out their wond'rous color,
Since once in mine didst peep with thine
I know not but to follow.

We were not sure that Flora Finch was famous for her tears, but now the matter is settled, for she will be, from now on. Jas. H. Richardson, of Harrisburg, Ill., waxes eloquent for Edith Storey, also for the other Vitagraph players, and here is what he calls the

VITAGRAPH COLLEGE YELL

Vitagraph, Vitagraph, rah, rah, rah!
They're the best players I ever saw—
Finch for a tear, Bunny for a laugh—
Hurrah for the American Vitagraph!

This appreciation for Courtenay Foote comes from the Allen Academy of Arts, Hartford, Conn.:

C ome gather 'round, all you photoplay lovers,
O n our big college porch, while over us hovers
U rgent need for expression, in jingle or prose,
R evealing the name of the one whom we chose
T o be *our* school favorite—from hundreds of others.
E nough of suspense you say? Well, we will hurry.
N ow *how* can we help our heart's violent flurry?
A ltho we may "flunk" in our "exams" and prizes,
Y ou'll soon understand whom our school idolizes.

F or us there's no other to stand up "in arms"—
O h, believe us if all those endearing young charms
O f true manhood are given to one handsome man
T o make one and each of us photoplay "fans,"
E rgo! Tempus fugit! 'tis Courtenay Foote!

"Marie Antoinette," of New Orleans, says that she will never forgive us if we dont publish her verses about the Belle of New Rochelle, and Mr. Wilfred Burke, of Victoria, B. C., also says that Florence LaBadie is his favorite actress, in the following:

There's a little girl I've often seen
Upon the Motion Picture screen;
She has a face so sad and fair,
And a crown of waving, soft brown hair;
Her eyes are large and deep and blue,
Her smile is sweet, her heart is true;

And tho I can know her no other way,
I am thankful to see her in the play.
'Tis Florence LaBadie, whose beauty and grace
Have found in my heart a welcome place.

"Helen," not of Troy, but of New York, is for Mr. Duncan:

They write poems about Johnson and Blackwell,
Rave about ones whom they long to caress;
But I've wondered, and it's more than I can tell,
Why all forget Will Duncan, of the famous "Diamond S."

Among other verses for Miss LaBadie, are these from "Minnetonka":

MY PRINCESS OF ENCHANTED LAND.

Knee-deep in hyacinths she stands—
The hills behind are sentinels grim—
Before her eyes Enchanted Lands
Stretch to the brawling river's brim.

In one round arm droop foxgloves white,
Around her head twine violets blue
That kiss the tresses, soft and bright,
Yet cannot match her eyes in hue.

A princess more than passing fair,
For whose sweet lips a rose was crushed,
Stray sunbeams gathered for her hair,
And for her voice a song-bird hushed.

No lily blooming on the hill
Is half so fair or sweet to me.
Your beauty taxes my poor skill—
Exquisite Florence LaBadie.

A picture framed in living gold—
The product of the Master Hand.
Look, time-worn world, behold! behold!
My Princess of Enchanted Land.

Miss Ida M. Fischer is warm in her admiration for Mr. Blackwell:

A king among men, handsome and bold,
Brave as the valiant knights of old;
Dashing and debonair, noble and gay,
Loved by all who see him play;
Tall and strong, graceful as a gazelle,
Gallant and chivalrous is Carl Blackwell.

Dark and lustrous are his eyes,
Luminous as the morning skies;
Wavy hair, dark as night,
Over a forehead high and white.
I know he is the best, by far—
But alas! he is a picture star.

Ned E. L. Bohrer, of Kansas City, has a kind word for everybody:

A is for Alice, Joyce is the rest.
B is for Bunny, the funniest.
C for Costello, noble and grand.
D is for Dolores, the best in the land.
E is for Earle, or Williams by right.
F Florence T., whom Costello holds tight.
G is for Gene Gauntier, from my home town.
H is for Hawley, who merits a crown.
I is for ——. Oh, dear! I cant think of him.
J is for Johnson, so neat and so trim.
K for Kerrigan, a fine Western man.
L is for Lincoln, the pride of the fan.
M Mary Pickford, so sweet and so dear.
N Norma Talmage, whom we all like round here.
O Muriel Ostriche, quite right, to be sure.
P Gwendoline Pates, who couldn't be truer.
Q is for ——. Some one left out by request.
R Romaine Fielding, who leads the vote test.
S is for Blanche Sweet, a lovely young lass.
T is for Turner, a maid of some class.
U is for ——. Heigh-ho! I'm stuck again.
V Vignola, who makes a good friend.
W is for Washburn, with funny make-ups.
X Francis Bushman, who gets loving-cups.
Y is for Young, a very good girl.
Z is for all the rest in the world.

We fear that "Claribel of Boston" is a trifle fickle, but since she says so many nice things about so many players, we must publish her verses:

Whenever I go to a photoplay show,
  I really am put to a test;
I puzzle my brain till I 'most go insane,
  To know whom I really like best.

There are many so handsome, so brave and so true,
  That I always come home in a pickle,
And wonder and sigh, and ask myself *why*
  Did Fate ever make me so fickle?

My favorite man, when I first was a fan,
  Was Arthur V. Johnson, whose ways
Were so full of zest that I liked him the best,
  Even back in his Biograph days.

But one day I fell, with a terrible jolt,
  For the charms of our dear Francis B.,
And I loved him for weeks, till I got a few peeks
  At another heart-breaker, you see.

So there on my table I kept for days
  A photo of brave Warren K.,
And there he would pose while I powdered my nose,
  But alas! soon he, too, passed away.

There was Maurice Costello and dear Owen Moore,
  There was young Harry Myers also;
There was Shay, of the Imp, and some lad with a crimp,
  And I loved them each all in a row.

My latest enchanter's a hit with the girls,
  On flattery and praise he is fed:
And I have a great fear should it all reach his ear,
  That he might get an awful swelled head.

He's a nice-looking lad—his expressions are fine—
  In "The Last Blockhouse" he was a dream,
And in "Angry Bear's Pride," where he very near died,
  His tumbling act sure was a scream.

It's Blackwell of Kalem, of course, you're aware,
  To him for a while I'll be true.
Why not give him a chance in a nice, classic dance
  That you tell us that he likes to do?

STANDING OF THE LEADING PLAYERS

Earle Williams (*Vitagraph*)	216,879
Warren Kerrigan (*American*)	176,714
Alice Joyce (*Kalem*)	162,390
Romaine Fielding (*Lubin*)	136,798
Carlyle Blackwell (*Kalem*)	134,955
Francis X. Bushman (*Essanay*)	110,090
G. M. Anderson (*Essanay*)	98,397
Muriel Ostriche (*Thanhouser*)	92,157
Crane Wilbur (*Pathé Frères*)	82,518
Arthur Johnson (*Lubin*)	80,083
Edith Storey (*Vitagraph*)	78,044
Maurice Costello (*Vitagraph*)	76,884
Ormi Hawley (*Lubin*)	72,684
Mary Fuller (*Edison*)	66,147
Blanche Sweet (*Biograph*)	58,655
Mary Pickford (*Famous Players*)	52,302
Florence La Badie (*Thanhouser*)	48,496
Pearl White (*Crystal*)	40,821
E. K. Lincoln (*Vitagraph*)	40,721
Florence Turner	40,113
Whitney Raymond (*Reliance*)	36,237
Lillian Walker (*Vitagraph*)	34,928
Clara K. Young (*Vitagraph*)	34,655
Dolores Cassinelli (*Essanay*)	34,617
Florence Lawrence	34,101
Marguerite Snow (*Thanhouser*)	34,084
Guy Coombs (*Kalem*)	32,888
Jack Hopkins (*Ramo*)	30,754
Betty Gray (*Pathé Frères*)	30,586
Edwin August (*Universal*)	28,482
Ruth Roland (*Kalem*)	28,078
Edna Payne (*Lubin*)	28,006
James Cruze (*Thanhouser*)	26,137
Leah Baird (*Imp*)	25,461
A. E. Garcia (*Selig*)	24,000
Harry Myers (*Lubin*)	20,480
Adele De Garde (*Vitagraph*)	20,171
Pauline Bush (*Universal*)	20,114
Wallace Reid (*Universal*)	19,832
Gene Gauntier (*G. G. P. C.*)	19,626
Gwendoline Pates (*Pathé Frères*)	18,660
Helen Costello (*Vitagraph*)	18,291
Thomas Moore (*Kalem*)	18,201
Gertrude Robinson (*Victor*)	17,883
Norma Talmadge (*Vitagraph*)	16,871
Paul Panzer (*Pathé Frères*)	16,190
James Morrison	14,999
Anna Nilsson (*Kalem*)	14,815
Leo Delaney (*Vitagraph*)	14,600
Frederick Church (*Essanay*)	12,897
Marc MacDermott (*Edison*)	11,494
George Gebhardt (*Universal*)	10,221
King Baggot (*Imp*)	10,192
John Bunny (*Vitagraph*)	9,913
Mabel Normand (*Keystone*)	9,263
Eleanor Blanchard (*Lubin*)	8,260
Julia S. Gordon (*Vitagraph*)	8,242
Marie Eline (*Thanhouser*)	7,128
Francis Ford (*Universal*)	6,831
Harold Lockwood (*Universal*)	6,822
Lottie Briscoe (*Lubin*)	6,405
Augustus Phillips (*Edison*)	6,143
Kathlyn Williams (*Selig*)	6,118
Jane Wolfe (*Kalem*)	6,034
Jack J. Clark (*G. G. P. C.*)	5,687
Tom Powers	5,677
Thomas Santschi (*Selig*)	5,416
Earle Metcalf	5,297
J. B. Budworth (*Majestic*)	5,229
William Mason (*Essanay*)	5,220
Howard Mitchell (*Lubin*)	5,217
Courtenay Foote (*Vitagraph*)	4,867
Benjamin Wilson (*Edison*)	4,691
Robert Vignola (*Kalem*)	4,648
Mary Charleson (*Vitagraph*)	4,262
Harry Beaumont (*Edison*)	4,251
Beverly Bayne (*Essanay*)	4,101
Ray Myers (*Broncho*)	4,006
Jack Richardson (*Universal*)	3,664
Jessalyn Van Trump (*Universal*)	3,663
Edgar Jones (*Lubin*)	3,657
Mabel Trunnelle (*Edison*)	3,651
Miriam Nesbitt (*Edison*)	3,620
Robert Burns (*Vitagraph*)	3,616
Janet Sallisbury (*Gem*)	3,614
Vivian Prescott	3,426
Marion Leonard (*Monopol*)	3,421
William Russell (*Thanhouser*)	3,417
Bessie Learn (*Edison*)	3,259
Charles Arthur (*Edison*)	3,214
Kenneth Casey (*Vitagraph*)	3,041
Dorothy Kelly (*Vitagraph*)	3,021
Ethel Clayton (*Lubin*)	2,886
Helen Gardner (*H. G. C.*)	2,880
George Melford (*Kalem*)	2,877
Marshall Neilan (*Universal*)	2,861
Hazel Buckham (*Broncho*)	2,853
W. Chrystie Miller (*Biograph*)	2,802
Owen Moore (*Victor*)	2,639
Irving Cummings (*Reliance*)	2,617
Billy Quirk (*Gem*)	2,408
Mrs. Mary Maurice (*Vitagraph*)	2,237
Edwin Carewe (*Lubin*)	2,096
Mignon Anderson (*Thanhouser*)	2,064
Bryant Washburn (*Essanay*)	2,016
Louise Glaum (*Kay-Bee*)	2,015

Ode to a Picture Player

Fairest of all thou pretty maid,
My heart is all for thee;
Each evening when the sun is gone,
I go thy face to see.

But jealous thoughts must oft times come,
And envy oft times rise;
For ever there is someone else
Deep gazing in thine eyes.

For lovers by the score have you-
How many hearts you've swayed-
But just the same my heart is thine,
Thou moving picture maid.

Moving Pictures in the Small Town

By WILLIAM LORD WRIGHT

The dreary monotony of life in many of the smaller towns in this broad land of ours has been relieved since the advent of the Moving Pictures. Concerted praise is being accorded Cinematography from many unusual sources, but the great pleasure and benefits derived from the tabloid drama in many of the smaller communities has, seemingly, passed almost unnoticed. To my mind it is a very important step in the advancement of our country—this popularity of the Moving Pictures in rural communities. Roosevelt appointed his Country Life Commission; sages have long been cogitating the problem of keeping the country youth at home; reformers have been crying out against the exodus to the cities of the farmer boys and girls, but it remained for Cinematography to quietly step in and to solve an important question.

It has been satisfactorily proved within the past two years that the Moving Picture theater is doing more to make the country life congenial and satisfying than any other factor in a decade. The pictures have afforded relaxation from steady toil; proved to the country boy and girl that life in a city is not all what it seems; has broadened the lives of the farmer and his wife; has afforded the people of towns and villages an idea of how the others exist, and has proved a source of education and uplift to them all. Moving Pictures have caused many toilers to be more contented in their environments.

Every evening the Idle Hour and the Alhambra, the two picture theaters in Lonesomehurst, are filled with the best people. Lonesomehurst is identical, in many respects, with thousands of other villages. The storekeepers of the village are cheerful, for every evening the farmers and their families drive into town and visit the picture shows. The boys no longer speak of going to the cities, for city life is brought to them via the animated screen. They come to town evenings and hitch their horses on the public square, opposite Melodion Hall, and take their best girls to the movies. After the program is completed in one theater, they can be seen, arm in arm, headed in the direction of the other place of entertainment.

Before the Moving Pictures came to Lonesomehurst, the boys and girls left the best living in the world—that of tilling the soil—for the doubtful advantages of employment in a city. When the day's work was over, in past years, there was nothing to do but go to bed. Now there is the picture theater to visit.

Country people are passing resolutions in favor of Moving Pictures. They have found that the pictures keep the boys and girls on the farm, or in the villages and towns where they belong and where they prosper. Cities are overcrowded. The pictures have been found to transport one, in an evening, to foreign lands, and also to afford convincing peeps at the scenery of our own United States, and all in an entertaining manner.

This country is mainly composed of the simple, every-day sort of people who work hard and sleep hard, and who like modestly priced but meritorious entertainment in between. They may be "country cousins," but they have the refined taste for all that is good, and the Moving Pictures have eliminated narrowness and have given thousands a broader understanding of the things in life.

"Raise the standard in Moving Pictures!" is the slogan of the ruralite, and as this is being accomplished, the labors of the Country Life Commission are becoming less arduous.

CHATS WITH THE PLAYERS

LOTTIE BRISCOE, OF THE LUBIN COMPANY

On my arrival at the great Lubin studio, located on the outskirts of Philadelphia, I was ushered by the callboy to the door of Miss Briscoe's dressing-room. In response to my timid knock, a white-capped little maid opened the door and took my card.

In the space of half an instant a laughing voice called: "Come right in, faint heart!" and I found myself in the presence of the little lady of the pictures. A great big pair of gray eyes and a row of the whitest little teeth both seemed to say "I wont eat you up!" Then I realized that I was in the prettiest dressing-room I had ever seen. There wasn't an inch of space that was not rose pink—rugs, walls, chairs, draperies and a great silver vase of Killarney roses. "Those lovely flowers are sweeter to me than you can guess," Miss Briscoe said, in answer to an admiring glance from me, "because they were sent to me as a birthday gift from the members of the Lottie Briscoe Club in a little Pennsylvania town not many miles from here. I have never met one of the girls, but they tell me they know me well thru my work on the screen. Isn't that darling of them?" Just the way she said the last sentence showed that popularity such as Miss Briscoe enjoys doesn't make a star less grateful for such a tribute. Maybe it is this same modesty and appreciation that makes Miss Briscoe's acting so charming.

"Now for as many questions as you care to ask me," said the lady of the pink room, as she drew her filmy skirts around her and gracefully curled up in a big chair. "I'm ready." By this time I had forgotten that I had hesitated to knock at the door, and felt that I was in the presence of an old friend.

"I wont ask any questions, Miss Briscoe, if you will just be good enough to go ahead and talk," I suggested, and she did. Here are some of the things she said:

"I enjoy my work, every minute of it, every day of it, and consider acting in pictures ever so much harder than on the stage. But I'd much rather do it, for there is a constant novelty and change that makes every day different from the others. Yes, it is quite true that I have had an offer to head a company abroad such as Gene Gauntier, Helen Gardner and Marion Leonard have in this country, and Florence Turner is about to have in England, but I love my work here and my friends, and Mr. Johnson gives me such fine opportunities that I should have to be sure of much more to be tempted to make the change. Hobby? Why, I dont think I have one, unless it is my work, altho I do find a great deal of rest and recreation in my music. I have the dearest baby-grand piano, which I am much attached to. It was made for me some years ago from my own design. Of course I love the opera, but can enjoy that only in the winter. In the summer I transfer my enthusiasm to baseball. We have a fine Lubin team.

"I am not a suffragette—yet. I may join the cause, tho, as soon as I make up my mind, but I'll never approve of such methods as the English militants resort to.

"As to the future of Motion Pictures, we are just past the kindergarten stage, you know, but the time is coming when we shall hear operas like 'Il Trovatore' and 'Aida' by means of the kinetophone and see Caruso and Mary Garden on the screen."

Just then a tall, handsome man was admitted. Immediately I recognized the newcomer as Arthur V. Johnson, whose face and figure are known from coast to coast. After a pleasant introduction to the photoprince, he exclaimed: "What a wonderful magazine you have! I scan the pages from beginning to end and always find something new and interesting. Naturally, I am keenly awaiting the outcome of the Popularity Contest."

A property-boy then entered and announced that a scene was ready, and I took my cue to leave as Miss Briscoe gave a final whisk of the powder-puff to her face and stooped to smell the roses, and we three stepped out into the passageway.

"Do come over and see me again," she said, holding out her hand with charming cordiality. As I started away, Mr. Johnson called: "Just a minute—my car is going downtown and will take you to the station." After these popular photoplayers had bidden me *au revoir*, the chauffeur blew his horn, and I found myself in a luxurious Packard, being whirled to the North Philadelphia Station to board my train for home.

"BENNY."

* * *

JEAN ACKER, OF THE IMP COMPANY

"Go right over to the Imp studio and see if you can get a chat with Jean Acker," was the peremptory order of the editor, and it was a welcome commission. I remembered her when she was playing at Lubinville. Jumped on a subway car, arrived at the studio, and was greeted by an officious office-boy.

"Where is Jean Acker?" I asked.

"Who? Oh, you mean Billie. She is around here some place. Come right along."

Among the crowd was a dainty little maiden, smiling mirthfully. I absorbed a competent part of the smile.

"Here she is," he replied.

"Billie" came to me, and shook my hand cordially.

"I think your magazine is great. Come over here where it is cool, and we will be a little more comfortable."

I followed her to a spacious grass-plot outside the studio, where several benches were placed.

"I want you to tell me all about yourself, as we have had numerous calls for you."

With a cheery voice, and a dimple bobbing into view in one corner of her cheek, she began:

"On Sundays I answer to the name of Miss Jean Acker, and week days I'm just Billie. I was with Lubin about one year, and have been with Imp about eight months. I was born in St. Louis, not Joplin, Mo. No, I wont tell you my age, and I am not married—just happy. I attended school at St. Mary's Seminary, Springfield, N. J. Let's see—what else is there left over to say?"

"For instance, who is your favorite author or poet, and what is your hobby?"

"Why, Browning. I am very fond of reading, but my chief hobby is sleeping. Cant get enough sleep. Funniest thing I ever heard of, but it's a fact. That and my dimple. Spent years developing it." (She here pointed a dainty finger at the beauty crevice.) "I spent lots of money on books and professional advice on 'First Aid to Dimples.' Do I love my work? I should say I do. I spend about three to four hours a day at the studio. I dont mind rehearsing at all. I'd rather jump from a moving train or ride a motorcycle fifty miles an hour or take a ride in an aeroplane than eat. Excitement? You bet! Once I dived from the top of an ocean liner, and, in coming to the surface, I swam under the boat. Believe me, for a moment I was frightened."

"I surely do believe you," I retorted. "What nationality, and how tall are you?"

"My parents were Spanish. I am five feet three and weigh one hundred and twenty-one pounds. I write a lot, principally photoplays. I want to be a business woman, but I'm not a suffragette. I love music, both sing and play; am a baseball fan, and always root for the Giants. Very fond of horseback riding. I am going on a farm for my vacation this summer."

"Of course you have been on the stage?" I suggested.

"Yes, I played with Howard Lee, in a strong drama, and was with Louis L. Hall stock company for one season. Also played in vaudeville. I missed the glare of the footlights for a while, but dont now. I love the pictures much better than the stage. I always see the plays I appeared in. I played a lead part in 'The Man Outside' and 'In a Woman's Power.' I want to make a reputation in the pictures; then I'm going to retire; maybe in Europe. I spent several years there when I was a little girl, and I want to return some day. Oh, those Paris gowns!" she sighed, rolling her eyes and displaying her fine, even teeth.

"You have been very liberal, and I want to thank you," I said.

"You're quite welcome, I'm sure, and I'm coming over to see you in your new building some of these days."

"Good! You'll find the latch-string always hanging out for you."

◆

LAURA SAWYER, OF THE EDISON COMPANY

"JUST step into the studio and look around; you cant miss her," said General Stage Manager J. Searle Dawley, who was immersed in work from which he could not escape to make the formal introductions.

"Look for a girl with two noticeable dimples, dark 'soulful' eyes, a mass of chestnut hair and a debonair manner that will overlook formalities and put you at your ease at once."

Out into the maze of pretty girls your scribe was ushered, repeating over and over again (and getting badly mixed): "dimples, chestnut eyes, soulful hair" until he reached the center of the great indoor studio, where, surrounded by a group of laughing frontier girls, prospectors and Royal Northwest Mounted Police, he discovered the combination of hair, dimples, manner and—a smile.

Manager Dawley had said nothing of a smile. There had been no intimation on the part of the busy director that a smile filled with California sunshine—a smile that radiated kindness, happiness, the joy of living and perfect health, was one of the chief attributes of his leading lady, and the timid scribe, fearful of making a mistake, and more bewildered than ever, hesitated. (Business of scribe peering into the faces of the laughing girls about him, insanely muttering: "Soulful dimples, debonair eyes and chestnut manner.")

"You're a newspaper man, I know. Is there any one you wish to see?"

No wonder Miss Sawyer enjoys Ibsen, fairly revels in Maeterlinck, studies psychology and wishes she were a man, that she might play the part of the telepathic ex-gambler in the "Witching Hour," for it was she who spoke, and who, in some way, had divined the purpose of the scribe's visit.

"This is anything but the home of the 'silent' actor," said Miss Sawyer, as the din of the carpenters' hammers, the cries of "props," the laughter of the other members of the company and the hideous but necessary noise of a phonograph made of the studio a perfect bedlam.

A "comfy" corner in another part of the studio was found, and here, in a charming manner, easily recognized by the scribe as "debonair," Miss Sawyer gave the writer one of the most interesting interviews in his experience.

Four years on the legitimate stage, two of which were spent as understudy to Ada Rehan, when, six years ago, the latter, with Otis Skinner as leading man, toured the country in a Shakespearean revival, has left an indelible impress on the aims and desires of Miss Sawyer.

"From a child I have always loved the works of Shakespeare," said she, "and were the matter of choice left to me, I would play no other parts. Next to those of the great Bard of Avon, I love the plays dealing with the great American middle class —if such a class distinction is permissible—the great mass of people who are the very foundation of our wonderful country.

"The abnormal woman, either on or off the stage, is to me an abomination, and I can find no real pleasure in depicting these, tho in my four years before the camera I have often been compelled to do so."

Then came the smile—and the dimples—and a story about the "chestnut" hair.

"I left some of this in Cuba, tho not on the dresser," said Miss Sawyer, whose dimples grew deeper, smile broader, and whose eyes lost the soulful look and resembled those of a tomboy recounting her latest escapade.

"The play was 'The Burning of Rome,' and in ignorance of the fact that the leading man had been told to lift me by the hair and throw me across the stage, I went to my doom.

"When he received his cue and found that I was unaware of his intentions and ignorant of the 'business' of throwing myself, and thus breaking the fall, he lifted me bodily by my hair and, like a half-filled grain-sack, tossed me the length of the stage.

"Hardly had I recovered from my astonishment and the pain of the unexpected fall, when the exigencies of the scene required him to pick me up and carry me off the stage. This he did in the most awkward manner, stepping on my hair, which trailed on the ground, and literally pulling several strands from my already bruised and battered head.

"Yet life is but a series of incidents, after all, and the contented beings are those who can laugh at their own misfortunes and, with sympathy and a helpful word, lighten the burdens of others.

"Interested in woman suffrage? Not at all. It's too big a subject for a busy woman like myself. I love my work and am happy when I'm filling a rôle that I feel will be well received by audiences that are coming more and more to appreciate good work among the silent actors.

"No, I'm afraid I'm not very athletic, tho I do enjoy dancing and horseback riding when I can find time for them. Most of all, tho, I love good music and books, and am living in hopes for a time when I may have more leisure than at present to devote to them."

Miss Sawyer plays the piano and mandolin and sings.

RUTH ROLAND, OF THE KALEM COMPANY

I've talked to ladies thin and stout, I've talked to every kind about, but of all the ladies east and west, I've found the one that chats the best. She holds the record, in a walk, for knowing how to smile and talk. She has 'em beaten by a mile in knowing how to talk and smile. Pretty Miss Roland is her name, a lass o' Motion Picture fame. Make you acquainted, if you please, with mischievous Miss Kalem Tease.

"I'm glad to meet you." "How are you?" "I'm ready for an interview." "Tell all about your life you can to edify the picture fan—your views on love, your hopes and joys, your theories of votes and boys, the sort of shoes you like to wear, the way you curl your auburn hair—for revelations, great and small, the fan enjoys reading all."

"Well, to begin, I'm twenty-one; you see, I'm pretty well begun! I've been two years with Lubin Co., but that's not all I've done, oh, no. I've been upon the speaking stage since I was just four years of age. I've toured the globe from A to Z, but photoplay's the place for me!

"No use my acting in a play that's sad and staid in any way. I'd spoil it with my fatal smile, but comedy is just my style. I love to do boy parts and play with Johnny Brennan every day. No, no, I'm not a suffragette, I think the men can run things yet! Maybe I'll want the ballot when we have to stop running the men. But wearing pants and other things—ahem!

"Perhaps you're married?" questioned I. "If so, I see the reason why you hold to such old-fashioned views."

"Alas!" she dimpled, "no such news! I'd rather work and laugh and play, and I'm too fond of my own way!

"I've played two hundred parts, or so. My hobby? Well, I like to know that people like my work and me; it's fine to make folks laugh, you see."

"I've heard that you have lots of skill in imitating Broncho Bill on bucking ponies on the plain," I hinted, as she paused again.

"I'm black and blue," Miss Ruth confessed. "But I think swimming is the best of all the sports on sea or shore—there's not one that delights me more. Then I can shoot a little bit—once in a while I make a hit. Last week I chased an antelope on horseback over plain and slope. My horse was going at full speed. I took good aim and drew a bead upon the swiftly moving game, pulled the trigger, and down it came!"

I think this feat deserves applause (this is an independent clause) for skill and cleverness, dont you? And what is more, it's really true.

Miss Roland's hair is—*almost* red, auburn maybe I should have said; eyes dark blue, complexion fair, and five feet seven from shoes to hair. The joy of living is in her face; she's all quick motion, gesture, grace; and twinkling eyes and bubbling mirth pay tribute to her Irish birth.

"I love your magazine," says she (business of bowing gracefully). "The Answer Man is simply fine. I read his pages every time!"

"And now," said I, "give, if you can, a message to the picture fan!"

The Kalem cut-up thought a while; then answered, with her "fatal" smile:

"Just give my love to every one, and tell 'em Life's the greatest fun!"

Warren (Jack) Kerrigan was born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1887. He stands 6 feet 1 inch high, tips the scale at 190 pounds; is single; color of hair—dark; color of eyes—dark; has had three years' photoplay experience; has had extended stage experience, appearing with Shubert's "Brown of Harvard" and "Road to Yesterday," Brady's "Master Key" and Belasco's "Girl of the Golden West." He is more familiarly known to his friends as "Jack," and his principal diversion and pastime is writing to the many admirers of "Flying A" productions. He is a general all-around sportsman.

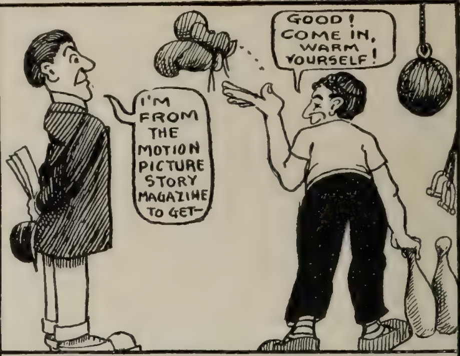
Next month, or soon, chats with Courtenay Foote, Gertrude McCoy, Rose Tapley, Edgar Jones, J. W. Johnston, Ben Wilson, Miriam Nesbitt, Jennie Nelson, Marie Weirman and Florence Lawrence, all of whom have been "taken"; and others in course of preparation.

MAE HOTELY AND COMPANY, AT ATLANTIC CITY, GETTING VOTES FOR JACK HOPKINS FOR THE POPULAR PLAYER CONTEST

THE TROUBLES OF THE INTERVIEWER-MAN

YES SIR! BUT IF YOU DONT MIND I'LL TAKE THE REST AFTERWARDS
GOOD BYE! BETTER TAKE A FEW DAYS REST BEFORE YOU ATTEMPT THE INTERVIEW.
MANAGING EDITOR

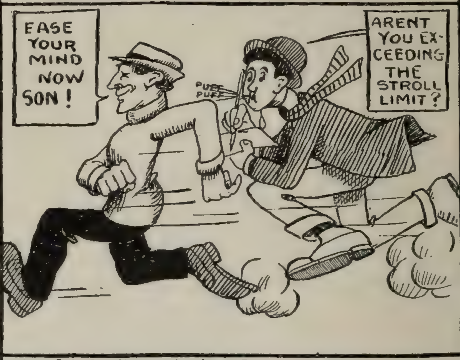
THE INTERVIEWER MUST BE AN ALL ROUND ATHLETE WITH GOOD HEALING FLESH AND WELL EDUCATED TEMPER.


GOOD! COME IN, WARM YOURSELF!
I'M FROM THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE TO GET—

HE IS NO SOONER ANNOUNCED THAN A SIX ROUND BOUT IS IN PROGRESS. A PHOTOPLAYER MUST KEEP IN TRIM.

EVER ATTEMPTED OR INTEND MATRIMONY.? IN WHAT YEAR WAS YOUR FIRST BIRTHDAY.? WHO'S YOUR FAVORITE AUTHOR
NO! TOO YOUNG TO REMEMBER! AWTHUR JOHNSON! LET'S TAKE A STROLL AN I'LL TELL YOU MORE

AFTER THE ABOVE ROUNDS OF PLEASURE, HE MUST ATTEND TO BUSINESS BEFORE THE ENTERTAINING STARTS AGAIN.


EASE YOUR MIND NOW SON!
PUFF PUFF
ARENT YOU EXCEEDING THE STROLL LIMIT?

THIS IS A PHOTOPLAYER'S IDEA OF STROLLING ALONG A COUNTRY LANE, QUESTIONS NOW, ARE OUT OF THE QUESTION.

DID YOU EVER HAVE TO WORK.? HOW CLOSE HAVE YOU BEEN TO A GONER.? HAVE YOU ANY HOBBIES.?
YES! I ONCE TOOK A VACATION. I'VE BEEN OFTEN CLOSE ENOUGH TO SMELL THE SMOKE!

OVER HILL AND DALE, STONEWALLS AND FENCES, DOGS AND DITCHES MUST THE BRAVE INTERVIEWER DO HIS DUTY.

DONT YOU MISS THE APPLAUSE?. DO YOU EVER APPEAR BEFORE AN AUDIENCE? SHOULD WOMEN VOTE?
THE APPLAUSE AND FRUIT YOU SHOULD SAY-YES! A LITTLE PHOTOPLAY-AUDIENCE? NO! BUT I ONCE PLAYED RUGBY.

HIS WRITING DESKS, INCLUDE, FROM MISSION FURNITURE TO THE SIDE OF A BARN DOOR. "WHO PITIES THE "ANSWERS MAN" NOW?

!
LET'S HAVE HALF AN HOUR ON THE MAT. I'M FEELING A BIT STIFF.

HE DID'NT DAMPEN HIS SPIRITS MUCH WHILE HE WAS IN THE WATER, DID HE? OH WELL! THIS IS THE END.

M.P.S. MAGAZINE! HE'S JUST LEFT HERE IN A CAB, SAID HE WASN'T FEELING SO WELL. SEND 'EM IN ANYTIME! LUCKY I WAS LOAFING TODAY. YOUR BOOK'S A CORKER!
GALLAGHER

HE GOT THE INTERVIEW BUT IT COST HIM A CAB RIDE AND A LARGE BOTTLE OF LINIMENT.- AND THE P.P. WAS ONLY RESTING.

GREENROOM JOTTINGS

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

SCIENTIFIC investigators have just concluded that the unusually high tide in and around New York Bay and the Atlantic seacoast on June 29th, was due to the fact that several Vitagraph players were in bathing at Coney Island, the party including Bunny, Mack, Lackaye and Kate Price.

Walter Parr, the capable Victor player, caught cold recently while taking a picture and died of pneumonia a few days later.

Selig has a new leading man—Jack Livingston—whom they poached from Kinemacolor preserves.

Kathleen Kerrigan, sister of Jack Warren, has finished her tour with "Everywoman," and joined the four Kontented K's.

Among the worthy Vitagraph releases for July are "The Moulding," "The Song-Bird of the North," "The Carpenter" and "The Spirit of the Orient." "The Moulding" will bring to mind a former great Vitagraph success, "Wood Violet," in which Anita Stewart also plays one of the leading rôles.

They gown film productions just as accurately as they ever did stage productions, nowadays. It is interesting to note, in this connection, that Maude Fealy, starring in Thanhouser's "King Rene's Daughter," wore the very same lavender gown that Ellen Terry did in her celebrated stage presentation of this piece.

The entire Biograph family of players have left California, and will arrive in New York July 1st, in time to christen their beautiful, new studio home near Bronx Park, New York City.

Marc MacDermott (Edison) is no sailor. He writes from England that he was seasick all the way over, and prayed for death. The first day he was afraid he was going to die, and the second day he was afraid he wasn't going to die.

Rosemary Theby makes her Reliance début in a three-reel feature, "The Tangled Web."

The Man-at-the-Wheel studio (Pilot) has added Lottie Pickford to its excellent staff.

In Selig's "A Wild Ride," Bessie Eyton has a thrilling ride on an ostrich.

"The Battle of Gettysburg" (N. Y. M. P. Co.) was a pronounced success, and it was a new feather in the cap of Thomas H. Ince, brother of Ralph Ince, the Vitagraph director, who is also doing some clever work. It seems to run in the family.

Mack Sennett (Keystone) has lots of troubles, but the greatest is in making his auto go. When it ought to go and wont, he calls it his "refractory smoke-buggy," and even harsher names.

No wonder John Brennan has made a hit in Kalem plays. During his long career as a comedian on the stage, he won the title of the world's greatest clog dancer. He starred in his own plays, and was at one time "end man" with Primrose and West's minstrels.

"Alkali Ike" dolls are getting popular, and Teddy Bears are now out of fashion. We can say with authority that Augustus Carney is not a candidate for President of the United States.

Two popular Jacks, Kerrigan and Richardson, do some real clever and stirring work on that locomotive in "Tom Blake's Redemption."

You may see your favorite, Alice Joyce, in magazine illustrations before long. A noted illustrator has been spending considerable time of late at Kalem's New York studio, making studies of the world-famous beauty.

Mary Charleson, who was reported to have left the Vitagraph Company, is still with them, and is now a member of the stock company at Brooklyn.

Jack J. Clark, of the Gene Gauntier Company, was nearly hanged in a play. There was some mistake about the kind of knot that was to be tied in the hangman's rope, and poor Jack came near being a real victim of hanging.

The Great Mystery Play, which ran in this magazine last winter as a prize contest, the winner having received $100 for supplying the missing scenes, has been passed by the Board of Censors and will soon be released.

Minor Watson, who has played some good lover-hero parts in the Eastern Essanay company, became a real hero on June 18th, by making a gallant rescue in a real fire near the studio.

Ruth Roland (Kalem) nearly spoiled her beauty recently while riding thru a prairie fire scene to rescue some cattlemen, in a Western Kalem production.

Romaine Fielding (Lubin) is as popular in Europe as he is in America, judging from the votes that are coming in for him from all over. They are not all from Corsica, either.

Jack Warren Kerrigan was discovered in a Santa Barbara theater recently, but when the spectators demanded a speech, he grabbed his hat and cane and fled in panic.

Miss Lillian Walker is taking advantage of the summer season to indulge in her favorite sport—swimming. She can be seen almost any evening at Brighton Beach, indulging in this pastime, for which she has an overruling passion. The other day she sneaked away from the studio at noontime to have an extra swim. She was called for in a scene in one of the Vitagraph plays and found missing. A messenger was sent to Brighton, and when he returned with her, he said that he had to drag her out of the water, as she insisted upon having another dive and an extra spurt in the display of her new overhand propelling stroke, which she claims is entirely her own.

Gene Gauntier has just recovered from a serious illness from overwork.

A new member of the Vitagraph Company has already attracted attention in her appearances in Vitagraph Life Portrayals. It is Louise Beaudet, who has been for many years prominent on the speaking stage, and who is now proving a competent artist in Moving Pictures.

Guy Coombs and Kenean Buel were overcome by the heat while producing a shipwreck scene on the Florida coast. Mr. Buel's experience will not be depicted in the pictures, as he directed the play, but Mr. Coombs' ordeal lends vivid realism to a thrilling story.

Helen Marten, the Eclair Gibson Girl, and Bob Frazer had a near-tragedy off Fort Lee last month in a leaky boat, but a good wetting was all that came of it.

Edwin August is now directing for Powers at Universal City.

Leah Baird has gone abroad to join King Baggot's Imps.

The many letters which Carlyle Blackwell has received, complimenting him on his work in "The Honor System," have included congratulations from clergymen and a recital of experiences by ex-convicts.

Sidney Drew is doing some clever work for the Vitagraph Company, and he seems to be as clever in the pictures as he was on the stage.

Among our distinguished callers this last week were Jack J. Clark, of the Gene Gauntier players, and H. D'Arcy, the popular publicity man of Lubinville.

There is always something going on at Lubinville; if it isn't a ball game, it is a Lubin birthday party, and both of these took place recently, the latter drawing the biggest crowd. By the way, Philadelphians certainly know how to play ball.

Broncho Billy plays, featuring G. M. Anderson, continue to draw crowded houses. The people cant get too much of him.

Paul Hurst, of Kalem's Glendale company, took the part of the Medicine Man in "The Fight at Grizzly Gulch." He spent several weeks in conscientious study, and as a result the genuine Indians regarded him with awe.

Charlie Hitchcock, the handsome villain of the Essanay Easterners, can be seen every morning at cockcrow strolling on the beach at Lake Bluff with his pet collie.

Harold Lockwood has left Selig and is now known as the "Claude Eclair of the Universal."

Otis Turner is rounding up a big jungle company in Universal City.

Francis X. Bushman has received over a thousand letters of congratulation since he rejoined the Essanay forces.

James Kirkwood and Gertrude Robinson are now the "top-liners" for Victor.

Tom Moore seems to be the permanent leading man for Alice Joyce. This having been settled, now how about Carlyle Blackwell's permanent leading woman?

Essanay is just releasing another underworld multiple-reel play, "The Forbidden Way," which is expected to surpass even "A Brother's Loyalty."

Sidney Olcott has just recovered from an operation for appendicitis and has rejoined the Gene Gauntier forces at Coytesville, N. J.

Marin Sais tells those who insist that her name is "Miriam," that she was born in Marin County, California, and is a descendant of one of the old Castilian Spanish families.

Players and directors will please note that they have a standing invitation to visit the home of this magazine, at 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn. Take subway to Hoyt Street. When they have news for this department, it should reach us around the twenty-second of the month.

Charles M. Seay has left the Edison studio for an extended trip thru the South, where he will make his headquarters in Rome, Georgia. With the director are Mabel Trunnelle, Bliss Milford, Herbert Prior, Harry Beaumont and Arthur Housman. They will make a number of films, using places of historical interest as settings.

A girls' school has elected Courtenay Foote (Vitagraph) as the champion man of "handsome form and classic features." Poor Bunny did not get a vote.

Rodman Law has just gone over the Stillwater Falls, on the Penobscot River, in an open boat, a feat that only one other man ever performed—and he is dead. At least, that is what the publicity man says, and who would doubt the word of a publicity man?

"The Twin Brothers," shortly to be released by Edison, is unique. There have been other releases in which the same man appeared on the screen as two different characters at the same time, but in this one Augustus Phillips, who plays the part of both brothers, actually shakes hands with himself and snatches a picture out of his own hand. The illusion is perfect.

Myrtle Stedman (Selig) is a singer, and has a fine contralto voice.

No; Cardinal Farley has not become a picture player, but the New Majestic has him in several "close-ups" in their film of the Golden Jubilee of the New York Catholic Protectory.

Edwin Wallock, an actor of long experience, has joined the Selig Company. So have Rose Evans, Alma Russell and Harriet Notter.

This is the time of year when Mabel Normand (Keystone) works overtime. Bathing is fine.

The California situation has revived the Yellow Peril talk concerning the Japanese, but Ben Wilson owns the only original article, in the shape of a yellow racing roadster, which he purchased shortly after his return from California. With all the pride of new ownership, Wilson continually "hits it up," until he has terrorized the nervous mothers in the neighborhood of the Edison studio.

The new addition to the studios of the Vitagraph Company is now nearly completed, and will probably be finished by the first of September. Not only new studio room, but also new costume-rooms, new developing-rooms and more office room will be provided.

It seems that baseball and tennis fans are equally divided at the Pilot studio. The "tennis-baseball" fans dont want to give up tennis, and the "baseball-tennis" fans dont want to give up baseball. Ed Karst, a well-known baseball pitcher, however, says, "We've got to get a baseball team," and he is making some progress.

Selig claim to own the world's smallest elephant, whose name is "Anna May," and who is a German by birth. She is about as high as a Newfoundland dog.

Harry Benham (Thanhouser) is to be known as the "Eltinge of the Films." He makes a charming lady.

Ernest Shipman is preparing to send a shipload of players on a cruise around the world. Too bad that this old world is so small; it has already been pretty well covered. Now when those bird-men get their airships perfected, we can look forward to film trips to Mars, the moon, etc.

BARBARA TENNANT

EDITH STOREY

O'CONNOR

GWENDOLINE PATES

Answers to Inquiries

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire early answers by mail, or a list of the names and addresses of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and use separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer, but these will not be printed. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

HIRAM, LOCKPORT.—Yes, some companies buy films and put their own names on them. If you can make a good film, you may be able to sell it, even to a Licensed company. They give about $1,000 for a 1,000-foot reel.

A. S. E.—Bryant Washburn was the husband in "An Old, Old Song." Mary Ryan was the girl in "The Land of Cactus."

VIVIAN, 16.—That was Hughie Mack in "Getting Up a Practice." No, he is not John Bunny's son. A. E. Garcia was Vincent, and Herbert Rawlinson was Audreas in "Our Lady of the Pearls." Dorothy Davenport was Anita. Marian Cooper was the girl in "The Woe of Battle" (Kalem).

ALICE, 16.—Your poems are fine. They may be printed, but cannot promise. Thanks.

YETTE.—Augustus Phillips, Jessie McAllister and Edna Payne have all played in theaters at Brooklyn, N. Y.

C. S. G.—We haven't heard of her. Méliès are releasing Australian pictures now.

R. A. G.—Most of the stories are taken from historic incidents, anecdotes, biographies, etc. Sometimes they are true, and sometimes not. Bessie Sankey was the girl.

MERELY MARY ANNE.—William Garwood was Don José, and William Russell was Escamillo in "Carmen." Not Mary Pickford in "The God Within," but Blanche Sweet. Ray Gallagher in that Méliès. William Ehfe in "Tempest-Tossed."

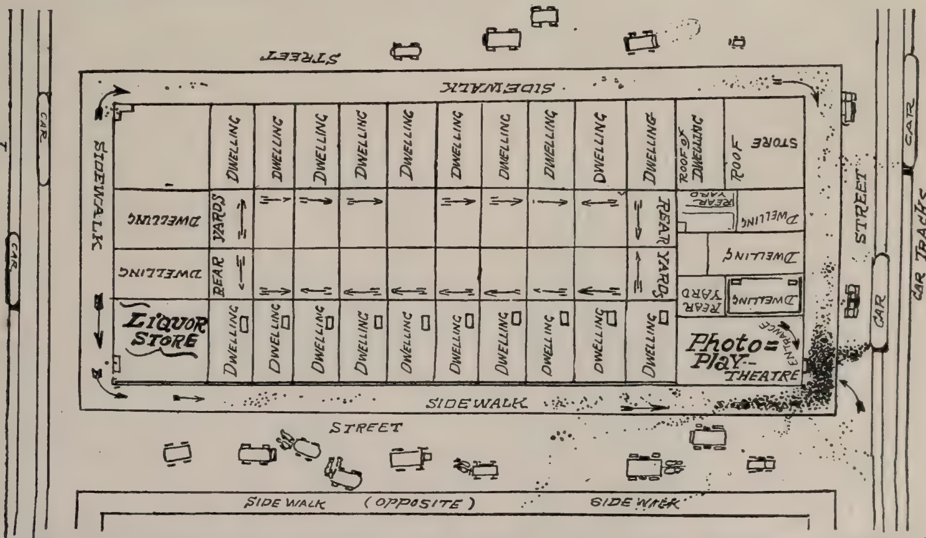
GLAD, DAYTON.—Good-morning! Mr. Kimball and Miss Gill had the leads in "The Message of the Cocoanut." We are always glad to hear from you. *Au revoir!*

WITCH HAZEL.—Marc MacDermott was chatted July, 1912. We dont know about his brother. On which side of his mouth Edwin August chews and whether Flora Finch has false teeth are not in our encyclopædia. Begone!

MELVA S.—Richard Stanton was the preacher in "Past Redemption" (Kay-Bee). Yes; Kay-Bee and Broncho have had their vacation, and are answering our questions now. Guess you refer to Hazel Buckham.

FLORENCE W.—Dorothy Gish was the girl in "The Lady and the Mouse" (Biograph). Marshall Neilan and John Brennan in "The Cat and the Bonnet."

DOLLY J. C.—No; James Cruze did not leave Thanhouser; that was a mistake. Phyllis Gordon was the girl in "The Eastern Flower."



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF A MODERN CITY BLOCK (THE DOTS REPRESENT PEOPLE)

Dolly V.—What a lot of Dollys! Mae Marsh and Walter Miller in "The Perfidy of Mary." Wheeler Oakman in that Selig. No, we have never had an interview with Leo Delaney. He doesn't seem to care about giving us one. Francis Bushman was interviewed in February, 1912.

Edna E.—Harry Morey was Roustan, William Shea was Talleyrand, and Harry Northrup was Duc de Beaufort in "Hearts of the First Empire."

Rose.—Clara Williams in "The Evil One." She has left Lubin.

Anthony.—John Brennan was Fatty in "Fatty's Busy Day" (Kalem). Robert Burns was the father in "Angel-cake and Axle-grease." Ruth Hennessy was Buster, and Thomas Shirley was Tige in "Buster Brown, Tige and Their Creator" (Essanay). Pathé wont tell who the girl was in "Her Masked Beauty." Great thing, that!

Pauline.—Thanks for the pens, but we do most of our work on the typewriter. William Russell was the colonel in "Under Two Flags" (Thanhouser). What! You dont know what the Correspondence Club is? Then you haven't been reading us. It is simply a list of those who want to write to one another. For ten cents entrance fee, we will put you on the list and send you the names and addresses.

Helen L. R.—The verse is fine. Vivian Prescott was Louise in "The Veil of Sleep" (Lubin). She also has left. John Steppling and Beverly Bayne were the leads in "The Wardrobe" (Essanay). Tom Powers was Allan Dale in "A Window on Washington Park." Frank Clark in "An Old Actor." Darel Goodwin was Ruth in "Cured of Her Love" (Selig). Yes; Beverly Bayne in "Cousin Jane."

Bess.—Yes; Warren Kerrigan was one of the missing ones on that diagram.

Donald J.—Marie Eline is not on the cast for "When Ghost Meets Ghost."

Etta C. P.—Blanche Sweet in "The Stolen Bride." Mignon Anderson in "The Children's Conspiracy." You dont like the name of Wally Van?

Knocker N. G.—Great Cæsar's ghost—if he has any—but you want a lot! Bunny is too fat, Flora Finch is too thin, Harold Lockwood is too tall, Kathlyn Williams is too old, Carney is too short, Anderson's nose is too big, Crane Wilbur's eyebrows are too black, Guy Coombs poses too much, Marc MacDermott is too stagey, Edison's pictures are too gray, Vitagraph's are too dark, Lubin has too much horse-play, Essanay's society dramas dont suit you, and Biograph's comedies are too impossible. What do you want for ten cents? You should be a director; then all would be well.

The Hoosier Boy.—Edwin Carewe in "A Mock Marriage" and "Retribution." Perhaps you mean Bessie Sankey, and then maybe Evelyn Selbie. Charles Arling and William Williams in "The Frozen Trail." Bessie Sankey has left Essanay, and is now on the stage. We second the emotion.

Lenora H. P.—Martin Faust, Harry Myers and Charles Arthur in "Until We Three Meet Again." Edna and Alice Nash are about fifteen or sixteen, we should say. The Costello children's picture was in the January gallery.

Dorothy B.—Biograph wont tell us the little girl in "If We Only Knew." Alice Hollister, Guy Coombs and Robert Vignola in "The Peril of the Dance-hall" (Kalem). Irene Boyle in "The Secret Marriage." Hazel Buckham in "A Southern Cinderella."

The Pest.—Viola Barry in "The Misunderstood Boy" (Biograph). Oh, yes.

The Dreamer.—Dont think the players will join the club, as they receive too many letters now. They like to receive, but dont like to send.

Florence Hatcher.—W. Carroll was the cop in "The Masher Cop." Del Henderson and Florence Lee were the elopers. C. Barr was the fellow with the snake. Gus Pixley told on him. We dont know the constable.

Bessie and Marie.—Grace Lewis and Edward Dillon had the leads, and Florence Lee was the sister in "Oh, What a Boob!" (Biograph). Claire McDowell and Harry Carey had the leads in "The Telephone Girl." Kate Bruce was the old lady in "The Sheriff's Baby." V. Howard was White Eagle in "The Indian Maid's Warning."

Ice-cream Soda.—Hector Dion and Claire McDowell in "A Father's Lesson."

THE WHOLE FAMILY ENJOYS BILLY QUIRK

A. E.—You dont give your name and address! The picture is of Edgar Jones.

SUSAN.—George Walters was the father in "An Old, Old Song." Bartley McCullum was the husband in "Art and Honor." Yes, we can get the Cines casts.

F. L.—Arthur Johnson was the husband in "When John Brought Home His Wife" (Lubin).

G. C., NEW YORK.—Yes, the child is really John Steppling's daughter, and he is quite proud of her. That was not Mrs. Costello in "The Story of the Lost Child." Sorry you complain.

L. W.—Why, yes, that's Francis Bushman looking out of the window. Doesn't he look fine! Thank you.

HELEN L. R.—Thanks for your clippings; they are interesting. No; Lillian Walker was not on that sheet. Henry Alrich was Pedro in "Pedro's Treachery." Edwin Carewe was the lover in "A Mock Marriage." Mae Marsh was the girl in "The Wanderer."

RACE-HORSE.—Everybody thinks he is a wonderful actor, so why complain?

M. T., NEW YORK.—The last we heard of Edwin August, he was back with Universal, but there is no telling where he will be by the time this is printed. Yes; Mary Pickford is playing in "A Good Little Devil," and it has just been filmed. No; Jack Clark and Carlyle Blackwell have not been playing together. Impossible!

DOROTHY H.—James Morrison was Derrick in "The Vampire of the Desert." Mae Marsh in that Biograph. Yes; Anthony appears to be in love with Olga, also with Pearl White. Much obliged for that fudge.

C. J., BELLEFIELD.—Your letter is O. K. The magazine is on all newsstands on the 15th of the month, and subscribers get it a day or two before.

STODDART, CHICAGO.—Thanks. Why not join the club? So it's Charles Arling, is it? He goes with the Pathé lease.

RUTH S.—Alice Joyce was Sue in "The Battle of Wits." Julia Swayne Gordon in "The Artist's Great Madonna." Jack Standing in that Lubin. Brinsley Shaw was Mr. Bushnell in "The Boss of the Katy Mine."

JOHNIE THE FIRST.—Jerry Gill was Sue in "I Love You" (Majestic). Neither of those companies will give us the information. The contest closes on July 23d. Better do your voting quick!

MABEL S.—Did you know your name dates back to the Mayflower? How did you like the Romaine Fielding story in the last issue?

EVE, LIBERTY.—Mildred Manning was the wife in "A Chance Deception" (Biograph). Of course not.

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN FIRST BASE
HARRY MEYERS THIRD BASE
EARL WILLIAMS CENTER FIELD
MARC McDERMOTT LEFT FIELD
'MARSH' WILDER, SHORT STOP
'BRONCHO BILLY' ANDERSON PITCHER
LEO DE LANEY RIGHT FIELD
BUNNY CATCHER
MAURICE COSTELLO SECOND BASE

IF THE MOTION PICTURE "FANS" WERE UMPIRES, WOULD THIS TEAM WIN?

Esther J., Germantown.—Alfred Paget was the policeman. Edward Dillon and Gus Pixley in "Bill Boggs' Windfall."

Madeline H. H.—Blanche Sweet in "The Painted Lady." Octavia Handworth plays opposite Crane Wilbur. No, there's only one of me, but we call it "we."

Telme Plese.—Blanche Sweet in "The Gold Pirates" (Biograph). Whitney Raymond is with Reliance. Thomas Santschi was Harding in "A Prisoner of Cabanas" (Selig). The "AB" stands for American Biograph.

The Twins.—Have your choice, Harry Carey, Lionel Barrymore or Henry Walthall. Hal Clements was Nelson in "The Land Swindlers." Frank Dayton was the spy in "The Spy's Defeat." Lillian Drew was the girl.

R. T. S., Scranton.—You expect too much. Mary Queen of Scots was tall and gracefully formed, with dark, auburn or chestnut hair (later gray), but she often wore false locks of yellow or red. She had an oval face, with gray eyes. Her chin was almost double, yet she was handsome. Her forehead was somewhat square and masculine. She was still beautiful at 49, after 18 years of imprisonment. She usually parted her hair in wide bands across her forehead and rolled back in a large curl on each temple above her small, delicately moulded ears. Mary Fuller's make-up was not strictly accurate, but she did pretty well.

Isidore H.—Viola Barry was the sick girl in "A Frightful Blunder" (Biograph). Jack Pickford was John in "The Sneak." He is Mary Pickford's brother.

Florence, 10.—Robert Grey was Dr. Hargram in "Strong-armed Nellie." He also was Ned in "The Landlubber." Miss Kirby and Edward Dillon in "Their Idols."

C. P.—No, but Gertrude Bambrick was the queen in "The King and the Copper" (Biograph). Tom Moore was the secretary in "The Adventure of an Heiress."

J. J. K.—We do not know where Joseph Graybill is at present. Does anybody know? We want to thank, right here, all those who send us answers to questions we do not know. Not being omnipresent, we are not omniscient.

Molly McM.—Viola Barry in that Biograph. Your letter is very interesting. We never printed "Rory O'More" in story form.

Yetive.—Al Ernest Garcia was Bud in "The Miner's Justice." Eugenie Besserer was Ninnie. Haven't room to talk baseball, but we would like that so much.

Emily C. D.—W. C. Miller was the grandfather, Mae Marsh the girl, and Walter Miller the hunter she met in the woods in "An Autumn Day in the Woods."

C. S., New York.—We are indeed sorry. Alfred Paget was the policeman in "The Telephone Girl." Edwin Carewe was opposite Ormi Hawley in "Women of the Desert."

Bobby, Norwich.—The picture is of Evelyn Dominicus. She was fine in "The Mills of the Gods," but we haven't seen much since that great photodrama came out.

Crany, N. Y.—We dont usually explain how trick pictures are made, but will make an exception this time. The first picture you mention was done in this way: invisible wires or cords were attached to the various inanimate objects, and thus the objects were made to move in mysterious ways their wonders to perform. In the second picture, the man did not actually climb up that building. The painted scene, representing the front of a building, was laid flat on the floor, the camera was placed about ten feet from the floor at the side, and the man simply crept along the floor, on the scene, on hands and knees. Both of these are old tricks.

Lillian H.—Jack Standing and Isabelle Lamon had the leads, and Mabel Harris was her sister in "Diamond Cut Diamond." Mrs. Taylor was the girl in "In the Days of War." We will have Marguerite Snow's picture in the gallery soon.

M. M. W. M.—That's enough! Florence LaBadie was the girl. Clara Kimball Young was the maid in "The Mystery of the Stolen Child." James Cruze in "When Ghost Meets Ghost." Frances Mason in "Identical Identities."

Maxie.—You cannot write out 500 votes yourself. You will either have to get sufficient coupons or get 500 friends to sign their names and addresses. Better hurry.

The man With a "code" In his head

Helen L. R.—Why not try a "Tango Tangle"? William Mason played in that.

Grace W.—You are quite welcome. Why not save all the coupons until you get 500? Florence LaBadie was the girl in "Thru the Flames." No, neither of the Costello children are blind. We haven't Florence Turner's present address. Thanks.

Kenneth E. V. sends us a petition requesting the public to sign their names and addresses, to be sent to the Selig Co., asking them to have their stories published in the magazine. We cant help him.

W. T. H.—Your complaint was justly accepted and put before the board. So you think Mary Pickford is as sweet a flower as ever grew? Quite true! You say: "If I wasn't so old that my teeth are dropping out, I'd camp on some of these sweet angels' doorsteps until one of them said 'yes.'" Never too old, you know. You doubtless could be happy with either, were t'other dear charmer away.

Tansy, Omaha.—Mae Marsh was the girl, and Kate Bruce the mother. Harry Carey was the fisherman in "If We Only Knew."

Ida M. F.—Guess you are wrong, but it was James Morrison. Send in 10 cents, that's all. Yes, indeed, some of the Independent plays are exceedingly fine.

Maxie, 20.—They are real war pictures. That's the perforation you see. No; Maurice Costello's car is a Ford. At least, it was. That picture was not a Ford, tho.

Mrs. F. D., Hampton.—Helen Todd was the child in "Broncho Billy and the Rustler's Child." Brinsley Shaw was her daddy.

M. C. C.—Ofttimes the casts are incorrect as we get them, and we never discover it until we see the film. Yes; Isabelle Lamon was the nurse in "The Higher Duty."

P. G., Atlanta.—You are nearly correct. The design was first drawn on a large piece of bristol board, and the heads of the different players pasted on. Then an engraving was made of the whole thing. More than two popular players were missing.

Trixie, Chili.—The reason that the wind is always blowing, in a picture, even in interior scenes, is because a studio is a large place, and there is usually a strong current of air. Remember that the scene consists of only one or two sides of a room, with only part of a ceiling, and that otherwise everything is open, allowing the wind to blow freely. And these interiors are sometimes set up and photographed out of doors where the light is better.

Ruth C. Z.—Thanks for the gum. Yes, we chew. Will get a chat with Blanche Sweet soon. No, no! Gum, not tobacco! Ough! Smoke? Yes, thanks.

George R. G.—Touchin' on an' appertainin' to the most popular players, and fine teams, what say you to Alice Joyce and Warren Kerrigan for a team? Reliance is now at 540 West Twenty-first Street, New York City. Vivian Rich was the girl in "The Ways of Fate" (American). We dont sell the portraits of the players; only the pictures of the different scenes that appeared in the magazine.

Carlyle Joyce.—Suggestive name! Lucile Young was the girl in "The Poet and the Soldier." Thanks. Of course Anna Nilsson is a beauty. Who dares say different!

Blonde.—Your caresses are appreciated. We dont meet people on the corner. Move on, please! That was Billy Quirk.

Pandora.—So you wish Carlyle Blackwell would amputate his marcel wave. Guy Coombs was James in "A Mississippi Tragedy." You think he is stagy and camera-conscious? Fie, fie! Everybody else seems to admire him muchly.

F. D., Ill.—Wallace Reid was Tom, Sue Balfour was Dynamite Ann, and Gertrude Robinson was Belle in "At Cripple Creek."

Dorris D.—Frances Ne Moyer was the girl in "The Smuggler" (Lubin). Winnifred Greenwood was the girl in "The False Order." The picture is of Mabel Normand.

E. P., Ind.—Vivian Rich in "Oil on Troubled Waters." Back numbers from us.

MY MARGIN IS WIPED OUT RUINED. BROKE
Busted Broker
THE UNEXPECTED JUST HAPPENS ESSPECIALLY ON THIS OCCASION When They ALL Went TO
STOCKS I'M NOT WORRY!!! ABOUT NOW
LOVE LORN NO MORE.
POOR. INDEED FORGET IT
COLD IS GONE MOTION PICTURES
DISCONTENTED NEVER AGAIN
A PHOTOPLAY THEATER
A. B. Shults

Vivien.—Carl von Schiller was Tom in "A False Friend." Mrs. Ranous was Suzi in "The Wrath of Osaka." That meant that Wallace Reid was with all of these companies at different times.

R. L. B.—Thanks kindly for the fee; also for your picture and verse. We are always glad to receive pictures, verses, gum, plug tobacco and things. What we dont use we make use of. Peter Wade and Dorothy Donnell sometimes share our receipts. This verse of yours is good:

Here's to the Answer Man, blithe and gay,
Who replies to a thousand queries a day.
We ply him with queries by the dozen and score,
And tho he's but human, he seldom gets sore.
He is rightfully pardoned for resenting the guff
Of those who get rude and grammatically rough.
Tho his weekly stipend may lighten his woe,
I think it's but just some feeling to show
For this man who keeps posted in forty-two ways,
And gives us the dope on the photoplays.

Ethyl, 18.—Dorothy Kelly was Mrs. Harrington, and Harry Morey was Mr. Harrington in "Playing with Fire." Others have been answered.

Anna M. M.—Florence Turner the leading lady in "The House in the Suburbia." Foreign Pathé produce colored pictures.

Sunny Jim.—Mr. Benly, Napoleon in "The Old Guard." Ormi Hawley in Lubin.

Melinda.—What! Crane Wilbur's eyes set too deep? We'll see that he gets a new setting. Have a hair-cut? What! and spoil that glorious pompadour? Some people are never satisfied. Gadzooks! He did not leave Pathé, after all.

Mrs. L. M. L.—Roger Lytton in "The Mills of the Gods." E. H. Calvert was Mr. Hoight in "The Unknown." Robert Gaillord in "The Artist's Great Madonna."

B. M., N. Y.—E. H. Calvert and Dolores Cassinelli had the leads in "The Girl by the Brook." Charles Clary and Adrienne Kroell in "A Change of Administration." Lucille Young in "The Wayward Son."

M. C. A., Orient.—That was Bessie Sankey in "Broncho Billy's Sister." Yes; Mildred Bracken was the girl in "A Romance at Catalina Island." Edna Fisher was the girl in "The Oath of His Office."

Merle.—The picture you enclose is of Ruth Stonehouse, and not Mary Fuller.

Isidore H.—You refer to W. Chrystie Miller in the Biograph. We have never chatted Joseph Smiley. No soft soap, please. Soap is sometimes made of lie.

L. F. N., Norway.—We cannot publish the Danish players unless the pictures come direct from the company. Why not write Great Northern to send us pictures?

Clarita, N. Y.—Yale Boss and Leona Flugrath had the leads in "A Youthful Knight." Edward Coxen and Lillian Christy had the leads in "Lonesome Joe." Jerry Gill was the fishermaiden in "I Love You." That's enough!

Florence M. B.—Irving Cummings was the Christian in "The Bells." Laura Sawyer was Helen in "Just Like a Boy." In "Love Before Ten," Roy Clarke was Willie, and Lillian Wade was Katie.

F. G., Schenectady.—Herbert Rawlinson was Jim in "The Woodman's Daughter." Edwin Carewe was Haschem in "The Harem of Haschem."

Annette.—Not Myrtle Stedman, but Kathlyn Williams in "A Wise Old Elephant."

Glad, Dayton.—Yes; Kay-Bee answer us now, since your complaint. Sorry, but we haven't that Majestic. They dont always answer us.

Fran.—Some Cines pictures are taken in France and Rome. Mr. Grassville was crippled May in "Love Hath Wrought a Miracle." Yes; Francis Bushman was the tramp. Never you mind; Bunny will never grow thin, with all the exercise he is taking.

Olga, 17.—The fees are only 10 cents. We haven't the maid in "Sweets to the Sweet." Sorry. That was Mrs. Taylor, and the child was Mildred Hutchinson. Aren't you glad Crane Wilbur is still with Pathé? He is in the Adirondacks.

The Pest.—Ernestine Morley was the widow in "The Harem of Haschem" (Lubin). No, no; Mr. Brewster is not the Answer Man; he has too many other duties. You wont get our number. Your honeyed words are much appreciated.

W. T. H.—The puzzle is fine and a clever one. Sorry we cant use it. Much obliged.

M. L., Bentonville.—Mary Ryan and Robyn Adair in "The Forest Ranger."

May R. M., N. Z.—Glad you like the magazine. So Maurice Costello is your favorite. Messrs. Mace, Garwood, Johnstone, Joy and Cummings are now with Majestic, and also the Misses Loveridge, Billington and Drew.

Helen L. R.—You say: "The man who owes the shoemaker cannot call his sole his own." It's best not to owe anybody. Thanks for the card. The grandmother was not on the cast in "The Mystery of the Stolen Child." William Bailey was Davis in "Into the North." Ethel Clayton in that Lubin. Helen Coughlin was the little girl in "Annie Crawls Upstairs."

Jim-Jam.—Helen Gardner was Lispeth in "The Vampire of the Desert." Mabel Trunnelle was the wife in "A Concerto for the Violin." No; Betty is not included in the twelve colored portraits.

M. C. C.—You have a very fine idea. Hope you sell lots of magazines. Let's hear from you again. Our Mr. Harrington would be glad to hear from you.

Muriel V., Ind.—Mr. Singleton was Hartley in "The Tarantula Girl" (American). Bess Meredyth was the colonel's daughter in "Bred in the Bone" (Bison). Thank you.

Mary Jane.—Martin Faust was George Nolan in "The Lost Son" (Lubin). Why, Beverly Bayne was Mary in "The Trail of the Itching Palm." Joseph Allen was the father, and John Steppling was Jack. Carl Winterhoff and Lillian Logan in "Ferrets."

Anthony.—Your poem is fine, but you know we cant promise that it will go in. Mildred Weston was the girl in "Love Thru a Lens." Charles Brandt was Tony in "The District Attorney's Conscience."

R. L. R.—You say: "Such trivial comparisons as the ocean without salt, England without the Gulf Stream, or the tide without the moon, may be just and sufficient for the other players, but Moving Pictures without Mabel Normand would be like the earth without gravity, or the solar system without the sun, or Paradise without the angels." Certainly. And there are nineteen others of whom we could say the same thing.

Gladys C. P.—William Williams played opposite Gwendoline Pates in "His Date with Gwendolyn." J. De Grasse was the husband in "The Sheriff's Reward." Bessie Sankey in that Broncho Billy. Didn't notice that Arthur Johnson was shaky in the knees. Probably stage fright. Thanks.

A. M. A.—Bessie Scott was the little girl in "His Children." Roland Gane and Crane Wilbur both played in "Dynamited Love."

Mary I. H.—Dont know whether that play has been done, but if you see any possibilities, try it.

OH, CH, OH!
SOUGHT AND FOUND HIM IN THE — BOSOM OF HIS FAMILY

R. L. R.—Thanks for the photo. We are always glad to receive them.

L. W., Streator.—Lillian Gish was the girl, and Harry Carey the left-handed man in "The Left-handed Man" (Biograph). Helen Todd was the child, and Brinsley Shaw the rustler in that Broncho Billy.

E. S. E., Gettysburg.—Douglas Simpson was Tom Reynolds in "God of Gold" (Selig). Harold Lockwood was Joe in "The Governor's Daughter." Raymond and Albert Hackett were the two boys in "The Boys."

Helen A. G.—Anna Stewart and E. K. Lincoln in "Wood-Violet." Perhaps you refer to Edwin August. That is the wrong title you give. Guess again. Some artist.

Albert, Burlington.—Yes; Vitagraph have a regular menagerie. Dont know about Leo Delaney. When we asked him for some facts for a chat, he deliberately tore up our sheet.

Helen L. R.—Advice is good. We will follow it, and we print it here for others:

Do not hurry,
Do not worry,
As this world you travel thru;
No regretting,
Fuming, fretting,
Ever can advantage you.
Be content with what you've done.
What on earth you leave undone,
There are plenty left to do.

Molly K., Glace Bay.—Jack McCloskey was Baby Hall in "The Higher Duty." Alice Hollister was Pepita in "The Peril of the Dance-hall" (Kalem).

Pawnee K.—We cant keep track of the players when they go on the stage. Roger Lytton in that Vitagraph. Florence Hackett was Cecelia in "The Burden Bearer."

Joy, 450.—Jack Standing was the husband in "For His Child's Sake." Children are very seldom on the cast. Your verse is excellent.

Marie H.—Gertrude Bambrick in Biograph, and Harry Beaumont in Edison.

Helen K.—You have Lillian Walker placed correctly. Eclair is located at Fort Lee, N. J. You know Sophocles says: "Heaven ne'er helps the man who will not act."

L. E., Phila.—Bryant Washburn was Don in "A Wolf Among Lambs." Call again.

E. G., N. Y.—James Moore was the landlord in "The Lost Note." Walter Stull was Parker in "The Missing Jewels." Clarence Johnstone in "Nobody's Boy." You must not ask if there is a Mrs. Paul Panzer; naughty!

Janet R., Maryland.—Irene Boyle in "The Pursuit of the Smugglers."

Rene and Vivian.—Mildred Weston was the sister in "The Discovery." Lois Weber was leading lady in "The Empty Box." That was Beverly Bayne in "Teaching Hickville to Sing." Francelia Billington in "A Life in the Balance." Majestic now.

Tess B. M.—J. W. Johnston is now with Eclair. Alice Hollister in "A Wartime Siren." Guy Coombs has been playing mostly in Jacksonville.

Orah C.—Florence Foley was the little boy besides Helen Costello in "Buttercups." Beautiful thing, wasn't it? Guess Ormi Hawley can handle a motor-boat.

F. R. F.—Afraid there isn't much hope for you. However, you might correspond direct with the companies. Edith Storey was chatted in November, 1912. You have to obtain permission from the author; if he is dead, from the publisher.

Nancy Jane.—Phyllis Gordon was the ranch girl in "The Eastern Flower" (American). Marguerite Snow had the lead in "The Idol of the Hour." Letters like yours are refreshing. Polished wit? Sure! We rub it down with sand-paper.

Birdie Charmeuese.—David Kirkland was the prospector in "The Crazy Prospector" (Essanay). Harrish Ingraham was the rival count in "The Count's Will."

Selina C.—Marian Swayne and Vinnie Burns in "A Severe Test" (Solax).

May D.—It is very hard to get any information from Rex. Sorry. Yes; J. W. Johnston in "The Lass of Gloucester." Romaine Fielding the soldier in "An Enlisted Man's Honor." Francis Ford was Lawyer Barns in "How Shorty Kept His Promise."

HUH! WHAT'S THAT?
HELP!
HANG ON! I'M ALMOST THERE!
HELP!
NOW YOU CAN GO AHEAD AND DROP.

THIS ATTRACTIVE PHOTOGRAPH

(7x9 inches in size)

Autographed by

MISS ALICE JOYCE

25 cents each, postage prepaid

KALEM

KALEM COMPANY
235-239 W. 23d Street, New York

Sweet-Peas.—Lillian Leighton was the stepmother in "Cinderella." Wheeler Oakman was the son in "Greater Wealth" (Selig).

Isabelle T.—Robert Frazer played opposite Barbara Tennant in "The Governor's Daughter." Cant tell the name of that play from your description.

Bunny, Oakland.—That name is copyrighted. Yes! Charles Ray was Lieutenant Stone, and Hazel Buckham was the girl in "Bread Cast Upon the Waters." (Broncho). Richard Travers was Maurice in "Thru Many Trials." Jessalyn Van Trump was the girl in "In Another's Nest" (American). We dont make dates.

T. P. H., Vancouver.—Anna Little was Winona in "The Sergeant's Secret."

M. P. F.—Runa Hodges was the little girl in "Jack-in-the-Box" (Majestic). Eugene Moore was the patriot, Carey L. Hastings his wife, Mignon Anderson his daughter, and Harry Benham the suitor in "The Patriot."

Florence M. B.—That was Florence LaBadie in "Cymbeline." Irene Hunt was Escita in "The False Friend." Dorothy Davenport was Elsie.

Buff, 15.—Neva Gerber in "The Water-right War." Walter Miller and Mae Marsh in "Brutality." Miss Mason in "Misleading Evidence."

Annette, Neb.—Yes, several have complained about giving votes in the Player Contest for subscriptions. We did not do it for a long time, as you know, for our own reasons, and then we began it in the June issue. Subscriptions sent in before that issue was out did not carry votes, but they carried other premiums. You doubtless feel like the woman who bought a suit for $30, and then finding that it was reduced to $20 the next week, went to the proprietor and asked him to refund the $10. We told you at that time that no votes would be given with your subscription, but we did not say that at no time would votes be given with subscriptions. Yes, you can get Earle Williams' photo from Vitagraph.

Richarda T.—Frank Clarke was the wealthy broker in "The Old Clerk." Fannie Midgley was the mother in "Honor Thy Mother."

Clara W.—James Vincent was the son, and Irene Boyle was Elsie in "A Plot for a Million." Herbert Barrington and Louise Vale in "Until Death Do Us Part."

Ethel T. C.—Blanche Sweet and Henry Walthall had the leads in "If We Only Knew." Jack Standing and Vivian Prescott in "The Veil of Sleep." Tom Powers played opposite Florence Turner in "Under the Make-up."

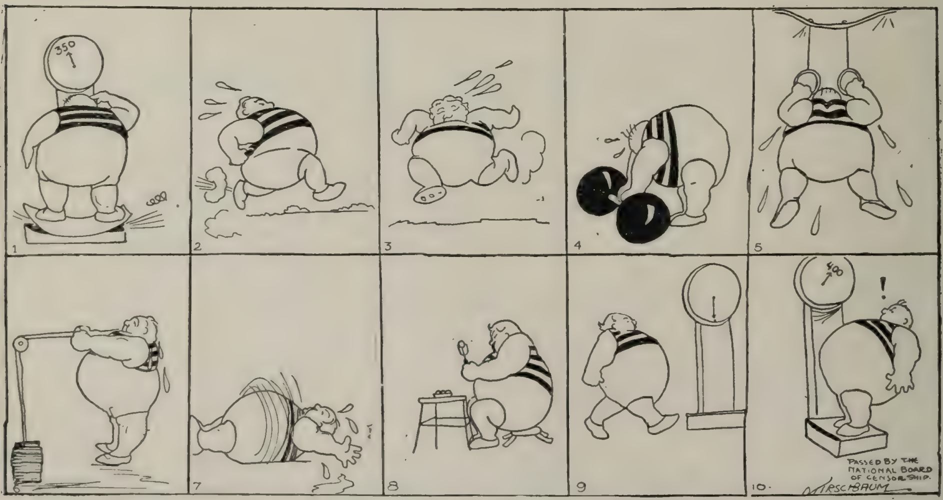
Anthony.—Ormi Hawley had the lead in "A Florida Romance." Thomas Santschi and Wheeler Oakman were the two men in "Dollar Down, Dollar a Week" (Selig). Thomas Santschi was born in Switzerland. James Moore in "At the End of the Quest" as Guiseppe. You say: "I am still longing for Pearl White. Help me!" Cant help you; help yourself. She is sure the Pearl of Photoplay.

Quiz, Birmingham.—Richard Stanton and Hazel Buckham had the leads in "A Southern Cinderella" (Kay-Bee).

Ruth T.—Gene Pallette was Jimmie in "Brother Love."

A. E. L., Detroit.—Charles Bartlett and Roy Watson pals in "Regimental Pals."

Carl H., 15.—Edward Coxen and Lillian Christy had the leads in "His Sacrifice." Warren Kerrigan was the sheriff in "The Silver-plated Gun" (American). Lois Weber in "The Dragon's Breath." We wont tell you how that trick picture was made. Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be otherwise.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10.
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HIRSCHBAUM

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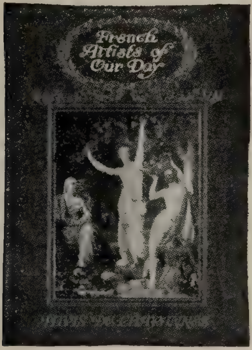

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ADDRESS DEPARTMENT B

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY PUBLISHERS PHILADELPHIA

K. C. J.—See-lig is correct. Mr. Barnes the bank examiner in "For Another's Sin."

C. W. D.—We haven't the cast for "Custer's Last Fight," but will try and get it. Your letter is very interesting.

Marie Antoinette.—Yes, the picture is of Alice Joyce. Lila Chester was the wax lady in "The Wax Lady" (Thanhouser).

Florence M. B.—Miss Hart and Mr. Cummings had the leads in "The Will-o'-the-Wisp." Dot Farley was the new girl in "All for a Dollar."

Evelyn.—There was no daughter in "Calamity Ann's Trust." See above.

Erma B., Vancouver.—Mary Ryan in "An Adventure on the Mexican Border."

Violette E. L.—Mildred Bracken and Mr. Brady had the leads in "The Way of a Mother" (Broncho). It is not a Licensed company. Beverly Bayne was Mrs. Jigger in "A Tango Tangle." Yes, we have an acquaintance with Alice Joyce and Anna Nilsson. We have met the enemy, and we are theirs.

Flossie, Jr.—Harry Millarde was the leading man, and Alice Hollister the girl in "Man's Greed for Gold." Irene Boyle and Harry Millarde in "A Plot for a Million."

George W. M.—Lillian Christy and Carlyle Blackwell had the leads in "The Peril of the Cliffs." You refer to Ruth Roland. What, you dont know Alice Joyce? About time you did; that was she in "The Sneak." Irene Boyle and Harry Millarde in "The Secret Marriage."

Margie H.—Miss Mason was the girl in "For the Sake of the Papoose." Helen Gardner is not back with Vitagraph.

Alda Reade E.—My, but your letter fairly sparkles with wit. Thanks muchly, but we are jealous. We believe there is only one Santschi.

D. S., Winnipeg.—You are right about Georgia Maurice; she is Mrs. Maurice Costello, but she has used that name only a short time.

Lady Betty.—Gwendoline Pates, William Williams and Charles Arling in "The Frozen Trail." No, miladie, "Tango Tangle" is not a drink, but a play.

Pearl H., Kansas.—Mabel Normand has played for Biograph. Mae Marsh in "The Telephone Girl." Robert Harron and Mae Marsh in "The Tender-hearted Boy."

Yalandi.—Adelaide Lawrence was the little girl in "The Sneak." She is the daughter of Director Lawrence. Frances Ne Moyer was the girl in "Sunshine Sue."

Vivian, 16.—Your letter is very interesting. Yes; Clara Kimball Young.

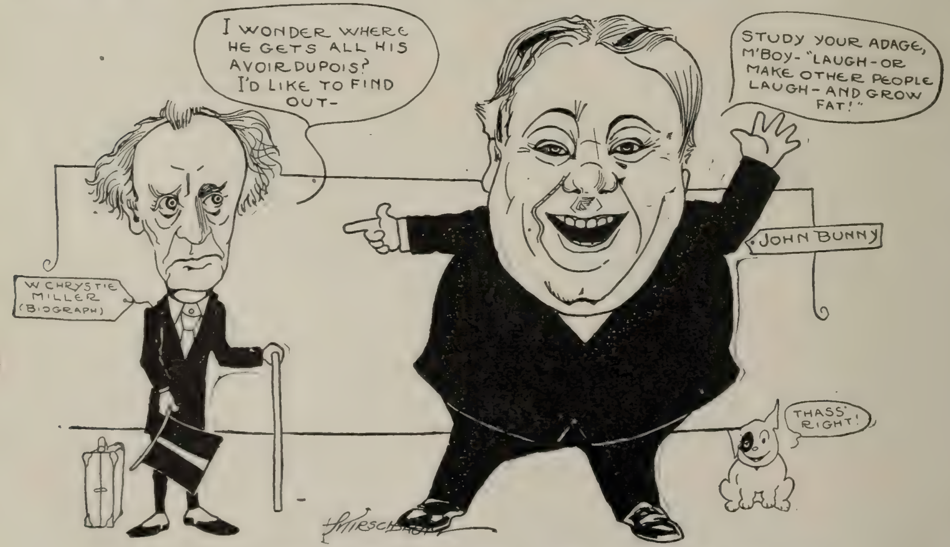
Mrs. Bella B.—We are very sorry, but we dont get the Frontier casts. Certainly Messrs. Lang and Allen ought to join the Vitagraph. That company is making a collection of fat men. Bunny, Mack and Lackaye weigh about half a ton.

A Jewel.—Fred Truesdale was Henry in "The Man Who Dared" (Eclair).

Herman.—Sorry to hear that that player drinks. He probably believes in "Love your enemies." Yes, the picture was taken in Japan. The rest of your questions are too silly to bother with. You should correspond with some nice clown or inmate.

Eugenie V., England.—Francis Ford played in "How Shorty Kept His Promise" (Broncho). Sorry, but we haven't your other questions.

Anthony.—What, again? Frances Ne Moyer and Walter Stull had the leads in "Beating Mother to It" (Lubin). Cant give you Crystal's telephone number.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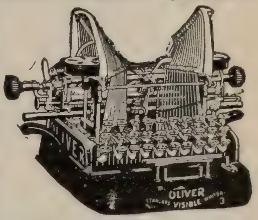

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Since we have over a thousand of these pictures, we cannot catalog them. Plain, unmounted photos, 4x5, are usually valued at 20 cents each; 5x7, 30 cents; 10x12, 50 cents; but the prices vary according to their art value. Mounted photos, with hand-painted designs around, range from 25 cents to $2 each.

Unless there is a particular picture you want, the best plan is to send us what money you wish to invest (2-cent or 1-cent stamps, or P. O. money order), naming several kinds of pictures you prefer, or naming the players you are most interested in. We may be all out of the kind you want most. Here is a sample letter to guide you:

"Please find enclosed $1, for which send me some photos. Prefer large, unmounted ones, and those in which any of the following appear: Johnson, Lawrence, Kerrigan, Hawley and Fuller. In case you cant give me what I want, I enclose stamp for return of my money."

Address: Art Editor, M. P. S. Magazine, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Anthony.—Looky here! Seems to us you pull our latch-string pretty often. Two or three times a month is often enough for our health, considering that there are about 3,999 others to take care of. That is the real film you enclose. Cant identify those characters. Many of the players use "stage names." That was Marin Sais. Alice Joyce and Tom Moore in "A Streak of Yellow."

C. H., 15.—Darwin Karr and Blanche Cornwall had the leads in "The Road That Leads Home." Charlotte Burton had the lead in "The Road to Ruin" (American). Eileen Hurna was the maid in "The Vengeance of a Fakir" (Eclair). Violet Horner had the lead in "She Slept Thru It All" (Imp).

L. C. P., Ottawa.—Kathlyn Williams and Myrtle Stedman are both playing in the West, while Winnifred Greenwood and Adrienne Kroell are at the Chicago studio.

Milly and Brownie.—Phillip Tannura was the messenger boy in "Tea and Toast."

Evie.—Lionel Barrymore was the brother in "The Burglar's Dilemma." Your letters are grammatically correct, but we are not an instructor in English.

Hattie, Newark.—Winnifred Greenwood in that Selig. Irene Boyle was the girl, Stuart Holmes the villain, and E. A. Miller the engineer.

Frank L. N.—Most Victor plays are made in New Jersey and the New York studio. Gertrude Robinson has not yet (but soon) been chatted. Thanks for the excellent picture.

Antoinette.—Yes, they drink tea down at the Vitagraph. Quite English, you know. Besides, honest-tea is the best policy. Yes, if you write to Vitagraph, they will probably give you the name of that liquid that the Japanese witch gave Clara Kimball Young to restore her to life in "The Wrath of Osaka."

Hugh S. T.—Edgar Jones and Clara Williams in "On the Mountain Ranch." Romaine Fielding played both parts in "The Toll of Fear," and Ormi Hawley and Guy D'Ennery in "Literature and Love." This Guy has left Lubin.

Gladys D. O.—Dolly Larkin was Dolly in "When Father Was Kidnapped."

Marie F.—Harry Myers was never with Biograph. You may be thinking of Arthur Johnson; he was. William Ehfe was the captain in "Aileen O'er the Sea."

Mae M. B.—Irene Boyle in "The Face in the Window." Marian Cooper was the little swimmer. Guy D'Ennery in "The House in the Woods," and not Edwin August. Dont know of any sister to Florence Lawrence.

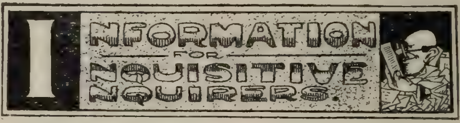
Marie W.—You probably refer to Ray Myers. He is with Kay-Bee.

F. E. W.—Harold Lockwood and E. Loveridge had the leads in "The Mission Funds" (Selig). Isabelle Lamon in "What's in a Name?" Pronounced La Mon′.

Kathrine K.—Just because Tefft Johnson is getting thinner, you think he has been sick. Not so. He is up every holiday morning at three to go fishing. Warren Kerrigan in that American.

Absent-minded.—Paul Panzer was the brother in "In the Days of War." Whitney Raymond is with Reliance.

Olga the Second.—You dont mean John Bunny, do you? We haven't that Pathé.



ANSWERS TO ASKERS.

F. L. O.—In a race for life Etta Creampuff had the lead. You are better off in the 5 and 10c. store. Be satisfied to watch 'em suffer.

Much Mush.—Better put the "Crusher" on it. He's swamped with love. No! She hires a washerwoman.

O. U. Gowon.—Photoplayers dont get paid by piece-work. They get anywhere from fresh air to a barrel of money a week. Better not. She's married enough. Thanks for the suspenders.

Joeker.—Well, maybe Bunny doesn't often have the stomach-ache, so dont worry at his awful suff'rin's. I'd like to answer your other question Personally. Giants nothing! Watch Brooklyn!

Flossy.—Nope, Lorenz Florenz is not dead yet, but expects to some time. That was Jack Standing, sitting. She says it cost 75c. a yard and it took four yards.

Tellma.—He left pictures to become a car conductor. Before you go, tell the Studio people you are coming, so as to give them a chance to clean up.

Ogler Umpteen.—Please dont write to us while you are getting your dinner. I cant see anything on your letter only victuals. I'm not a clairvoyant, you know, nor hungry.

Whatthe—.—It was the "Lily of the Lunch Cart," and not the "Flower of the Dog Wagon," you mean. He gets $2.75 a day and time and a half for overtime. Try a hot potato in your stocking.

Luvsic.—One pound of suet, ground fine; also a pair of tomatoes, beaten fine; one handful of pig's feet, sprinkled over a pan of cold water heated; then fry in oven till three o'clock. No! That's his regular face. How can it be his? He isn't married.

K. J. L.—The difference between a cowboy and a milkman? I'll think it over. Yes, and you'd have black eyes, too, if he heard you say that. No! That's her *sister's* mother.

Auntannie.—Send your questions to Sears Roebuck Co. They are surer of the answers than I am.

Nerviguy.—No, we do this job when we go home nights, while we are resting, as it were. No, I dont want to buy a dog. Good evening.

Trixi.—He is 19 years of age, blue eyes, 5 ft. a good deal tall, hates girls. That's enough, eh? Cant answer your tariff questions. He used to be a peddler.

1, 2 Ho.—The only art school I know of is the School of Whitewashing and Plastering, four doors away, New York. Yes, she paints. It makes her look good, I can tell you.

Vera Young.—If you are getting three dollars a week stick at it. It's three dollars more a week than you'd get photoplaying. I dont know how you can meet them. I'd like to meet some of them myself.

Dick Verywell.—Your scenario would have been good in Eve's time, but not this eve, thank you. 'Course it's his nose. Think it was an awning?

Gallagher.

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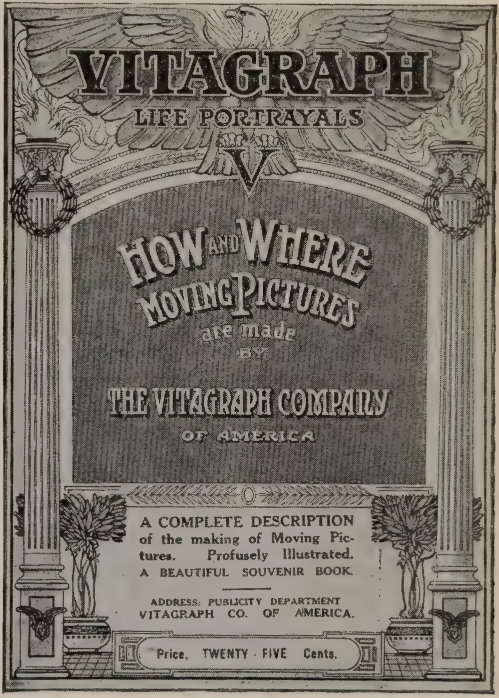

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Esther R., Akron.—Lillian Christy was the girl in "A Rose of Old Mexico." Ryley Chamberlin, William Russell and William Garwood were the three fellows in "Some Fools There Were." Glad you like the magazine. Everybody does, dont they?

Bess, Albany.—Yes; Florence Barker formerly played with Powers. Dont know about her marriage, if there was one. That's her private business—not yours and ours.

Ruth S.—Dorothy Phillips was the daughter in "The Burglarized Burglar."

Reine W.—Lillian Haywood was the widow in "A Hoyden's Awakening." Goldie Colwell was the daughter. You say we dont need talking pictures, because very often there are people sitting near you who know all about the pictures and are proud to inform all the people about them. Quite true; we have the same complaint. Theater managers should get a supply of Maxim silencers.

Marie E. B.—We cant tell you who gets the most money among the players—that's their business, and it is private. We know the personal ins and outs of some of the players, but we dont tell all we know. We have several of those proverbial little green birds who tell us things. And now why not ask what salary we are getting?

H. J. Clifton.—Roger Lytton and E. K. Lincoln in "The Final Justice."

Geraldine M. F.—Irene Hunt was the girl in "A False Friend," and Marguerite Courtot was the girl in "The Fire-fighting Zouaves." Yes; Hazel Neason was Pearl in "The Daughter's Sacrifice." Mr. Shea, not Mr. Kent, the king in "Thomas a Becket."

Pall Mall.—What! You think Leah Baird should join the Fat Woman's Club? Treason! She has joined King Baggot's company abroad.

J. W. K.—James Cruze was Leonatus in "Cymbeline." We haven't that Reliance. Wouldn't care for that job, thanks.

A. L. Rogers.—American produced that play. Send a stamped, addressed envelope.

Emma Z.—You refer to Alice Hollister. Guy Coombs was the policeman. Melle. Robinne was the dancer. We haven't the countess.

C. H., Columbia.—Bessie Learn was the girl, Richard Tucker was George in "Bread on the Waters" (Edison). James Cruze in "His Heroine."

Cinderella.—Vitagraph releases six films every week and Edison five. The Vitagraph studio is on the Brighton Beach "El" line, at Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue; Edison is at Bedford Park, Bronx, N. Y. City—the subway transfers you almost to the door. We doubt if you will succeed in gaining admittance to either. Visitors are not welcome, unless arranged in advance.

R. C. D.—Perhaps you could get Muriel Ostriche's picture from Thanhouser.

A Twin.—Louis Thomas was Jadi, Mr. Richmond was G. Copperthwaite, and Frank Bennett was Dick in "That College Life" (Vitagraph).

Juanita M.—Eagle Eye is a real Indian. He is with Vitagraph.

H. F. V.—Yes; "A Glutted Market Makes Provisions Cheap." That's why Warren Kerrigan stays home with his mother. He knows there's no place like home. Your letter is touching. (A little slow music here, professor.)

Mamcy Jane.—James Ashley was the count in "Fires of Conscience." Isabelle Lamon and Ernestine Morley in "The Supreme Sacrifice." Your German ist zehr goote.

Mary Ellen.—Betty Gray and Roland Gane in that Pathé. We sure do want to hear from you. Yes, exterior scenes are often rehearsed in advance at the studios, for the reasons that the weather cannot always be depended on, and that a crowd of bystanders might collect and spoil the picture.

The Hoosier Boy.—Henry King was Zeb in "Romance of the Ozarks." Dollie Larkin was the girl. Lubin's Western studio is at Los Angeles. Edgar Davenport was the brother in "The Artist's Sacrifice."

A. L., Montreal.—Darwin Karr and Blanche Cornwall played leads in "Till the Day Breaks." We haven't the nurse.

Jeanette, Cheyenne.—Maidel Turner and Robert Drouet are with Lubin. So you want us to tell you what "The Great White Way" is? Well, it is Broadway from Twenty-third Street to about Fiftieth, so called because of its numerous lights. It is almost like daylight, and it is busiest at night. It is a veritable fireworks display, with its Moving Pictures done in lighting effects, such as chariot races, a girl dancing, etc., by various advertisers. Some call it the "Great Blight Way," and while it is pleasant to see it once, once is enough for most good girls—it is alluring.

Briton.—Satex films are made in Arizona. Edwin August is back with Universal. John Steppling has left Essanay and is now with Famous Players.

Mac, Terre Haute.—Ethel Grandon was Beth in "The Law of the West." She has come East on account of her mother being ill. She will, no doubt, return to the pictures in the fall. Harold Lockwood in that Selig. Head too small for his long body? Nay.

Evie.—Yes, we are very sorry you are discouraged. Cheer up, these nice days. Hazel Neason in that Kalem. She will probably play no more. Married rich. Walter Miller was John in "Oil and Water." The General Film Company have branch offices all over the United States that supply the Licensed exhibitors with the films. Some theaters have first-run service, second, etc., according to what they want to pay. So it's Marc MacDermott, is it? He is admired more than he is loved.

Ruth H., Conn.—Jessalyn Van Trump was the girl in "The Mountain Bird."

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A. D., Woon.—We know of no Edwin Dudley. Do you mean Robert Brower?

Violette E. L.—You think it is like eating stolen fruit to ask Biograph questions. Not at all; go as far as you like. Mae Marsh was the girl.

Patsy.—We cannot obtain the player opposite Anna Stewart in "Love Laughs at Locksmiths" (Vitagraph).

Fran.—Sir Gilbert Parker wrote "The Priest and the Man." Yes; Leonie Flugrath in "A Youthful Knight." Say *au revoir*, but not good-by. (More slow music, please.)

Olga, 17.—Didn't you hear us say that this is no matrimonial bureau? We did not name our price for every match we made, but we charge extra for parlor matches. You shouldn't take it so sadly. Nay, we do not try to be funny; simply try to mix short follies with wise counsel. Aren't you glad Crane is still with Pathé? Now let's get down to business. Mr. Costello is back. F. X. Bushman will remain with Essanay.

Margherette.—You may address your letter care of Lubin, and they will forward it to Romaine Fielding. Some of the players have their own houses, and others live at hotels for change and rest, but the waiters usually get all the change, and the proprietors get the rest. Players usually dont want their private addresses known.

Bath Beach.—Mary Smith was Mrs. Manning in "The Lost Note."

Olivia.—The picture is of Richard Stanton and Hazel Buckham.

M. P. F.—Charles Bartlett was Jack, Virginia Chester was Alice, and Roy Watson was Pedro in "The Four-legged Hero."

Babe Sul.—Marguerite Snow had the lead in "The Idol of the Hour." Gene Pallette was Manuel in "The Transgression of Manuel." Lillian Christy in "Where Destiny Guides." What! dont like foreign and war stories? Many do.

E. B. G., Allenhurst.—No; G. M. Anderson never played for Edison. You'll win.

Joy, 450.—Mrs. George Nicholls was Assina in "The Woman of the Desert."

Helen K., Long Island.—The picture you enclose is of our editor, and not the Answer Man. Your letter is interesting.

Teddy, Montreal.—Harry Myers and Ethel Clayton in "Heroes, One and All."

Rose R. R.—Marshall Neilan in "The Sheriff of Stone Gulch." Dixie Compton and Isabelle Rea in "The Blind Composer's Dilemma."

Florence M. B.—Harry Millarde was the lieutenant in "The Fire-fighting Zouaves." Hist! (stage whisper, *sotto voce*). Dont breathe it to a soul, but Marguerite Snow is married, and the happy and lucky victim is James Cruze.

Fern S.—The picture is of Alice Joyce. Francis X. Bushman is back with Essanay. "Patheplay" is just a new name.

Chet.—Why, May Hotely is playing at Atlantic City under the direction of Arthur Hotaling. She is doing comedy, mostly. They say she is just as good in drama, but she is not given opportunity. Yes, a fine figure and pleasing personality when she isn't doing "character." Look sharp on page 125, and you might spy her picture.

Naomi, of St. Louis.—Alice Hollister was the girl in "The War Siren." Your letter is dandy. You ought to start a magazine of your own.

Ibetcha.—We cannot tell the age of players. Danny, the "Cowboy Kid," is not playing with Méliès now. Cant locate him. Méliès' American Co. is disbanded.

Phœbe Snow.—Arthur Johnson was chatted in February, 1912. Thanks.

E. C. H., Brooklyn.—Yes; J. L. B. tells us that Washington Irving's "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" has been done.

Clara, 17.—That was Edward Coxen in "The Lesson" (American).

Doris, 18, Chicago.—John Charles was the rival in "The Lie." George Melford was Joe in "The Buckskin Coat" (Kalem). Now, now! We are not the official censor of films. Nor are we the official critic of players. You and others seem to think we are. We are nothing but a machine. We read and answer, that's all. We seldom express opinions. We try to be neutral. We are more a score-keeper than an umpire.

Mrs. J. P. S.—Victor is slow at answering us. Sorry. No, dont ostracise them because they wont give information. Wait till they refuse.

L. C. G.—Ormi Hawley was the girl in "The Soul of a Rose." We haven't that Kay-Bee yet. Some of the companies have that tired feeling; others cant; some wont.

W. J. K.—The maid in "In Another's Nest" was an extra, and her name cannot be obtained. Perhaps the girl was Gertrude Robinson.

Florence M. B.—But you should not write your change of address on an inquiry letter. Read the head-note of this department. Donald MacKenzie was the fellow in "A Happy Family" (Patheplay). Marion Swayne and Blanche Cornwall were the girls in "Her Past Forgiven" (Solax).

The Tennis Girl.—William Humphrey is still with Vitagraph. Dolores Cassinelli and E. H. Calvert were Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt.

Naomi G., Saratoga.—Earle Williams was chatted in June, 1913. Ruth Stonehouse was Margaret in "The Pathway of Years."

J. O., New Castle.—Ruth Roland was the girl in "Absent-minded Abe." Thanks.

Jeannette.—Lillian Gish and Robert Harron in "A Misunderstood Boy." Harry Benham and Mignon Anderson in "Just a Shabby Doll."

Mrs. A. H.—Your 500 votes were received, and we guess you have received picture.

ANOTHER "MARY" SERIES

WE bow to the inevitable in announcing a second "Mary" series. As we approached the end of the "What Happened to Mary" stories, the last of which was released on June 27th, a steadily increasing number of letters from "Mary's" admirers have requested, implored, demanded that we continue the story of our heroine. And so, in answer to the popular demand, we have decided to tell the story of "Mary's" love affairs. The close of "What Happened to Mary" found this interesting girl a millionairess. Now the question is

"WHO WILL MARRY MARY?"

¶ Six films in all will constitute the second series. The first—"A Proposal from a Duke"—appears July 26th, and will be followed at intervals of one month until the series is complete. Make a point of seeing this new "Mary" series—it is going to be even better than the first. If you do not see it at your favorite theatre, ask the manager to get it.

¶ Another interesting series will tell a number of detective stories, the central figure of which will be **Kate Kirby,** a girl detective. They will be distinctly original in plot—and thrilling in many cases. The first of these stories, released July 12th, is

"THE DIAMOND CROWN"

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MAUDE M.—Perhaps you refer to Mary Pickford, Violet Horner or Mabel Normand; we cant tell which.

HELEN L. F.—Dolores Costello was the child in "A Birthday Gift." Adele De Garde was the scapegoat in "The Scapegoat."

TOM.—The girl was Dorothy Kelly in "Bunny's Honeymoon." We'll keep your secret. You know that three may keep a secret, if two of them are dead.

MAE T.—Beverly Bayne was the stenographer in "Seeing Is Believing," and Dolores Cassinelli played in "When Soul Meets Soul." Glad that the pictures do you good. Amusement is to the mind what sunshine is to the flowers.

C. O. K.—Harry Millarde was Ned, and the girl was Irene Boyle in "The Secret Marriage." Whitney Raymond and Ruth Hennessy in "The Capture."

IOWA GIRL.—Your writing is impossible. Leave a space between your questions, so that we may fill in the answers, and then when we make our final copy for the printer, it will make things easier.

KENTUCKY FAN.—A picture of W. Chrystie Miller in June, 1913. Bessie Sankey and Brinsley Shaw in "Broncho Billy's Sister."

IDA S.—Marie Weirman and Clarence Elmer in "Auntie's Affinity."

TESSIE, 17.—The club is now started. Just send 15 cts. in stamps for magazine.

A. W. W.—Carl Winterhoff was the lead in "A Man Among Men." We dont doubt your word. All Biograph players will be chatted soon.

BERNICE, SUFFOLK.—Henry Walthall had the lead in "The Informer." Robert Thornby had title rôle in "His Spoiled Son." Why, Lottie Briscoe was the girl in "The Amateur Iceman." Fine comedy team, Roland and Brennan, what?

IOWA GIRL.—Thanks for the toothpicks. Thoughtful. Now if some one will kindly send us—well, never mind. W. Chrystie Miller in that Biograph.

AUBURN HAIR, 16.—Anna Stewart was the stenographer in "A Fighting Chance."

GRACY P.—The play is too old to bring to life again. Let it rest in peace. "Specter Bridegroom" is taken from Washington Irving's sketch. We have inspected Edison's studio, and it has our O. K. (This ought to please them.)

M. M. G.—Edna Payne was the girl in "Down on the Rio Grande." Margarite Fischer was the girl in "A Friend of the Family" (Rex). Charles Pearly had the lead in "Love and Gold" (Ramo).

MILDRED M.—Irene Boyle and Earle Foxe had the leads in "The Pursuit of the Smugglers." Winnifred Greenwood in "A Husband Won by Election."

L. S., CHICAGO.—Larmar Johnson was the cousin in "Caprices of Fortune."

E. A. L.—Thanks muchly for your comments. Also for the picture. We are making a collection. What! you dont think we are 72? Figures reversed—27? Oh——

LOUISA H.—Thanks for the pressed flowers. Barry O'Moore was Barry in "Barry's Breaking In." No handsome, popular leading man? Oh, yes, several. Phillips?

H. C.—If you want to correspond with Jonny Canuck, join the club; maybe he will.

F. S. B.—"Kathleen Mavourneen" has been produced by both Edison and Imp.

AUSTIN.—Rose Tapley played in "The Heart of the Forest." Maurice Costello was formerly on the stage. Edythe Lyle in "When the Last Leaf Fell" (Majestic).

MOLLY K., GLACE BAY.—Frances Mann was Miss Violet in "The Missing Jewels." Robert Burns was the husband, and Walter Stull was Parker.

ANTHONY.—Dont you ever take time to eat? Will answer the five letters now. Josephine Scotti and Anthony Novelli had the leads in "The Broken Vow." Francelia Billington in "A Life in the Balance." Giles Warren is with Solax; he is one of the scenario editors. Bessie Eyton in that Selig. James Vincent in "A Plot for a Million." Vivian Pates and Guy D'Ennery in "Margarite's Painting." David Kirkland in "The Crazy Prospector." You seem to have intermittent Scribbleitis.

AUDREY, N. O.—William Garwood was the friend in "Cymbeline." Your letter was held up. Sorry. We are always glad to make new acquaintances.

PANSY.—Wallace Reid was Jim, and Vivian Rich was Kate in "When Jim Returned," not "The Return of Jim." Will take up the pin question later.

HELEN L. R.—Most of those beautiful houses are sometimes hired, but more often used with the kind permission of the owners. Harry Millarde, James Vincent and Irene Boyle in "The Secret Marriage." That was a foreign Pathé. Paul Panzer was Brown, and Pearl Sindelar the girl in "The Crooked Bankers." Miss West was the girl who helped play the trick in "An Exciting Honeymoon" (Pathé). Lucille Young was Gertrude in "The Cheyenne Massacre" (Kalem).

VI.—Edwin Carewe in "A Florida Romance." Lottie Pickford is now with Pilot. Harry Carey was Olaf in "Olaf, an Atom." Thank you.

BESS, CHICAGO.—Barbara Tennant was Gertrude in "The Love-chase" (Eclair). Larmar Johnston and Barbara Tennant in "The Man Who Dared" (Eclair). Lois Weber and Phillip Smalley in "A Book of Verses" (Rex). Jeanie MacPherson was Helen in "His Ideal Power."

D. M. R.—The title is "In the King's Power" (Great Northern). When you dont give the correct title, it delays your letter. Miss Ingeborg Larsen was the girl. William Garwood played opposite Florence LaBadie in "The Other Girl."

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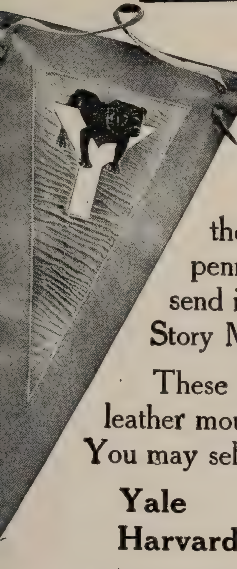

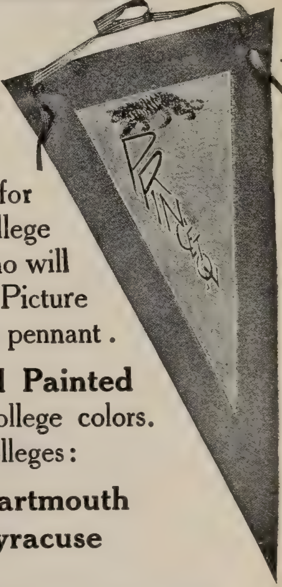

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175 Duffield Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

C. F. Hilton.—Eddie Lyons was the lover, and Russell Bassett the father in "Cupid's Assistants" (Nestor). Sorry, but we haven't the cast for "On Secret Service."

Catchey.—Rosemary Theby was the nurse in "The Ambassador's Disappearance," and not Mrs. Costello. Yes, we fretted ourselves into a lather over that error. One or two mistakes out of about 4,000 a month is not so bad, is it? Edna Payne the nurse.

L. H., Waterloo.—Arthur Ortega was Owenta in "The Vengeance of the Skystone" (Bison 101). Quite a few real Indians in the Bisons. We have no colored portraits of Mona Darkfeather. See ad. for pictures. Yes, we are getting up another series of colored portraits for the magazine, much finer than the last lot.

Queena M. E.—Thanks kindly for the songs. You are quite a Beethoven.

Marie A.—The picture is a likeness. Marguerite Snow played only with the Thanhouser in Moving Pictures. Cant tell you about King Baggot or Owen Moore. Thanks.

Miss H., St. Paul.—We can make no promise about your verse. Will have a chat with Margarita Fischer soon. We never tire, but our patience gets punctured.

Olga, 17.—Good-morning. They all want you to join, Olga. Selig is at 45 East Randolph Street, Chicago, Ill. Good idea.

Emelie, Richmond.—Marguerite Courtot in that Kalem. We know about that.

M. J. A., Buffalo.—James Cruze had the lead in "The Woman Who Did Not Care." Wallace Reid and Vivian Rich in "The Kiss." Elsie Greeson in "The Sacrifice."

Curiosity.—You can obtain the picture direct from the company he is playing with, or see ad. in back of magazine. If you join the club by sending in the fee, we send you a list of the names of the Correspondence Club members every week.

Helen L. R.—Thanks for the clippings. You say: "Nothing pleases an astronomer or a theatrical manager more than the discovery of a new star." Marvelous! Dont recognize the player. Bessie Eyton was the girl in "In the Long Ago." Thomas Santschi and Wheeler Oakman in "Dollar Down and Dollar a Week." Irene Hunt in "Love and War in Mexico." Marin Sais in "The Battle for Freedom." All the girls would rather see Carlyle Blackwell in dressed-up parts. He carries a dress-suit like a gentleman, they say. Many thanks for that pretty memorial postal.

D. M. L., Lockport.—Sorry you have cause to complain. Dorothy Davenport was the only girl in "Pierre of the North." Al E. Garcia was the brother. Yes; Kathlyn Williams and Harold Lockwood in "Love's Eyes" (Selig). Not Blanche Sweet, but Lillian Gish and Harry Carey in "The Left-handed Man." You refer to Joseph Allen in the Essanay. Alkali Ike came on to Chicago to play at the Chicago studio, but he has returned to Broncho Billy now. Doesn't he make our cover beautiful?

Mrs. E. G. A.—Edwin August was Pietro in that Lubin. He is back with Essanay.

R. W. B.—Thanks for the news. It isn't popular enough yet. Believe that's her age, but this is forbidden fruit.

F. P., Bronx.—Irene Boyle in that Kalem. Claire McDowell was the wife in "The House of Darkness." Biograph dramas are invariably excellent.

Pert A.—Earle Williams is one of the leading men at Vitagraph. Marshall Neilan in "The Hashhouse Count." Mr. Neilan has been with Kalem some months.

Bill.—Yes, the players sometimes call at our office. They are always welcome. We always show them thru our building with pleasure. Sometimes they stay and dine with us. We have a little restaurant in the building for our own uses only, with a young chef as black as night, with a uniform as white as snow. Anna Nilsson usually plays opposite Guy Coombs. Yes, she is very young, pretty and vivacious.

Helen R., Oakland.—We haven't the cast for "The Prisoner of Zenda." Hard telling how many pictures a month Carlyle Blackwell plays in. He was chatted in July, 1912. Norma Talmadge was Derrick's fiancée in "The Vampire of the Desert." Yes, those are real dimples Lillian Walker has. We have examined them.

E. M. G.—Thanks for your letter. Pauline Bush is with Universal now.

Mrs. J. B.—Edna Payne was the girl in "The Half-breed's Treachery." Beverly Bayne and William Mason in "Tango Tangle." Turkey-trotters beware! Sartoritis or "Turkey Leg" is the latest thing in physical ailments.

Florence, 15.—Guy Coombs was Dan in "The Siege of Petersburg." Will chat Beverly Bayne soon.

John F. D. II.—James Ross was the chief, Irene Boyle was Zelma, and Harry Millarde was Judson in "The River Pirates" (Kalem). William Todd was the sheriff, Brinsley Shaw the rich son, and Harold Atterage the father in "Broncho Billy's Last Deed." George Gebhardt was the Indian in "Saved by His Horse." Knute Rahmn was Little Bear in "Days of '49." The London paper evidently copied that item from this magazine. The way to pronounce Knute Rahmn is to sneeze or snore it.

F. E. G.—Your memorial paper is good, but it is not necessary. Crane Wilbur has remained with Pathé, as you no doubt know. They wouldn't let him go. Wise Pathé!

Betty B.—We answer questions just the same as ever. No fee is necessary. Miss Ray in "The Wrong Road to Happiness." Florence Hackett left the stage for Lubin.

Nellie M.—Bryant Washburn in that Essanay. Glad you have met her.

Fran.—Why dont you tell the exhibitor you want Kalem plays, or you wont patronize him? Dorothy Kelly was the daughter in "Rip Van Winkle" (Vitagraph).

ALL OF US who are at all interested in Motion Pictures have formed our preferences for certain photoplayers. Did it ever occur to you that most of these "favorites" are engaged in making the films released in General Film Service? The actors and actresses with personality to add to their talent are the ones whose faces we remember longest. They are such players as Edith Storey, Alice Joyce, Mary Fuller, Ormi Hawley, Arthur Johnson, Carlyle Blackwell.

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Herman, Buffalo.—You are wrong. Napoleon was a friend of Robespierre. He was five foot seven, well-built (later stout), and had a very small foot. He had light gray eyes and small, plump, womanly hands. You cant expect Mr. Humphreys to change his eyes, hands and feet, can you? Anna Stewart was the girl.

B. A., Aurora.—Phyllis Gordon was the bride in "The Vintage of Fate." Lillian Logan and Joseph Ransome in "The Ferrets." Miriam Nesbitt was Princess Ida in "A Letter to the Princess." Irene Boyle in "Pursuit of the Smugglers." Yes, that was a real fire in "Heroes, One and All." Mr. McCloskey was lunching one noon at the Lubin studio when he saw the fire, and he hurried the players and camera man over to the fire and took the picture. No connection between the fire and the hair.

Rogua, Oklahoma.—Vivian Rich played opposite Wallace Reid in "The Kiss." Companies dont, as a rule, cast grocery boys, messenger boys, etc.; only the main gazaboes are cast.

Emmesty.—Your letter is clever. Lillian Logan and Thomas Carrigan in "Love in the Ghetto" (Selig). Ormi Hawley and Edwin Carewe in "The First Prize." Thanks.

Rose S., Ill.—Of course we dont mean that you are ill. Margaret Steppling was Margaret in "Two Social Calls."

Etta C.—Flora Finch was Flora. Leo Delaney was the lead in "His Life for His Emperor." Rave on, little one, and we will read; two full pages about E. K. Lincoln!

Iowa Girl.—Marshall Neilan and Junita Sponsler had the leads in "Sally's Guardian." Ruth Hennessy was the girl in that Essanay. Yes, it's a shame to spend 30 minutes looking at advertisements on the screen. Why not show your displeasure in some substantial way?

Rae K.—Lillian Wiggins and Joseph De Grasse had the leads in "The Clutch of Conscience." She also played in "Escape." Barry O'Moore was Jack grown-up in "His Mother's Hope." Fannie Midgely, Ray Gallagher and Richard Stanton in "Honor Thy Mother" (Méliès).

Rosalie.—He formerly played with Méliès. Dont know where he is now. Watch out for the Motion Picture League of America. You must surely get up a chapter in your town. It will be announced soon. Great scheme!

J. R.—Mildred Bracken in that Méliès. We haven't Anne in "A Nation's Peril." Mrs. Handworth was leading lady.

A. B., Syracuse.—James Cruze was Raphael in "The Marble Heart."

H. H., Coytesville.—We would advise you to sharpen your pencil.

Pest.—So you are sure we are "wrinkled and bald, and wear flannels all the year round." Not quite so bad as that. You want club-pins for the Correspondence Club which will cost about $1.25. Perhaps everybody isn't willing to pay so much for a pin.

Ethel C. W.—Yes; Blanche Sweet below Julia S. Gordon on the tree. Earle Williams in the fourth window of the car.

Jimmie.—Isabelle Lamon in that Lubin. We haven't the leads in "Love and Jealousy." Thanks.

M. K. K.—Bessie Eyton and Thomas Santschi had the leads in "The Dancer's Redemption" (Selig). William West and Jane Wolfe in "The Sacrifice."

Tom.—Edgar Jones was Sandy, and Clara Williams was the teacher in "The Little Mother." Ruth Roland had the lead in "Fatty's Decision."

Mazie Van H.—We dont get the Warner casts. Gene Pallette was Dave in "The Homestead Race" (American). Warren Kerrigan was the lover in "Matches."

Nell, Montreal.—Clara Horton was the daughter in "Key" (Eclair). Thank you.

Johnnie the First.—What company? We haven't chatted Pearl White as yet. Marie Eline is the Thanhouser Kid.

Bess, Albany.—It was a real racetrack in "The Steeplechase." Can get no more information about it.

Brown Eyes.—The player you mention may be a descendant from a great family, but judging from his present position, he is still descending. A player must have more than ancestry. The man who has nothing but his ancestors to boast of is like the potato—the best part under ground. Mary Fuller has no intentions of leaving Edison that we know of. Mabel Trunnelle is still with Edison. That was an old film. She was with the Independents for a year, but has been back with Edison for some time.

Isidore.—Al E. Garcia was the brother in "Pierre of the North." Diomara Jacobini and Marie Hesperia in "The Queen of Spades."

Kitty V. B.—Vivian Rich was the girl in "The Ways of Fate." Myrtle Stedman, and not Kathlyn Williams. Rex de Roselli was the father in "The Saint and the Siwash." Jack Standing in that Lubin. You say you "should aggravate my mental condition with agitated apprehension, or in other words, 'I should worry.'" Why not rent a typewriter for a month? It will cost you about $3.00. *Ich soll mich drüber kümmen.*

Pearl S. Y.—Ormi Hawley is with Lubin. James Cruze has not been interviewed.

Rene.—Frank De Vermon was Howard Ross in "On, on, Romance!" Anna Nilsson was Miss Calhoun, and Guy Coombs the gambler in "A Mississippi Tragedy." Yes; Blanche Sweet in "The Hero of Little Italy." Charles West and Harry Carey also.

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10 Popular Player Contest of the Motion Picture Story Magazine **10**

Ten Votes for

……………………………………………

Mabel S.—Romaine Fielding was Dick in "The Toll of Fear." The late Vedah Bertram was leading lady in "Broncho Billy Outwitted." Richard Stanton had the lead in "The Kiss of Salvation." Chauffeur is pronounced *sho-fer*, accent on last syllable. We wont compare those players. Comparisons are odious—so are scandals. Grace Lewis and Gus Pixley in "The Cure."

Arthur W.—Leah Baird was Mrs. Corday in "The Vampire of the Desert." Florence Hackett, Cecelia, and Clara Lambert, Mrs. Melville in "The Burden-Bearer."

Bessie.—Afraid there is no hope. Why not try the companies yourself? John Bunny is not dead. (Printer will kindly keep this standing.)

F. C.—Jack Standing was Tom Price, and Isabelle Lamon was the girl in "The Veil of Sleep."

Roberta C. C. C.—Sorry, but we haven't the casts for those Bison plays.

Theodore T. T. H.—Gertrude Bambrick was the girl in "Frappé Love" (Biograph). Betty Gray is still with Pathé.

Pandora.—Lester Cuneo was the cowpuncher in "That Mail-order Suit." We did not see "Seeds of Silver." We will see about the club, but Flossie wont join.

Margaret M.—We dont know where you can obtain a picture of Florence Barker.

Helen L. R.—We still have hopes for the Brooklyn Dodgers. No, they were named Dodgers not because they were always dodging the pennant, but because they are supposed to dodge trolleys—we have so many here. G. M. Anderson is Broncho Billy, and Augustus Carney is Alkali Ike.

E. K., Chicago.—Jane Fearnley and Henry Walthall had the leads in "The Opportune Burglar." Florence LaBadie in that Thanhouser. Vivian Prescott was the girl in "How She Triumphed" (Biograph).

M. C., Charleston.—Charles Murray was the husband, and Edward Dillon the brother in "A Limited Divorce" (Biograph). You get no autographed photo when you subscribe. *Je m'en ficherals!*

Helen L. R.—Margarita Loveridge was the girl in "Buck Richard's Bride" (Selig). She is now with Majestic. Irene Hunt was Minnie in "The Birthmark" (Lubin). Gertrude Bambrick was the actress in "A Horse on Bill." Thanks.

Rough, 19.—Irene Hunt was Pequita in "Love and War in Mexico." Octavia Handworth is with Pathé, not Vitagraph. We had a chat with her August, 1912. You want us to tell you which company is the best—Biograph or Vitagraph. Score 2—0, ninth inning, three on base, none out, Cobb at the bat. Now how old is Anne? Thanks! The Lord loveth a cheerful giver—so do we.

Anthony (Tenth Edition).—We dont know why Vitagraph call Wallie Van "Cutey," unless from his looks. Romaine Fielding and Robyn Adair in "The Accusing Hand." May Buckley was with Selig about two weeks. Dont know what plays.

Olga, 17.—We dont know how you can visit a studio, unless they have a regular visitors' day. But you ask too many personal questions.

Leona.—We haven't the wife in "His Wife's Affinity." Sorry.

F. D., New Orleans.—It is impossible for us to look up a letter you sent in some time ago. Sorry it was delayed.

D. F., Texas.—It is almost impossible to answer many Pathé questions, as it is impossible to secure the information. We haven't the cast for that Eclair, either. We are always glad to answer all questions when possible. Sorry.

Maori, N. Z.—Earl Metcalf was Tom in "The Mexican Spy." See above about the wind blowing. Guy Coombs is playing in Jacksonville.

J. W., New York.—Gertrude Bambrick was the girl in "The King and the Copper" (Biograph). That's it. We're never satisfied. We who are thin want to be fat, and we who are fat want to be thin. Bunny and Flora Finch, and Augustus Carney and Margaret Joslin make great teams, dont they? What's that they say about Jack Sprat could eat no fat?

Anthony.—What! again? You refer to Baby Lillian Wade in that Selig. Pathé wont tell us about those two plays. Yes; Pearl White is now lecturing, traveling from one theater to another. Watch out for her in New Orleans.

Mary C.—You want a picture of Chester Barnett? Will tell the editor. Thanks.

R. A. E., Ill.—Mildred Bracken was the girl in "The Pride of the South."

Jack, N. C.—That's so; if Carlyle Blackwell keeps on getting married, he will have as many wives as King Solomon. Helen Todd was the child in that Essanay. Alice Hollister was Jane in "A Victim of Heredity." Pearl White is leading lady for Crystal.

Annette.—So you like the *Pathé Weekly.* Hereafter there will be two *Pathé Weeklies* every week, one being released on Monday, and the other on Thursday. There are twenty-four expert photographers making only the *Pathé Weekly.*

Dorothy B. is having a contest of her own, and Maurice Costello and Lillian Walker are now in the lead. It is not good to ask Biographs that are too old, because we cannot secure that information. Francis Bushman is back with Essanay. May Buckley is on the stage in Cleveland. Dont know where Lillian Branscombe or Florence Lawrence are. We want the latter's address. Boyd Clark was Tom in "Captured by Strategy."

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Helen L. R.—Always enclose a stamp when you want a reply from a player. Herbert Barry was the Indian in "The White Slave" (Vitagraph). Margaret Joslin was Alkali Ike's mother-in-law in that play. Adele Lane was the girl in "The Woodfire at Martin's." Paul Hurst was the husband in "The Circle of Fate" (Kalem). Dolly Larkin was the girl in "The Perilous Ride."

A Texas Bluebonnet.—Edwin Carewe had the lead in "On the Threshold." George Field was the villain in "Via Cabaret." We will chat Wallace Reid as soon as he is located for a month at one studio. Edwin August ditto.

Rhodisha.—Warner Films are located at 145 West Forty-fifth street. Lord Roberts was the midget in "Midget's Romance" (Vitagraph). Most of the players dine in the studio restaurants when they are working at the studios. A nominal charge is usually made for meals.

Herman, Lockport.—Glad to have your advice on how to run this department, but our ideas remain unchanged. Yours is one of only a few dissenting votes. We are always glad to receive suggestions.

Anthony.—Hope you are not drawing on your bank-account when you send us change with every letter. No, that's not the original Flossie's address on page 144 of July. You say you would like to "bum" with Thomas Moore, Edwin August and Crane Wilbur. No doubt when they see this they will wire you.

Margell.—Edwin August is with Universal at this moment. We expect to have another chat with Crane Wilbur soon. Harold Lockwood was "Lieutenant Jones."

Janet L. M.—Warren Kerrigan was the happy farmer in "Finer Things" (American). That play was undoubtedly taken at New Rochelle.

Bessie B.—Guy Coombs and Marian Cooper in "The Turning-point." Lester Cuneo and Rex de Rosselli in "The Deputy's Sweetheart."

A. C. L.—Betty Brown was Betty in "The Greater Love." Now, that is correct.

Will N. H.—Dorothy Phillips was the girl in "The Price of Gold" (Essanay).

M. R., Montgomery.—Certainly Ruth Roland can cook. Just because Mr. Brennan, who had a steam-roller run over him without injury, was killed by one of Ruth's biscuits falling on him, dont think that she cant cook. She can do anything. Marshall Neilan in "The Hashhouse Count." Gwendoline Pates in "The Frozen Trail."

Marjorie E. T.—Sarah Fitzpatrick was Carlyle Blackwell's sister when small, and Marin Sais when she was older in "The Battle for Freedom." Lucille Lee the girl in "How Fatty Made Good." Miss Krall the aunt in "The Gate She Left Open."

Mickey.—Leah Baird was Winnie in "A Soul in Bondage." Helen Gardner was the vampire in "The Vampire of the Desert." You are one of many who complain of the sameness of plots. Plainly, the manufacturers need new blood in their scenario departments—not new editors, but they should let in more new writers.

Marge, 16.—Harold Lockwood was the father, Kathlyn Williams the stepmother, and Lillian Wade the older child in "Their Stepmother."

Lillian S.—Sometimes the passengers are actors, and other times they are real passengers. Lots of car scenes are made in the studios, and the scenery is painted on a moving canvas. Somebody turns a crank, and the scenery rushes by the windows.

Flower E. V.—Dont think that of William Mason. Yes; Robert Burns was the farmer in "The Ten-Acre Gold-brick." Walter Stull and J. J. White were the agents.

Birdie Charmeuese.—Certainly it is no disgrace to be a suffragette. Some of our best women are. Just because a few of them burn buildings, destroy railroads and a few little things like that dont condemn them all. They believe in fighting for a principle. Men go to war and kill for principle, dont they? And dont forget the Boston Tea Party. Yes; Earle Williams' popularity has come slowly and naturally.

Miller R. B.—Leo Delaney and Maurice Costello in "A Tale of Two Cities." Tom Moore in "The Blind Composer's Dilemma." Mabel Normand, the Diver Divine, is still with Keystone. She was formerly with Vitagraph and Biograph.

W. N. H.—Lillian Christy was the girl in "The Village Vixen" (Kalem). Mignon Anderson with Thanhouser.

The Twins.—Amy Trask and Hobart Bosworth in "Her Guardian" (Selig). Ernestine Morley was Beatrice in that Lubin. That's a brilliant idea of yours, that somebody ought to teach the cowboys better table manners. You want them to be Chesterfields and Beau Brummels. Why, dont you know that you can fairly hear the real cowboy eat soup? Dont spoil the realism of the pictures by putting the cowboys in dress-suits.

Schwanzello.—Lillian Gish was the girl in "The Lady and the Mouse." Harry Carey in that Biograph. Robert Harron was the boy in "The Misunderstood Boy."

Helen A. H.—Yes; Lillian Walker is a natural blonde—not a peroxide. The picture is of George Cooper. Thanks.

Mizpah.—You refer to Blanche Sweet in that Biograph. Guess you mean Raymond Hackett, of the Lubin.

Silan.—Arthur Johnson was the thief in "Dr. Maxwell's Experiment." Ethel Clayton in that Lubin. "The Deerslayer" was taken at Cooperstown, N. Y. Gwendoline Pates was chatted in March, 1912.

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Mary N., Norway.—Sorry, but we know of no Harry Benson with Biograph. Yes, that was Robert Gaillord in "The Artist's Great Madonna."

Eva M. T.—Viola Alberti was Corela in "Wine of Madness" (Lubin). No, there was no Irma in that play. Ormi Hawley had the lead.

Margaret.—Harold Lockwood was the commander, and Joe King was Dr. Ward in "The Army Surgeon." Robert Frazer was Sam in "When Light Came Back."

Oliver.—Thanks muchly. Yes, we realize the time it would save if all companies put the casts on the screen. Perhaps they will, in time. Harry Benham was interviewed in June, 1912. Warren Kerrigan was the son of shame, and Edward Coxen was the son of love in "Ashes of Three."

Joshua, Chicago.—It was reported that Mary Charleson had joined Edwin August at Universal, but we have just learnt that she remains with Vitagraph in Brooklyn. Did you know there are 750 theaters, and seventy-six others in construction? Half of the amusement houses are used exclusively for Moving Pictures, and have seating capacities of 300 each or less, but the average capacity is 400, or a total of 300,000. There will be an added seating capacity of 300,000 when the new theaters are completed in the fall. It is estimated that the daily attendance is 900,000.

Miss Limousine.—Yes; Thomas Santschi in "Three Wise Men." He is a Swiss. Mae Marsh and Albert Carey in that Biograph. Mae Marsh and Henry Walthall in "The Little Tease."

M. E., Ill.—Blanche Sweet is her correct name, and Daphne Wayne was the name she used in European theaters.

Percival Val.—You think we ought to call the club "The Flossangola Club"?

Heinz.—Yes, "The Toll of Fear" was a double exposure. Kathlyn Williams was the governor's daughter in that play. Carl Winterhoff in "A Cowboy Millionaire."

Ethel, 17.—Gwendoline Pates was Claire, Charles Arling and William Williams in "The Frozen Trail" (Patheplay). Bryant Washburn and Ruth Stonehouse in "Two Social Calls."

Helen of Troy.—Yes, do that little thing.

H. J. R.—Margaret Fisher and Robert Grey had the leads in "The Regeneration of Worthless Dan." Richard Stanton and Mildred Bracken had the leads in "The Judgment of the Sea."

Miss L. C.—We haven't the cast for "The Cat and the Bonnet." Sorry.

Mildred and Meredith.—Crane Wilbur was the shoemaker in "God Is Love."

Cope, Rochester.—Yes; George Melford is the director for the Glendale branch of the Kalem.

P. H. F.—Richard Tucker was Frank in "An Almond-eyed Maid" (Edison). We have explained the difference between Licensed and Independent so much, but we will send it to you if you send a stamped, addressed envelope. "Trade journals" are those that are devoted to a trade or business and are intended for those who are engaged in that business.

W. E. R.—Thanks. You can get postals from the companies, or see the ads. in back of our magazine.

Irene P.—Edwin Carewe is the only male player on the cast for "Soul of a Rose" (Lubin). Did you know that "The District Attorney's Conscience" was produced both by Reliance and Lubin? You say Ormi Hawley is the prettiest actress. Very well.

R. T.—No, old coupons from last year's magazine do not count. Send your photoplays to the Photoplay Clearing House.

J. R. W., New York.—Lillian Gish in "Just Gold." Edgar Jones and Clara Williams in "The Right Road." Thanks. Yes.

Glitters.—Edwin August is with the Western Universal, Universal City, Los Angeles, at this writing. Thanks.

The Pest.—Will take care of your new address.

Olga, 17.—Yes, there are about twenty-five girls in this office. Irene Boyle was the girl, and E. A. Miller the engineer in "The Open Switch."

Betty C.—Dorothy Kelly was on the stage before joining Vitagraph. Dont know where Eleanor Blanchard and Lilly Branscombe are.

Emma L. R.—You think it looked funny to see Broncho Billy saying grace? Why, he was supposed to have reformed. Besides, the minister was not present. That recalls the incident at a New York dinner party when Wilton Lackaye (brother of James Lackaye, Vitagraph) said grace, beginning with these words: "Since there are no clergymen present, let us thank God." The reporter misquoted, next day, as follows: "Thank God there are no clergymen present." Yes; Bessie Sankey is on the stage.

F. H. R., Ia.—So you would like to start a club exchanging rejection slips. No, no, everybody has a generous supply. William Russell in "The Way to a Man's Heart" (Thanhouser). Florence LaBadie was chatted in January, 1913. That's Marie Eline's real name. Your letter is fine.

Mayme S.—Wallace Reid, Pauline Bush and Jessalyn Van Trump have left American to join Universal. We dont know if Warren Kerrigan will ever go to Texas. Surely you can join the club. Just send in your 10 cents.

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Martha L.—Henry Walthall and Mae Marsh in "The Wanderer." Florence Hackett was the cousin in "The Power of the Cross." Marie Courtot in that Kalem.

J. V. B.—Your letter is interesting. Sorry, but we cannot look up questions sent in a month ago. You should always sign your name, and questions will be answered.

Helen K.—Yes; Gwendoline Pates on page 51. You think Pathéplays are the best. Certainly they are, sometimes.

A. A. A., Joliet.—Irene Howley in "Held for Ransom" (Reliance). Lois Weber had the lead in "The Dragon's Breath" (Rex).

Annie Alice Eva.—Miss Stewart was the woman counterfeiter in "A Detective Girl's Ruse."

H. H., Baton Rouge.—You refer to Mabel Normand in that Keystone. Know of no place where you can get Vedah Bertram's picture.

Winnie.—Thanks. Your letter is long and interesting. Took about five minutes.

C. H., Gaffney.—Evelyn Selbie is still with Essanay. Margaret Fisher with Rex. Eleanor Blanchard has joined Lubin.

M. W. of M.—But where's your name? Some players write letters to their admirers. No; fear we haven't room for a Health Department. We might answer you by mail, but our medical advice might not be sound.

Jack.—We have never chatted, or used a picture of, Myrtle Stedman.

Kitty, Cleveland.—Frances Mann was Miss Violet in "The Missing Jewels." Yes; Mae Hotely was Mrs. Henry. Mae Marsh in that Biograph.

Marguerite.—Audrey Berry was the child in "Dick Whittington and His Cat."

Helen V.—Bessie Eyton and Thomas Santschi had the leads in "The Dancer's Redemption." Guy Coombs and Marian Cooper had the leads in "Woes of Battle."

Dorothy B., Toledo.—Hazel Buckham in that Broncho. Broncho and Kay-Bee are both branches of the New York Motion Picture Co.; so is Keystone.

Mae K.—C. Lomasey was Dick, and Margaret Loveridge the girl in "The Woodsman's Daughter."

Naomi, of St. Louis.—Why not join the club? Fine drawing. Marshall Neilan in "Fatty's Deception." Dorothy Gish in "The Perfidy of Mary." Edwin August in that Lubin. Dorothy Phillips in "The Price of Gold." You are a regular locomotive in skirts (or trousers).

Dolores.—"The Shaughraun" is too old. Earle Foxe in "A Business Buccaneer."

Lillian V. S.—Edwin August in "The Law of Compensation" (Powers). Yes; Dorothy Benham. Did you not recognize the characters in that drawing of Mr. Fryer's on page 92 of July? Jesus, Cæsar, Dante, Napoleon, Charlemagne, Cromwell, Columbus, Shakespeare and Joan of Arc were all there. Several others we know of have cut that picture out for framing. Of course you recognized Washington and Lincoln.

Earle W.—Clara Williams in "The Sheriff's Mistake"; now with Universal. Romaine Fielding and Mary Ryan in "The Family Next Door."

Althea W.—Barbara Tennant in "The Superior Law." J. W. Johnston was the lawyer in the same play. We like our job very well, thank you. It's great sport. You inquirers are so funny. Only, the days are too short and the nights not long enough.

Dorothy, Toledo.—John Adolphi and Peggy Reid in "When Dreams Come True." Warren Kerrigan was Jack in "Love Is Blind."

Flower Evelyn Grayce.—Dont take it so hard. You know we quote from the casts we receive from the companies. We cant help it if they are wrong. We haven't the cast for "The Crooked Bankers." That photo is great. Will frame it.

F. M., Astoria.—Eugene Moore and Victory Bateman in "A Guilty Conscience."

Dimples.—Dorothy Bernard in "When Kings Were Law." Roger Lytton.

The Twins.—Marin Sais in "The Buckskin Coat." Jack Standing and Vivian Prescott in "The Veil of Sleep." Helen Todd was the child.

John B., Bal.—Carl Von Schiller played in "The Birthmark." Send your play to the Photoplay Clearing House. About twenty years ago.

Gertie.—Sorry you have neuralgia. Herbert Prior was Allen in "The Phantom Ship." Mabel Trunnelle the girl. Tired of war pictures and cowboy ones? Well, we are not all alike. How dull life would be if we all liked the same thing!

J. T. M.—Ben Hall was the stowaway in "Ben, the Stowaway" (Imp).

Arlene A.—Sorry, but we haven't either of your questions.

Joy, 450.—Sorry about your not getting a list. It was a mistake. Irene Boyle and Earle Foxe in "The Fire Coward." Charles Arling in "The Artist's Trick." Jerold Hevener in "An Accidental Dentist." John Brennan in "The Phoney Singer." Bessie Eyton was Lavina in "The Story of Lavina."

Flower E. G.—July number was the first of the revival edition. Dont you know better than to ask for the soda-clerk? We only get the leads. Whom do you like?

L. W. Mc.—All pictures are passed by the National Board of Censors. Méliès expects to produce more than two a week soon.

Medals.—Lucille Young was the sister in "The Wayward Son." We have received over 200 letters asking who had the leads in "The Little Tease." It is awfully tiresome reading the same questions.

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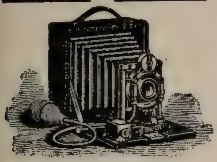

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(For reference as to the quality of these binders, we refer you to the managing editor of The Motion Picture Story Magazine.)

Movie G. F. L.—Your letter is pleasing. Cant help it sometimes; just cant make our pen behave. Long letters are nice, but they take a lot of time.

Mary Ellen.—Bertley McCullum played in "Brightened Sunsets" and in "Granny." We do not agree with you. The pictures do not encourage gambling. Just because fools and cowboys gamble is no reason why others should. The best throw with the dice is to throw them away. Yes, the editor wants to print our picture.

W. T. H.—Cheer up! Dont feel blue! You say, "It is not the crime of commission that causes one to shudder, but the great crime of omission that haunts one in after years—the ever-present memory of wasted opportunities, of duties left undone. Oh, the toil that we give, and the tears that we shed, and the years that we waste. Yours melan-colic-ally." There are better days coming for us all, Mr. Philosopher.

Alma L.—Ruth Stonehouse was the girl in "The Broken Heart." Ormi Hawley in "Women of the Desert." Harold Lockwood in "A Little Child Shall Lead Them."

Bessie and Marie.—Margaret Loveridge was Dorothy, and Hobart Bosworth was Raphy in "Seeds of Silver." Thomas Santschi was the priest in "Vengeance Is Mine."

Etta C. P.—We haven't the names of Jean's children. Dont think they have been christened as yet. Lillian Wiggins plays in Western Pathéplays. Dont think Mrs. Costello played in the foreign plays.

Bess, the Blonde.—Lottie Briscoe had the lead in "The Gift of the Storm." Hazel Boardman was the tomboy in "Tomboy of Bar Z." Dont agree with you about censors. The people are the best censors. If you readers will do what the Photoplay Philosopher suggested a few months ago, all will be well.

Herman.—Your letter is as sharp as a frosty morning in November. You must temper your wind to the shorn lamb. Try Edison.

B. J. M.—Francelia Billington in "A Widow's Strategy." Gertrude Bambrick.

A. K., Brooklyn.—You will have to apply direct to the companies. Why not send your script direct? We cant recommend that playwright concern.

Universal.—Francis Ford was the colonel, Ethel Grandon his daughter, and Anna Little the Indian girl in "The Invaders." Thanks.

H. L. G.—You can get the back numbers direct from us, at fifteen cents a copy.

Plunkett.—No; the horse did not hurt himself in "Captain Scott's Protégé." They intended to kill the horse in the first place, but were fined for it. Henderson Bland played the part of Jesus the Christ.

Jane B., Chicago.—Lillian and Dorothy Gish in "Sisters." Lionel Barrymore was the grocer in same.

C. and G. and T.—Harry Northrup was the husband in "The Dawning." William Humphrey was the fiancé in "Red and White Roses." Did you say, "Is he married?" Didn't you read that sign, "Keep off the grass"?

Kentucky Girl.—Yes; Harry Mayo seems to have passed his examinations to be a professional bartender, and they say down at the Vitagraph studio that he can mix any kind of a drink, from a cocktail to a hoopskirt fiz. Whitney Raymond with Reliance. Bunny, Brennan, Carney and Quirk seem to be the leaders.

Russ Y.—Thanks for the suggestions. You cannot visit unless you have a permit. James Hackett played in "Oliver Twist" and "The Prisoner of Zenda." Fred Mace is directing for Thanhouser. Mack Sennett and Mabel Normand remain with Keystone.

W. J. K.—What about our grammar? You are too particular; we are our own grammarian. Dont know the name of the building.

Martha Mc.—Thomas Santschi and Bessie Eyton in "The Flaming Forge."

Edythe.—Evelyn Selbie played in "The Crazy Prospector." Come on and join.

Doro Edna C.—So you say Bernardo Mario was the devil in "Satan." Thanks.

Ruby G.—Earle Williams was not with the Globe-Trotters. Haven't heard about Florence Turner's new company as yet. Will let you know.

Mildred and M.—N. J. Butler played in "The Hero of Little Italy." Romaine Fielding and Mary Ryan in "The Girl Spy of Mexico."

Avalous.—Your letter is fine. Haven't that Essanay. It is hard to get the Western Essanay casts. We will speak in the first person after this month.

Carnasie.—You are as positive as narrowness and ignorance can make you, yet you are wrong. You will have your eyes opened some day—we hope.

Clayton.—Lottie Briscoe in "The School Principal." "Poet and Soldier" was taken at Glendale. We are secretary of the Correspondence Club.

Betty and Patty.—Harold Lockwood in "With Love's Eyes." Stephen Purdee in "The Adventure of an Heiress."

Elsie W.—Of course the companies rehearse every play, often several times. We have no application blanks to become a player.

Peggy H.—Will be glad to hear from you. King Baggot is abroad.

Jimmie.—Write that play and send it out? Jack Standing and Vivian Prescott.

Maldine.—Elsie Greeson was the girl in "The Sacrifice." "At the Rainbow's End" is the correct title. Walter Miller was the husband in "The Mothering Heart."

Buff, 15.—Robert Leonard was Jim, and Margaret Fischer was Katherine and Nan. Edward Coxen was Ruth Roland's sweetheart in "One on Willie."

Westward Ho! For the Ridgelys

Cleo Ridgely, the charming Motion Picture actress, and her husband, J. M. Ridgely, who, under the direction of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, are making a horseback trip from New York to San Francisco, are, at date of going to press on our August number, at Dallas, Texas.

Their trip has been full of adventure and interesting incidents, as well as some accidents.

At Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, they were compelled, on account of cold weather, to turn south to a warmer climate, thus adding more than a thousand miles to their course as at first laid out.

In Virginia they were lost at night in the woods in a terrific snowstorm and escaped being frozen almost by miracle.

At Henderson, North Carolina, the stables in which their horses were housed were burned, and Mr. Ridgely rescued the horses, "Babe" and "Steve," at the risk of his own life.

But the plucky Ridgelys are still steadily pushing toward the West. They are not trying to make a record trip. In fact, they often stop from two to six days in a town.

Those exhibitors who are lucky enough to make engagements with them, fill their theaters to overflowing.

We regret that all of our readers will not have a chance to meet Mr. and Mrs. Ridgely.

We join with our thousands of readers in wishing them good luck for the rest of their arduous journey.

Their route from now on will be:

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Alameda, Cal.
Oakland, Cal.
San Francisco, Cal.

Indian Chief Red Eagle will accompany the Ridgelys thru the states of New Mexico and Arizona.

Exhibitors desiring to have them appear at their theaters should correspond with us direct.

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE
175 Duffield Street - - Brooklyn, New York

Queena M. E. K.—Cheer up! We meant nothing.

Miss L. M. C.—Pauline Bush, Jessalyn Van Trump, Marshall Neilan and Wallace Reid are playing in Bison. Dont know whether Irving Cummings answers letters.

Anne, S. H.—Perhaps you mean Larmar Johnston.

Percie, S. C.—What! That Biograph player always looks as if he needed a shave? Algernon, the barbers in New York have been on strike.

Lovie P.—Walter Miller in that Biograph. Expect his chat and picture soon.

Alyce Mc.—Dolly Larkin was Ramona in "The Padre's Strategy." Bryant Washburn was Jim in "Two Social Calls."

Imogene and P.—Harold Lockwood and Kathlyn Williams in "Stolen Melody." Irene Boyle was the girl in that Kalem.

Malvina H. C.—Reliance is in New York. Crane Wilbur never left Pathé Frères. Henry Walthall and Mae Marsh in "The Wanderer." Haven't heard Jack Standing's new location.

Grace, 16.—The Screen Club is just for actors, and not actresses. Perhaps women aren't good enough for them, or maybe they dont want the ladies to see behind the screen. Dont know about Florence Turner.

M. Jollie.—Frances Ne Moyer was the girl, and Ray McKee was Ray in "Silence for Silence." Yes; Vivian Prescott in "Bob Builds a Boat." Romaine Fielding in "The Land of Cactus." The girl is Mary Ryan.

Leah Mor.—You will have to supply us with the title. That was an error.

Green Eyes.—C. H. Mailes was the father, and Lionel Barrymore was the minister in "The New York Hat." Edwin August and Dot Bernard in "The Blot on the 'Scutcheon." We do not answer questions pertaining to Talking Pictures. You refer to Barry O'Moore in the Edison.

A. F., La.—Your letter is very interesting. You will receive the photograph.

Dutch W.—Edward Gening was David as a boy in "David Copperfield."

C. C. M., 14.—Alice Joyce was chatted in August, 1912. Bessie Eyton was Theresa in "A Prisoner of Cabañas" (Selig). Anybody can join the club.

B. R., Elmira.—The Big Ben binders are $1.00 each. Shall see about the pictures.

E. B., Asbury.—We haven't "Death's Marathon." Sorry.

D. C. W.—You know we never can tell about the future. Perhaps you would be a howling Broadway success, and perhaps you would not. You cant always 'most generally sometimes often tell.

Chiquita.—Irene Hunt and Joseph Holland in "Back to the Primitive." Caroline Cooke was Cyrilla Drew, and Edna Bunyea was Margery in "Roses of Yesterday."

A. B., Boston.—Your question was answered. It was tacked onto the end of another answer; this we sometimes do to save room. Yes, the foreign companies are still inclined to cling to the old-fashioned pantomime ideas.

Elsie A.—Charles Bartlett was the lieutenant in "The Song of the Telegraph."

P. V. C.—Sorry you cannot attend the exposition. Will see about a picture of Violet Horner. We have a little illustrated booklet telling all about this magazine, which we will mail for 10 cents in 1-cent stamps.

Anthony S.—Vivian Rich played opposite Wallace Reid in "Hearts and Horses." Sorry about that Rex. Owen Moore is still with Victor.

Lucille.—The picture is of James Morrison. Wrong title for that Selig. Anna Nilsson, Marian Cooper and Guy Coombs in "The Battle of Bloody Ford."

Billy J.—Perhaps you mean Harry Northrup in that "Turkey-trot." Mary Ryan was the girl in "The Weaker Mind." The flower-girls are not on the cast. So you think Alkali Ike would beat Hughie Mack if he tried? Not in a fight, anyway. Yes; Hannibal had only one eye.

U. S. K.—Vitagraph produce child-plays; so do Edison. Try both.

Clarence B.—Henry Walthall had the lead in "The Tenderfoot's Money" (Biograph). Guy Coombs and Marie Courtot in the Kalems. Yes.

Albert.—Marian Cooper and Guy Coombs in "Woes of Battle" (Kalem).

W. B. C.—Anna Nilsson was the wife, Hal Clements was the brother, and Guy Coombs was Ellis in "Grim Toll of War." James Vincent and Anna Nilsson in "Prisoners of War." Guy Coombs was the soldier in "The Wartime Siren." Carlyle Blackwell and Marin Sais in those two Kalems.

Herman.—That was a mistake in that picture, but an excusable one. Richelieu never permitted an eminent author to stand bareheaded in his presence.

I. A., Buffalo.—Romaine Fielding in "The Toll of Fear." John Steppling was the husband in "Dont Lie to Your Husband" (Essanay).

J. S. L.—Julia Stewart is with Eclair. Edwin Carewe in "Judgment of the Deep." General Film Co. is a different institution from General Film Publicity and Sales Co. Film Supply distributes the Mutual films. Thanks.

Frank W. Mc.—Edgar Jones has had stage experience. Western Edison has returned back East. Mabel Trunnelle, Herbert Prior and Director Seay have been taking pictures in Georgia. Just send in your entrance-fee. You want a chat with Edgar Jones? You shall have it.

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L. T., Texas.—Thank you kindly for the invitation. Should like to hear you play.

M. F., St. Louis, suggests a "Knockers' Club." "Charge $1.00 to join, and 10 cents for every knock. A hammer for the pin." Capital! It should have a large membership. George Dowling was the man opposite Norma Talmadge in "Belinda, the Slavey."

Dolly Varden.—We prefer lemonade to Coca-Cola; it's more healthful. Doris Mitchell was the girl in "Jealousy" (Essanay). Harry Kendall was the cracksman in "Violet Dare, Detective." Thanks.

L. R. R., Galveston.—We did not see the play; perhaps it was a double exposure. Edith Halleran is still with Vitagraph. Jack Conway was Steve in "Brought to Bay."

Norma L., Brooklyn.—Ernestine Morley was Lucy in "The Great Pearl" (Lubin). Irene Boyle in "The Face at the Window." You're welcome.

Violette E. L.—No, we are not making a collection of coins. We receive a great many, but they are mostly nickels, dimes and quarters, altho once in a while some generous soul sends us a dollar. We are not a coin collector; we have to hand them over. You want our personal photo? What will you give for it?

May B.—Edgar Jones and Clara Williams had the leads in "The Paymaster."

Lucinda G.—Your letter was mailed. Wallie Van in the Cutey series. He is a favorite down at the Vitagraph.

Just Kurius.—James Vincent, Harry Millarde and Irene Boyle in "Two Western Paths." Vivian Pates and Florence Hackett in the Lubin. Arthur Mackley was the father; the daughter, unknown, and True Boardman the husband. Lillian Logan and Tom Carrington in "Love in the Ghetto."

Madge Mc.—You mean the Vitagraph twins. They are the Nash sisters. That's the famous colleen, Gene Gauntier.

L. R., Ohio.—Evelyn Francis was the gypsy girl in "The Gypsy Bride" (Champion). We haven't the wife in "When Right Shall Prevail."

M. R. G.—Dolly Larkin and Henry King in "A Perilous Ride." Yes, we have read Mrs. Eddy's "Science and Health," but cant say that we agree with it all. No reason why a film should not be made teaching the doctrine, however, whether it is sound or not. Christian Science has a very large following. Yes; osteopathy and all the 'isms and 'ologies could be filmed, but there seems to be no great demand for them just now. Why not try one and send it to the Photoplay Clearing House?

Aurora, 18.—Harold Lockwood was the lead in "The Burglar Who Robbed Death." No; Gene Pallette was Jim.

The Three Pies.—Glad to hear your essay was "Moving Pictures as an Educator." We know of no Tom and Humphrey Fate. Sorry.

E. M. S.—Margaret Fischer had both parts in "The Wayward Sister." Blanche Sweet was the girl in "The Hero of Little Italy."

W. J. K.—Edgar Lewis was the sheriff in "The Sheriff" (Reliance). Larmar Johnston is with Majestic now. No, not one of the Benham children in "Barred from the Mails." Just a local child. So long!

Fluffy, 17.—Wallace Reid and Vivian Rich in "The Tattooed Arm."

Marion.—Wallace Reid was Jim in "When Jim Returned." James Harrison was the son, and Violet Nietz his sweetheart in "Calamity Anne's Trust" (American).

Elf, Green Bay.—Fraunie Fraunholz was Detective Holmes in "Holmes' Murder Case." Dont think Francis Bushman ever played with Solax.

Miss A. M., Toledo.—John Steppling in "The Voice of Guiseppe." Lionel Barrymore in "A Cry for Help." Marie Weirman in "The Mayor's Waterloo." Louise Glaum and Eddie Lyons in "My Friend Jimmie" (Nestor).

Hazel T.—Larmar Johnston was Dick in "Dick's Wife" (Eclair). William Russell was the husband in "Retribution" (Thanhouser). Darwin Karr was the detective in "Saved by a Cat."

Milwaukee Girl.—William Russell was the king, and Florence LaBadie the girl in "Cymbeline."

Birdie Pee-Pee.—Nay, nay, we did not use you as a butt for our sarcasm. Mustn't mind a little pepper. You seem to have *cacoethes scribendi*—an itch for scribbling.

Flower E. G.—No, we are not Edwin LaRoche. That was an error. Peter Lang is playing opposite Mrs. George Walters. Herbert Rawlinson was the hero in "A Flag of Two Wars" (Selig). He did not play in "A Midnight Bell." Richard Morris was Richard in "Faith of a Girl." No, we are not bad; we always answer. You failed to enclose the 10 cents. Thanks for the pretty picture of yourself.

Gertrude M.—Pathé Frères are located in Jersey City Heights, N. J. Why not send for a list of manufacturers? That was a double rôle played by Crane Wilbur. Earle Williams is, as you say, a gentleman and a good player. His popularity seems to be a well-earned one.

L. G.—Walter Miller had the lead in "Musketeers of Pig Alley." Larmar Johnston was Charles in "The Love-chase."

Bess, Albany.—Jennie Lee was the Indian wife. Yes; Robert Harron. Those monkeys were just hired for the occasion. Monkeys are not so popular as are the larger animals. Perhaps it is because they are our poor relations.

LAST CHANCE

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Contest Closes July 23, 1913

Our Second great Popular Picture Player Contest will close WEDNESDAY, JULY 23, 1913, AT NOON. Mark the date well.

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N. W.—You give the wrong title. We work alphabetically, you know. So you dont like G. M. Anderson's love-making, and think "he is of the stone age"? So sorry.

Violette E. L.—Myrtle Stedman and William Duncan in "The Range Law." George Gebhardt had the lead in "A Thwarted Plot" (Patheplay). No; Guy D'Ennery has left Lubin. Thanks for the buttons and German coins. Will save them till we go to Germany. We did not get those Huylers yet. Mae Marsh in that Biograph.

L. C. S.—Mary Fuller was the girl in "When the Right Man Comes Along" (Edison). Bliss Milford was the maid. You want a chat with Harry Beaumont?

Perpetual Johnnie.—Do you really want us to answer your thirty-four questions, sitting here perspiring like a pitcher of ice-water?

Mrs. L. H., Cohoes.—James Morrison was the son. Lillian Walker did not play in "Queen Elizabeth." We haven't that cast. Sorry.

Marie.—That's nice. We dont know the name of the hotel where Carlyle Blackwell stays, because he doesn't stay in one; he has his own bungalow. Blanche Sweet has been playing in California, but is now back in New York.

Ted, 18.—We understand only the Isaac Pitman. Carlyle Blackwell was chatted in July, 1912.

V. H.—Charles West was the lead in "A Frightful Blunder." Carl Winterhoff in "The Pink Opera-cloak."

M. L. N.—The Nash sisters in "Seeing Double." Alice Joyce and Tom Moore in "The Adventure of an Heiress." Early is the girl in the Powers play.

Acely Arden.—Ruth Hennessy was Ruth in "The Capture" (Essanay). Ruth Roland and John Brennan in "Parcel-Post Johnnie." Lucille Young was the heroine in "The Wayward Son."

Mary Jane.—Richard Travers was the artist in "Thru Many Trials." Lionel Barrymore had the lead in "The Lady and the Mouse."

Dolores M.—George Siegman was the father in "The Big Basso" (Reliance). Joseph De Grasse was the son in "The Half-breed." Mildred Hutchinson was the child in "The Doctor's Blind Child."

Mattie.—Yes, the player you mention started from nowhere and made his own path. He is what they call a self-made man, and he made a good job of it. Marie Eline in that Thanhouser.

K. G.—Charles West was the traveler in "A Lodging for the Night." Mildred Bright and Helen Marten in "For Better or Worse." You refer to Betty Gray. Warner Company have the Gauntier releases. Miss Cummings was the gypsy in "Passing Gypsies."

Etta C. P.—George Gebhardt left Pathé for Universal. Florence Turner and Tom Powers had the leads in "Let 'Em Quarrel." Florence LaBadie was Mary in "Mary's Goat" (Thanhouser). Earle Foxe was the coward in "The Lucky Chance." Carl Winterhoff in "The Midnight Bell." Neither Guy Harrington nor Abram Lott is the Answer Man. Guess again.

Marjorie T.—Thanks for your kind words. Hobart Bosworth was the lieutenant in "Wise Old Elephant." Kathlyn Williams and Myrtle Stedman aren't the same person.

G. M. H.—Florence Lawrence was Arthur Johnson's leading lady about three years ago, at Lubinville. They were a fine team. Too bad you missed them.

P. R., Clarion.—Dont know whether Mary Ryan is the same one who played in "The Fortune-hunter." Out of our line. Communicate with the Clearing House.

Lonesome.—Sorry your father has failed. It is no disgrace to be poor, but it has other disadvantages. The player you mention may not be a saint, but he is a good player just the same. Remember that a black hen will lay a white egg.

Flossie M. T.—Henry King was sheriff, Irene Hunt the daughter, and Carl Von Schiller the son in "The Birthmark." Joseph Holland in "Back to Primitive."

Miss T. M. V. C.—Lillian Logan was the girl in "Arabia, the Equine Detective."

M. R., New York.—William Duncan and Myrtle Stedman in "The Daughter's Sweetheart."

Joseph M. P.—Perhaps you refer to Vedah Bertram. She died about a year ago.

Marion M.—Harold Lockwood in "Her Only Son." Tom Moore and Alice Joyce in "The $20,000 Corot." Kempton Green in that Lubin.

Bess, Albany.—John Ince was Stephen in "Retribution."

F. L. N., Chicago.—You can get Harry Northrup's picture from Vitagraph. He will appear in the magazine in due time.

S. A. D., Staten Island.—My! but you are in error, plural plus. That's not correct. Mae Marsh in that Biograph. Edwin Carewe in "Down on the Rio Grande." Edgar Jones was the gambler in "The Gambler and the Girl." Clara Williams the girl.

Harry H. F.—Mabel Trunnelle left Edison for Majestic; then returned to Edison, where she is now playing. Understand? No; no money accompanied your letter.

C. C. M.—Brooks McCloskey was the boy in "The Choir of Densmore." F. Stanley and William Clifford had the leads in "Making Good" (Méliès). Jane Wolfe was Mag in "The Redemption."

Biddy, 15.—Darwin Karr and Blanche Cornwall in "Roads That Lead Home."

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Yours truly,
L. M. McCRAKEN.

After reading the stories in this magazine, be sure and stop at the box-office of your favorite Motion Picture theater and leave a slip of paper on which you have written the names of the plays you want to see. The theater managers want to please you, and will gladly show you the films you want to see.

DOROTHY B.—We guess about fifteen. We think that the club members who have received over five lists ought to send in an additional fee for postage, unless they decide that they dont want any more lists. Ten cents entitles you to five lists.

PAULA F.—Harry Pollard, Sizetta Thorne and Margarita Fischer in "The Mountain Girl's Self-sacrifice" (Nestor). Blanche Sweet in "Three Friends." The player was not far wrong. Joan of Arc had great physical vigor, graceful dignity and a beautiful form. Certainly she was a girl. She died at nineteen.

MILDRED I. C.—"Shenandoah" was released July 4th by Kalem. No, we dont proceed on Aaron Burr's theory, that a lie well stuck to is as good as the truth. When we make a mistake, we correct it as soon as discovered.

AGATHA.—Lillian Wiggins and George Gebhardt in "The Clutch of Conscience" (Patheplay). We haven't the mail-carrier in "Across the Great Divide" (Essanay).

KITTY, CLEVELAND.—Walter Miller in that Biograph. Victor have a studio in N. Y.

MEPHISTO.—Dont know how you can obtain the autographs of the players. We have several different interviewers.

X. Y. Z. DOLLY.—Ray Myers was the cowardly son in "Blood Will Tell."

M. E. O., NEW YORK.—Why not get a Bennett typewriter? You can take it wherever you go, thus saving the expense of having your scripts typewritten.

TOM W.—Sorry, but we have no cast for "Only a Miller's Daughter."

KATE, BRONX.—Arthur and Julia Mackley the leads in "The Sheriff's Honeymoon."

LA RUE H.—Pearl White still belongs to Crystal. Violet Horner and Jane Fearnley are both with Imp. Fritzi Brunette with Reliance.

KENNETH N. S.—Dolores Costello is the older. Mrs. George Walters on the June cover. Yes, we have a record of all the Moving Pictures in the U. S., but not for sale.

BOSTON GIRLIE.—We dont know about that player's stage experience. *Au revoir!*

GIRLIE O. K.—Runa Hodges was the child in "Faithful Shep." Yes; Jack Pickford.

BABE S.—George Stanley was Jim in "What God Hath Joined Together." Glad to hear you are going up in an aeroplane. Thanks. With Essanay.

LITTLE EVA.—Rosemary Theby was Mrs. Harrison in "Out of the Storm."

ROSE M. B.—We dont understand why they had that Indian wear a plug hat. Perhaps to show the savage love of adornment. Thank you.

BERTHA R. M.—Sidney Ayres was John in "Master and Man" (Edison). Dorothy Phillips in "Their Baby" (Essanay).

LOTTIE F. X. B.—We dont know about the regular stage. Yes. No, the Thanhouser Kidlet is not the Benham child; Helen Badgely is.

RUTH A.—Thanks. Your letter is very interesting, and not too long.

MISS L. M. G.—Was that a picture of your grandmother when she was a child? You might possibly get a position as a cook. Mildred Bracken in "Tempest-Tossed."

HELEN L. R.—Sorry, but Pathé wont tell us the girl in "Masked Beauty." It was a foreign picture. Glad you liked Harry Myers' chat.

EMELIE R. H.—Margaret Loveridge had the lead in "The Woodsman's Daughter" (Selig). Yes. Kathlyn Williams, Harold Lockwood, Utahna La Reno and Lillian Wade in "The Stepmother." Clara Adams was the girl in "Mr. Braggs' New Suit."

MISS RUBY H.—Lubin and Reliance both produced that play, you know. Thank you. Francis Ford was Abraham Lincoln in "The Toll of War" (Bison). Tom Moore was the husband in "Fate's Decree." Jessie Cummings was Lucy.

DORIS, 18.—Wallace Reid was the artist in "The Kiss." Wallace Reid and George Field were the brothers in "The Brothers." Yes, it is pretty warm.

D. F., SAN ANTONIO.—Bessie Eyton was Helen, Lillian Haywood was the mother, and Thomas Santschi was Jack in "Alone in the Jungle." Thank you.

DOROTHY B.—Autograph collectors will please keep off the grass. Will see about pins for the Correspondence Club.

ANNA S., N. Y.—Adele De Garde was the child in "The Only Veteran in Town." Marshall Neilan in "Fatty's Deception" (Kalem). Fatty was John E. Brennan.

BESS, ALBANY.—Charles Brandt was the crook in "The District Attorney's Conscience" (Lubin). Roy Clark was Dick in "Noisy Six" (Selig). Kenneth Casey is with Vitagraph. He goes to school and does not play very often.

CHIQUITA.—Earle Metcalf was the captain in "The Price of Jealousy." Romaine Fielding in that Lubin.

JULIUS G.—"Quo Vadis?" was produced by Cines, and we haven't the cast. It was probably taken at Rome. Hazel Buckham in that Kay-Bee.

ISIDORE H.—A player is very seldom with two companies at the same time, unless he plays with Kay-Bee or Broncho. Your second is forbidden property. Ruth Roland was the girl in "Three Suitors."

FLOSSIE, JR.—Dorothy and Lillian Gish in "The Lady and the Mouse" (Biograph). No, we are not absent-minded, but we dislike to repeat answers, and you shouldn't ask it.

MILDRED AND MEREDITH.—James Vincent in "Prisoners of War." Lillian Wade the blonde girl in "The Tattle Battle." Charles Clarey and Lillian Logan in "Scales of Justice" (Selig).

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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

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Our Patrons Are Pleased

We naturally expected that unsuccessful writers would lay the blame at our door when all their scripts did not sell, but to our surprise nearly all of our large number of patrons have expressed warm approval of our work, even when their scripts were unsuccessful. Miss Helen Johnson, of 10 Thompson St., Hyde Park, Mass., sends us her thanks "for the honest and capable criticism" of her script, and adds: "It has given me an idea of what is wanted in a Photoplay—that is, I understand more fully. I will forward to you the manuscript after I have reconstructed it." Theodore C. Weeks, of 236 Greene Ave., Brooklyn, writes: "I beg to acknowledge receipt of your check for $45 ($50 less 10%) in payment for my Scenario entitled, 'The Spirit of Mahomet,' which you were successful in marketing to the Vitagraph. I thank you for your promptness and competence. Your institution is a boon to the many who have entered the field of Photoplay writing. One of the necessary things to know is the specific wants of the various producers at any given time, and by placing his work in your hands a writer is relieved of much work and responsibility. Your constructive criticisms enable the writer to see at a glance wherein he has fallen short." This is the second script we have sold for Mr. Weeks. Charles E. Currier, of 16 Third St., S. E., Washington, D. C., writes us: "Allow me to thank you for your prompt return of my Scenario (No. 447), as well as for the criticism, which contains many helpful hints and suggestions. . . . I shall not hesitate to speak a word in your favor." Miss Josephine W. Phelps, of 1381 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, writes: "I thank you very much for your fine criticism of my Photoplay. I have gone over it carefully, following your suggestions, and am returning it to you. Will send more of my work soon." E. R. Carpenter, of 723 Washington St., Hoboken, a successful playwright who has sold many scripts, writes: "According to your advices, I have rewritten 'The Sword of Damocles,' making radical changes. I sent it out and it is being held for consideration by one of the Licensed. . . . I was very much interested in your revised copy of 'Peter Grey.' You certainly improved it vastly." Edward G. Temple, of 43 Poplar St., Bridgeport, Conn., writes us approvingly for having sold his "The Painter and the Figure-Head" to the Edison Company. Leo A. Goebel, Ph.B., of Forty-third St. and Chester Ave., Philadelphia, writes: "Permit me to thank you for your splendid glossaries. . . . All my works in preparation (6 plays) will be sent you; in fact, I intend not to deal any more directly with the manufacturers." And thus we could go on indefinitely, quoting from the letters of our pleased patrons. The Pilot Co. was so pleased with "The Power of the Sea," by Henry R. Clark, of 413 E. Seventeenth St., Brooklyn, that they have asked for more scripts, and they have even had the kindness and wisdom to advise authors to send their scripts to us for revision. We have seen one of their letters that they sent to a writer, and we quote therefrom: "We do not know anything about their (Photoplay Clearing House) terms, merely having received some Scenarios from them which they had re-edited, and which proved to be very good Photoplays. In fact, we have accepted some that they re-edited and sent to us for consideration." Even the

big Universal Company, controlling twelve film companies, are negotiating with us to supply them with Photoplays in quantities. Will T. Henderson, of 3505 Michigan Blvd., Chicago, writes that he is "delighted with the manner we have handled" his scripts, and adds: "I want to say that it is clear to me that you understand your business." And why shouldn't we understand the business? During the past thirty months we who have been editing THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE have received and read over 600 Photoplays that have been produced by over twenty different companies, and we have made frequent visits to many of the studios, to say nothing of innumerable letters and telephone talks.

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The fee for reading, filing, etc., will be $1.00, but to readers of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE it will be only 50c., provided the annexed Coupon accompanies each script. For typewriting, a charge of $1.00 for each Play will be made, provided it does not run over 10 pages. 10c. a page for extra pages. The fee for revising will vary according to work required, and will be arranged in advance. No Scenarios will be placed by us unless they are properly typewritten. Payment in advance is expected in all cases. 1c. stamps accepted.

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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

SEPT., 1913

Vol. VI No. 8

The Diamond Makers

(REX)

BY STELLA MACHEFERT

Felix Westerly, detective, and his assistant, Tom Fitch, settled down to wait. On the glass panel of the door which they watched for shadows was painted the sign: "Max Ishman, Broker." For the present, Felix Westerly was the broker, and the office was in the nature of a spider's web, into which the flies were expected unknowingly to walk.

As time went by, under the calm surface of the great detective's manner were discernible faint ripples of uneasiness. He looked again at the newspaper, reading, with gimlet-like intensity, an advertisement on the "classified" page. He passed the paper to Fitch.

"Tom, do you think it reads like a trap? Or does it strike you as a perfectly innocent, honest-to-God ad.?"

Fitch read it aloud, slowly, critically: "'Highest prices paid for diamonds. Stones above two carats particularly in demand. Max Ishman, Broker, 40 Main Street.'" He put down the paper and looked reflectively at Westerly. "It rings genuine to me," he said.

"If we have Orientals to deal with, as our few clues would indicate, we may be disappointed; for they seem to possess second-sight. But if they are here in Los Angeles and have diamonds to sell, I think they'll bite," concluded Westerly.

He was engaged on what promised to be the biggest case of his career. The country was being mysteriously supplied with diamonds, in such quantities and at such prices as to cause a slump in the diamond market. The Kimberley interests had been for months endeavoring to locate the source of these stones that were making the South African importations, with high customs dues, unprofitable. From time to time the admission of a buyer implicated a woman of great beauty, undoubtedly an Oriental. The Kimberley companies were conducting the investigation secretly, employing the wiliest detectives of the day and concealing the fact of their operations from so interested a quarter as Washington. Only the slenderest threads had linked the deductions in the case so far, and on the merest evidence Los Angeles was indicated as the last source from which issued a trickling stream of costly gems.

"Do you suppose it is a conspiracy of dealers abroad unloading for quick money?" asked Fitch.

"That is one theory. A huge criminal gang disposing of loot is another. But I fancy we're in for a surprise of some sort. Ah! some one at last."

Westerly assumed a businesslike air at the desk as the door opened. On the threshold stood a voluptuously beautiful woman, her great, lustrous eyes roving suspiciously about the room.

"Mr. Ishman?" she inquired, looking at Westerly, who had risen and advanced toward her.

"At your service, madam," he answered, taking little pains to conceal his admiration.

She smiled coldly and beckoned into the hall. A young Hindu immediately appeared and followed her into the office.

"You advertised that you wished to buy some diamonds," she stated, with a slight and charming accent.

"Yes, madam, I have an order for a number of stones. Will you come into my private office, please?"

He preceded her into the room and placed chairs beside the table, upon which the woman had rested a large hand-bag. She opened this and drew out several tissue-paper packets. When they were unfolded, Westerly's eyes rounded with surprise. He had made a study of stones, and he recognized these for diamonds of the first water. He examined them one after the other. They were flawless and, from "table" to "culet," cut in the most perfect brilliant form. One in particular, a large stone, the brilliancy of which was tinged with blue, held his eyes. He hazarded a thrust on it.

"I didn't know the Carter diamond was in this country," he said.

She looked at him sharply. "That is not the Carter diamond," she said. "I know nothing of the Carter diamond. This one is mine."

"You must have paid heavy duty on it, madam, when you brought it into the United States," he insinuated.

"I did not bring it into the country," she said, with incisiveness.

"How much do you ask for it?"

"Five thousand dollars."

"And these?" indicating smaller stones.

"Twelve hundred; seven hundred; six hundred; four hundred," she replied, as he handled them in turn.

"You understand, of course, madam, that I am acting for clients. I am sure that these gems and the prices will be quite satisfactory. If you will leave your address, I'll communicate with you as soon as I have seen my clients."

The woman hastily gathered up her diamonds and locked the bag.

"You will know tomorrow; yes? Then I will call in the afternoon. Good-day."

He could see that she was disturbed, that her intuition was hurrying her from his presence. Nothing was to be gained by holding her, he thought. A woman would not be attempting so dangerous a game alone. The Hindu who accompanied her was evidently merely a guard. There were others in the background; they were the ones he was after. So he let the woman go. But as her taxicab rolled away from the curb, he sprang into another that stood waiting and followed her.

The leading cab turned from the business street toward one of the older residential districts. Turning up one street and down another, it finally stopped before a plain two-storied house. The woman went quickly up the steps and into the house, attended by the young Hindu.

Westerly left his cab a few doors away and walked casually past. The blinds were drawn; there was no sign of any one about the place.

"I'm taking a big chance," muttered Westerly, "but this is a case where quick work is the only method."

He pulled a bunch of skeleton-keys from his pocket, ran lightly up the steps and, the next instant, found himself in a dark hall, straining his ears for some guiding sound. He tiptoed to the head of the basement stairs. A confused murmur of voices came to him. Slipping noiselessly down the stairs, he located the voices on the other side of a door. He dropped on one knee and looked thru the keyhole.

Westerly was a successful prober of mysteries, and he had boasted that nothing could surprise him, nothing find him unprepared with some sort of a solution. But as he looked thru that keyhole, his sensations were at first those of blank bewilderment. The room was fitted up with retorts, phials, jars, siphon tubes—all the apparatus of a laboratory. Moving busily and deftly among them was a white-bearded, dark-skinned man in rich Oriental robes. As he worked, he listened attentively to the woman and the man, who appeared greatly

THIS IS WHAT WESTERLY SAW THRU THE KEYHOLE excited. The old man joined the others at the table and held out a tray which appeared to contain a number of irregular lumps smaller than marbles. The others picked them up and examined them with evident satisfaction.

"What the dickens is the old alchemist making?" murmured Westerly, with his eye at the aperture.

THE DIAMOND MAKERS SCENT DANGER

Then, like a blow, it struck him between the eyes. It was the word "alchemist" that did it. Diamonds! That old "Arabian Nights" magi was making diamonds! Westerly straightened up under the wonder of his discovery. His hand brushed against something cold and hard. It was a revolver, and back of it stood the Hindu who had accompanied the woman. His teeth and the whites of his eyes gleamed eerily out of his dark face in the gloom. But his gloating over Westerly's discomfiture had drawn his attention from the possibility of attack, and before he could press the trigger, he felt the revolver being wrenched from his hand. Lithe as a panther, he grappled with Westerly. The detective broke his hold and made a dash for the stairs. The long arms of the Hindu again twined about him. Westerly tore them from him and, with a crashing blow, sent his assailant backward over the bannisters, carrying part of them with him.

Following the noise of the struggle, Westerly heard the voices in the basement room raised to an excited pitch. That encounter had shown him that he had desperate men to deal with, and he realized that he stood no chance alone and unarmed. He made for the front door. It had been locked and the key removed.

Footsteps were running up the stairs; he had no time to get his keys. He bounded up the stairs to the floor above and, with the footsteps still pattering behind him, up a ladder-like flight to the roof.

Looking down thru the scuttle, he saw the woman and the two men from the laboratory in earnest consultation. The woman and the old man turned to go down the stairs, while the younger climbed the ladder to the roof. Westerly was a trained athlete, and he knew at a glance that he would require all his strength and knowledge to get the better of the man approaching him. The Hindu made a sudden rush, and in a moment they were down upon the roof, struggling, giving blows, wrenching and rolling to the edge. The advantage seemed even at the start, but as they wrestled nearer and nearer the edge of the roof, Westerly could feel the gradual relaxing of the other's opposition. But always he exerted all his strength to send Westerly to the edge. At last they balanced upon the very brink, the Hindu savagely clutching at Westerly and trying, by dextrous twists of arms and legs, to send him over. The detective, panting, straining with every muscle, resisted the maneuvers inch by inch. He could feel the yawning space into which he was about to plunge. Then, with a sudden, violent, sidewise movement, he had placed himself out of danger and had hurled his adversary over the edge. The Hindu's fall was checked by the lines of telegraph and electric wires, and there his death awaited him. As he struck, he gave one dreadful scream; then was

THE DIAMOND MAKERS ARRIVE AT THE HOTEL

seen to writhe and stiffen, while smoke curled up from the high-voltage wires.

Westerly staggered to the scuttle, and there blew his police whistle. He went down thru the house; it was deserted. When the police arrived, the basement was found to be in ruins from an explosion.

"Then they've destroyed all evidence of their work, and they've escaped," said Westerly.

And so they had—and in the policemen's car!

Westerly wired to the Kimberley people of his discovery and the escape of the diamond makers. They instructed him to continue the search for them. Such extraordinary characters could not travel far without being remarked. Yet Westerly's telegraphic inquiries brought him no news of them.

"They must have gotten away in a boat," he concluded.

Acting upon this theory, he despatched inspectors to the principal seaport towns up to San Francisco. In that city he had men posted in all the hotels. News of the fugitives reached him from Billy Grant, who was acting as bell-boy in the Holland Hotel. He telegraphed Westerly that the woman and two men were at the hotel.

"Tom," cried Westerly, "go home and get your bag packed. We start north tonight."

The following evening they were in a room in the Holland Hotel, listening to Billy's information and changing into the masquerade costumes he had provided for them.

"Sheda is the woman's name," he said, "but here she is registered as Madame von Pelham. They are all going to the Charity Ball tonight, and the only way to be sure of them is to keep them in sight. Sheda is going as Pierrette, and the young fellow as the Devil. The old man will wear his Oriental dress."

By this time Westerly was painted and bewigged and costumed as a Pierrot. Fitch was a gallant courtier, and Billy a loud sport in checked suit. Arrived at the ball, Westerly began a search for the Hindus. At the moment he recognized them, the old man passed a black bag from beneath his cloak to the younger man, who threw over it the folds of his cape.

"Ah!" thought Westerly. "They carry their fortune about with them, ready for any emergency. I must try to find out from the woman if there are any other members of the gang."

He presented himself before Sheda and begged for a dance. She hesitated. "Pierrette should not refuse Pierrot!" he said coaxingly.

"But—I do not care for your dances," she replied.

"Then let me offer refreshments. We'll have a bite and a sip together, Pierrette."

"I do not care to eat; but I am thirsty," she admitted.

They sat at a small table, sipping wine and chatting. Westerly tried to glean some facts of her life and her associates. But she parried his questions or pretended not to hear them. The Devil passed close to the table and slipped a note into her hand. She read it surreptitiously, looked sharply at Westerly; then asked him to remove his mask.

"Certainly, if you wish; and you will do me the same favor?"

"Yes," she answered, immediately taking off the mask.

As he lifted the visor from his face, she rose and, with infinite contempt shining thru the somber beauty of her eyes, she said:

"So the note did not err. You are Felix Westerly, the detective!"

He was so astounded that he sat transfixed. She mingled with the crowd; he jumped up and hastened after her. She was but a few feet in front of him, when the lights went out. A flashlight picture was to be taken. Cursing his luck, Westerly waited, in fierce impatience, until the room was again flooded with light. His keen eyes swept the room; Sheda and her associates had vanished. He continued his search, with the help of

Tom Fitch, thru all the rooms and corridors.

"No use," he said; "they're not here. We'd better hotfoot back to the hotel. But I'll bet we dont find them there, either. I'll be blamed if I dont think I'm a boob!"

No; they had not returned to the hotel. Westerly divested himself of his masquerade attire and paced the floor in angry discouragement. The telephone bell tinkled. He took up the receiver and caught Billy's agitated tones.

"'PIERRETTE SHOULD NOT REFUSE PIERROT!'"

"Say, Felix, the gang got away in an auto. I clung on behind. They came down to the water-front at Market Street. They've got a yacht moored out here, with steam up and a full crew aboard. Shall I get the police patrol to stand by ready for you?"

"Yes, yes!" came the eager response. "I'll be down as fast as sixty horse-power can bring me. Good boy, Billy!"

Within half an hour the police boat was cutting thru the water and drawing alongside of the white yacht. The captain brandished a revolver as Westerly sprang over the railing to the deck, but the sight of the police caused a speedy lowering of the weapon. Westerly ran to the cabin. The old alchemist was leaning heavily against the table, his face ghastly with the hue of death.

"I am Bhadon," he said. "For Buddha have I worked until success was mine. My dream was wealth, vast wealth, all to be consecrated to the faith of Buddha, that it might be known over all the world. But now I die; I have drunk of a deadly poison. I die—and my secret—with me!"

Sheda and the young Hindu were brought into the cabin.

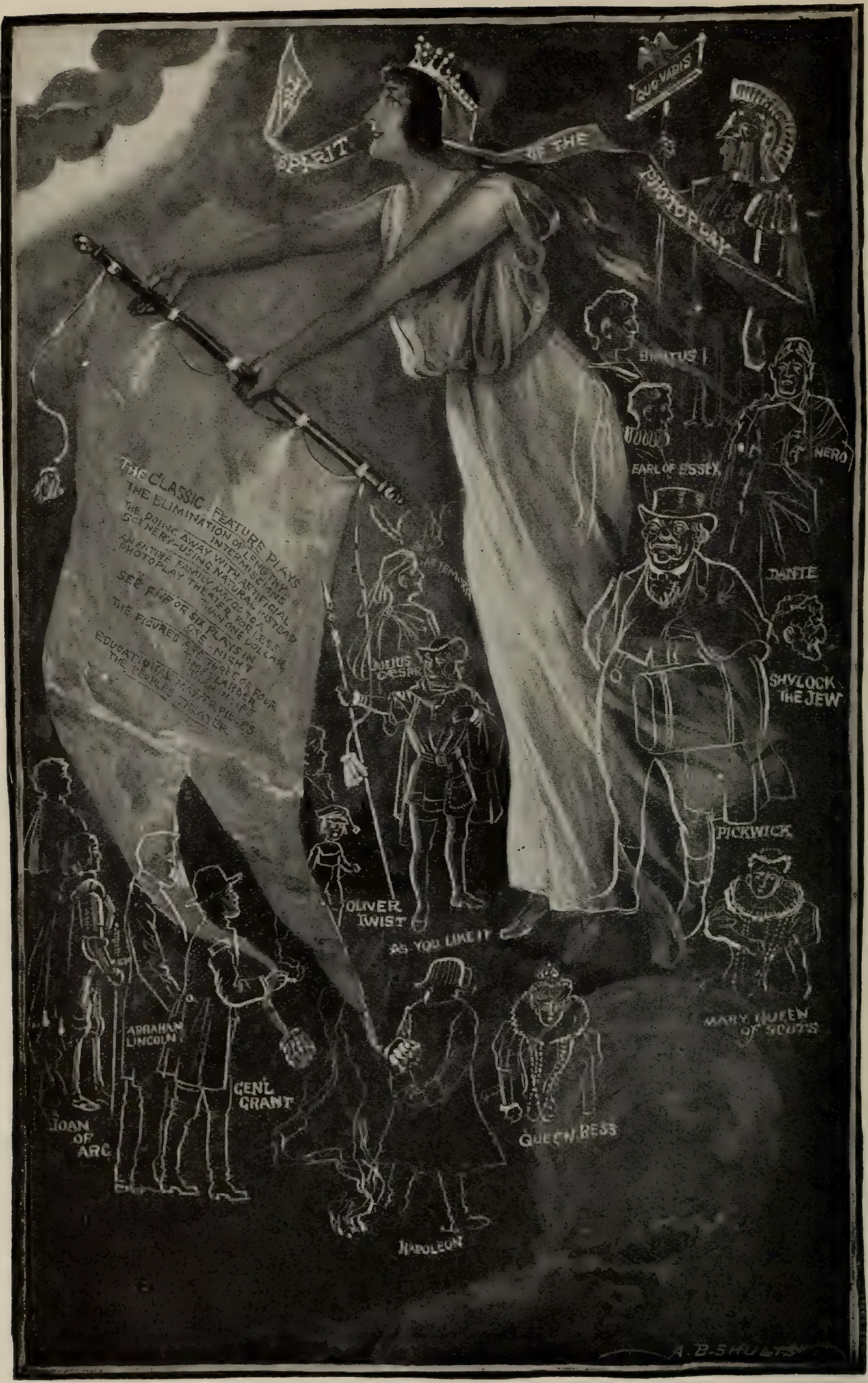
"Shall we arrest them?" asked an officer.

"No," answered Westerly. "The quest is at an end. The secret has died with the old man. My clients wanted the case handled without publicity; so these people are at liberty to return to their native land."

Westerly lingered behind the others. He looked at the wondrously beautiful woman, who, still in her Pierrette costume, stood gazing sorrowfully upon the body of the alchemist.

"I regret the trouble and grief I have caused you," he said earnestly.

Then, lifting one of her exquisite brown hands to his lips, "Farewell, Madame Sheda," he said.


SPIRIT OF THE PHOTOPLAY
QUO VADIS
THE CLASSIC FEATURE PLAYS
THE ELIMINATION OF LENGTHY INTERMISSIONS
THE DOING AWAY WITH ARTIFICIAL SCENERY—USING NATURAL INSTEAD
AN ENTIRE FAMILY MAY GO TO A PHOTOPLAY THEATER FOR LESS THAN ONE DOLLAR
SEE FIVE OR SIX PLAYS IN ONE NIGHT
THE FIGURES ARE THREE OR FOUR TIMES LARGER THAN LIFE
EDUCATIONAL MASTER PIECES
THE PEOPLES THEATER
BRUTUS
EARL OF ESSEX
NERO
THE TEMPEST
JULIUS CAESAR
DANTE
SHYLOCK THE JEW
PICKWICK
OLIVER TWIST
AS YOU LIKE IT
MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS
ABRAHAM LINCOLN
GEN'L GRANT
JOAN OF ARC
QUEEN BESS
NAPOLEON
A. B. SHULTS

THE SPIRIT OF THE PHOTOPLAY

The Lie That Failed

(Thanhouser)

By FELIX DODGE

If crimes went singly, possibly they would bring misfortune upon only those who committed them; but facts show that a single crime often brings unhappiness to a large circle of innocent people.

Josiah Gray, trustee of the Wilmerding estate and guardian of May Wilmerding, the surviving heir, had embezzled a large portion of said estate. Gray had not been dishonest at first, but had used securities to cover some faulty investments of his own. These had failed miserably, and required further immediate payments of cash. In five years' time Gray found himself paying a usurious rate of interest on a part of the fortune that was no longer in the estate's possession.

Thru clever manipulation, however, Gray managed to keep within the law, and for ten years had been robbing Peter to pay Paul.

But at last the day of reckoning had drawn within sight. May Wilmerding had fallen in love! The natural outcome would mean engagement, with a marriage following. The estate was bequeathed in such a manner that the heiress should receive it as a marriage dowry.

Young Valentine was as honest as the day was long. Gray liked him, despite the ominous part he played in his affairs. Miss May was deeply in love with him—every one plainly saw that. Valentine meant nothing less than marriage.

Among other ardent suitors was a sort of a distant cousin—George Benson—who spent weeks at a time visiting the Wilmerding mansion. The embezzling trustee did not like Benson, tho it soon developed that Benson was to become his single refuge when the storm of justice should break.

One morning Benson, with his usual cat-like tread and cynical insolence, strolled into the study where Gray was feverishly working. Gray suspected nothing out of the common until the young man quietly locked the door and turned upon him with a quizzical smile.

"I think we can be of mutual service, Mr. Gray," he said, raising his eyebrows with annoying knowingness. "The fact is, I am in love with Miss May—and want to marry her—"

Gray had sprung to his feet angrily.

"Tut, tut, Mr. Gray," protested Benson, raising his hand; "you forget that you have embezzled my little cousin out of a quarter of her fortune, which, if we can agree, need never cause you a moment's worry. I assure you it is a simple matter."

Much money and brains must have been expended to bring about Frank Valentine's mission to Europe by his company, in which Benson had lately bought a large block of stock. Valentine received but a day's notice and was not told that he would be detained in remote districts for a year at least. All he had in mind was the fact that this embassy meant an advance in position that would permit him honorably to ask the hand of an heiress in marriage.

May Wilmerding was piqued to the very core of her aristocratically sensitive nature by her lover's peremptory departure. She could not clearly see why a secret mission should bring her unhappiness by breaking into her romance. For that matter, her money was more than sufficient for their support, and all that, even tho Frank lost the annoying position of trust. She was ill satisfied with his solemn promise to write a satisfactory explanation and to keep in constant touch with her.

But facts seemed to justify little May Wilmerding's convictions, when a fortnight passed with not so much as a souvenir postcard from Valentine. In her imperious little way, that had always so amused Frank Valentine, she vowed then and there never to see him again, altho an ache had sprung up in her heart that had begun like a pin-point and grown into a sword-thrust, and was warping the happy aspect of the world for the first time in her life.

Matters were not improved by the interpretations by genial Mr. Gray of Valentine's sudden trip abroad. He inferred something about another woman, that had come to his ears. Valentine was not liable to jail, or anything like that, he assured her—only it was likely to be a long day before he dared put in an appearance again in the land of the free. And what else was May to think as weeks dragged by and no word came from him?

In one of her moments of fearfulness that something terrible had happened to Valentine, other than a mere desire to refrain from writing, she confided in Mr. Gray. That gentleman was persuaded to view the matter in the same light and promised to look into it seriously at once. In three days he returned, with a saddened expression shrouding his otherwise smiling countenance.

"He is—dead?" cried little May, voicing the last expression of concern for Valentine that Gray ever heard.

"No—I should say worse, Miss May." He slowly unfolded a letter from a piece of foolscap paper. "This letter must be treated with the utmost confidence and consideration. It was obtained after a great exercise of diplomacy. I have given my word to return it."

May took it with a fluttering hand. She read it, with rising indignation and humiliation. It was but a cold business communication to Valentine's firm, written and *signed by that gentleman six days previously.* It closed by saying that he was in good health and had certain reasons why he wished to stay abroad indefinitely.

Little May was very pale and quiet as she left the room. The imperious child had become an imperious woman.

Lawyer Gray still sat like a broken man an hour later, just where May left him, when the butler handed him a card. For a moment he hesitated, upon seeing the name; then he nodded. A minute later, George Benson sauntered in.

"All over?" he asked nonchalantly.

"Yes," returned Gray, brokenly; "we have—broken her heart—and mine, too."

"And mended mine, by the way. I'm deucedly fond of the girl myself, you know."

Gray made no response, but handed Benson the letter he had shown May a short while before. "And these," he said, unlocking a drawer and drawing out a packet of thick letters bearing a foreign stamp and addressed to May Wilmerding, "must be destroyed, I suppose?" There was something in his manner that pleaded for their preservation.

Benson seized them greedily and began tearing them up and casting them, piece by piece, into the devouring grate.

"Are the telegrams and registered letters here, too?" he asked.

Gray nodded. His head had fallen upon his arm now, and a dry sob voiced the shame in his heart.

"And now," mused Benson, lighting a cigaret calmly with one of the blazing letters, "I think the scene has been properly set for my entrance. I've little sympathy, but a world of patience."

Few people were surprised on receiving invitations to the marriage of May Wilmerding to George Benson. For six months the two had been inseparable. Seldom in these unchivalric days do men lavish such attention upon the women of their choice as did George Benson.

The wedding was small and quiet. But one untoward event occurred to mar the occasion. At the last moment a message was received from Mr. Gray's physician, saying that the guardian was unable to be present and give the bride away. With that calm lethargy that had characterized all her recent actions, the little heiress at once announced that she would give herself in marriage, since it was the desire of her heart.

VALENTINE ANNOUNCES HIS INTENDED TRIP TO EUROPE

The bride and groom departed at once for St. Augustine, where the northern winter was tempered to the balmy air that goes with romance.

But the gossipers at the great Southern hotel saw little or no romance between the newly-weds, and freely exchanged their shocked views. They were truly annoyed because they saw nothing.

For that matter, there was nothing to see. Romance seemed to have fled from the pair at the appearance of the wedding-ring. Mrs. Benson turned over the entire management of her large estate to her husband on the night of their marriage, and then settled down to a state of unending ennui. She neither expressed curiosity nor asked questions at anything. She requested merely that she be allowed to live in the way she saw fit.

One emotion only seemed to stir in the breast of George Benson, and that was a daily increasing jealousy. Further than that, a strange malady that had always haunted him with visions of an early death, seemed suddenly to descend with renewed virulency. He had frequent attacks of vertigo that inclosed the brightest day in a pall of darkness and brought the earth reeling to his brain. A premonition of horror crept into his soul, veiling it in morbid darkness. These were the days that he began to seek his wife and implore her sympathy and care. But she, too, was sodden with a vague apathy that had left her with an unfeeling heart. As a last straw, he sought some relief in the revivifying powers of strong drink. The reaction from debauchery soon brought him to the brink of the grave. The attacks of his malady were both more serious and more frequent.

BENSON GROWS SUSPICIOUS

At length, one day, when he knew that he had been lying unconscious beside his shaving-stand for more than an hour, he rushed off to the doctor. The doctor stripped him and made an examination that lasted nearly an hour—in a vain search of hope. Benson knew it by the expression, or lack of expression, on his face.

"Mr. Benson, I think you should know the truth about your health," he said, clearing his throat; "it's your heart."

Benson was looking at him pleadingly, the cold perspiration rolling down his sallow face. It was torture to have delayed the fatal words a second.

"If I were you, I should put my affairs in order—it may be a year, maybe longer." He handed Benson a glass of water, just as tho he knew the man was choking from the feverish dryness that had come into his throat. With the knowledge of death in his mind, the pall of it had descended into his heart, and in his eyes one could see the grave.

Weak and trembling, he left the doctor's, determined to tell his wife, in the hope of drawing belated pity and sweetness from her in his extremity. The man at that moment was purged of all his villainy. He even conjured a vision of himself dying in little May's arms!

They told him that she had gone down to the beach. With the hope of finding her alone, the doomed man hurried as fast as his caution would permit. He had made up a pretty speech and yearned for the light that would spring into her eyes. He had forgotten everything but a new love that had sprung up in his heart.

At last he found her. She was standing alone, looking out to sea—*across the sea!* A something had sprung into the lines of her well-shaped body that told a tale. He called, still filled with hope. At length, when he had drawn quite near her, now filled with exultation, almost, at the approach of a holy love, she turned.

He had never before seen that expression in her eyes. The tragedy of it all lay in the fact that she did not see *him!* It was something across the sea that had brought the hidden glories of her soul for a moment to her face. It was the other man.

When she did see him, only the ashes of that sublime fire were in her eyes. And his heart, that had risen to supernal heights, was now weighed by a stone that had dragged all his new-born hopes to the grave. They greeted coldly and walked back to the hotel, neither suspecting that Fate seemed to be conspiring in their unspoken drama. Frank Valentine, home after a year's gruelling work, had been granted a month's vacation, which he decided to spend in Florida.

Valentine had known that she was married, of course. He may have known that she was in Florida, or it may have been the superterrestrial bolts of desire that had been loosed in that yearning gaze across the sea—whatever it was, he went to St. Augustine and haunted the beach, especially during the lonely hour of twilight.

Benson saw him first. The inevitability of the future and of the revelation that must soon come to light struck with almost fatal ferocity into his weak heart. He saw those two—already linked by love—after his death. Married! Fighting frantically against the hovering vertigo, he groped his way back to their suite at the hotel. She was gone out, as usual, and in the quiet of their balcony overlooking the sea he sank into an easy-chair to recuperate and think.

With closed eyes, he hatched the diabolical plot that should serve him even after death. The learned physician had departed from the resort. No one knew of his fragile condition. He would commit suicide, leaving a note in his hand laying the blame on a faithless wife and a man—whom he would name, of course—who had broken his life and were his real murderers! He knew them both—May and Valentine; he knew that they would never marry with this stigma hanging over them—never, never!

And sure enough, when he opened his eyes, there they were—his little May and the man she loved—standing alone out on the sand, oblivious of the rising tide that almost licked their feet. They seemed to be saying little in words, tho there was an eloquence in their attitude that told a tale of sorrowing hearts. Each seemed to recognize the barrier of the gold band that stood between them.

BENSON CONTEMPLATES A LIE AND A SUICIDE

Like magnets, Mrs. Benson and Valentine were daily drawn together, until gossiping tongues were busily wig-wagging the succulent news from north to south, from coast to coast. In a week Benson, brooding over his condition, had arrived at the limit of his endurance. Days before he had purchased enough strychnine to "kill a St. Bernard dog." He first made sure that the two embarriered lovers were at their trysting-place, and then set out, with all the agonies of hell and its sinister brother, suicide, tormenting his burning soul.

Long ago he had picked out the place of his voluntary immolation. In the park was a shallow grotto, artificially made by digging beneath the roots of a great tree and arranging several great boulders just above it. A heavy shower the day before had loosened the earth above, and a policeman had been stationed near to guard against the public entering until repairs could be made.

The guard did not see Benson go inside and nervously take a seat on the rustic bench within. The suicide had written a long letter which he purposed to clutch in his hand when he had drunk the fatal vial. For a moment he surveyed the liquid before putting it to his lips. He removed the cork and raised the little bottle slowly, tightening his grip on the telltale letter. . . . The whole earth seemed to be swaying . . . then the sky fell. . . .

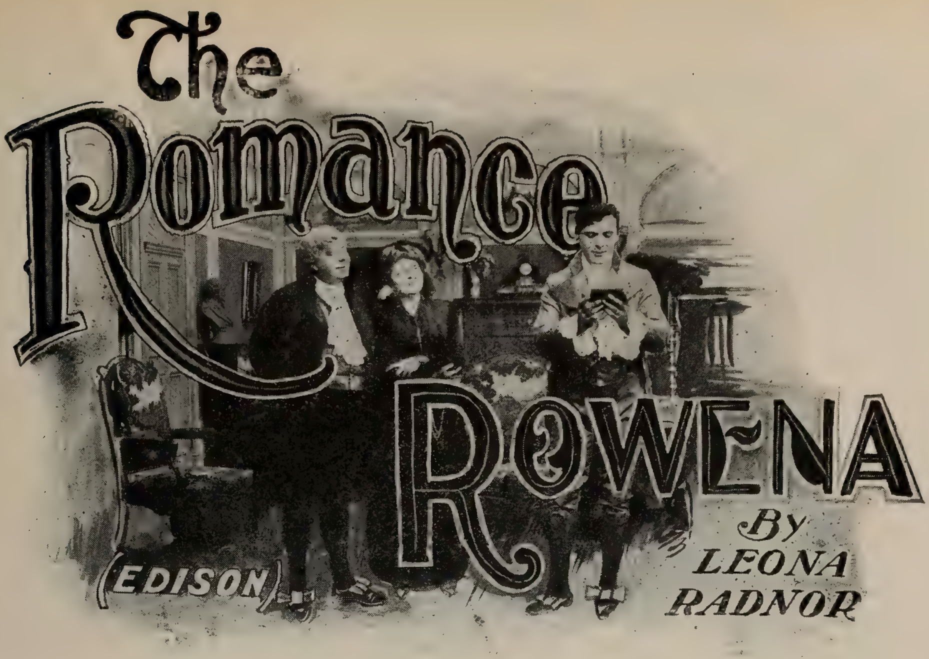
The policeman had been watching the boulders sway, as he thought. Suddenly, as they were about to descend, he espied a person sitting within. With a cry of horror, he rushed forward and arrived just an instant after the cave-in came.

MAY HEARS THE NEWS OF HER HUSBAND'S DEATH

It was the trysting hour in the park, and the discordant note of catastrophe brought inquiring couples from every secluded nook and shaded bower, like frightened birds. Among them came May and Valentine, still wrapt in the mantle of their shattered love. They were present when Benson was removed from the debris.

May's startled eyes sought her companion's, and their hands met in mutual understanding. Then they walked on, down beside the sea, where sunset found them, still mute from the proximity of tragedy, gazing out to a horizon upon which the sun of their despair had forever set in softened after-glow.

The Romance
Rowena



(EDISON)

By
LEONA
RADNOR

Trees and flowers and the twitter of birds. The warm touch of a Devonshire spring on the tender new leaves and petals, and the joyful plash of liberated waters in the fountain. Over the garden, threaded with prim paths, a Sabbatical calm.

From a nook in this garden there arose a droning murmur, much like the humming of a bee as it flits about the flower-beds. From time to time the droning was interrupted by "ohs!" and "ahs!" in sweet, girlish voices. Crowded upon and around a rustic bench in this nook were eight young girls, wearing the loose, black uniform of convent students. Their heads, black, brown, red and golden, clustered together eagerly.

"Read on, Rowena!" urged several voices, breathlessly.

Rowena smiled her appreciation with glowing eyes and cheeks. She bent over the book and continued the reading in a low and cautious tone. The book was a lurid romance, a product of that day of extravagant sentiment and popular romanticism—the day of George IV and the dashing Lord Byron.

"Oh!" sighed one of the auditors, "do such men really exist?"

"Why, of course!" indignantly answered Rowena. "And that's the only sort of man I'll ever marry."

"Does he die of love for the Lady Geraldine?" asked another impatient auditor.

"We are far from thru, but she *must* yield to his prayers in the end," surmised a dreamy-eyed blonde.

"How she could resist to this point is more than I can understand," frankly confessed a brunette with fawn-like eyes.

"Hist! here comes a sister!" warned one of the group.

Rowena hid the book in the folds of her black tunic and turned an innocent, inquiring face to the nun who approached.

"Miss Travers," said the latter, addressing Rowena, "you are to go immediately to the Mother Superior."

The girls fluttered uneasily, and Rowena rose to obey the summons. Her hand holding the book slipped to her back and besought her friends, with peremptory gestures, to take it from her. But the sister's eyes were upon them, and they were compelled to see poor Rowena enter the convent door fumbling with the folds of her tunic, in an effort to conceal the volume. She flattered herself that it was snugly tucked under her arm, where a firm elbow would keep it in place, by the time she reached the Mother Superior's room. The Mother was looking unusually serious.

"Come here, my child," she said, as Rowena swayed upward from a graceful curtsey. "This letter from your father has just arrived."

Rowena took the letter and read:

DEAR DAUGHTER—The coach will be sent to bring you home a week from Saturday. Sir Harry Causton has expressed interest in your portrait and has honored us with a proposal for your hand.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER.

Rowena's deep gray eyes grew round with surprise and flashed with anger.

"Indeed!" she exclaimed. "And my father thinks I shall meekly submit to be disposed of to the first man who asks for me?"

"Your father doubtless thinks, my child, that you will give him the respect and obedience that are his due," said the Mother, with becoming severity.

Rowena tossed her chestnut curls. "I cannot love a man to order," she said, "and I will not wed where my heart is not engaged."

So daring, so heroic a speech must needs have a gesture. Rowena brought her right hand in a sweeping curve to her heart—and bang! something dropped at her feet. Her shoulders involuntarily hunched with alarm, and her eyes sought the Mother's before she could droop long, curling lashes over their dilation.

"Sister Frances, give me that book," said the Mother.

The nun picked it up gingerly and delicately brushed off the tips of her fingers after giving the book to the Mother. The older woman turned it

"'AND THAT'S THE ONLY SORT OF MAN I'LL EVER MARRY'" about gravely, and took in its gaudy cover and sentimental title.

"We'll pass over the infraction of the rule, as you are about to leave us. It is very evident what has been the source of the rebellious sentiments you have just expressed, my child. You are young and without worldly experience. You have a devoted father, a devoted mother, and you must believe that they will choose wisely for you. Now go and write a dutiful note, to be carried back by their messenger."

Calmed and subdued for the moment, Rowena went to the class-room to write her dutiful note. But she wrote two, and the one she slipped into the messenger's hand was not the one that Sister Frances read and approved.

Sir John Travers and Lady Travers were in the drawing-room of Worth Hall, their Devonshire estate. Thru the open windows the soft air brought them whiffs of geranium and heliotrope from the clumps on the terrace. Sir John strolled to a window and looked across terrace and broad lawns, beyond orchard and coppice to the line of tall elms that marked the boundary between Worth Hall and Three Oaks, the lately acquired country seat of Sir Harry Causton.

"Deuced fine young fellow!" murmured the baronet.

"What are you saying, my love?" inquired Lady Travers.

"I was just remarking that Causton is a fine young chap," answered Sir John, turning into the room.

"That he is," warmly acquiesced Lady Travers. "We are certainly most fortunate in finding such a husband for Rowena."

Sir John was of the stout and jolly type. His round face beamed with satisfaction.

"Yes, and that young minx of ours is something of a prize, too, you must remember."

"For my part, I never saw a couple better matched," enthused Lady Travers.

A footman entered with a letter. "The messenger has returned from the convent," he explained.

"We are expecting Sir Harry Causton. Show him in directly he arrives," said Lady Travers, opening the letter.

A peculiar expression flitted across her face.

"What is it?" asked her husband.

"Well, I declare! What are young people coming to? Listen to this, John:

> Dear Mother—If father thinks I would marry without loving, he little knows his daughter. The man I marry must be brave, strong, and know the true spirit of romance.
>
> Your loving daughter, Rowena.

What do you say to that?"

"Zounds! what nonsense is this?" cried the stout Sir John, to whom the spirit of romance was a baffling figure of speech.

The door opened, and a handsome young man entered.

"Good-afternoon, Lady Travers. Good-afternoon, Sir John." His voice was hearty, and his manner sincere.

Lady Travers scrutinized him critically. She tried to view him with the young eyes of her daughter. Handsome of face and figure, easy and affable in his manners, richly and fashionably attired—what more could a girl want? But being very staid and conventional, Lady Travers was disquieted, in that she could not judge of "the spirit of romance."

She exchanged a guilty look with her husband; then impulsively said: "Show Rowena's note to Sir Harry, John. It would not be fair to keep him in the dark as to her sentiments."

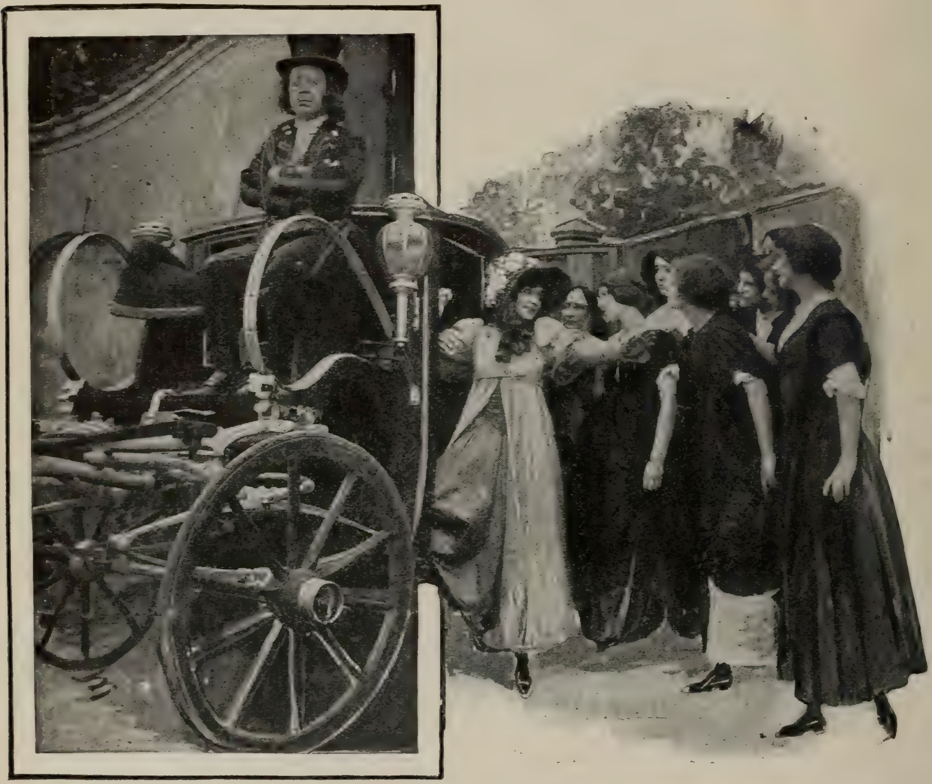
Sir Harry read the note with evident surprise; then a smile slowly spread over his face.

"This does not daunt me," he said. "The young lady shall have her romance."

And with that he took his leave and would tell them nothing more.

The day came for Rowena to leave the convent. The coach was at the door. The postillion was in the saddle, and the footman, with grim patience, stood beside the carriage while Rowena embraced her unconsolable friends. Sister Frances was compelled, finally, almost to drag her from their midst and force her into the coach. Rowena could feel the thrill with which all those innocent young things contemplated her destiny. Here was the beginning of a romance—Rowena promised to a man that she had never seen and starting forth to meet him! Rowena could not feel as melancholy as she wished at her parting with the girls, for a delicious tingling excitement buoyed up her spirits and prompted the fiends of anticipation to whisper in her ear. In spite of her communication to her parents, her young mind was filled with curiosity in regard to Sir Harry Causton. Was he young? Was he old? Was he tall? Was he short? Sitting beside the silent nun as they bowled along thru the verdant Devonshire country, Rowena painted innumerable mental portraits of the man who had fallen in love with her picture.

They had been traveling at a brisk pace for fully an hour when they heard the sharp command: "Halt!" At the same moment the coach stopped so suddenly that they were almost jolted from the commodious seat.



"THE DAY CAME FOR ROWENA TO LEAVE THE CONVENT"

"What can this mean?" asked Sister Frances.

Rowena put her head out of the window.

"Oh!" she cried, sinking back beside the nun. "A highwayman has attacked us. He has covered James and the postillion with pistols, and we are at his mercy!"

Sister Frances began to tell her beads. The door was jerked open.

"Descend, mesdames," commanded a rough voice.

Trembling, the women crept from the coach. The masked highwayman caught Rowena by the arm and looked keenly into her frightened face. Then, turning to the nun, he ordered her back into the carriage. She would have taken Rowena with her, but the bandit drew her to him and threatened the nun with a formidable horse-pistol.

"Varlets," he cried to the men, "remain as ye are until ye no longer hear my horse's hoofs. I take the damsel with me."

"'DESCEND, MESDAMES,' COMMANDED A ROUGH VOICE"

"Oh! please, sir, I pray you, release me!" begged Rowena, white and shaking with terror.

"Oh! sir, take wot we 'ave in money and trinkets——" began James, with chattering teeth.

"Enough!" shouted the highwayman, flourishing the pistol.

The nun leaned from the coach with joined hands and added her cries to Rowena's. But the man dragged the girl to his horse, lifted her to the saddle, and rode away.

He left the road and followed a path into the woods. After a short ride he stopped and lifted her from the saddle. Dumb with fear, she struggled and hung back as he attempted to lead her up a hillside.

"Fear not, fair damsel," he said, in a softened voice. "I will not harm you."

The voice reassured her more than the words, and as they reached the top of the hill and he bade her rest upon a fallen tree, she found courage to regard him closely. He was a tall, well-built man, and, from what she could see of his face below the mask, she judged that he was young. He wore a long, dark coat with a cape over the shoulders.

" 'Tis a monstrous thing you have done!" she scarcely breathed.

"Nay; reproach me not. 'Twas your fair face hath done the mischief. Since some time agone when I saw those divine lineaments, I have known no peace of heart by night or day," he declared mournfully.

"But this is foolishness," said Rowena. Her courage was returning, and the smitten highwayman was beginning to interest her as a romantic character.

"But you will be caught here, and your punishment will be severe for carrying me off," she pursued.

"None will find us here," he asserted. "This is my retreat, my wooded fastness, known only to me."

Rowena wondered at that, for the path had appeared to be plainly marked. She assumed a haughty air and demanded to be taken back to the coach.

"Nay," he pleaded, "be not in such haste to leave one who is lone and unhappy. Ah! see the bright-eyed daisies. I must gather some for you." And immediately he began plucking a handful of daisies.

She refused to accept them. He sank upon one knee before her.

"Do not scorn the innocent flowers because I offer them to you," he pleaded. "Do not think so ill of me. I am not all bad. I have been driven to do what I have done. But with your sweet vision before me, I can never do ill again. Do I look so villainous?" he asked, whipping off his mask.

Her admiration flashed unchecked into her ingenuous face. He was young; he was unusually handsome. She toyed with the flowers. Seeing that he noticed this, she thrust them from her, and again assumed the haughty manner.

"'DO NOT THINK SO ILL OF ME. I AM NOT ALL BAD'"

"Fair and gracious damsel——" he began.

There was a crackling of twigs and a cry of: "Now we 'ave you!"

The highwayman's hands went up, as from the corner of his eye he caught the glint of two blunderbusses.

"Now, you'll come along of us, Mr. 'Ighwayman," said James, edging round in front of him. "Zooks!" he exclaimed, as they came face to face.

The highwayman turned so that Rowena could not see the movement and placed his finger on his lip.

James lowered his weapon; he glanced uneasily at the postillion, who gave every indication of being on the point of firing.

Rowena, now that all danger was past, displayed a queen-like magnanimity.

"Lower those weapons," she ordered. "You will not molest this man. I accord him his liberty."

The highwayman sprang to his feet. "Oh! noble creature! I owe my life to you!" he cried soulfully.

She extended her hand regally; but with the suddenness of a thunderclap, he had her in his arms and had kist her on the lips. Then he was gone, galloping furiously thru the woods. She pressed her hands to her burning cheeks and went hot and cold all over at the thought of his daring—and at the thought that she had dared to like such rough handling.

The belated arrival of the coach at Worth Hall was the occasion of intense excitement. The story of the hold-up flew thru the household. While Rowena was telling her version in the drawing-room, the postillion was the center of a gaping group in the servants' hall. James found a moment to speak a few words into Sir John's ear, and that jolly person startled and surprised his wife and daughter by laughing in the midst of Rowena's harrowing narrative.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Lady Travers. "What a dreadful experience! My poor, darling child! You must go to your room and rest now, so as to look fresh for this evening. Sir Harry Causton is to call."

"I do not wish to see him," declared Rowena. Her curiosity had vanished with that ardent kiss.

Her father laughed. Darting a look of indignation at him, she went haughtily from the room. Her adventure was no laughing matter, she told herself, and her father's refusal to be thrilled and alarmed inspired in her a mild pity for the inferiority of his sentiency.

That evening Rowena's determination not to see Sir Harry Causton received a powerful onslaught. Lady Travers came to the girl's room with a string of exquisite pearls.

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Rowena, rapturously taking the beads from her and coiling them into a lustrous mass in her small, pink palm. "Do you mean these for me?"

" 'NOW, YOU'LL COME ALONG OF US, MR. 'IGHWAYMAN' "

Lady Travers smiled understandingly. The anxiety that had perched upon her matrimonial plans spread its wings and took flight.

"They are for you, my love—a present from Sir Harry Causton," she said.

Rowena had been twining them about her round arm to catch the beauty of their luster and the effect on her white skin. At her mother's words, her coquetry ceased. She held out the string of pearls to Lady

Travers. She could not keep all of the regret out of her voice, but she said quite steadily: "I cannot accept this gift from him, for I will not marry him."

"But," remonstrated her mother, "you have not seen him."

"I do not need to see him," was the lofty reply. "My intuition, which never errs, prompts me to refuse to meet him."

Lady Travers was frankly nonplussed. She coaxed, she scolded, she threatened, she dangled the pearls before the girl's eyes. But, feeling herself on the verge of yielding, Rowena clutched at the bosom of her dress and felt underneath the softness of silk and lace a hard lump of crumpled paper. Instantly her purpose stiffened as tho at a talismanic touch. Lady Travers found her will no match for her daughter's; she returned to Sir Harry Causton full of apologies and of censure for Rowena. But the young man put the pearls in his pocket with a smile and bade her a cheerful "good-day." The worthy lady was deeply mystified and keenly disappointed in both her daughter and that daughter's suitor.

Had it occurred to her to make a quick return to Rowena's room, she might have found the key to the mystery. That young lady had drawn the crumpled paper from her bosom and was reading, with palpitating heart, the following scribble:

> ANGELIC CREATURE—I shall see you again when least you expect, for I cannot live without you.
>
> THE HIGHWAYMAN.

This note had been brought to her by James, who came furtively, slinking for fear of discovery. Ah! here was true romance. She would none of her parents' cut-and-dried betrothals, with their gifts of pearls sent by a mother's hand! But the pearls really were exquisite and so becoming. She sighed and read the note again.

Lady Travers did not sit down upon the ruins of her hopes and mourn. In fact, she did not acknowledge ruins as yet. She had contrived, as she thought, ingeniously to bring the young people together, but something always happened to frustrate her object. Her latest idea was a fancy dress ball, and the house was buzzing with the excitement of preparation. Rowena had roused herself from a state of habitual revery and had tried on her costume, that of an Oriental princess, at least a dozen times. This boded well, Lady Travers told herself, and Sir Harry had given his word to attend; so once more her ladyship's hopes charged, with pennons streaming, upon the unknown adversary of her dearest ambition.

The night of the ball Rowena, with the enchanting loveliness of her face but partially concealed by her mask, went gaily among the guests. The scene was one that gave zest to her vivid imagination. Here was all of beauty, of gorgeousness, of gallantry that she could possibly conjure in her solitude; and this was, for those few hours, real to her. There was but one thing lacking: the passionate wooing of her highwayman.

A tall, silk domino stopped before her, and the wearer held out his hand to lead her into the dance. She felt subtly attracted to this gallant; and when he led her to a settee in an alcove, she sought to penetrate his disguise.

"Tell me who you are," she coaxed. "Have we met before?"

In a voice she did not recognize he answered: "Yes; we have met once—a memorable day—never to be forgotten by me."

"Who are you?" she asked, startled.

"If you will unmask, I will, also," he promised.

She immediately removed her mask and waited breathlessly while he lifted his.

"You—the highwayman!" she exclaimed. "Here in my father's house!"

"But you had my note. You knew that I must see you——"

"Not here," she interrupted. "You will be discovered. I will meet you tomorrow in the coppice. But you must go now!"

"Very well," he acquiesced humbly. "But first accept from me this gift." He drew a pearl necklace from his pocket.

"No, no!" she cried. "I cannot accept such gifts—especially from you——"

"Fair one, you wrong me," he said, in an injured tone. "I am not a robber. That was my one attempt to molest travelers, and it is my last. This I purchased with honest gold. Accept it, I pray you."

As she turned, irresolute, he flung the string about her neck and clasped it.

"What! so you have succeeded at last!" laughed a hearty voice.

Rowena whirled about and found Sir John and Lady Travers looking on with evident approval. Lady Travers, tho, wore a bewildered expression, as if unable to comprehend the suddenness of her daughter's capitulation. The latter looked from one to the other in wildest dismay. At last she chokingly asked her father: "Who—who do you take this gentleman—this man—to be?"

"'WHAT! SO YOU HAVE SUCCEEDED AT LAST!' LAUGHED A HEARTY VOICE"

"Why, that, my dear, is the man you vowed you would not marry—to wit, Sir Harry Causton. Who do *you* think he is?" he quizzed.

Rowena pointed a denouncing finger at him. "He was the highwayman!" she cried.

Sir John laughed, and Lady Travers began to see thru certain befogged incidents. Finally, she laughed, too, and kist Rowena and congratulated Sir Harry.

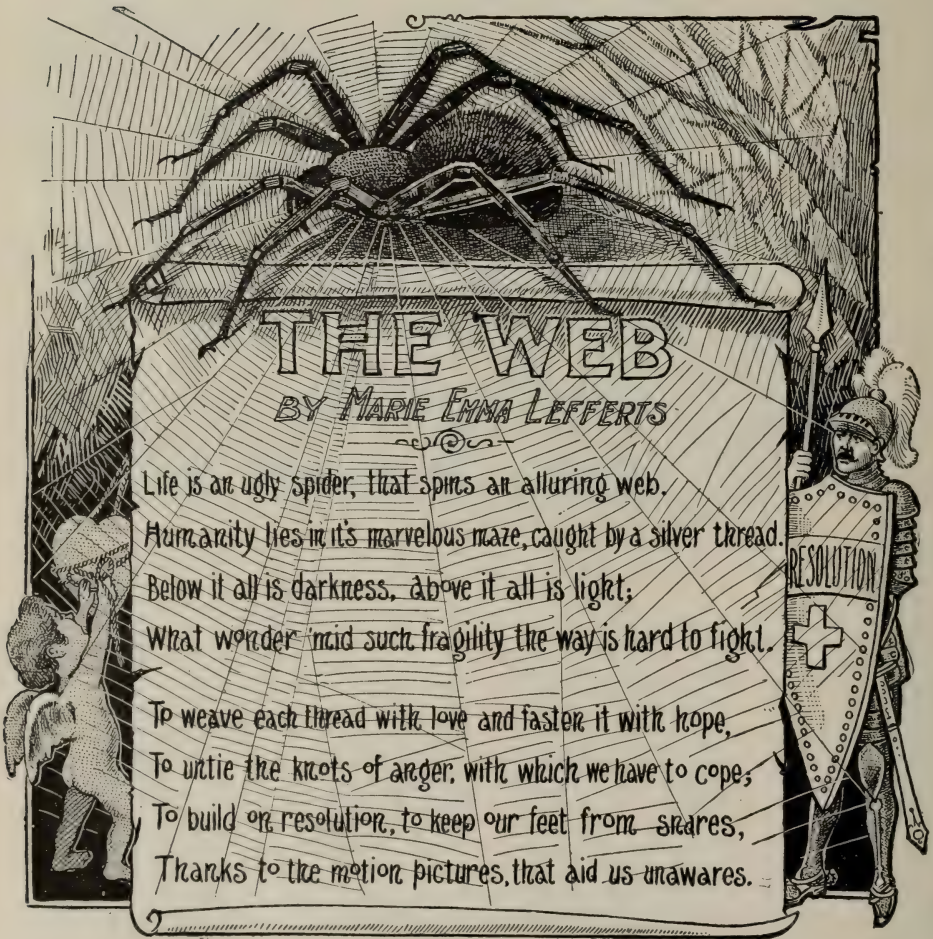
Rowena stood quite still, trying to grasp just what had happened to her romance. Her throat throbbed like that of a frightened bird. She put up a hand, as tho to still it, and encountered the pearls. Sir Harry watched the struggle that was announced in flashes of anger and pride, bewilderment and helplessness. At last, she raised great eyes, swimming in tears, to his.

"I have been so foolish!" she confessed.

"You have been adorable!" he retorted. "My little love!"

And the next moment he was murmuring down into the folds of his domino, presumably into a shell-like ear that was glowing with the call of a new and hallowed love under waves of chestnut hair and an Oriental head-dress.

AND HAPPINESS REIGNED EVER AFTERWARD



THE WEB

BY MARIE EMMA LEFFERTS

Life is an ugly spider, that spins an alluring web.
Humanity lies in it's marvelous maze, caught by a silver thread.
Below it all is darkness, above it all is light;
What wonder 'mid such fragility the way is hard to fight.

To weave each thread with love and fasten it with hope,
To untie the knots of anger, with which we have to cope;
To build on resolution, to keep our feet from snares,
Thanks to the motion pictures, that aid us unawares.

The Feudist

(Vitagraph)

By Peter Wade

THERE is a certain closeness and elbow-rubbing in city apartments that is appalling to country relatives, who cant seem to fit themselves in. But if one wants a closer life, an outdoor one, with even less privacy, try a semi-detached stucco bungalow in the suburbs. They can be found at the end of an hour's trolley ride almost anywhere, at an insignificant amount down. The grounds are exactly contained in the cellar, a grass-plot the size of a quilt and a row of tiny backyards. The veranda is all in common, except for a few boundary railings that spindle across it, and the domain in the rear is generally divided off by stalks of youthful and anæmic privet.

Each one with the least bit of neighborliness in the row knows exactly what the others are doing, wearing and saying. The hoarding of such a thing as a secret, a love-affair or a family jar is absolutely out of the question. And music, warbled or fingered, can make all the little row happy or miserable, according to its effectiveness.

The large and happy Craig family lived in a segment of one of these rows, next door to the equally large and sunshiny Smith household. Their privacy was protected by exactly four inches of wall, mostly cinders; and it was into the miniature outdoor life of the twin backyards that they overflowed and led a life of two-family bliss. They had both bought that spring, and Mrs. Smith, being overstout, liked the spidery figure of Mrs. Craig the moment she set eyes on her. Mr. Craig was given over to fleshy silence and the reading of gaudy catalogs from seed houses. Mr. Smith was high-strung, talkative and excessively neighborly. Young Bobby Smith, being two years older than Master Sydney Craig, completely fascinated him. And the smaller fry, Smith and Craig, paired off like so many rabbits.

Winsome Jessie Smith had put in a thrilling but closely watched week with Tom Craig, home from college for his Easter holidays, and since those halcyon days the rest of the tame youths in Bungalow Row were as so much dirt to her. Their obscure lives of invoice clerks and city salesmen did not interest her in the least. She sat in the common yard and wondered how the plain, not to say homely, parents of Tom could have brought forth such a dashing young man.

Up to the time of her meeting with Tom Craig, she had figured her father the beau ideal of a man—active, resourceful, gallant. From that delicious week on he was only a parent.

But Mr. Smith had other irons in the fire besides striking poses before his family and the Craigs and saying supremely funny things. He had always wanted to become a bird-fancier, a breeder of fine feathered stock. His purchase in Bungalow Row and the possession of his slice of the communal yard had put wings to his fancy; and it so happened that on the very day that Mr. Craig brought home the seeds of his desire, Mr. Smith started the rearing of his chicken-coop.

Mr. Craig had come home early with several packages of flower-seeds. He had conceived the great idea of planting his aster and marigold seeds in the design of a Persian prayer-rug, and poked each seed into the ground in accordance with the free-hand sketch that Mrs. Craig had designed for him.

Mr. Craig's efforts were interrupted by the sounds of violent hammering almost in his ear, and straightening up, he perceived Mr. Smith in the act of disintegrating a large packing-case. From a crate nearby a volume of clucks and cackles was issuing.

"Introducing my Rhode Island Reds," said Mr. Smith, flourishing his hammer; "I'll have their new home built by tonight."

"Dont know anything about 'em," said Mr. Craig, "except when cooked. Isn't your coop pretty small?"

"Leave it to me, Craig, old chap—I'm a regular hawk when it comes to understanding pullets. Most of my yard will be made into a first-class poultry-run."

The ponderous Mr. Craig sighed at the loss of so much precious earth. "You see," he muttered sotto voce, "if the Smiths dont double up in our yard from now on."

Mr. Craig spoke with the voice of a prophet. Night after night the entire Smith family crowded thru the flimsy hedge and camped out in the none too ample bosom of the Craigs.

Mr. Craig tenderly watered the bursting seeds of his prayer-rug while Mr. Smith kept the ladies in a constant bubble of merriment. And each night before retiring the Rhode Island Reds cast envious eyes at the forbidden Eden of seeds and sprouts just beyond their craws.

It was little Nellie Smith, in company with toddling Sydney Craig, who was the innocent cause of the heart-burning feud that sprang up between the two loving families. The diminutive adventurers were exploring the chicken-coop one lifeless Saturday afternoon, and in consequence, the frightened fowls were driven into a corner of the run. Sydney, in fire play, bravely set the Craigs' ladder against the side of the coop and mounted to rescue the flame-swept lady.

The treacherous ladder slipped and went crashing thru the Smiths' poultry netting. Thereupon, the Rhode Island Reds, in marshaled ranks, saw their opportunity and invaded the forbidden Craig yard. The fire game came to an ignominious end by Nellie's rescue of the downcast fireman and his inability to restrain his manly tears.

Then a gorgeous butterfly flittered across the wrecked run, and the children, forgetful of their drama, gave joyful chase.

At this precise moment Mr. Craig was enjoying a sultry doze behind his newspaper in the drawing-room. Excited cluckings in his yard disturbed his slumber, and he rose up, to steal to the kitchen window. There they were, the whole flock of feathered devils, clawing and pecking up his priceless flower-bed!

Mr. Craig trumpeted like a wounded elephant, which eerie sound brought his whole family about him. Stung to cruel action, he seized a broom and rushed out to the spoliated yard.

"'I'LL NEVER SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN, MRS. SMITH'"

Nothing but scarred and mutilated earth remained of his dream of years. The Rhode Island Reds still cluttered and scratched fiendishly in the former flower-bed. They reminded the infuriated Mr. Craig of body-snatchers at their fell work. His ruthless weapon dusted their fat backs, and fowlish sounds of pain rent the air.

Mr. Smith suddenly stopped in the middle of a funny story, with Mrs. Smith as audience, and cocked his eyes very much like a wary chicken. The squawks of his chastened flock fell upon his ears. And, with one accord, he also gathered his family about him and rushed out into the yard.

They arrived at the proper moment to see Mr. Craig swing the relentless broom and bat one more desecrator from off his sacred ground.

"Hey, Craig!" shrilled the astonished Smith; "you henpecked barrel of fat! What's the matter with you?"

Mr. Craig desisted from his efforts long enough to grin with rage. "Henpecked! that's right, perfectly right," he retorted. "I wish you and your cursed chickens were where you belonged in——"

"Heavens!" burst in Mrs. Smith, inappropriately. "Their brat has ruined our chicken-run."

The two families had lined up on their respective sides of the hedge and assumed threatening attitudes in emulation of the warlike heads of the household.

"I'll never speak to you again, Mrs.

Smith,'' flouted Mrs. Craig, gathering up the blubbering Sydney.

''Nor I,'' said Mrs. Smith, clutching Nellie back. ''Our friendship ceases from this minute!''

Across the once friendly hedge the two men glared at each other as ''Johnny Reb'' and ''Yank'' once stared unalterable hate across Mason and Dixon's line. And to their partizan minds the cause was even greater.

Sunday, the day of peace, passed by with drawn blinds decorating both bungalows and a pair of deserted backyards. It was a queer freak of reasoning that both families should suffer with heat and gain nothing, but such is the law of social aloofness.

Mr. Smith meditated deeply in the gloom of his drawing-room, and toward night made a mysterious and stealthy call in the neighborhood.

Early Monday morning, as the Craigs looked down from their back windows, an astounding sight greeted their eyes. The Smiths' yard was full of lime-smeared masons, and the first courses of a cement wall were rapidly going up where the privet had stood overnight.

Craig's measuring eye told him that the wall was just inside of Smith's line. Its erection must be causing Smith as much pain as himself, besides the total expense. Yet he felt that the Smiths' feelings were swallowed up in their spiteful victory over him. With fascinated looks, he watched the wall grow until breakfast and the call of his office tore him away from the window.

In the evening he was drawn back to the thing, to find it grown to a giant of a wall, somber and forbidding, the length of his yard. Like an escaping convict Craig stole under its shadows and plainly heard the Smiths' tittering taunt on their side of it.

''THE TWO MEN GLARED AT EACH OTHER''

Craig was goaded to desperation. For a good half of the day his yard would be shrouded in gloom. Nothing but fungus or malaria would breed in the dismal place. But one little thing remained for him to do before life was a total blank, and he treasured its immediate execution. On Sunday morning the Smiths' old black Thomas cat had crawled into his cellar to ease out the last of its nine lives. Craig had meant to break the news to them, but the disastrous feud drove it from his mind.

Now he meant to break the news with good measure. As he raised his cellar-board and brought forth the remains of Thomas, the cachinnations of his hostile neighbors rose exultantly over the wall. At the same instant the late Mr. Thomas described a graceful parabola and descended into the bosom of his family.

Mrs. Smith screamed, and cries of ''brute'' and ''murderer'' came from her husband. The scraping of a ladder against the wall warned Mr. Craig that some one was ascending, and he beat a hasty retreat. But at last he had flung down the gauntlet, in the shape of poor Thomas, and the gage of open warfare was given and accepted.

It was the week after things had come to this formidable pass that Tom Craig returned from college. Mr. Craig recounted the poisoned actions of the Smiths to him and led Tom out to take a view of the spite-wall.

Tom was impressed, and his face lengthened at the now nun-like privacy of Miss Smith. He had fondly hoped to call her ''the light of his life'' within a week and to seek the parental blessing. The sudden turn of events made it hazardous to look at her even from a distance, much less lay close siege to her hand.

The young man felt that he owed it to his parents to be inspired with their glow of hate toward the vile Smith family; yet, try as he would, he could not summon up a spark of resentment toward the pretty girl next door. It was a case of exceptional hate, with an exception—that much was justifiable.

Tom said nothing about the exception to his parents, and no sooner was the warmth of their welcome to him somewhat abated than he set about planning ways and means to get speech with Jessie Smith. Enter her front-door he could not, nor meet her on the street. The sleepless vigilance of Bungalow Row would put a stop to that. His only safe way was to spy upon the Smiths' yard until it was free of Smiths, and then to mount a ladder and signal the girl.

THEY SAW THE CAT COME BACK

It was quite late at night, with a full moon riding overhead and splashing the wall with a silver bath, before Tom dared put his plan into effect. With the wariness of a small boy after forbidden fruit, he climbed his tall ladder and looked down into the interdicted yard.

For some time he softly whistled in

vain—all was dark and unresponsive in Jessie's room.

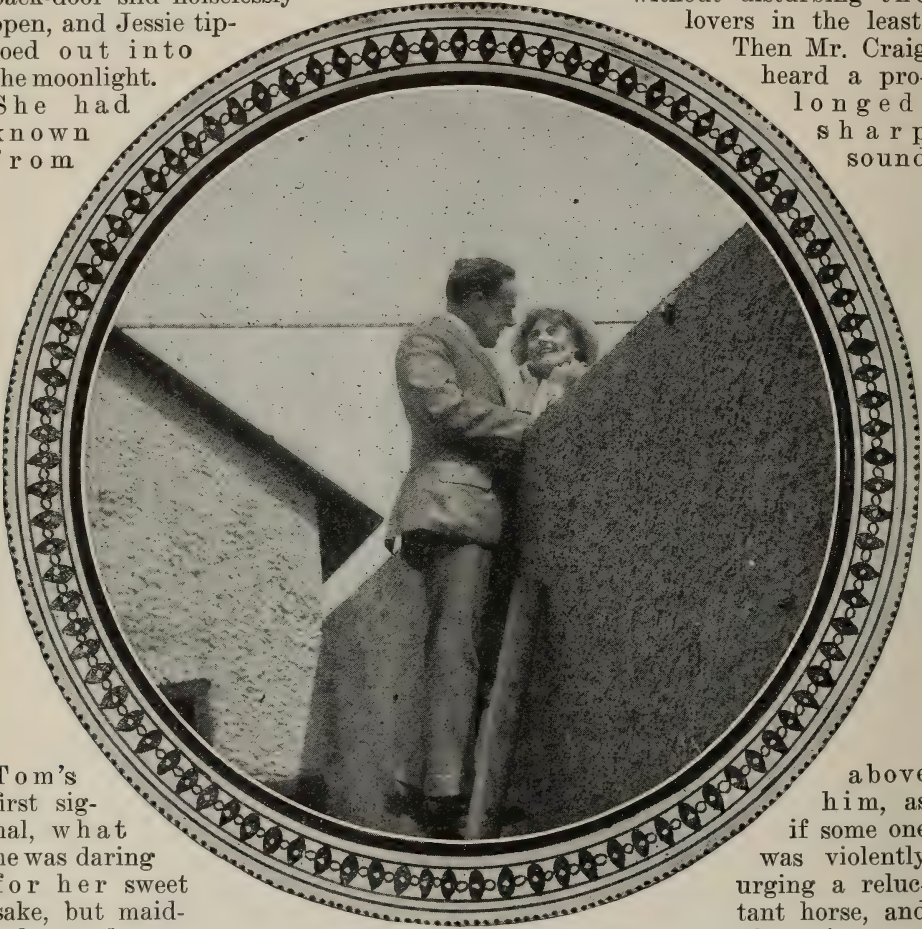
"I dont dare make a noise like a cat or a rooster," Tom mused; "it would bring both families out on the run, but I've got to reach her some way."

To solve his problem the Smiths' back-door slid noiselessly open, and Jessie tiptoed out into the moonlight. She had known from Tom's first signal, what he was daring for her sweet sake, but maidenly modesty had held back her bounding heart. In a trice she had mounted the Smiths' ladder, and clasped Tom's hands, and there atop the hostile wall, these two doves of the night billed and cooed as if their families were the best of bosom friends.

They might have been there yet, and my story lacked an ending, if Mr. Craig had not consulted his seed-house catalog again, and forthwith had ordered a hive of bees. The expressman was even then thundering on the Craig door, and, shortly, Mr. Craig arose from his dreams and helped him cart the hive thru the house and out into the yard.

All this prosaic passage happened without disturbing the lovers in the least. Then Mr. Craig heard a prolonged, sharp sound above him, as if some one was violently urging a reluctant horse, and glancing upward, he caught the finishing touches of a kiss. One-half of it was executed by his son Tom, and the other, and perhaps the sweeter, by that scorpion of a Smith girl astride the wall.

Mr. Craig gave vent to a melodramatic cry, the variety the villain gives when the hero finally corners him, and flung himself at the base of Tom's ladder. The awed young man didn't wait to climb down; he simply



THE WALL WAS NOT BIG ENOUGH TO SEPARATE LOVERS toppled off, with the luck of youth with him. And as for Jessie, Craig's yell had brought the Smiths out in the yard *en masse.* Down she came, assisted by her irate father, and poor Tom thought he detected her heartbreaking sobs above her parents' voices.

Mr. Smith, in particular, appeared to be in a fine frenzy of rage, for he sprang up his ladder to shake his fist at the treacherous Craigs. If Mr. Smith imagined that his display of bravery would be at a long and safe range, he was sadly mistaken, for it so happened that the doughty Mr. Craig was mounting his own ladder at the self-same time. As a result, Mr. Smith shook his fist under the very nose of his heavy antagonist.

It will never be revealed just how it came about that Mr. Craig laid hands upon the person of Mr. Smith. It may have been that in his bewilderment he threw up his hands, and that they got entangled in the lighter man's cotton suspenders. The upshot was that the unloving pair hung in space a moment, toppled in midair, clung to each other and thudded into the abysmal depths of Craig's yard. Neither neighbor realized just what had happened. It shot thru the dazed mind of each that the other had dealt him a giant's buffet, and in another instant they were rolling over and over, pegging away at each other for dear life.

Mrs. Smith heard the inharmonious mixture of their voices and the dreadful sounds of blows. Like the born fighter that she was, she hurriedly marshaled her family and led them thru their own back gate to Craig's, and thence to the field of battle.

Mrs. Craig saw them coming, and altho she was a perfect bean-pole alongside of her plump neighbor, attempted to stop the invasion. Thereupon the wives started a dreadful hair-pulling bee, and the younger fry fought with fists and stones.

Tom and Jessie had not heeded the summons to battle. Instead they stood holding hands by the wall and viewing the dreadful carnage.

"It's got to be stopped," hissed Tom, as Mrs. Craig executed a splendid maneuver and flourished a handful of her rival's hair. "I have it—a bright idea at last! I'll upset the governor's new beehive."

"DOWN SHE CAME, ASSISTED BY HER IRATE FATHER"

No sooner said than done, and as the angry bees swarmed out and attacked the surprised combatants, there was an instant cessation of hostilities to retreat before this new foe. There was a little toolhouse on the rear of Craig's lot, and stung and routed, the two families fled for this place of shelter.

Tom kist Jessie furiously on her round cheek. "Stung! you, too," he laughed, as the toolhouse door banged shut; "by another one of Craig's bumble-bees."

"It's inhuman the way our parents

are conducting themselves," confessed the girl, "and I'm afraid of the consequences."

"Never fear," said Tom; "the bees have taken all the fight out of them."

"If they were left in there long enough," asserted Tom, "I believe they'd patch up their quarrel. Heavens! another idea—two in one day! I'm going to lock them in; misery loves company, so they ought to be accommodated."

THE FEUDISTS SUFFER IN COMMON, IN THE TOOLHOUSE

In a trice he had turned the key in the toolhouse door, and with almost the same gesture held back the dissenting girl.

"It's downright cruel," she said.

"It's a bee-lessing," he asserted. "Please leave the result to me."

At the end of an hour Tom turned the key again, and the imprisoned forces trooped out. Various were the scars of battle, mostly puffs and tiny cushions where a bee had strayed. In some miraculous way, Mr. Craig had found a bottle of crude oil in the toolhouse, and turn and turn about, the feudists had applied it to each other's stings. With bandaged faces and hangdog looks, the now allied armies marched out in review before Tom and Jessie.

It was the psychological moment, and Tom was brazen enough to capture her hand before the four pairs of parental eyes.

"I dont see any objections; do you, Smith?" asked Mr. Craig, anxious to say it first.

"Suits me," said Smith, forcing a painful grin.

As for Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Craig, after the way of emotional women, they each gave a fond mother's hoot and fell upon one another in a burst of joyful tears.

WHEN THE EARTH Trembled

BY HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

This story was written from the Photoplay of EDWIN BARBOUR

OLD man Girard was as impregnable as the Rock of Gibraltar. He proudly attributed his successful career to the fact that he possessed a heart of stone, a will of iron, and a nerve of steel. Twenty years with these influences had encrusted his soul and made of his exterior a towering monument of arrogance. Servants, employees and associates quailed before him, and he crushed them as tho they had been worms.

Girard's chief clerk—faithful old Pearce—had grown old in service and bowed under daily chastisement. He was the buffer for all experiences within those office walls. The woes of a thousand supplicants had passed thru his sensitive soul, as well as Girard's harsh treatment of them, leaving within him marks as from an invisible lash.

Pearce had given up hope of anything ever piercing his employer's heart. For twenty years he had been as near as another human being could approach him, yet had never known a heart-throb nor witnessed a tear!

Heaven knows, what the normal man calls misfortunes had been frequent enough! In those early days his wife had died, whereupon his nature had changed decidedly for the worse. But his son Paul was growing up and seemed to be giving him a certain kind of pleasure. Soon after he took Sims into the firm, and business took a flying leap into prosperity that brought Girard into the ranks of millionaires. Then Paul flew into the face of the parental word and went to Paris to study art. This brought on a storm of wrath that continued in the office for more than a year. In his heart the old man knew that his son had defeated him by thwarting his wish to have him become a member of the firm.

Then a series of personal calamities had fallen upon the old man, churning up his ill-nature to an almost intolerable point. Sims speculated, not only with his own money, but used also some of the firm's securities. It took Girard just five days to draw up papers of dissolution and to remove poor old Sims from the firm. The blow was a disgrace that almost broke the ejected partner's gentle heart.

It was at this point that Pearce began to take a real heart-interest in the unhappy affairs happening about him. He had loved Mr. Sims even more than he disliked Mr. Girard. In fact, there were very few people whom Pearce did not love. Young Mr. Paul had papers all drawn up for the new firm of Girard & Son, and had even gone so far as to have the signs on the door and the building changed to that effect.

The climax had occurred in the office when Mr. Paul had walked in proudly with Miss Dora on his arm. Girard frowned at the girl, and then Mr.

"GIRARD & SIMS" IS CHANGED TO "GIRARD & SON"

Girard had won his heart when he was a child, and he had never ceased to hold a corner of affection in it. Poor Mr. Paul!

The very day that a dissolution of partnership was effected, Mr. Paul had cabled that he was sailing for home—in company with Dora Sims. The cablegram did not add that they had been secretly married in Paris the day before. The old man had been looking forward to his son's homecoming as a solution of affairs. He Paul, thinking to straighten matters, remarked happily:

"Why, this is Dora, dad—Mr. Sims' daughter; dont you remember?" The boy was growing angry at his father's continued coldness. "You'll have to take interest now, you know, because she's your new daughter—we were married in Paris."

What followed incensed Pearce so that for a sixpence he would have given up his job then and there. Girard denounced the boy, told him either to give up the girl or him, called Mr. Sims an embezzler, and upon Mr. Paul resenting this treatment, turned him and his weeping bride out of the office and broke the window bearing the name of the proposed partnership by throwing the portfolio of partnership papers thru it.

For years after that Girard was like an ugly bear, with cruel words like claws, trying to tear the hearts of every one who came near him.

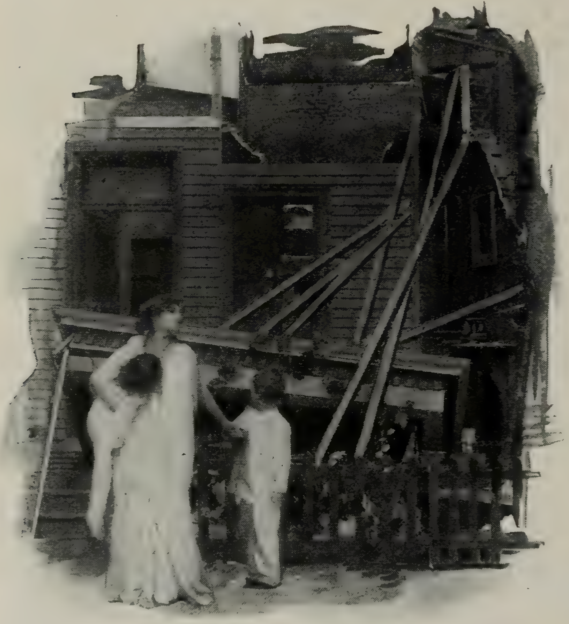
BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE

Mr. Paul had joined hands and finances with Mr. Sims, and the Samoan Colony Company was formed. Its main office was established in San Francisco, whither Mr. Sims and Mr. Paul and his wife went. Four years later, Girard learnt that the company was selling its stock thru private brokers, in order to recoup heavy losses. He saw a chance to ruin them by buying the stock himself and getting control of the company. Under an assumed name, his broker's San Francisco correspondent acquired a voting majority in the guise of a friend to the rescue!

Affairs had arrived at this distressing stage when Pearce had practically decided to leave his employer. His battered heart could not stand such a blow as Girard contemplated, and by working for him Pearce felt that he was lending his support. Then that morning in the office had come when he saw something in Girard that changed his mind and set a scheme in motion for the future.

A package marked "Photographs" had come for Mr. Girard. The old man opened it, with his usual frown, without noting that it came from San Francisco. Pearce was watching him out of the corner of his eye. At first the old man could not fathom the pictures; then his eye fell on the words that Pearce later found written at the bottom, "To Grandpa Girard—we send our love!"

For a full moment he sat there gazing at the two baby faces, as tho stunned at the spectacle. It was the first news he had had that he was a grandfather. The hardness seemed to scale off of his eyes; the severe lines melted into a wistful expression that almost made old Pearce weep for joy. But the next instant it had changed again, like the descent of an eagle upon a grazing lamb, and his worse nature became furious. He tore the photograph in two and flung it upon the floor. Then turning to the telephone, he got his broker on the wire. He snapped out the words like an angry wolf: "That Samoan Colony Company stock, that I hold as collateral, I want sold in sixty days! Give 'em notice. No; no explanation necessary. Good-by!"



AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE

Before Pearce could muster nerve to say what was in his indignant heart, Girard had stalked out of the room. He picked up the pieces of the photograph, gave them a surreptitious kiss and put them reverently into his desk.

Next morning, however, Pearce had resolved to stay by until the last moment, in the hope of lending a helping hand should the opportunity offer. He made it a point to listen to all conversations over the telephone and to read all communications concerning the Samoan Colony Company.

Late the next day a telegram was forwarded from Girard's broker, saying that the Samoan Company was supplicating their creditor and director to hold off, as Mr. Paul Girard was sailing on the *Orient* that day for Samoa, in the hope of raising enough money to buy in the shares for the company.

A month passed and, to his infinite joy, Pearce was rewarded by the sight of another telegram that changed the face of things and made Girard fume around like a caged animal. Word was received from Mr. Paul Girard that he had made satisfactory negotiations and would bring the necessary papers and money with him and return at once. Girard made frantic efforts to violate his own announcement and make the "sixty days" only thirty days. Finding this impossible, he waited, audibly wishing that something would happen to delay the arrival of Mr. Paul till after the specified time. His steamer was due ten days before the expiration of the sixty.

Five days before the time was up the steamer had not been spoken. Another day passed, and another and another. Pearce was frantic with anxiety. He wired the steamship company at San Francisco at his own expense, only to learn that grave fears were being entertained.

At four o'clock of the day on which the time expired, he heard Girard ringing up his broker. He learnt that seven o'clock Eastern time was the hour of expiration. He remained at his desk, pretending to have made an error in his books, and was still nervously figuring away when the clock struck seven. Girard jumped for the phone like a hungry wolf. His broker had evidently been instructed to wait in his office for this call. "This is Girard," cried the old man, in an almost joyous voice; "that you, Franklin? Sell! Do you understand?"

ONE OF THE RESULTS OF THE SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE

That was all.

What followed that night and the next day made it seem as tho the order of Girard had brought down the powers of heaven and hell on the unfortunate Samoan Colony Company and those interested in it.

On his way home Pearce learnt the first piece of dreadful news. Half-dazed, he read it from a modest notice in the evening paper, as tho it really amounted to nothing—bountiful evidence of the *Orient's* total loss at sea had been brought in by several incoming steamers.

The old man did not fall asleep until far into the morning and spent the night amid turbulent dreams. At breakfast he read the first news of San Francisco's destruction by earthquake and fire!

Amidst the improvised city of tents that had been hastily erected to accommodate the refugees of San Francisco's terrible disaster an old man had been wandering for three days, rushing anxiously forward whenever he heard a child's voice or saw a child's face.

Ten days had passed since the disaster, and most of the names of those who had lost their lives had been posted. Among them the old man had just read the day before that of George Sims. With a sigh, he had scanned the list again, hoping, yet despairing at not finding the other names that he sought.

It was toward evening that he sat down near the edge of the tented city, thinking regretfully of his remissness in not having taken more action in a matter that had been closer to his heart than any other had ever come. His eyes were closed in sheer weariness, when a hand was laid on his shoulder. He looked up.

"You look tired and hungry," said a kindly faced old woman. "I'm 'Coffee Mary.' My little place is over there, and I give meals and lodging for very little—sometimes for nothing." The old man took no interest until a child ran up behind her and clutched her skirt.

"Very well, I'd like to take supper with you," he said, still looking at the child.

"You take him over, Paul, while I speak to that poor old lady over there."

"Is your mamma over there where we are going?" asked the man, suddenly starting to walk faster than the child could toddle.

"Yes," responded the little fellow, "and my little sister."

The old man, who had looked so frail and weary, now took the child lightly in his arms and hurried along. At the door of a long hut they were met by a pretty young woman dressed haphazardly in remnants of clothes.

"Dont you know me, Miss Dora?" the old fellow cried, seizing both her hands as he put the child on the ground.

"Oh, Mr. Pearce, Mr. Pearce!" cried the girl, throwing herself, sobbing, into his arms.

The next morning found Mr. Pearce and his foundlings speeding toward the East.

"My dear Miss Dora," Pearce was saying, still continuing to call Mrs. Girard by the name he had first known

MOTHER AND CHILDREN BECOME THE GUESTS OF "COFFEE MARY" her by, "I can assure you of but one thing. There is only one person has a better claim to you—now you must listen, Miss Dora. You and your children belong to William Girard."

"Never, never, never can I and my children go to that man!" protested the girl.

"Now, now, Miss Dora, please let me arrange it all. Those children are entitled to a fortune which, out of justice to them, we must see that they get. Regardless of what your father-in-law deserves, after all these years of brutality, he is a wreck today. The news of his son's death has brought home to him his love for him. It would not be like him to blame himself—and he doesn't. Dont be angry, Miss Dora, but he blames you. And be patient when I tell you that he sent me out to get the children."

The girl shuddered. "What do you propose to do?" she asked.

"Give them to him—with your consent, dear Miss Dora."

She surveyed him for a moment with half-suspicion.

"We shall spend the next couple of days going over my plan," said Pearce, with a kindly twinkle in his eye. "Now let's tell the children all about the scenery."

HAPPY, EVEN IN THEIR SADNESS

Two weeks later, Pearce dragged the two little Girards into the presence of their grandfather. A tremendous change had come over the old man: the stone was broken, the iron was melted, and the steel swept away. All that was left was a shell of irascibility that would frighten women and children, but could never pass muster on a man of the world. Beneath this shell of pretense there had suddenly appeared a tender heart, and beneath that perpetual frown was a font of tears. It needed but the magic voice or hand or look, and the hidden man would come forth.

The old fellow received the children gruffly at first; an hour later they were all romping about the luxurious library. Before the sun had set, little Dora had fallen asleep in the old man's arms. Pearce actually found him weeping in the twilight. "The face is that of my little Paul over again!" he said in a half-whisper. "This is the way I wanted to hold him, but I was afraid to. I was such a devoted slave to business—and so I killed my boy!"

"But you have these children now," ventured Pearce; "his children. Shall I take them away again?"

"No; they are mine till the end of my days. Whatever is mine is theirs."

"But you forget the mother?"

"No, I never can forget the mother. She is responsible for all my boy's troubles. I want you to see that she is provided for—that is all."

"Very well, Mr. Girard. I think I'll go along now."

"But, Pearce—I never thought—who is going to take care of these tots? I'm sure that Hopkins, my housekeeper, knows no more about it than I do!"

"And I'm sure that I know nothing about it. But," added Pearce, quickly and suggestively, "I have in mind just the sort of person we—you need."

"Go and bring her at once," ordered Girard.

"I'll do my best," responded Pearce, hurrying out and up the street, with a grin and a constant chuckle that made passers-by turn and look after him suspiciously. In less than an hour he returned with a trim little woman wearing a huge pair of orange goggles that half hid her face.

She shrank away a little as Girard surveyed her critically, still holding the sleeping Dora. Strangely, little Paul went to her with no show of timidness, and cries of laughter and pleasure were later heard in that section of the house that had once been Paul Girard's suite, which had now been reopened for the first time since he left the mansion.

Scarcely a week later Pearce was amazed to be informed by Girard that he thought seriously of resigning from business. "Those kids take all my time," he said solemnly. "Besides, I haven't the heart for business any more. I want you to take hold of things as my general manager for the next three weeks, so that you can get used to the job."

Pearce meant to ask about the new governess he had furnished, but was so overcome by his promotion that he was unable to say a word.

At the end of the specified three weeks Pearce was further surprised by having his employer summon him to the house, instead of himself returning to business.

The dingy mansion had always seemed half-closed previously and had presented a forbidding appearance. But now it was as bright as a new coin; the shades were all raised; the house was receiving a bright coat of paint.

Girard himself had seen the faithful employee coming and met him at the door with a smile. "I've decided not to return to business, Pearce. I cant spare a minute away from the house!"

"How's the governess doing?"

Girard looked carefully about before he spoke. "She's glorious—like a mother to the children and a daughter to me!" He rubbed his hands in his pleasure. "Why, just look at the place! Hopkins and all the other servants left before she had been here a week. And the kids are the joy of my life. Oh, if they only had a mother like this nurse of theirs, why——"

"What would you do?" asked Pearce, quickly.

"Well, for one thing, I wouldn't let this girl go, even if their mother was an excellent woman. But if she had been in this woman's shoes—— But that is foolish to speculate about,'' he concluded, with a show of his erstwhile testiness.

''You're right,'' assented Pearce. ''Now let's talk about business.''

When Pearce returned to the office later in the day, his secretary informed him that some one had called him up a half-dozen times in his absence, urging that it was upon a matter of the greatest importance. The person had left his telephone number. The number called responded before Pearce got the words out of his mouth.

THE GOVERNESS IS A PRONOUNCED SUCCESS

''Pearce,'' it threatened, ''I want to know what you did with my wife and children!''

''With your wife and children?'' faltered Pearce, bewilderedly.

''Yes; didn't you take them from San Francisco?'' Pearce shuddered. ''I'm Paul Girard. I was picked up by a vessel and brought to San Francisco a week ago. I——''

''Where are you now, boy? Around the corner? Then come here just as fast as your legs will carry you!''

That evening two men were driven up to the Girard mansion in a taxi.

''I want to see Mr. Girard—alone,'' said the older man to the servant. ''Now you step aside, boy, in the parlor there. Remember your father is changed, changed—old and brittle.''

They were interrupted by a voice calling at the head of the stairs. ''Come up, Pearce; we were just rollicking with the kids before putting them to bed.''

Pearce ascended the stairway nervously. ''Call in—the nurse,'' he whispered to Girard and pointing to an adjoining room.

The next moment they both stood before him, with alarmed expressions on their faces.

''Listen!'' Pearce could scarcely speak for emotion. ''Three men were saved—from the wreck—of the *Orient!*"

"Oh, where is my husband?" cried the quasi-governess, seizing Pearce by the arm. "Paul! Paul!"

Only for an instant did the elder Girard's eyes leave those of Pearce and rest upon the young woman. Then he moved near her and gently took her in his arms, while she wept for joy on his shoulder. "Where is *our* Paul?" he whispered hoarsely.

"Go in there," said Pearce, pointing to the nursery and tiptoeing to the head of the stairs. "Mr. Paul!" he called softly.

Paul bounded up the stairs, three steps at a time. In a twinkling he had his old father and his weeping wife tight in his arms. After a moment he left them and knelt beside the bed on which the two children, wonder-eyed, sat surveying him. Their emotion had been too deep for words. Dora was the first to break the silence.

"This precious happiness, Paul dear and father Girard," she said, patting the old man's hand that still lay reassuringly on her shoulder, "is due to one dear person; where is he?" They all turned and looked about the room just as they heard the front-door being softly closed. Mr. Pearce had gone out into the darkness of the night alone, but his soul was filled with the brightness of midday and his heart was peopled with a throng of happy emotions that would sweeten the remaining days of his life!

THE HAPPY FAMILY IS REUNITED AT LAST

Clarence Looks for a Job

BY NORMAN BRUCE

(PATHEPLAY)

His name was Clarence. On Wall Street his father fed his flocks of mild, innocent, moneyed lambs. Consequently, Clarence had been born with a whole set of gold spoons, monogramed, in his mouth, and no pressing necessity for ever thinking a thought, nor had he been guilty of one since the day of his birth. He often thought he thought. The manly decision of a pale mauve necktie, instead of a fawn-gray, was to him a test of judgment; the ordering of a ten-course dinner that should be an unbroken chain of palate harmonies from the appetizer to the Camembert, posed as a brain-tickler that he felt would have stumped many a lighter intellect. Politics he dismissed with a dazzling manicured wave as the fad of coarse, lower-class individuals, who wore tactless waistcoats and disgusting neckties and preferred getting drunk on beer and whisky instead of champagne. Thus Clarence up to his twenty-third year.

Then a change.

Ah, Love! Love! prattle of poets, saga of sages, word of the wise, bringer on of indigestion, rapture, idiocy, chills-up-the-spine, giddiness and kindred joys. Ah, Love! Love! By which lyric outburst the author would convey the information that our hero suddenly began to exhibit all the symptoms attendant upon the above disease. (See letter L, Myers' Medical Encyclopedia, for further information.)

Love affects different people differently. It sometimes goes to the head, playing havoc with the brain. But since Clarence's brain was so rudimentary, and his head the sort that a vacuum-cleaner could put into spick-and-span order, he experienced no discomfort there. With some, Love lodges in the appetite, and doctors call it appendicitis and try to remove it with a large fee. Love hit Clarence squarely in the pocketbook. The swelling of his heart was manifest in the swelling of his bills. Bales of orchids, bushels of indigestibles testified to the fervor of his undying esteem. Money talks. Clarence's money fairly screamed. And now, at last, the coy preliminaries were over, and the time had come for the home run—that critical moment known as "asking papa's consent."

In the safe shelter of his own room Clarence lingered pathetically over the re-retying of his necktie, the arranging of his top-hat at its most courageous and dare-devil angle; then, even as one who is propelled from behind by the urgent boot-tip of resolve, he sped from the house, herward.

Lucy received him kindly.

"It is unfortunate that papa dropped half a million on 'Change yesterday, Clary," she reflected. Lucy's papa was president of the United Steal Company, Unlimited. "It always makes him *so* cross to be trimmed."

"Perhaps," said Clarence, anxiously, "perhaps I had better wait until some other time, my own."

"No, pet, I hardly think so," said Lucy, grasping him firmly by the lapel to prevent retreat. Lucy, it might be remarked, was not quite so young as she had been and intended to take no risks. "If it were not stocks, it would be mother's millinery bill or last night's lobster salad or something else. You're not afraid of papa, surely, Clary?"

"N-n-o, c-c-er-t-tainly n-n-not," assured our hero, with a wistful glance at the door and symptoms of collapse about his immaculately creased knees. "W-why, if he came in right now I'd s-s-say——"

"Hurrh-ump!"

This is as nearly as the author can spell papa's remark delivered from the threshold. Clarence interpreted it correctly to indicate disapprobation, but, his courage refreshed by a nudge from his beloved's elbow, he opened his mouth in scientific preparation for a remark.

"Never mind, never mind!" roared papa, closing the mouth with a contemptuous wave of his hand. "I know all about it. You love my daughter—you wish to marry her—you have means to support her as she is accustomed, which, Lord knows, I've never been able to do. Hurrh-ump! As a rule I never let Lucy marry any one who cant get out and rustle for himself. If you want her, you'll have to earn her. Bring back five hundred dollars of your own earnings in a month and a license, and you get the life sentence. But no piker Mendelssohns down the aisle with *my* family. Hurrh-ump!"

However crudely expressed, the substance of papa's remarks was clear.

Clarence had no recollection of leaving. All that seemed indisputable was his presence on the sidewalk, with the bad taste of one nauseous sentence on his mind: "Earn five hundred dollars in a month." Now, if it had been *spend* five hundred, Clarence would not have had the least trouble, but of earning money he had but the vaguest notions. He supposed there were unfortunate individuals who did such things, but they did not belong to his club. There were people who blacked boots, by Jove! but that was a low trade that would probably soil the hands. They sold matches and collar-buttons — they groomed horses. No, no! None of these appealed to the æsthetic side of our hero's nature. By Jove! an idea. Some fellows got what they called *jobs;* indeed, a friend of Clarence had a cousin who knew a man whose brother had a *job* in a shop or a mine or a bank somewhere.

Clarence put himself in pedal motion. He would get a job.

And now, if the author were true to his profession, he would pause at this point to remark: "On the corner of the street Fate fell into step with Clarence and led the way." Or perhaps better: "What remarkable events were in store for the unhappy youth he could not guess. The future veiled itself coyly from his eyes."

But no; this author is a plain, blunt man who only speaks right on. He has introduced Clarence to his readers and outlined the situation. He is going full-steam ahead now to the grisly plot.

A large, low building, with a glass roof; an open door, and a sound of voices lifted in octaves of rage. Clarence paused. A fat man, moist and displeased, was dancing eccentrically before another, dressed in the unsavory garb of a tramp.

"That s'nough!" shrieked the fat man in such a thin tone that one felt he must have put on his wife's voice that morning by mistake. "You're discharged. The next boob that asks for it can have your job——"

Clarence waited no longer. The magic syllable tingled in his ear as he presented himself before the astonished gaze of the speaker.

"I'm the next boob," he explained lucidly. "I want the job."

"Well, what the hades!" (the author's substitute for a shorter and uglier word). The fat man regarded Clarence from neat top to neat bottom with a hypnotic stare. "D'ye know what this place is, young feller?"

"No," said Clarence, with dignity. "Who are you, fellow, and what is it?"

"S'a movin' picture studio, that's wot it is." Suddenly the fat man bent double in an ill-bred and noisy outburst of mirth. "Wot a face!" he admired joyously. "Wot a face f'r th' screen! You'll do! You're engaged! Skiddo! Rig up in them tramp clothes an' come back. If you c'n *take* as fool as you c'n *look*, you'll be worth two hunnerd a week to th' camera!"

Two hundred a week! Lucy in a month! Clarence skiddoed, altho there was no doubt that the clothes were in a far from sanitary condition and, to his mind, singularly unbecoming; still, fair lady in a month! Courage, faint heart!

The next events tripped so awkwardly over one another's heels that, from Clarence's point of view, they are badly blurred. On that account the author relates them rapidly, concisely and in order.

In his tramp costume our hero found himself whirled rapidly to the outskirts of the town in an auto that contained also the fat man; item, a beauteous female, in a fearfully soiled white satin evening-gown; item, a gum-chewing individual with a large camera, and the chauffeur. In a park on the edge of civilization the auto stopped and unloaded. A pistol was pressed into one of Clarence's feeble hands, and he was bidden to hide behind a tree and to jump out upon the above-mentioned female when directed. The eye of the camera was opened, and trouble began. It came around the corner wearing the uniform of a burly Irish policeman, who launched himself at Clarence's head in a valiant plunge that had behind it

"A PISTOL WAS PRESSED INTO ONE OF CLARENCE'S FEEBLE HANDS" all the persuasive weight of the outraged law.

"I'll tache ye, ye murdherin' rapscallion—Oi'll tache ye t' hould up a loidy in br-rard daylight!" roared Erin, commencing his pedagogical duties at once by jamming one bulky paw uncomfortably down the back of Clarence's collar and applying the twin appendage to the classic point of our hero's nose. "Ye'll come along av me to th' station-hoose sooner thin ye c'n git there!"

"Hold on!" The fat man to the rescue. "You dont understand——'

"Th' divil Oi dont!" The policeman plainly resented this as a reflection on his intellect. "Oi aint hired t' understhand! Kape yer hands off, or 'tis ye I'll arrist as accomplice. Now, me foine young feller, walk!"

Clarence walked.

* * *

"Twenty-five dollars fine for carrying a gun, and dont do it again!"

"But," urged Clarence, politely, "you see, I'm not—a tramp——" It seemed to him that there was something decidedly wrong about the entire proceeding—if he could only think what it was! But, as I have said above in paragraph one, Clarence's thinker had never been properly exercised. A roar of laughter greeted his deprecatory remark. The police judge leaned over the desk, shaking a whimsical finger in our hero's geographical location.

"With a face like that you say you're not a tramp!" he chuckled. "That's too rich—not a tramp—ho, ho! Twenty-five down now, my fine fellow, or a month in the cooler for you."

There were just twenty-five dollars in Clarence's pockets. He did not know what a cooler was, but he resolved to run no more risks. Yet as he emerged on the street again it occurred to him that he was making very little progress toward Lucy.

Here the plot thickens.

On the corner, in a vacant lot, Blinky Hogan and two congenial spirits of the class that toils not nor spins were cooking their frugal evening meal in a couple of salvaged tomato-cans. To them appeared our hero, sauntering disconsolately.

"Hello, bo!"

Clarence regarded the group with disfavor. Their finger-nails were unmanicured; they needed a shave, a hair-cut, a bath and other modern improvements. Yet they seemed unconscious of their deficiencies and disagreeably disposed to be friendly. He glanced down at his own clothes with growing distaste. How long ago it seemed since he had donned them preparatory to his first job.

"Dont act s' offish, pard," cried Blinky, cheerily attributing Clarence's silence to shyness. "C'm on an' grub with us boys—cawfee 'n' sinkers, Warldorf style!"

Warldorf style! Long ago Clarence remembered he had sat at a white table eating sweetbread souffle to the airs of "Il Trovatore." Yesterday had it been? Years ago? And now coffee and sinkers—horrible sound—out of a tomato-can! Truly, life is a succession of moves. Whereas we are kings one day, we are but pawns the next. But Clarence had no time for noble thoughts of this sort—these are the author's—because he caught what looked like displeasure in the corner of Blinky's off-eye. A tactful memory of the feel of the policeman's knuckles applied to his nose, and the fear lest another such application were imminent, changed Clarence's mind. He joined the festive circle about the odoriferous tomato-cans.

Suddenly his heart leaped up, hitting him violently on the chest. What were they saying?

"Are ye game f'r a little job tonight, pard?"

Job! Clarence felt that he had had enough of jobs, yet he waited.

"We picked out th' house this afternoon—an empty, but swell. But it 'ud tyke another man——"

Blinky leaned closer, whispering hoarsely: "It's a cool five hunnerd at least f'r each of us, pard."

Five hundred! Lucy! A wave of excitement, begotten of the coffee, strong as lye, flowed upward, sub-merging Clarence's conscience. He sprang to his feet, embarked upon his career of crime.

"Show me!" cried Clarence de Puyster Jones.

Midnight! (At this point the author would pause to allow ample time for dramatic effect and suspense. Perhaps it makes it stronger to put it this terse, nocturnal way.)

Midnight!

Four dim forms stealing down the street, vague with moon-shadows and black replicas of buildings flung out across the pavement. They paused.

"This here's the plice."

One of the forms gave a muffled cry.

"Why—why," it stammered, "you cant rob this one—it's my own house."

A cold revolver interrupted the words.

"Ye bloke! Wot's yer gime?" hissed Blinky, fiercely. "D'ye want to get us all pinched? A joke's a joke, but this here's no plice f'r jokin'. Shut up 'n' come along like a mutton."

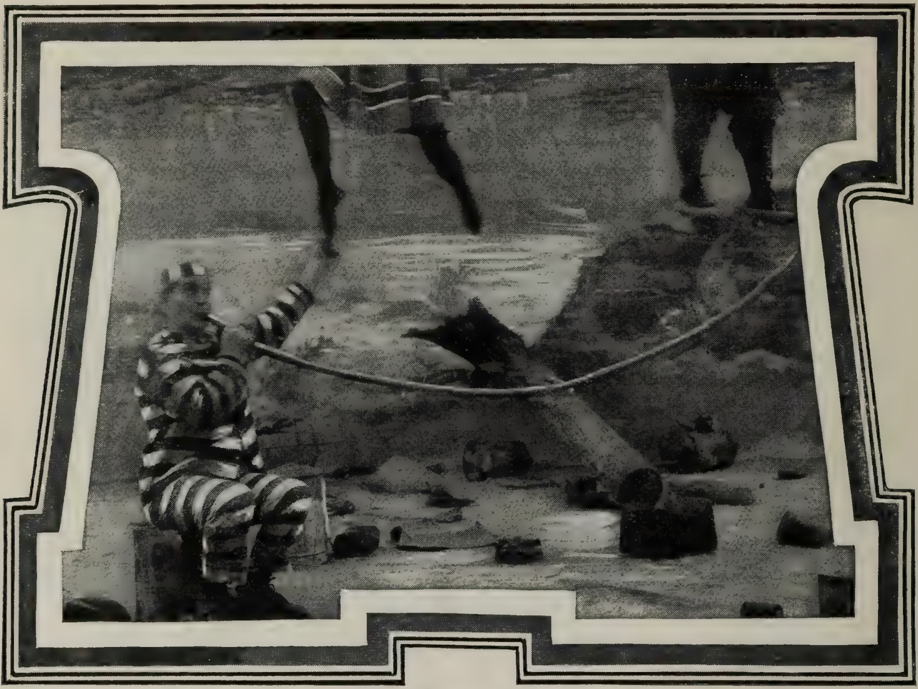
Never had his own sitting-room looked so homelike to our poor hero as now under the baleful glimmer of Blinky's dark lantern. There his monogramed stationery; there his box of priceless perfectos; there yonder, in the bedroom, his quilted dressing-gown and easeful slippers. He felt dimly as tho he were living in a particularly improbable Moving Picture film, or playing the leader of a gang of toughs in a detective tale. He shivered as he recollected the regulation conclusion of such tales—the police, arrest, disgrace! In his agitation Clarence forgot the clammy warning of the revolver and struggled desperately in the clutches of his mentor.

"Really—you—know," he panted, "it *is* my house; 'pon my word it is—you know——"

A crash! A chair down—four

"THE VERY PICTURE OF AN AMAZED HOUSEHOLDER" frightened faces staring, Clarence's as guilt-stained as the rest. With an oath, Blinky, listening intently, flung himself into the bedroom and closed the heavy door leading to the hall.

In a moment the room was full of lights and faces. For the second time that day Clarence's sensitive vertebræ in the region of his rearward collar-button recoiled from the rude grip of the law. Of what avail to tell the policeman that he was the heir of the owner of the house? Indeed, Clarence almost doubted it himself by now. His struggle became purely reflex, his chant of ownership a mere mumble, which died away from sheer amazement as he saw the bedroom door open and Blinky Hogan himself emerge, attired in his own quilted dressing-gown, slippers and skull-cap, the very picture of an amazed householder suddenly aroused from sweet and virtuous dreams. As authors are wont to remark when words give out: "What followed can better be imagined than described." Suppose, gentle reader, that you, a society man, dressed as a tramp, were arrested for breaking into your own house, and then suppose, on top of that, that you had to allow yourself to be dragged away to the lock-up, while the real thief, robed in your own mauve silk dressing-gown, gave grateful thanks to the policeman for capturing you? And yet, of course, the reader understands that there is more to the story and it may turn out well yet.



"MEANWHILE, BENEATH THE WAVES, OUR HERO WAITED PATIENTLY"

Two weeks later, a gang of convicts, neatly striped like human zebras and guarded more fondly than the scion of a royal house (note the beauty of that last phrase), were engaged in the thrilling occupation of beating large stones into smaller stones in a quarry on the edge of a lake. Among the number a familiar face greets our eyes. But our hero is decidedly averse to his occupation. His perfunctory blows indicate a wandering state of mind.

The guard, momentarily distracted by the alighting of a bee on his nose, was recalled to his duties by the sudden rustle of feet, and whirled about just in time to see Clarence de Puyster Jones, better known to him as Convict 23, jerk what appeared to be a hose from the bank of the river and plunge headlong beneath the water.

"Poor fellow—sank like a stone and never came up," sighed the wardens, ten minutes later. "Well, that's the end o' *him*. In f'r ten years, you say? He shortened his sentence a good bit, didn't he?"

Meanwhile, beneath the waves, breathing easily thru the hollow tube of the hose, our hero waited patiently. What he was waiting for he was not quite sure. Certainly it was not for the glimpse that he got unexpectedly thru the waves, of two feminine legs, silk-stocking-clad and topped with a fringe of bathing-suit.

Yet, for reasons of his own, the sight was pleasing. In a moment Clarence had risen cautiously to the surface. There, on the bank, within reach of his fingers, was a pile of woman's wear—hats, veils, dresses. A curious school of gaping minnows and a couple of goggle-eyed frogs were the only witnesses to the transformation.

CLARENCE TELEPHONES FOR THE POLICE

"Hands up!" Blinky Hogan, nodding comfortably in the morris-chair thru the curling smoke of a matchless perfecto, obeyed without delay. The remarkable composite in the doorway regarded him somberly over a businesslike pistol barrel. The perfecto settled the matter. Clarence flung off the borrowed femininity and stood revealed in a draggled convict suit.

"Take off those clothes of mine you're wearing," said our hero, grimly. "I have on some that belong to you. We'll just exchange."

The transfer accomplished, the abject Blinky fell to his knees.

"Dont go f'r to blow, pal," he gasped. "Lemme off this oncet. I aint done nothin' to *you.*"

"You've smoked every one of my Havanas," said Clarence, in deadly and implacable tones. "And I've no doubt you've drunk my cognac and eaten my bar de luc. I could overlook spoons, but when it comes to my cigars and old brandy—no, no, it's too much."

He turned to the telephone.

"Why, it's Johnnie Hogan!" The inspector and Blinky regarded each other—the one in joyous, the other in gloomy recognition. "Welcome to our midst, Blinky! Where've you been hiding since last April?"

Clarence stretched himself comfortably in his morris-chair as the policemen trooped out of the room, reluctantly attended by Blinky, whose language left vivid streaks of color across the peaceful atmosphere as he was conducted down the stairs. A note on the table caught our hero's eye. Opening it, a slip of green paper fluttered to the floor. With incredulous eyes he read:

$500 Reward for the Arrest of John, alias Blinky Hogan, a Dangerous Escaped Convict.

Five hundred dollars! Lucy!

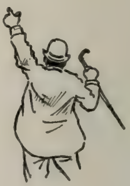
The glow of worthy achievement spread over the cheeks of Clarence as he placed the nuptial-breeding note reverently on the table. Then he gave a start of joy. In the bottom of its case reposed one lonely, unsmoked cigar. His hand stole out. A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke. Presently Lucy! Now bliss! A scratch of the match, a puff of fragrant smoke, and peace settled down over the world of Clarence de Puyster Jones.

Ho! for Saturday Afternoon

By JOHN Q. BOYER

All thru the week do they labor and work,
And sure are they up in the morning soon;
Their toil they perform and do never shirk,
But it's ho! for Saturday afternoon!

Thru the hours they go—whether brief or long—
And on thru the days in a merry tune,
All the while is their work one grand, sweet song,
For it's ho! for Saturday afternoon!



In the work-shop large or in office small,
To them is their work but a joyous boon;
For well do they hear the tempting call,
And it's ho! for Saturday afternoon!

Their labor is light when their mind's aglow—
Whether it's December or whether it's June—
For then is the time for the picture show—
Yes, it's ho! for Saturday afternoon!

SHIPWRECKED

BY EDWIN M. LAROCHE

(KALEM)

JONES rang the bell. There is an art in sounding a door-bell—neither too long, nor too short, nor in a jerky, nervous manner; and Jones, among his multifarious accomplishments, was a master of bell-ringing.

The doors opened, and he was led thru a complex series of corridors and silent rooms to the presence of Jeld, the life-long sufferer from incompetent valets.

Jeld had not finished his matutinal newspaper, and Jones obeyed the warning finger of the magnate's secretary not to disturb him.

At last the great man threw down his paper and stared at the easy attitude of the intruder.

"Well, Rickson, who's this?"

"An applicant, sir, with a letter from Mr. Van Horn."

"What's he say?"

"I'll read you his letter, sir." The thin-faced secretary adjusted his glasses. He read aloud:

> MY DEAR JELD:
>
> I am sending you a beau ideal of a valet. A man who seems to have no ambition in life except to do what a valet should do. You know I am indebted to you, and in this way I cry quits. For I feel that I am doing myself an unpardonable injury and you an inestimable good turn in passing him on to you. Good-by to Jones, the perfect valet! From now on I suffer among the blind and crippled.
>
> VAN HORN.

"Huh!" said Jeld, measuring the tall, well-dressed applicant; "pretty sticky stuff for you to listen to. If you suit me, are you prepared to travel?"

Jones discreetly smiled; then bowed to the double remark.

"Pretty good," thought Jeld. "I gave him a chance to tout himself, and he parried without reservation."

"My daughter, Patricia," he advised, "is out on the links somewhere. Find her, tell her you are my new man, and that our steamer sails on Monday."

Jones bowed and withdrew. He didn't know where the golf club was, how to identify Miss Jeld, nor what steamer sailed—details were purposely left out for him to fill in successfully.

A half-hour later a tall, respectful young man stood on the far edge of a velvet green as Miss Patricia selected a putting-iron. Her flanneled partner watched the play of her charming eyes, and not the direction of the ball. With this handicap, Miss Patricia squared up to the ball very deliberately.

"Done!" said Howard Gibbs Paxton, with abandon; "a six-yard put, by Jove!"

Miss Patricia smiled, with the satisfaction of a skilled artist.

"Pshaw! Howard," she deprecated, "if you'd pay more attention to the game, it wouldn't be so humiliating. I have you four up."

"I'm off my stroke, with a gallery," hissed the defeated one. "Do you notice that chap?"

Patricia turned, and Jones instantly stepped forward.

"I'm Jones," he said, "Mr. Jeld's new man, and the *Melanesia* sails on Monday."

The announcement fell like a bomb.

"Gracious, Howard!" pronounced Patricia, "this is terrible—three days left to say good-by and browbeat dressmakers."

"This is extraordinary!" sympathized Howard.

"The whole thing is," concurred Patricia, with a touch of temper; "from dad's sudden resolve to explore these outlandish reefs, and the tub of a steamer that makes an occasional trip there."

"Where?" asked Howard, with commiseration.

"I cant tell you exactly—the Solomon Islands and the Fijis and a lot of little orphaned out-islands."

The vanquished golfer communed with himself. The ecstatic light of a lover shone in his eyes. Here was the opportunity he had been looking for in vain: several months of Patricia away from the maddening crowd and alone on moonlit decks.

"I can best show my devotion," he laughed, as Patricia walked rapidly toward the waiting auto, "by keeping away for the next three days. Good-by till I see you off at the steamer."

Patricia whirled home in a dust-cloud sweetened with the image of Howard Gibbs Paxton. "Gibby" had the reputation of being selfish and spoiled, but here he was absolutely effacing himself for her. Three days, and then three long months of noble banishment!

The three days passed in complete forgetfulness of Howard. Patricia resolutely put him out of her thoughts and, darting from shop to shop, succeeded in gathering in her elaborate traveling outfit.

As for Jones, he was positively sleepless. Under the goad of Jeld, the valet performed miracles of dexterous preparation. There were steamer-rugs, marine-glasses, medicine-chests, and all the bric-à-brac of luxurious and finical travel to be ordered, and Jones did it *carte blanche.* No one but Jones could convoy Jeld's private stock of wines and cordials to his staterooms. His supply of especially made perfectos had unaccountably run low; Jones held an inexorable whip over the tobacconist until a thousand had been shaped and delivered. The steamer sailed at the unearthly hour of six A. M., yet as the ruffled Jeld family motored down to the pier, Jones was discovered snatching a mysterious parcel from a waiting messenger. "Oil-skins," he explained to Jeld; "an invaluable supply in case of accidents."

"I believe the fellow has enough stuff below decks," protested Jeld, "to equip a couple of Roosevelt hunting trips. I'll give away most of it to the natives."

As Patricia approached the gangplank, a sentinel in gray flannels, with a binocular slung over his shoulder, stood by its side. He was Howard Gibbs Paxton, completely rigged for a journey.

The young man confided his resolve to accompany her to the ends of the world, and Patricia rewarded him with a slow, trustful smile. He thought she had never looked handsomer, nor less cruel, and hugged the thought of her monopolized attention.

Jones had whisked down into the Jelds' suite of staterooms, unpacked bags and set out his employer's most called-for belongings. As the weather-stained *Melanesia* pushed away from her pier, he arrived on deck in time to arrange deck-chairs for the party. A significant glance from Patricia caused him to place Jeld's chair tête-à-tête with Nancy's, her younger sister, while she and Howard sat some distance away.

Jeld eyed the disruption in his family calmly. "He hasn't the nerve," he soliloquized, "to propose under the guns of my eyes, and I intend to keep them trained on him pretty consistently."

As the *Melanesia* pushed her blunt nose thru the Gate, the wind freshened, and Jones appeared with steamer-rugs to cuddle about them.

"He's a trump!" admitted Jeld, as the valet bowed and withdrew. "I dont envy Van Horn his loss."

Day after day, with the sun casting its jewels broadcast on the Pacific, the steamer monotonously plowed on her course. Honolulu had been put far astern, and the fairway of the enchanted Polynesian Archipelago was leading the old Mediterranean freighter into a strange tropical sea, with glimpses of lonely palm-belted islets on its rim.

Patricia often came on deck in that weird suspense of light and darkness presaging the dawn. The grayness of the breathless east lay in waiting; then streaks of crimson and silver shot across the sky-line, blending into coals of glowing fire. Sometimes the lacy thinness of a tiny island set with foliage would flash out in the morning sun, with the far-off drum of the surf on its reefs coming to her ears. And again, nothing but a sea streaked with prismatic lights seemed to roll off to the ends of the watery world.

On one such morning Patricia came across Jones, seated in the stern and immersed in the pages of a book. His daybreak reading surprised her into quizzing him.

"Jones," she smiled, "am I curious, or may I ask what you are reading at this unearthly hour?"

"Not at all, Miss Patricia," he said, glancing above his pages; "it is 'The Equality of Man,' by an unknown writer named Squires."

"Jones"—she was all attention—"what is the equality of man?"

"It's hard to explain—in a word, but as near as I can make out, moral and mental worth is the true social standard."

Patricia would have laughed if it had not been rude.

"Nobody ever denied that, Jones," she concurred. "We pick out our friends simply along the lines of least resistance."

"It's one of the odd things to me," he persisted, "why society courts a brainy man and drops him when convenient."

"Not at all strange, Jones. Society is unable to amuse itself with its own feeble resources."

"Without being presumptuous, Miss Patricia," Jones agreed, "I have often noticed that a roomful of society people were very much like a crew of shipwrecked sailors—given to the sulks when it came to amusing themselves."

"Exactly, Jones. Why go to the effort of intellectual amusement when the whole gamut from music to philosophy can be bought and delivered in the persons of professional entertainers?"

"There must be some deeper reason for these things," said Jones, earnestly, "and you will pardon my curiosity."

"Your curiosity is charming, Jones," confessed Patricia, turning away, "but you are groping in a sea of nonsense. Why dont you study the mystery of the dawn?"

Jones perhaps would have promised to, had not Howard come on deck and wandered aimlessly about in search of her.

"Oh, here you are!" he exclaimed tritely but joyously, coming toward her. "I want to enjoy the coming of day with you."

"You're a half-hour too late," said Patricia, without enthusiasm.

Howard drew up two deck-chairs so that they rubbed arms, and nodded to her to be seated. She felt that the great moment of his life, and perhaps of hers, had come and allowed its thrill to engulf her.

And why not, she meditated, as his carefully worded sentences fell upon her ears; "Gibby" was the catch of the season, in fact of several seasons. He was very wealthy, good-looking and good-natured. Besides, she could manage him.

In the climacteric part of his utterances she felt him take her hand, and the crucial moment had arrived.

Patricia permitted hers to remain in its manly housing, and a sigh of contentment escaped her. It was outspoken enough. The finale of Howard's declaration being redundant, trailed off into thin air. Neither of them could ever remember afterwards whether it was poetic, commonplace, the height of eloquence or just sticky.

Mr. Jeld lumbered up to them as the breakfast-gong was dinning in the passageway and found the loving pair gazing out to sea.

"Hello!" he breathed dispiritedly; "guess I've missed something. Patricia, you and Howard look as if you'd been out in the rain all night."

"It's the mist of dawn, dad; it clings to one's hair."

"And in the brain, eh, Howard?" Mr. Jeld shaded his eyes and swept the horizon. "Where are we now, you sea-gazers?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," confessed the young man.

"Come below and eat," ordered Mr. Jeld; "you are both on the brink of a sentimental collapse."

The morning wore away like its predecessors, except that Howard succeeded in flashing a few appealing messages to Patricia across the Jelds' settlement of deck-chairs.

Jones stood just below the captain's bridge when a grimy engineer climbed the ladder and shouted at his superior. As far as Jones could make out, the words ran something like this: "Started a plate abaft the engine-room bulkhead—making water like a sieve—fires flooding—devil's let loose——"

"D——n the old scow, anyway," broke in the captain; "I never expected to finish another trip on her."

"It's a case for the boats, sir."

"Very well; go below, and I'll attend to the deck, sir."

The captain left the bridge and went below. In a few minutes he was back, with the mates by his side.

"Ring the bell for the boat-drill," he commanded the first mate, "and answer no passengers' questions if they rush us."

The boat-drill went off well enough, with the passengers taking only a mild curiosity in the weekly occurrence. Then the old, worn-out *Melanesia* took a hand in the game and gave a sickening lurch to starboard, her decks careening at such a sharp angle that the passengers came pitching and sliding up against the rail.

"To the boats," roared the captain; "passengers all. Ladies first, then the men, and then the ship's company."

Luckily the *Melanesia* had a light passenger list and a full complement of staunch boats. Patricia and Nancy were bundled into a pinnace and, with no more women coming, Mr. Jeld and Howard clambered in after them. Four stout seamen stood at the davits and started to lower away.

"Wait!" called Mr. Jeld; "there's Jones, my valet."

Jones stepped respectfully forward. "Jones, Jones," implored the distracted Mr. Jeld, "all my money and my letter of credit are below in my stateroom. If you value me, man, go get them."

"The stateroom deck's awash," warned one of the men.

"I'll go," said Jones, and turned and ran like a deer. In an instant he was below, battling against the angry current of water in the passageways. Jones knew just where the wallet lay and was determined to get it. As each sullen rush of water bore down on him, he clung to a stateroom door and let the wash suck past and over him. Foot by foot he worked his way to Jeld's room. With a mad rush, he was within, and the mounting water bobbed him about like a cork. But he clung to the berth-combings and fought his enemy with hands and feet and water-logged lungs.

Jones' hands, under water, closed upon the wallet and held it above his head. Then the long fight back to the deck began. As the pinnace slipped down to meet the sea, Jones jumped. Patricia caught his swaying shoulder and steadied him.

"Here is your wallet, sir," said Jones, handing it calmly to Jeld. "Any further orders, sir."

"Good God, no!" stammered Jeld. "Get me away from this ditch of death."

Jones slipped a heavy oar over its thole-pin and made one of the crew of three. The suction around the sinking *Melanesia* by now was terrible, and their boat strained away by scant inches.

"Dont look!" screamed Nancy, suddenly covering her eyes; "she's sinking."

"Now," said Jones, after a period of blind silence, "every one may look at the grave of the *Melanesia.*"

Back of them stretched a flat sea. A half-league off to the south other boats were bobbing up like toys, and sinking again in the swell. Not even a plank of the fated steamer remained.

"A SLEEP OF UTTER EXHAUSTION PINNED THEM DOWN UNDER THE FIERY RAYS OF THE TROPICAL SUN"

"It's awful," groaned Jeld. "Men, I'll give you a thousand dollars to put me ashore."

"There's no stops hereabouts," grinned one of the hardened seamen, "leastwise not mentioned in Finlay. We're two hundred miles from the nearest patch o' sand."

Mr. Jeld shuddered into a heap of hopeless silence, and the men again bent to their oars.

At the end of three hours, Jones unshipped his oar.

"Mr. Paxton," he said to that imperturbable young man, who was calmly smoking cigarets in the stern, "there are five able-bodied men in this boat, and it is necessary to take turns at the oars."

Howard flushed at being addressed by the valet. "I've never rowed anything larger than a skiff once," he ventured, "and then I think I upset it."

"Gibby," came from Patricia instantly, "please relieve one of the men at once."

The snail-like progress of the boat continued. There was nothing to show what headway they had made by nightfall, save burning throats and blistered hands.

Noon of the next day found an exhausted pinnace load tossing feebly in the open ocean. Jeld lay curled up in semi-stupor, and Paxton had barely strength enough to toss his last cigaret butt overboard. Jones and the sailors worked at the oars like wretched automatons. It was only the pluck of the valet that kept the two seamen from laying down their torturous burdens and sinking to the boat's grating.

No one spoke above whispers, with bare words. And it was Nancy's broken sounds that first caused them all to turn.

"See!" she croaked, standing up and staring, "it's land—a faint blue, far-off land with trees!"

"I believe Miss Nancy's right," corroborated Jones; "tho it may be a mirage."

The reinvigorated oarsmen pulled with the strength of hope, and by nightfall they had come to within plain view of the island. It was a solitary thing, probably one of the great chain, or Ra, that flanks the Fijis to eastward.

The solemn beat of the surf on outlying reefs warned them off from closer approach. So all thru the night they lay by, listening and staring and hoping for dawn.

At last it came, and they rowed in to the ring of surf, looking for an opening between these wolves' teeth of the sea. After an hour's weary row they found an opening in the barrier reef and set the bow of the pinnace toward it.

With a rush and roar of spume and surf, the little boat shot the passage, filled with water, and slowly sank in the lagoon.

The water shoaled rapidly toward the beach, and the little party were able to drag themselves ashore. Jones dragged Patricia from the lick of the surf; then fell on the sand in a swoon. One by one, or in staggering groups, the others cast themselves upon the sun-bleached couch. A sleep of utter exhaustion pinned them down under the fiery rays of the tropical sun, and, with the sprawl of disjointed dolls, they lay until the coolness of the evening wind set them to shivering and starting in fitful dreams.

Jeld, who had nourished himself upon his own plumpness, so to speak, was the first to awake. He stared about him as if the whole thing had been a terrible nightmare and his open eyes could conjure it away.

"Jones, I say," he called sharply, "will you bring me an extra blanket?"

The valet's eyes started open at Jeld's first words, and, for just once, the model man could not help smiling at the incongruous request.

"Ah, Jones," continued Jeld, in full recollection, "will you have the goodness to wake the others?"

Jones did, and the little, shivering company huddled around the great Jeld. The fire of inspiration shone from his eyes, and he made a commanding gesture for attention.

"Ladies and gentlemen of this unfortunate adventure," said Jeld, "the time has come when we must cast social distinctions to the winds and proceed to select a leader who can alleviate our sufferings—in plain words, some one who can do something. I confess that I myself am more helpless than the commonest beach-comber; Mr. Paxton appears even more helpless." Jeld paused for oratorical effect. "I therefore nominate Jones as the leader, imperator, medicine-man, or what-you-may-call-it, of this shipwrecked party."

The nomination proved a unanimous success, as all felt that Jones had been the guiding hand in their terrible trial in the pinnace.

"Gentlemen — and ladies," said Jones, quietly, "I accept, and it is needless to say that I expect implicit obedience from you all. I suggest that our life begin by offering thanks to the Master Pilot who has cast us upon this beach."

Thereupon the valet flung himself upon his knees, and the others followed suit in silent prayer.

"HIS QUICK EYE HAD NOTICED SOME LARGE TURTLES SUNNING IN SHALLOW WATER"

"We must get away from the night wind," said the new leader, "and establish a camp on the edge of the trees. In the morning I will start a fire and appoint a cook."

"Such a top-piece!" murmured Jeld, following Jones up the beach with the rest. "Where in fairyland will he get food and a fire to cook it with?"

Jones answered his admiring question a scant hour after daybreak the next morning. His quick eye had noticed some large turtles sunning in shallow water, and he ordered the two seamen to capture one. The rest of the party awoke with the noise of their clumsy return, dragging a corpulent, flapping turtle.

They discovered Jones seated on a rock in the sun and frantically twisting a pointed stick of hardwood into a large, fibrous piece. With one accord, they gathered round the leader and his curious antic.

"Leave him alone," roared Jeld; "he's a wizard, and I'll bet my bankbook he's up to something good."

In answer a wisp of smoke oozed from the fibrous wood; then a tiny jet of flame. Jones tenderly nursed it into a practical fire.

"Miss Patricia," he said, turning upon her abruptly, "I appoint you cook."

The two husky seamen sniggered, and the girl turned red.

"Jones, you are impudent!" she cried; "I will have nothing to do with it."

"Very well," said Jones; "I regret then that you cannot eat. This is a co-operative community."

Patricia glanced around the hungry circle, realized instantly that her stand was unpopular, and smiled in capitulation. Thus was the first little discord readily quelled.

"A SEAMEN'S CHEST HAD FLOATED INTO THE LAGOON AND LAY TOSSING ON THE LAZY WATER IN EASY REACH"

In the afternoon Nancy came running to camp with shouts of a discovery. A seamen's chest had floated into the lagoon and lay tossing on the lazy water in easy reach.

Jones superintended the prying off of its lid and carefully appraised the contents.

"These old duds," he advised, distributing an assortment of water-soaked clothes, "may look ridiculous now—in a month of tropic rot they'll be worth more than a presentation gown."

Of the divers things in the chest Jones appropriated two for himself: a bottle of cheap whisky and a large can of gasoline.

"These are stores," he said, "that we may not use, and again, they may be the means of saving life. Let us treasure them."

Very little has been said of the doings of Howard Gibbs Paxton. In fact, he spent only his spare time in camp. By one excuse and another he had disgusted Jones, who had given him the easy assignment of fisherman-in-chief. Howard's duty lay in having the two sailors row him about the lagoon and in catching the swarming, iridescent fish.

As a graceful Nimrod he was a decided success, but as a disciplinarian an utter failure. The seamen grumbled and treated him with scant respect or open insult. And on one ill-starred day Howard thought to please them by borrowing the unopened bottle of whisky. The men no sooner saw it than they promptly rowed the fisherman ashore, and an orgy commenced. Howard again showed his inaptitude for leadership by attempting to make merry with them. The raw spirits and the glowering sun took firm bodily hold on them, and the seamen fought like fiends for the dregs of the bottle.

Howard Gibbs Paxton retreated unsteadily from the conflict. He had sense enough left for that, but lost his bearings and wandered aimlessly over the scorching coral sand till he dropped from exhaustion.

"AND IN ALL THIS PERIOD OF THREE FULL SUMMER MONTHS THE ISLET WAS LEFT ENTIRELY TO THEMSELVES"

It was Jones who discovered the theft of the spirits, tracked down the seamen, soused them back to life and carried the delirious and unconscious Howard back to camp. Patricia nursed her fallen fiancé back to health and tenderness for her, but, somehow, he had fallen into abject littleness as the majority stockholder of her affections.

The valet's community lived on, in rags, in burlesque clothes from the stranded chest, in hope and in despair. Jeld had become the philosopher of the party, and Jones the brains and hands. And in all this period of three full summer months the islet was left entirely to themselves.

Jones and the seamen calculated roughly that they were out of the regular path of vessels, on one of the uninhabited chain of out-islands that flank the Sea of Koro. From the stories of traders on the *Melanesia* they had gathered that the Fijians frequenting these islands were about as vindictive, bloodthirsty and ignorant a lot as the South Sea Islands produced. Small parties of whites had been known to disappear on their shores, and there were dark hints of cannibalistic orgies.

Whatever the truth of these rumors, the party was torn between the devil and the deep sea in showing distress signals of a kind that might bring a deadly foe sooner than a friend. All signs of their camp were concealed from the beach-side, and even the pinnace was drawn up and housed in a basin of sand.

It was Howard Gibbs Paxton, the penitent, who first discovered a native on the beach. The naked Fijian was bending over the wreck of the white man's fishing-rod and omitting sundry grunts of discovery. At sight of each other, both mutually took to their heels in opposite directions, and Howard burst into camp with the ominous news.

The little community immediately resolved itself into helpless panic. Jeld seemed to shrink to the dimensions of a spare meal, while the seamen shouted hoarsely to take to the pinnace.

''Let us take deliberate counsel,'' said Jones, pale with responsibility. ''As these people never travel alone,'' he went on, ''it is evident that the native Mr. Paxton saw hurried back to report his discovery to his party—let us hazard, a large one. With their swift sailing-canoes, it would be deliberate folly for us to launch the lifeboat.''

''Start a signal-fire for help with the gasoline—anything!'' urged the unpractical Jeld.

''That's it, the gasoline!'' exclaimed Jones, his eyes burning. ''You've given me an idea, Mr. Jeld, and I call on all of you to help me carry it out.''

Jones' directions were brief and to the point. A narrow gully of sand led from the beach to their camp and would be the natural path for a frontal attack.

The valet called upon each member of the party to sacrifice some article of clothing, and soon a nondescript heap lay at his feet. All eyes were on him as he saturated the pile with gasoline and strung these enormous wicks across the gully.

''Catch my idea?'' said Jones. ''It's a simple one, but the best at hand. When they rush us, we must be ready to meet them with a sheet of flame, and on top of that I'll explode what remains in the can.''

He had barely finished speaking and assigned each one a place, when discordant cries arose from the beach, and the soft flip-flap of running, naked feet came toward them.

''It's do or die now,'' said Jones, and only Patricia heard him.

The mass of yellow savages came screaming down the gully, tattooed like scarecrows and brandishing ugly spears. The lack of resistance puzzled the front ranks; then spurred them on with hideous cries.

Flash! a sheet of flame whipped across the gully and seared the pressing horde.

Jones arose and dashed out among them. Above his head he held the gasoline-can, with an instantaneous fuse. With a yell more fiendish than the cannibals, he flung the thing in their midst. It exploded with the roar of a cannon, and a score fell flat from mere fright. The balance of the panic-stricken crew faced about and took to their heels as if the devil were forking them diligently in tender places.

Only Jones remained where he had staggered and fallen. A livid stream of oil had seared his hair to the roots, and his eyes were closed in the fine agony of deadly torture.

Patricia was the first to reach his side. From the lagoon the panicky splashing of paddles told of a final and complete rout of the attackers. The girl pillowed the valet's head in her lap.

"He's only half a man now," she whimpered to herself, "but such a big, darling half!" And Jones distinctly heard her, and pretended that he had not.

Under Patricia's sleepless care the half a man recovered, and his hair grew slowly in, even thicker and glossier.

The day that he stood on his feet again, like an awkward colt, she led him down to the beach, and there, within a league of the barrier, stood a full-rigged ship.

Signals were run up—Jones told me afterwards it was Patricia's petticoat—and the ship came about and lowered a boat.

As the ship's boat neared the shore and the little party stood knee-deep in the water to receive it, Jones, the chief of the party, hung awkwardly back. With each stroke of the oncoming oars he knew that he was being transformed into a valet again, and the yoke rather galled the poor fellow.

But Patricia faced him, and her eyes were lit with signals that only a monk could disregard.

Jones climbed aboard, and Howard Gibbs Paxton, of his own free will, deserted the thwart that he had selected for himself alongside of Patricia.

"AND THERE, WITHIN A LEAGUE OF THE BARRIER, STOOD A FULL-RIGGED SHIP"

That night, on the moon-bathed deck of the ship, Jeld, the philosopher, smoked several cigars in solitude, and decided, with a sigh of resignation, that Jones, the valet, had vacated permanently in favor of Jones, the man.

* * *

The Seasons

By L. M. THORNTON

Winter, summer, autumn, fall,
Just four seasons, that is all;
Spring's the time to learn the way
To a Motion Picture play.

Heat or cold, or cloud or sun,
All the year we have some one;
Summertime's the year's delight,
With a picture play at night.

Rain or snow, whichever falls,
Still the nickelorium calls;
Autumn's sometimes dull and gray,
But not at a picture play.

Autumn, winter, summer, spring,
Pleasures dear each one shall bring;
Safe and certain, sane and sure,
Where the Motion Pictures lure.

KENTUCKY FOES

(RELIANCE)

BY DOROTHY DONNELL

In strange nooks and crannies of the country, tossed aside like flotsam and jetsam of the stream of Progress, the Present has not yet arrived. Here, on mountain plateaus or pockets of valleys, tucked among the hills, the Past still lingers; quaint, sometimes; now and then barbaric, with the primitive heart-passions of an untamed race. Zenith, a fleck on the Kentucky map, among outlawed hills and forgotten byways, is such a place; Zenith, a straggling, untidy line of slab cabins, with its one apologetic church serving as a lame excuse to God for its whisky-stills and whisky-begotten sins.

Yet here, as elsewhere, babies are born in pain and reared to manhood and womanhood; here old age closes its tired eyes, and youth loves. And the pity of it!—here men hate each other as they do elsewhere across the kindly land. But, being child-men, they show their hatred child-fashion—with blows and hot words and the infliction of pain. And they pass on their hatred, as a bitter, black inheritance, to their son's sons.

It was the seventh day of the week. In Zenith men labor—intermittently for six days in their frowsy corn-fields and cotton-patches or over their sour, festering, secret stills; on the seventh, they go to church. Up the stony mountain path they came, dull-faced men, with sagging shoulders, the shaven chins of Sabbath and the muddy great boots of every day; tired women, with empty eyes, from which life had drained the juices of hope, knotted hands that knew how to wield the ax as well as the skillet, and sagging lips, unkist for many a day; children, with the sap of youth still in their veins and its spring in their unshod feet. But there was one sinister note in the picture, out of harmony with place and day. For over their shoulders all the men carried guns. Shoulder to shoulder, polished rifle-barrels parallel and surly glances meeting, they bowed their uncouth lengths in the low doorway and entered with the visible tokens of their cancerous hatred, into the Place of Brotherhood.

But one lingered outside, a young fellow, with tanned, frank face and lumps of honest muscle ridging his awkward home-spun clothes. Where his neighbors were loafers, Fred Amsden farmed, turning over the thin soil of his rocky fields as persistently as tho a treasure might be concealed in them, with a neat, four-room cabin, two horses and a nucleus of a herd of cattle as reward of his toil.

He stood watchfully, leaning on his Winchester, his eyes hopeful down the rock-ribbed trail. At last a spark leaped into them, as at the lighting of an inner lamp. A girl was coming up the path, taking the ascent with unfettered stride and swinging her starched, pink sunbonnet as she came. She was a tall, full-breasted beauty, all generous curves and sweet roundness. Over the coarse, clean print dress cascaded her dark hair, a wonderful, curling, sheeny mass, in which a man's fingers might wander——

"Mawnin', Miss Dorothy." The boy's voice was husky over the commonplace greeting, and his eyes besought her, wistfully. "Hit's—hit's—a mighty pretty day, aint hit?"

She paused beside him, instinct with native coquetry, her full, wide lips curved in a smile. Well she knew—as what woman does not?—how her warm, vivid nearness troubled his breath and set his great man-bulk a-tremble.

"Hit's right peart!" The slow, rich drawl slid over the words like sluggish water. Her eyes fell demurely. "Y'u-all done come to hear th' new preacher, I reckon?"

Fred took an impetuous step forward, looking down into the mischievous face, with a gaze that was not hard to read.

"Y'u-all knows that aint why I'm hyar," he whispered pleadingly—"dont y'u——"

The girl fluttered back a step or two, dallying with the moment. Then, suddenly, her face changed. A young man, shorter and slighter than Fred, with flabby muscles and loose jaw, but with a sort of effeminate good-looks, was coming up the path. As he noticed the couple by the steps he paused, an angry flush darkening his face. Dorothy Lewis ran to meet him and laid one hand intimately on his sleeve.

"Y'u quit yore glowerin', Andy Nelson," she smiled, her radiant young face audaciously close to his sulky one. "A body kin pass th' time o' day with another feller, I reckon! Look!" She touched her rose-sprigged dress in naïve joy. "Y'u aint noticin' my new gownd!"

His face cleared. He took her by the arm and led her past the other man with an air of triumphant possession.

"Y'u'd make any gownd look purty," he told her gallantly as they disappeared.

For a long moment Fred Lewis looked after them, his face drawn and haggard. The last of the church-goers passed him with a brief jest, and the drone of a psalm tune, sung thru fervent nostrils, whined out into the radiant day. But he did not enter. At last, with a hopeless shrug of his broad shoulders, he turned and plunged down the hillside, recklessly thru bitter-sweet and briars, and flung himself full length on the ground, wailing his bitterness out in solitude.

"She's my gal—I love her so much she *has* to be mine," he cried. "An' he's got her—thet low, whisky-drinkin' swine thet aint fitten to tech her shoes. Ef he c'd make her happy an' take care on her, I'd not care so hard, mebbe. Gawd! Gawd! Gawd!"

Perhaps something of the bitterness of his heritage leaked into his words, for the Amsdens and Nelsons had been enemies for generations, and their histories were sprinkled with blood and violent graves. But his love for Dorothy Lewis was honest, and he did not guess how soon it was to add another and final chapter to the feud.

Dorothy stood at the gate, waiting. She was not a girl to have to wait long, and she knew it, as a pink rose knows its own sweetness and its lure. Andy Nelson, coming rather vaguely along the street, hastened his slovenly footsteps to answer the beck of her presence.

" 'Lo, Dorothy!" he said jovially. "C'me on an' walk a piece. Hit's sightly up yander on th' mountain now."

She joined him, with the shy security of one who knows that all but the final words have been said in love's pretty dialog, and who is content to linger deliciously over the saying of

"CRASH—CRUNCH! SICKENINGLY INTO SPACE"

these. Now and then, as they climbed up the hillside, she glanced up at his curly hair and red, loose lips with admiring eyes. Her pride of possession she believed to be love, and so went on trustingly to the eerie places where he led.

The view widened, showing a break in the hills; pink rhododendrons colored the grassy ledge, and columbines fluttered airy frills in the clear hilltop wind. On one side of them the world fell away steeply, down a ragged cliff to a panorama of hills and far blue crags. On the other three sides trees and the hillside closeted them in seclusion. Andy's face flushed, and his eyes began to moisten. He bent over the girl, taking one hand in a hot clasp.

"D'rothy, yore sure a purty gal—" His breath scorched her cheeks, and a heavy fume tainted the sweet air. She looked up, with a nameless dread —this was not the way she had planned it. No! She struggled to snatch her hand away, but the man's grip was too strong. He drew her closer, bruising her soft flesh with eager hands.

"Gimme a kiss," he breathed fiercely into her whitening face. "Yure *my* gal. Dont y'u go for to struggle now. Hit aint no use, anyhow. 'Pears like I got y'u—an' I'm goin' to have thet kiss, too."

Dorothy felt his whisky-laden breathing nearer and nearer. His eyes glittered into hers. She turned faint and sick, but her breath lagged in her throat, unable to cry out. With all the desperation of her failing strength she beat him off with blows as ineffectual as the lashing of a frightened leaf. But his insecure footsteps, drink-clogged, were in her favor. Under her feeble pushes he reeled suddenly. The loose earth slid underneath, pitching him forward. He flung up his arms, groping, opening frantically, closing again on nothingness, and fell.

Crash—crunch! Sickeningly into space—his garments caught on rock-points, only to tear free and send him limply on, sprawling in mid-air like a grotesque bird. With starting eyes, the girl watched him, clutching the reeling earth for support. Then the hills shrilled with her shrieks. How long she lay inert on the brow of the precipice, staring down at the rag of bloody flesh sprawled out below, she

VENGEANCE.

did not know. A hand on her shoulder aroused her at last.

"Dorothy gal!" Fred Amsden bent over her in terror. "What's wrong? I heard y'u cryin' an' came a-runnin'——"

The girl turned a set face toward her lover, pointing with wooden fingers.

"Thar!" The word came stiffly thru bitten lips. "Yender—hit's Andy Nelson. I reckon I've killed him."

Fred followed the gesture, and a stifled exclamation burst from him. Then, stooping tenderly, he picked up the limp girl-figure and started down the hillside, surefooted as an animal or a native of the hills. He knew at once what had happened, and a wild surge of varied feelings boiled thru his brain: horror at the danger to the girl; hate for the other who lay dead below, and a wonderful singing joy at the dear feel of her on his breast. But all he said was, very gently against her hair:

"Y'u pore lil' gal! Y'u pore lil' gal!"

At the bottom of the hill he paused and set her down, supporting her as she staggered dizzily.

"Kin y'u walk all right now?" he asked rapidly. "Y'u go 'long, an' I'll—I'll 'tend t' Andy. Dont y'u worry none."

She nodded helplessly. In the crisis all her woman's wiles fell away, stripping bare the woman need of her. Standing as he had left her, she watched him, with a vague sense of comfort, as he strode masterfully across the rocks. Now he had reached the fallen man—was stooping—— She covered her eyes.

A footstep near her drew them open, and, with a grip of horror at her throat, she saw Jack Nelson, Andy's younger brother, on the hillside. Breathlessly the two watched as Fred half-lifted, half-dragged the crumpled body behind a clump of choke-cherries. Then Jack, with a fierce exclamation of rage, plunged into the bushes and was gone. The girl well knew what was coming: the blood-bent group of men, guns a-shoulder, swearing and sweating for revenge.

"Fred—oh, Fred!" she wailed. He ran to her in great leaps. "Jack Nelson sawed y'u an' went back ter tell his folks—they'll kill y'u sure. Oh, what'll we do?—what'll we do?"

THE ATTACK

She was wringing her hands childishly, weeping in thin, high gusts as she clung to him. Even in his need of haste, Fred marveled at the wonder of her concern. But there was no time now for tenderness. He caught her again in his arms and began to run. Over the "crick" bottom they went, by the cottonwoods and across two ridgy fields, crouching, plunging; the man silent, save for the whistling of his breath thru set teeth; the girl moaning jerkily. At last, over the worm fence showed his cottage, absurdly peaceful in the waning light, with its feather of smoke waving from the stone chimney and the pink-and-crimson hollyhocks about the door.

Inside, they faced each other behind the bolted door, waiting, speechless.

"IT WAS IN TIME, BUT ONLY JUST SO"

"They'll be hyar soon, I reckon," he said simply. She nodded dumbly, reading his face. At the sight of her terror he laughed protectingly and pulled his rifle from its pegs over the door, on the wall.

"We-all 'll have an answer f'r 'em, lil' gal."

With a faint cry, Dorothy held out her arms, a star-like something growing in her eyes.

"Hit's all my fault. I'm powerful sorry, dear," she whispered and went to him, hiding her head against his coat. In an instant his arm was about her.

"My Gawd, lil' gal!"

Their faces drew together like magnet and steel, but before the kiss was born in the mating of lips, the crude jar of a rifle-shot shattered their dream, and a steel bullet chipped by them thru the shattered door-panel. He thrust the girl to the floor almost roughly.

"Stay thar an' dont dast to move!"

He raised his own gun to his shoulder, the muscles of his jaw tightening with resolve.

The next ten minutes, during which she crouched in the darkness, with the thud of bullets above her and the acid tang of firing on her lips, were as long as hours to the girl. In times of this kind the world does not revolve to minutes, but to heart-beats, to throbs of fear, to agonies of terror and dread. She seemed to herself all sense as she lay there, all hearing, feeling. Strange, foolish fancies tickled her brain until she could have shrieked with insane laughter, if tears had not choked the sound. "My new gownd has pink posies—see 'em," she whispered. "Y'u kin 'most smell 'em, they look so real."

A sudden sound behind her made her turn. Fred, with one wrist red-smeared and gyved by its mate, was smiling down at her queerly.

"Only three shots more, sweetheart," he said gently. " 'Pears like they'll git me this time. Y'u must go—yender, out th' back way."

She crawled to him, clutching his feet.

"Y'u, too!" she pleaded. "Y'u, too!"

"No, honey-gal!" He shook his head whimsically. "Outdoor aint big enough to hide me in fr'm they-all. I'll stay!" He stooped, brushing back the heavy hair from her drawn face with powder-pitted fingers.

"Onct—on yure fore-head," he whispered. Then, as she lifted her lips: "No—no! Ef onct I kist yure mouth, dyin' would be too hard."

Then, somehow, she found herself climbing thru the window behind the house and creeping like a forlorn, whipped animal thru the calm, green corn. Once she stopped, raising her face, with a wild impulse to pray; then she went on.

" 'Taint no use!" she moaned. "Hit's Gawd's jedgment on me f'r flirtin', but hit's powerful hard." Suddenly she sprang to her feet and commenced to run blindly thru the heavy loam and stubble fields. She would get help. But it would be too late——

She turned a corner and paused, unbelieving. A haggard, bleeding figure confronted her, like a wounded scarecrow, clawing the rocks for support and muttering. Suddenly the girl burst into shrill peals of mirth that set the far mountains a-laughing and woke a thousand insane echoes from the crags.

"Andy! Oh, Andy—Andy—Andy!"

The wretched figure blinked uncertainly at her, smearing its bloody face with a bruised hand.

"Powerful funny, aint it?" he sneered at last. "Hit aint yure fault I aint killed."

RECONCILIATION

"But y'u *are* killed, Andy!" Suddenly the girl's wild laughter died. "My Gawd! yure folks are over yender to Fred Amsden's cabin now, payin' f'r yure death."

She fairly dragged him, cursing and moaning, over the rough ground. "We-all got ter hurry or hit'll be too late," she panted. "Never mind yure achin', Andy Nelson; 'kase a better man 'n' y'u ever war may be dyin' f'r y'u this minute."

On they went. Dorothy half-lifted him as he staggered, coaxing him, pushing him, dragging him on. "Oh, hurry, hurry, hurry!" she sobbed. "Oh, Gawd help me git thar in time!"

It was in time, but only just so. Fred stood before the cabin, arms folded, in the midst of a mob of angry men. Their rifles were even then lifted. Dorothy felt the saving cry paralyzed in her throat. Her tongue clicked dryly against her teeth, powerless. But Andy raised a warning shout that brought the gun-barrels down.

"Hit war all my fault," he told them, a few moments later, after the first bewildered questionings were over. "I'd been drinkin'—I tried to kiss her, an' she shoved me over. Sarved me right, too, I reckon." He held out a pleading hand. "I guess mebbe we-all got 'nough o' shootin', aint we?" he said, with the solemnity in his voice of one who has been very near to death. "What say ef we-all jest shake hands an' call it off?"

After the Nelsons had trooped away, chastened and shamefaced, Fred turned slowly to the trembling girl. A sense of wonder held them both dumb, tho their hands stole out, clasping, and the glow of the sunset flickered over their awed faces and lit strange home-lights in their eyes. His big, blunt fingertips, terrible with the signs of his battle, strayed to her hair, wandering in the warm masses of it as he had dreamed of their doing. Suddenly he laughed aloud, boyishly, and tilted her face up to his own.

"I reckon hit's about time f'r that kiss, honey-gal," he cried.

When the Twilight Shades Are Falling

By STEWART EVERETT ROWE

Softly sweet the day is fainting—vanished soon will be its glow,
And the twilight shades are falling thick and fast,
While a mother sits in sorrow, thinking of the long ago
And her boy, who left her in that faded past.
Left her for the world to see; yes, this wide, wide world to roam;
Left his mother old who loved him fond and dear.
So when twilight shades are falling, there she dreams alone at home,
As she whispers low these words for him to hear:

"When the twilight shades are falling, I can see your face, my boy,
Just as plainly in the shadows as can be;
Then I pray that God may keep you from the things that wreck, destroy,
'Cause you're all the world, and more besides, to me.
When the twilight shades are falling, I can see your face, my son,
And I wonder why you don't come back to me;
Cant you see I'm sad and lonely—that my life is nearly done—
That my love is yours for all eternity?"

Well, another day is dying, and amid a playhouse throng,
Lone the little mother sits to pass the time;
Yes, to see the Moving Pictures and to hear the latest song,
And all for the simple outlay of a dime.
On the picture screen before her, proud a band goes marching by,
And lo! amid the ranks she sees her boy;
While the crowd is sharply startled by her piercing mother-cry,
For she cannot help but thus express her joy:

"When the twilight shades are falling, I can see your face, my son,
For you're here with me beneath the twilight glow;
And you never more shall leave me till all time and space are done—
And to think I found you thru a picture show!
When the twilight shades are falling, I can see your face, my boy,
For you're helping me to keep life's grasses green;
While I pray that nothing ever may the pictures grand destroy—
'Cause I found you on a Moving Picture screen."

The Power of Conscience

(ESSANAY)

BY John Olden

WORK on the gigantic tunnel of the P. S. & W. had gone ahead that spring with giant strides. The forward drillers had eaten half-way into the vitals of Ironside Mountain, and this formidable, treeless barrier to man's progress was as good as conquered. When the drifts of winter had held the camp snowbound and shivering, the construction foreman had told the chief engineer of the location crew that he had corralled two of the best machine-drillers in the West, and his statement was borne out when the boring and blasting had begun.

Byron Waters and Jim Hale were both big men—gluttons for work, fearless, and seemingly leading a charmed life in the nauseous bowels of the earth. The splitting headaches and vomiting coughs that attacked tunnellers were unknown to these two. And their drills were ever pressing forward, side by side, in the benches and faces of rock. During the hours of underground work they never spoke to each other—drillers seldom do—and when they had come out upon the earth's crust, what was left of life was too valuable to haggle over in words.

Along toward the end of summer they got to running over to the little stock town of Meadeville and to spending the sweetness of Sundays with George Gordon's young girl. She was a pretty lass and friendly to both of them, and before they realized it her blue eyes, like bits of the sky they craved, had wrought equal havoc in the two men.

Then the natures of the two big fellows began to come to the surface. At least, it did with Byron, the simple Vermont boy, for the girl's winsomeness and clean-cut ways set his tongue to wagging, and Hale was his only confidant. Something deep down in Dora, too, discovered that the broad-shouldered lad from the Granite State was the better man, and, on the eve of the round-up, her telltale blushes and the soft, woman's look in her eyes told Hale better than words that his cause had been lost.

There was still George Gordon's consent to win—a lean tiger of a man when it came to dealings about his girl, and Byron sadly realized this after their first encounter, and, in consequence, got off a long letter to his mother and older brother, back in Vermont, telling them all about his star-eyed little girl and her cruel parent.

All this time Hale, the chum, sat, of nights, outside of the big tunnel bunkhouse and tamped rank tobacco into his pipe with the regularity of blast charges. And with the process of an excess of solitary smokes, came a half-formed plan that set him to smiling and paling in its grip.

It seems that the lovers were accustomed to meet under the spread of a venerable oak topping Gordon's outbuildings, and that their rendezvous were timed by a series of scrawled notes left in a fork of the tree. Hale had stalked Byron into town one night and had overseen the fortunate lover deposit a note in its resting-place. Five minutes afterwards, Hale had knocked at Gordon's door and whispered to him that he was in a fair way of putting him on the track of the mysterious man who had been regularly taking toll of Gordon's chickens.

The tunneller meant no great harm

to Byron Waters in tipping off old man Gordon. He hoped simply that the lovers would be caught red-handed under the trysting-tree. But Gordon, the peppery and vindictive Scot, took the thing seriously and proceeded to set a man-trap, with the aid of a corral-rope and a shot-gun, that would teach the chicken-thief that it was dangerous to monkey around his outbuildings.

Hale waited until the old man had retired to the ranchhouse; then slipped a hurried note in the fork of the tree. The sugared bait ran:

> Will meet you under the tree at ten o'clock.
>
> Lovingly, DORA.

It was done in a clever facsimile of the girl's handwriting, and its carefully copied strokes gave evidence that Hale must have obtained some former note of hers to meditate on over his slow-glowing pipe.

Clouds were riding over the pale moon, patching the soil with uncertain light, as Hale lay flat behind the stock fence, waiting for developments. At the end of a silent half-hour a man came groping across the mesa and made for the patch of inpenetrable darkness under the oak. Not ten yards away the whitewashed length of the chicken-house stood out from the flat soil like the hull of a phantom ship in the semi-light.

The nearing man reached the safety of the tree and groped for something in its low-spreading limbs. Suddenly a sharp, tiny sound cut the air. It was the unmistakable voice of a cocking revolver.

The intruder heard it and made a blind dash for the chicken-house door. It flung open to the thrust of his powerful shoulder. And then the roar as of a cannon shook the building and boomed and reverberated out across the startled plains. There followed the thud of a falling figure, a low groan, and a chorus of startled hens' clutter.

Gordon sprang up from his hiding-place, turning up the wick of his lantern as he ran. Its solemn glow in the chicken-house picked up the big body of a fallen man in a grotesque death-sprawl and the smoke oozing roofward from the ranchman's murderous duck-gun.

His devilish contrivance of rope and gun, fixed in the building's door, had done its work. Byron lay shot thru the heart with a heavy charge of buckshot, and his clear young blood welled from him and ran in a ghastly stream thru the dust.

Gordon had barely time to turn his victim over and to fix a fascinated stare on the poor boy's face, when Hale and Dora came crowding into the death-chamber. At sight of Byron's sprawled body, and the tale it told, the little ranch-girl took to shivering and moaning pitifully, and it was Hale who, with gentle words, tried to calm her. But she shuddered away from him, while the grewsome work of carrying out the remains of Byron went on.

Gordon had followed up the corral-rope to its far end, tied around the oak, and presently he uttered a shout of discovery. Hale's note, in Dora's handwriting, lay open in his hand. The mystery of the whole horrid affair lay open to him now, and his heart hardened again toward his wayward offspring. No jury would ever convict him of trapping a prowler and thief, and the girl had been taught a lesson that would forever hold her true to his will.

For a sleepless week Dora Gordon tossed on her bed, with jumbled, distorted visions crowding thru her poor, weak brain. Try as she would, she could not piece together the mystery surrounding Byron's death; the fragments of fact and conjecture crumbled and fell under the touch of her woman's reasoning. One thing stood out clear: she must get word to his family back in Vermont.

Byron had often told her of his older brother and described his unfailing care for him as a boy. To him she would write; and so it happened that on a certain crisp August morning the Reverend Stanley Waters received a letter in a girl's unformed hand that blurred and trembled under his resolute, gray eyes. Its closing sentence read:

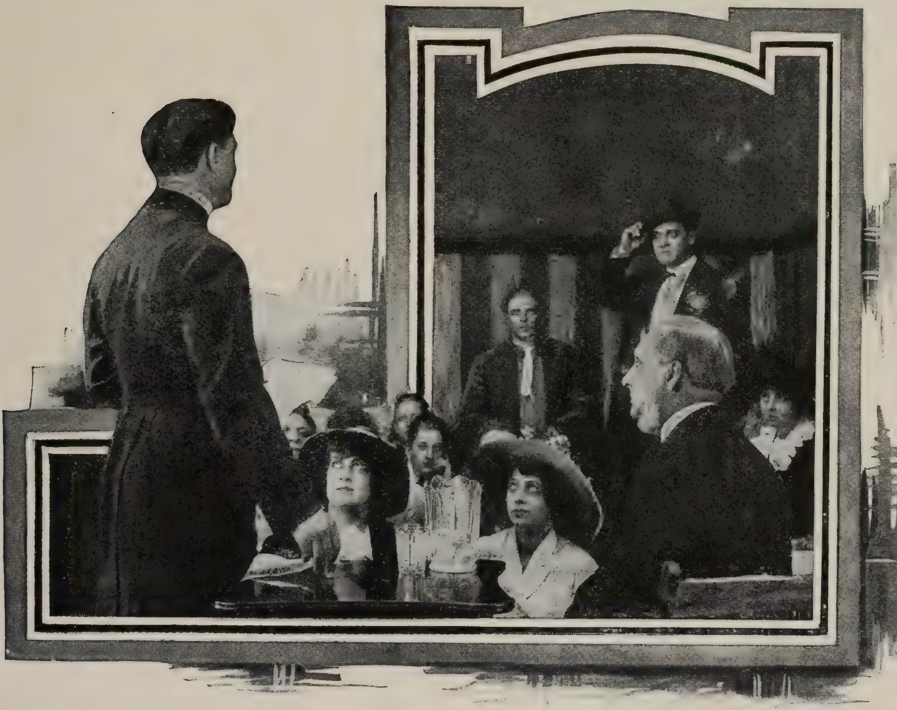
> And furthermore, I believe that Hale forged the note in my name and is as responsible for Byron's death as if he had fired the charge with his own hand.
>
> DORA GORDON.

The minister sat for long moments in deep thought. Who was this young girl that appealed to him? And who the dirty truckler that she accused of planning his brother's death?

He had trained himself, thru years of quiet refinement, to harbor neither hate nor lust against his fellow man, but now the hot blood mounted to his temples and surged against the walls of his immortal soul.

Byron had been cut down treacherously, in cold blood—a blow from an unseen hand in the dark—and Stanley Waters made up his mind, then and there, to camp on the trail of this man Hale and to run him down. In four days, he figured, he could be in Meadeville, supposedly on a lecture tour and naturally interested in the fate of his brother. The girl, he knew, would join her willing forces to his; and then God pity the miscreant that had cut them both to the heart.

On the evening of the fifth day following Dora's letter, the Reverend Stanley Waters was deposited by the Overland in Meadeville, and, disregarding hotel blandishments, at once took a rig out to the Gordons' place.



"HALE TREMBLED LIKE A VICTIM OF PALSY UNDER THE MERCILESS WORDS"

Old man Gordon described, in detail, how Byron had met his death, and as Stanley listened, he felt that, while the old Scotchman was cruel and cantankerous, he was not directly guilty of doing away with his brother. It was his conversation with Dora, tho, that brought direct fruit. From their first glance these two knew that they could trust each other implicitly, and she poured out all her fears and horrid misgivings before the avenging minister.

As a result, the next step was to

have her invite Hale to a lecture to be given by Stanley in the town-hall on the following evening. The man had taken to drink for some unaccountable reason, and had lost the respect of the tunnel crew, and even the foreman had doubts of his prize driller. Day by day his nerves had begun to crumble under the strain, and where he had once been the last to run from the tunnel as a blast was about to be fired, now he was the first to beat a panicky retreat.

VISIONS OF THE DEAD MAN WERE EVER BEFORE HIM

The lecture evening came, and the hall was comfortably filled with a friendly audience. Dora saw to it that she and Hale should take seats well down front and directly under the eyes of the Reverend Stanley Waters.

The tall minister, straight as an Indian, rose up and quietly announced that his subject for the evening was "The Power of Conscience." Then, forthwith, with his magnetic eyes set full on Hale, he plunged into his discourse.

"It is not what conscience is," he explained—"no one knows what it is, but what it does to the man it fastens on. I have known cases where the still, small voice has lain speechless for years, only to crop out in wild, telltale ravings on the hoarder's death-bed. And again"—the speaker's eyes seemed to scorch Hale's face—"I have known men to conceal a crime, or a murder, so skillfully that there was absolutely no chance of detection, yet conscience, the gnawer, was already at its work of retribution. The miserable man tried in vain to shake off his inexorable tenant—his nerve failed; he took to drink; he lay staring thru sleepless nights. And his former courage turned to taunt his fleeing heels."

Hale trembled like a victim of palsy under the merciless words. He knew, whatever the audience, that they were meant for him, yet he could not avoid their thrust.

"And, finally," the voice went on, "the riddled nerves of the man look for a surer relief than drink. He meditates on suicide, and finds he has lost his grip to do even this saving thing. It is in this stage that conscience becomes a giant thing, a stalking, sleepless ghost that steps ever at his side in the guise and clothes of his victim. Too late! he has lost his grip and must live forever with this horrible companion."

Hale half-rose and swayed unsteadily, while the moisture streamed into his staring eyes.

"Come," he muttered, in strained words, "come, girl—let me get out in the open. I choke for the air—my cursed work is getting to me."

Dora instantly followed the conscience-stricken man out and, tho she loathed him like a rattlesnake, listened to his jumbled words of good-night.

It was the minister's plan to give the big tunneller no opportunity for peace of mind. He knew now that conscience and its sure accomplice, drink, had Hale on the run, and he meant to put the tottering man to one more test.

"AND IT WAS THERE, ON A LITTLE ROCKING PLATFORM OF LAGGING, THAT THEY AT LAST FOUND HALE"

On the following day Stanley, accompanied by Dora, made a trip out to the tunnel. Thru the courtesy of the foreman, they were allowed to pass into the jaws of the place. Hale had dressed himself in his brother's clothes and, in the uncanny light under the sills, looked a fair resemblance of the former driller.

As they worked their way over the uneven flooring, cars of rock passed by them like ghostly messengers. And once a crew of men rushed by as a blast was about to be set off.

Stanley, holding on to Dora, picked his way resolutely on, and as they neared the heading at the tunnel's end, the din and stone-dust became as bewildering as the thick of a battle. The racket from the powerful steam-drills was deafening, and the smoke of burnt dynamite ate acidly into their lungs. But somewhere, in there, in advance of the others, was the man they were groping for and meant to find.

By funneling his hands and shouting close up to his guide's ear, Stanley conveyed his meaning: that they wanted to go to the very end of the tunnel. And it was there, on a little rocking platform of lagging, that they at last found Hale. With his hands directing the thrusts of the drill, and the whole place trembling and rocking about him, he appeared the very demon of the rock-walled place.

Stanley strode forward and started to climb the driller's platform. At the same instant a powerful bell rang thru the tunnel, a signal that a blast was to be set off.

Stanley, in spite of warning shouts from his guide, continued to work his way up the platform. As Hale shut off his drill and started to descend, he was met by the shadowy image of Byron, his mate, slowly climbing up to him. One horrified look, and then, in abject terror, the driller dropped back on his knees.

Amid the scurry of retreating feet below, the ghost of Byron continued to climb toward him. The two men stood face to face.

Then a terrific explosion, with a flare of dazzling fire, went off, and the cavern filled with deadly fumes.

Hale had dropped in his tracks, cut down by a granite splinter, and, a minute afterwards, Stanley slowly sank to his knees. The nitric gas was pulling him down, down, in giddy nausea, till he fell on his side with a sigh.

For some unaccountable reason the charge had been improperly tamped, and the burning wads of paper had set fire to the platform. As the structure caught, a volume of pitchy smoke immediately rolled out thru the tunnel and made it inaccessible.

The mounting heat drove the gases away and brought Stanley to his senses. By his side lay the wounded driller, and below, snapping and leaping, lay waves of mounting flame.

Stanley knew instantly that death was near, but his big brotherself, the part of him that had friended and brought up little Byron, would not permit him to leave the man alone. With the strength of desperation, he

"LISTENED TO HIS JUMBLED, BROKEN WORDS"

dragged the broken Hale to the edge of the platform; then jumped as his last chance.

The two singed figures came hurtling thru space together and landed just outside the ring of fire. Inch by inch Stanley dragged the limp figure of Hale down the tunnel; then gave in and fainted as the inrush of tunnelmen came up with them.

But he opened his eyes again shortly and got upon awkward knees to bend over Hale and listen to his jumbled, broken words. They were a sort of confession, so Stanley made out, and, with their whispered utterance, the driller seemed at peace and smiled up at the circle of men.

Stanley held Hale's gripping hands till they lay lax in his. A man was dying, after all, and all the brother in Stanley rushed to his aid—the big, gentle brother that knows nothing but love for the weak.

Your Message

By LILLA B. N. WESTON

The other day you sent to me,
From far away beside the sea,
A message which in substance read:
"I love you!" . . . And when I had read
Those few fond lines, the street seemed filled
With seraph music chimed and trilled,
And my heart's voice responded low:
"Did you not know—did you not know?"

And later on I sat me down:
Without, the heedless, hurrying town
Rushed by, its troubled tide unseen;
Within, an ever-changing screen.

And suddenly I knew, amazed,
That these same scenes whereon I gazed
Were but the mountains God had set
Along the path, ere we twain met;
And the dear message in my hand—
How it had crossed this same bleak land!
On the broad screen flashed mile on mile
Of virgin rock, and here a pile
Of ice-entombed, eternal snow;
And there, a dizzy league below,
A thread-like trail upon the edge
Of some sharp-faced, o'erhanging ledge.
My heart sang out in wild delight:
"Your words scaled even that gray height,
And yonder, where the lake lies clear,
Your message hastened onward, dear;
To the tall pines, all sweet with gum,
To the high air, all thin and dumb,
Your words pealed forth their sweet refrain,
Across the wires from plain to plain.

"Ah, wondrous way! Thru the white heat
Of blistering desert fairy feet
Tripped swiftly, nor disheartened were
When some fierce blast of stormy blur
Swept madly by; nor when some peak
Loomed up, a gaunt, unsightly freak,
To bar the way; nor swayed nor swooned
When some terrific, jagged wound,
Uncovered by a vagrant slide,
Gaped ghastly on a mountainside."

Ah, wondrous way! I had not known
The rugged highway of my own!
And back across that tortuous path
Of Nature's pleasure and her wrath,
My heart replied: "I love you, dear!"
Did you not hear—did you not hear?

Your Friend Is My Friend

By C. LEON KELLEY

I have a friend who's a friend indeed,
My friend's a friend in deed or in need;
A warm old friend, with a welcome hand,
A friend I greet in any man's land.
A friend whom I'm always glad to see,
One who seems ever the same to me;
A friend—a friend whom I'm proud to know;
Do you know my friend?—it's the photoshow.
I hope that you have a friend as good
As my good friend—a friend who would
Be ever as faithful to you, my friend,
As my old friend, who's true to the end.
If you are a friend of the friend I mean—
If you are a friend of the photoscreen—
Then you are my friend, and a happy three
Will you and the screen and I ever be.

The Reformers

By Allen Stanhope

(BIOGRAPH)

A Present-Day Satire

Pocustown was ripe—overripe, or its succulent synonym, "rotten," was perhaps the better term—for the virtuously sharp sickle of reform.

The young people of the town were going to the devil, literally in seven-league boots, and, what is worse, they seemed to be enjoying the trip immensely.

Within the past year, Pocustown had developed a cloven hoof in the veiled form of an evening dancing-class, into which Satan had romped under the gait of the Turkey Trot. A Moving Picture theater of a questionable character had suddenly sprung up like tares among the sickly wheat, and was now delighting even innocent children with its graphic portrayals of red-blooded life that had depopulated the Sunday-schools. The Germans, in midsummer, had suddenly developed the tainted thirst of their decadent Fatherland and set up a beer-garden in the midst of the town, tempting hot and thirsty citizens with iniquitous beverages.

It had to stop—or rather be stopped.

The records showed that, with the advent of these immoral pursuits, the police department had slumped in its activities. The Purity League defined this supine attitude with that expressive word—G-r-a-f-t.

Old ladies no longer felt safe in the streets after lamplight, and gentlemen of reform tendencies were wont to carry only carfare in their pockets for fear of being robbed. In certain circles the curtains were drawn, so that the children could not see out into the wicked streets.

As time passed, the tongues of the eminently righteous moved faster and faster, and, following the law of physics, waxed hotter and hotter. And out among the heedless, the pleasures grew merrier and merrier. And nothing was done to put a knot in Beelzebub's tail. The next thing they all knew, some of the evil germs would penetrate the regions of sanctity, and some one in the Purity League would be caught with a smile on her face, or laughter would profane the Righteous Men's Club.

Action came, however, before either of the aforementioned calamities. The Anxious Grandmothers' Auxiliary had forced the issue and put their fingers upon the Tenderloin at the same time. They contended that nothing could be done, because none of their virtuous numbers had either power or authority. The mayor ran the town, the police department, the morals and the wickedness. The Auxiliary was about to give up in despair, when the Righteous Men's Club rose, with characteristic indignation, and said that they would be—would be—dashed if they would! The road was clear to them now. Most of them had never voted heretofore because they had not liked the way things were going. They would nominate and elect a mayor themselves.

All of the husbands of the members of the various amalgamated

Ladies' Societies for the Restoration of Good Government were neither reformers nor reformed, but, strange to say, they voted for Simon Stiggins, the reform mayor of Pocusville. So did a lot of soreheads who had never been satisfied with any administration. So did the reformers, and many others whose bread and butter depended on keeping on the windward side.

Stiggins was elected by a small majority, and the way those various able-minded bodies of sad-faced reformers brought gloom among the devil's own would have done credit to that arch-mistress of the craft, Carrie Nation. The saloons were closed tighter than any of their patrons had ever been; the iniquitous contents of the German beer-garden were poured into the street, making inebriates of the heretofore teetotaler sewer-rats; the Turkey Trot was subdued to a righteous walk, and the Moving Pictures were made to move to another town.

But let us pause in this stirring history of reform that was sweeping the public places of Pocusville as clean as a whistle that dare not be wet. Let us dwell on the motto, "Hell is paved with good intentions," and see if a new meaning may not be derived from it. Let us lift the vacuum-cleansed mantle of purity and see if some germs may not have been driven below its shining folds. The elders are busily, blindly engaged in the forefront of the strife; the innocents have been left in the care of Providence in the peace of the homes.

"THE GERMANS, IN MIDSUMMER, HAD SUDDENLY DEVELOPED THE TAINTED THIRST OF THEIR DECADENT FATHERLAND"

The home of Simon Stiggins was musty from the smell of unopened rooms; the spirit of the home itself was musty, as tho it breathed the air of some former Puritan age—which might well be true, for no channels of intercourse, like the newspaper or magazines, were permitted inside the door.

Yet within this solemn housing were contained two young thirsting and hungering minds and souls.

BUSY WITH THE PURITY LEAGUE AND RIGHTEOUS MEN'S CLUB, WHILE THEIR CHILDREN ARE AT HOME UNCARED FOR

Jamie Stiggins hungered for adventure like a veritable misplaced cavalier of other days; his sister Elsie thirsted for romance until her day-dreams overflowed the long nights.

But Simon Stiggins and his politics-engrossed wife saw nothing in their children but two stupid dolts, who shirked their lessons and seemed bent on idleness. If they had only time, thought the stern parents, to give to a severe discipline, they would bring them around to their way of thinking in short order. But they did not have the time. Day in and day out there was the endless work that fell to the lot of a reformer and his wife. They set the tasks for the children in the morning, with the same regularity as they set out the food for the cat, and left them in the care of the maid-of-all-work—if they had one at the time. This had been going on for more than a year.

The children did try, with all their minds, to concentrate on the hard tasks set for them. But Jamie's mind would roam like a restless rover to the ends of the earth in search of adventure, and Elsie's heart would beat to the tune of romance, with an undisclosed lover at the end of the shady lane.

At length, the strain became too great for Jamie to bear, especially when a companion at school had given him a taste of the contents of a yellow-spirited weekly that fairly intoxicated his volatile imagination. In a week he had begun his first piece of deception and had smuggled into the expurgated precincts one of the forbidden tales. At first he would read aloud excerpts to Elsie during the day. But the girl soon tired of the bloodthirsty tales of Indians and firewater, cowboys and saloons, shooting and horse-stealing. Elsie wanted tales of love, so Jamie knew a fellow whose sister read this brand, and he brought one home every little while. They were the yellow-backed French novels, that acted like a saline solution on young and sensitive minds. The children were both well on the highroad to deceit by this time.

But little deceit was necessary in those days of hot campaigning. For days at a time the busy candidate and his wife did not take a meal at home.

Into the face of Jamie had crept a look of daring bravado; and Elsie's large eyes had opened with illicit wisdom that robbed them of their wonder and natal softness.

The girl no longer gazed into the murky corners of the great, dim rooms, visioning the golden dreams of childish fancy that brought her heart beating high in her breast. Now she had come to lift the barricading window-shade and to peer out as men passed by the house, feeling the color mantle her cheek and a strange, new tingle agitate her flesh. As the weeks passed by, and she met other book creatures, she came to practice their artful ways. No longer content with peering at men from afar, she was filled with a yearning to have the men gaze at her.

And all the while the two parents were so engrossed in minding the shortcomings of their neighbors, that their eyes were weary with the task at night and saw not chicanery growing up within their own household.

Jamie had become a master at the art of lying, and now spent most of his time out of bounds, always certain of his power of deceiving his parents should any question of doubt arise.

He was amazed, one afternoon, on returning unexpectedly, to find his sister in company with a handsome young fellow whom he had often seen riding about town in a smart conveyance. The two were sitting in a secluded bower in the rear of the house.

THE REFORMERS ARE ARDENT IN THE CAUSE OF PURITY—FOR OTHERS

For a moment the boy's sense of judgment came uppermost, and his impulse was to demand an explanation from the intruder. But the call of conscience passed, and the ready practice of deceit superseded it, a sordid desire rising that sought what he might gain from the intruder caught under such circumstances. Even this attitude melted when the man discovered Jamie's presence. He rose and took the boy's hand in a hearty grasp that swept away all opposition in its cordiality.

"So this is Jamie, is it?" he asked, smiling. "We were just this minute talking about you. I dont suppose you smoke as well as your sister eats candy, so I cant ask you to accept a little entertainment from me.''

Jamie did not take a cigaret that time, but the seed of a desire was sown that bore fruit on another clandestine visit. This time ''Mr. Jameson''—as the young man called himself, despite the fact that Jamie thought it was otherwise—sent Jamie down to practically the other end of the village to buy a certain brand of cigarets.

After this, Mr. Jameson came at regular intervals, and Jamie took the side-wink he was given as a cue to leave him and his sister alone, well knowing that he would receive a fine compensation, either in bright silver or a perfect mound of cigarets.

''If you dont stop getting your clothes filled with that smoky smell from burning leaves,'' his father rebuked him one evening, ''I'll have a man do it.''

And Elsie's mother had found the remains of a box of candy in the girl's room one night and had asked her, suspiciously, to explain.

''The minister's daughter brought it with her and forgot it, I suppose,'' responded Elsie, with scarcely a moment's hesitation.

''NEW VICTORIES FOR CIVIC REFORM, IMMINENT PERILS FOR A SWEET CHILD''

Another month fled by that was filled with new victories for civic reform and fraught with imminent perils for a sweet child that had been, still possessing the soul of a pure girl.

Could that mother have but felt her child ebbing away from her! Could that father have but seen the evil that he had been fighting in the market-place rising to the full tide in the soul of his son! It was only a short year since the great fight had been waged in the town—since the neglected children had taken the by-path that had led them into the broad highway—only a short year.

Jamie could not remember the day that Mr. Jameson had first brought the funny little, brown bottle shaped like a revolver. If anything, Jamie was a little more reluctant about smelling of the bottle than he was later of tasting it. *He knew it was liquor.* But ever since he had read of all the queer things it did for men, he had had a wild desire to taste it. The next time he took more—even then only about half as much as Mr. Jameson. But it made him feel so queer that he had to play sick the rest of the evening.

That night Jamie made a solemn resolve never to touch the terrible stuff again—never, never. Something told him, with a stinging sense of revelation that brought fear and affection rising high in his breast, that his little sister was in danger, grave danger. That night he dreamed of his sister—the sweet child that she used to be, and he waked, to find himself groping about the bed and weeping as tho his heart would break. "Oh, my little sister—my poor little sister!" he was saying. In the morning he ran into her room at daylight and kist her lips—the first time he had done it in years.

If she had waked, he would have told her. But she lay so placidly, so innocently, that he cast aside the implication of his dream. Jamie never told her; he never told the cold, businesslike, neglectful parents. The moral fiber had worn too thin in his make-up thru long abuse.

This was evident the next afternoon, when Mr. Jameson arrived more bland, more cordial than usual. Jamie's dream welled up in his heart like a scalding torrent, but Mr. Jameson's hearty handshake drove it back. But Jamie stuck to one point and refused to leave the room. When the bottle was offered to him, he pushed it almost violently aside.

"But today I'm giving it to you, silver stopper and all," purred the tempter. And Jamie took it with fingers that would not obey his heart. For an hour he toyed with it; then smelled of it; then tasted it—Jamie remembered no more.

"'WHAT ON EARTH DOES THIS MEAN?' HE CRIED INDIGNANTLY"

But his little sister, with those eyes that had once been so large and unread, so soft with dreams of romance, so gentle with sisterly love—his little sister could never again look at him with young eyes like that, not even in his dreams.

That had been such a busy day in the circles of the reform government. Neither Mrs. Stiggins nor her mayoral husband had had time to run home for even a bite of luncheon. They had no servant at this particular period. But the children were large enough—and naturally virtuous enough—to take care of themselves.

Heated and vexed with the day's toil on behalf of the city's welfare and moral uplift, they were righteously annoyed upon seeing no light of welcome in the windows of their home—the lazy, stupid children again!

Mayor Stiggins nearly stumbled against a half-prostrate form in the hallway.

"What on earth does this mean?" he cried indignantly.

Mayor Stiggins had seen vice aplenty before, but he had never felt its iron claw sink into his heart. For when he had lit the light, he had seen reaped and laid at his own door the deepest crime in all the world:

His son lay outstretched in a drunken stupor!

Those who had seen Simon Stiggins face crime during the past twelvemonth would have prophesied that he would have raised himself in a mighty fury of righteous wrath; that he would have laid violent hands upon the supreme offender.

But no! Simon Stiggins lifted his hands toward heaven in the way that men in extremity do when they would lay supplicating hands on the throne of the pitying God. The hard, righteous lines in his face had melted in the heat of that anguish that tells of a heart broken. His lips were moving, but no sound came from them. At length, sobs gave the tenor of his supplication. Then slowly, with fingers that trembled, he leaned to touch his boy—his son—his——

"IN THE MURKY, MUSTY PARLOR THEY FOUND THEIR LITTLE ELSIE"

Suddenly Jamie had uprisen, with a maudlin leer in his sodden eyes. On seeing his father, he gave forth a tirade of drunken wrath that was besmirched with billingsgate. In culmination he tried to strike the old man, who received the blow on his tear-wet cheek. Then the boy fell snivelling into his broken-hearted father's arms.

The old man's one action not of the heart had been instinctively to close the door, so that the others might not hear.

There was little danger from this quarter.

The mother, too, had awakened. She had sensed, with horror, some danger from the first moment the fumes of liquor reached her nostrils. She groped her way into the parlor, with a half-futile cry telling of the anguished heart.

In the murky, musty parlor they found their little Elsie. In the half-light the girl saw the mother-light in the woman's eyes and reached hungrily for her. In an instant they were in each other's arms, weeping softly and happily, the way good women should weep. For Elsie had found a mother again, and lost a man—her first man—the bitter fruit that tries to taint the sweetness of unformed life.

"My little baby, my baby, my little baby-girl!" cried the mother, as she smelled the liquor on her child's breath. "Would to God that I had stayed at home with you, my love, instead of trying to reform the world!"

The startled stare in her father's eyes and the ghastly white of his cheek brought a flood of sorrow to Elsie's heart, and in that moment came a revelation.

"Forgive me, mother, forgive me," she sobbed; "dont—go away again—so long, please—it's so—lonesome here—at home. And, mother—I'm so glad you came when you did—you and father."

A few minutes later, at a conference between the mayor and his wife, behind closed doors, it was unanimously voted that true reform begins at home.

A SUMMER SONG

By Lalia Mitchell

I'm cooler than I was an hour ago,
  So let the mercury climb.
The reason, if you really want to know,
I've just been sitting thru a picture show
And watching arctic winds o'er fields of snow—
  Forgot 'twas summer time.
Mental suggestion, that's the reason; yet
My nickel spent, I dont the least regret.

Life seems less care-filled than it did today,
  Brighter the skies;
I've just been laughing thru a picture play,
With little children on a holiday,
And so my worries all have slipped away—
  And I surmise
'Tis good to chase away the bogie elves,
Ere we make human tear-fonts of ourselves.

The Heart of a Jewess

BY KARL SCHILLER (VICTOR)

"MAYBE you should think this is a pretty poor place, Rebecca, no?" Abraham Lieberman spread his hands fanwise and included the entire scenic effect of the basement in one proud jerk of the head. His ripe Adam's apple moved convulsively up and down with repressed gratification, and the two mild, brown eyes, peering wistfully thru the great underbrush of his whiskers, sought the girl's face for approval, like a dog's.

"My, papa, ain't it nice and stylish, what *mit* all those coals an' ice an' the from-gold sign an' the elegant furniture." Rebecca sighed joyously. She was a bright creature, with the generous build of her race and hair like newly polished gold, a thick rope of it gleaming along the outlandish gown. The words were honest. She had never imagined a finer home than this basement one, the outer shop and two dark little living-rooms tucked below the level of the street, with only the feet of the passersby visible thru the magic window-panes.

The hyena-like yelps of city life outside; the crowds; clang of car-bells, colored across by the crude strains of the latest ragtime ground out on an asthmatic hand-organ, seized her Semitic imagination, thrilled her. She laughed aloud.

"Since when did you need it a housekeeper, papa?" she cried roguishly. "*Aber,* I shouldn't to stay here all day, cooking your *lockschen* and darning your socks, already. On the ship I got it all planned which I mean I should go to work, too, because, understand me, papa, I got a use for some money, too, aint it?"

She stood a-tiptoe, to whisper rosily into her father's ear.

"No? Jacob coming to America? You dont say so, Rebecca?" He took the soft face, with its secret look, into his hands. "*Nu, nu!*" he sighed. "So you'll soon be nest-building. *Ach!* but there aint no place for an old father, *oder* the young feller comes along."

"My, papa, how you talk!" But she was blushing. Abraham Lieberman felt the throb of his fatherhood in his heart, but, because he was of the people whose life is knit to their children, he only said:

"This is a pretty fine country, this America, Rebecca. You could to find plenty fellers here if Jacob he mightn't come."

"Oh! I aint scared yet," the girl laughed. "He's studying English, too, like me, so when he comes already he should get a job. An' then we get married. So I got to hurry and earn money for the marriage-chest, papaschen."

It was surprisingly easy, this matter of getting a job. To Rebecca it seemed that all New York was sprinkled with inviting little white cards: "Trimmers Wanted!" "Girls for Artificial Flowers!" "Finishers on Coats!" The latter sign attracted her prudence, altho her soul pined for the most beautiful task among purple artificial roses and violets.

Inside it was a bit different. Rebecca felt the gaze of the marvelously complexioned typists and frowning men upon her and blushed, suddenly conscious of her strange "best" clothes and braided hair. She could not know that their glances denoted admiration; the men's for her pretty face, the girls' for the glorious hair that obviously grew on her head instead of on a department-store counter. With downcast eyes, she stammered her plea.

"Finisher? Um! well, I guess we got a place. Call Cohen."

A tall young man, with the hair and eyes of a poet and a tailor's yard-measure circling his neck, came up, and Rebecca, catching a sudden something in his eyes as he looked at her, took courage and repeated her request more boldly.

There are certain formulas generally precedent to a job, dreaded questions such as: "What can you do?" "Where you worked?" "How much experience?" "References?" But David Cohen asked Rebecca none of these things. Did it really matter, after all, whether a girl knew anything about seams or bindings, when she had such hair and eyes? He led the girl into the teeming loft beyond the office partition, walking vaguely, as tho his feet were suddenly absent-minded.

Rebecca questioned her surroundings, with rapidly descending spirits; a low-browed, ill-lighted room full of the scent of bodies and the unloveliness of joyless toil. Other girls bent here and there over snarly sewing-machines, so much a part of the rusty mechanism that they hardly paused in their task to glance at her. Fusty men, with ravellings and tiny scraps of cloth tangled in their weedy beards, jerked the long tendons of basting-threads from the finished coats and pinked the seams. Yet, suddenly, the squalor of the place flashed into rose as she remembered what the work was for: the fine, white trousseau underclothes, the real for-silk wedding-gown.

The young foreman left her to the tutelage of a hollow-cheeked Hebrew and went back to his measuring, but his glances strayed often from the cheap blue worsted across the room, to become tangled in the marvel of hair, golden as the sunshine that could not penetrate the smoky skylights of his dingy world.

All the ancient woman-worship of his race was in the young man's heart —sleeping. Now it stirred and opened reverent eyes. Work suddenly ceased to be bread and butter and became a sacrament.

The days slid by across the calendar thru a leaden autumn, a winter of the gray, sodden mockery that New Yorkers call snow. A hoard of dollar bills grew steadily in Rebecca's bureau-drawer, tucked under the dear letters from Russia that said Jacob was coming soon, and her joy budded in her face and heart as the faint, misty leaves on the park trees. Now and then over her sordid stitching she would raise her eyes in a day-dream, only to meet the dark gaze of the young foreman fixed on her, troubled, vaguely troubling. He had been very good to her, Rebecca thought gratefully, overlooking many blunders, helping her when the thread knotted or the seams would not run straight. But that strange look of his, and the queer way his breath caught in his throat sometimes when he spoke to her—*ach!* they reminded her of Jacob, somehow. Then when she got as far as that she forgot about the foreman and thought only of her Jacob, who was so handsome and so wise, and who was soon coming to her across the sea.

And David, watching in his corner, saw the tender look of her and stitched him a wonderful plan, sewing it with a golden thread strangely like a long, shining hair.

And then, one day, when the spring call of mating was everywhere, in park and city street, David waited no longer, but went and stood by Rebecca and put one big hand down over hers.

"I love you," he told her, with the

shake of joy and fear and hope throbbing thru his low voice. "I want you for my wife."

The girl drew a startled breath. Her eyes fluttered to the dark face bending above her, fired and aglow; then she drew back, with a low cry.

"No, no! *Aber,* you mustn't to speak so," she whispered, trembling, and fumbling in the bosom of her gown. "See, I got mein man—here's his picture. He comes to marry me already yet soon."

"'I LOVE YOU—I WANT YOU FOR MY WIFE'"

David Cohen looked down on the cheap, blurred picture she held out to him, reading there, in the florid face and complacent smile, the doom of his own hopes, God be merciful to him! It never occurred to him to plead with her, to try to win her in spite of that other man, but he gave a little sick moan like an animal in pain. The girl caught his hands pitifully.

"I'm sorry," she whispered. "You been so good to me. I like you *gut,* but, you see, Jacob, he's my *man!*"

A few days later, Rebecca found a note that had been stabbed under the needle of her machine. With trembling hands, she removed it and read:

> DEAR REBECCA—I would got to go away from New York. I couldn't to stand it that you get married. I'll always love you; believe me, there aint any other woman for me. I hope you'll be happy, dear.
>
> DAVID COHEN.

The words beat on her lips as she read them, strangely like humble kisses, but she folded the letter hurriedly away. Yet her fingers were oddly tender, and, think as she would of Jacob and the pile of wedding-money, she could not quite erase from her memory the hurt, passionate look in a pair of dark, gentle eyes.

Then Jacob came; Jacob, ruddy and comical in his white, embroidered shirt and red, peasant sash; Jacob, who held her hungrily to him, kissing her with famished kisses that burned away the lingering thought of David and filled her eyes with the mother-and-wife yearning of the coming bride. The old father tiptoed huskily away, leaving them their first hour after their sundered months.

"*Olav hasholem!* but aint you stylish-looking, Becky!" marveled the lover, round-eyed at her cheap shirt-waist, with its smart frills and the strange way of her hair in gilded rolls and bunches on her neck. "Which you aint a year over already, and a real American so soon!"

"What you mean stylish?" laughed Rebecca, consciously, her cheek against his. "I wouldn't to give you a month but you should be as American as what I am, Jacob."

He straightened his shoulders with a sudden thought that jostled her leaning head as rudely as his words jostled her heart.

"About getting married, Becky," he said slowly; "I guess we should better wait a year or two yet, *kleine.*"

"Oh, Jacob—a year!"

He shuffled his feet uneasily. "Why, you see, it's this way," he told her. "You know I got a pretty good education already in Russia, but I been thinking maybe I'd study medicine over here. Think of it, Becky—a real, for-sure doctor! And it wouldn't be so awful long."

And so it was settled. Rebecca set the clock of her life ahead patiently and went back to the sewing-machine and the coats as unfinished as her hopes. As she had prophesied, Jacob became an American at once. After an unsuccessful adventure in stylish clothes with a second-hand dealer, in which he returned home to meet his sweetheart's tender gibes, looking like an uneasy and corpulent caterpillar much too large for his cocoon, Jacob bloomed out into the ready-made smartness of the "ten-dollar suit with the twenty-dollar style," and speedily became unnoticeable in a crowd—the pinnacle of the hopes of the foreign-born. And now his days were spent in class-rooms and his evenings in poring over thick, grim-looking volumes with the odor of sickness about them and ghastly pictures of bones and nerves. And Rebecca, trying to see ahead clearly to the time when he would belong to her and she to him, worked on bravely; spent her lonely evenings listening to the drone of her father's voice reading the Talmud, and drew a vast fund of comfort from the counting and recounting of the pile of wedding bank-notes in the fastness of the upper bureau-drawer.

"THEN JACOB CAME"

Then, one day, Jacob came to her with a gloomy face.

"What is it that you look so sad about?" she asked him, tender fingers adrift in his hair.

"Well, you see, it's like this, Becky," he groaned. "I haven't the money for my last year's tuition, and I guess I'll have to give up being a doctor."

Rebecca's eyes flashed with a sudden selfish joy. She ran across the room and opened a drawer.

"*Nein, nein,* Jacob!" she cried triumphantly. "I have here the money you need. Take it. I saved it already for you."

And so, in four years, Jacob was graduated at last and set up his office in a dingy little street where sickness was plenty but money very, very scarce. And here he set broken arms and prescribed for croup and coughs and other miseries, and lived on bills and promises to pay.

"We got to wait yet, Becky," he told her gloomily. "It's not so easy I should get started."

"Yes, dear, I know," she told him gently. "I know."

Indeed she knew. For hadn't she given already five golden years of her girlhood into his keeping? Yes, she knew.

Yet this time it was a little harder to run courageous seams and sew on dauntless buttons in the dingy loft. Perhaps this was because Jacob came now so seldom to see her. He was too busy, he said. Yet her sore heart fancied sometimes that he looked more often nowadays at the shabby, shiny places on her clothes and her broken shoes than at her face, as tho comparing her with some one.

But she never once guessed the truth.

It was in the hangdog look of him that evening, a shrinking, shamed, dogged stamp across his face. But with the gentle near-sightedness of love, she saw no difference in him—yet. Then he fumbled in the pocket of his smart overcoat—he always seemed to be prosperously clothed, in spite of his wail of poverty—and drew out a bundle of bank-bills.

"SUDDENLY THE PENT-UP WATER OF MISERY AND DELAYED SORROWING BURST THE BARRIERS OF HER SOUL"

"Here is the money you lent me," he said queerly. He held it out, not meeting her astonished eyes. "I guess you should to find it all there. Better count it, no?"

She touched the bills curiously, as tho they were unknown things, a strange little twist to her lip-corners. His unease grew.

"Why, Jacob——" she said at last

quietly. "I dont want the money, dear, which I gave it to you. What's the matter? I guess I dont understand already."

Jacob shifted his position. His broad face flushed darkly from chin to narrow forehead.

"*Aber,* that was when——" He hesitated, then went on doggedly—"when we was going to get married. But now——" He hurried on, stumbling over the shameful words. "Dont look at me like that, Becky. It's the *schatchen* comes to me a month ago and says: 'I can to get you a girl *mit* ten thousand dollars,' he says. She's awful homely, but I'm poor, and I should to be thinking about doing well for myself——"

"Ah——"

Rebecca looked at the man as tho she saw him for the first time.

"So that is what it is you wish to tell. You're going — to — get — married——"

Suddenly the pent-up water of misery and delayed sorrowing burst the barriers of her soul. With a horrible animal-like shriek, she hurled the money into the craven face, smirking before her dizzily in the swaying of the world, and flung herself into the harborage of her father's arms. Above her white unconsciousness, the old man raised a face terrible with betrayed and outraged fatherhood. The wretched Jacob shrank from the look like a whipped dog and was gone.

THE WEDDING CEREMONY AT THE SYNAGOGUE IS DELAYED

It was a month later, for, God knows how, the clocks will still tick on somehow, even tho hearts are broken. An automobile, whirling recklessly thru the crowded street, bearing a bridal party headlong toward the synagogue and matrimony. A girlish figure crumpled, somehow, under the wheels; shrieks; a gathering crowd, and, finally, an ambulance, with its banshee wail of ill, hurrying hospitalward with its broken burden, the bright hair of her head all flecked across with shuddering red.

Long after she opened her eyes.

"Where's my father's medicine yet?" Rebecca cried to the watchful face bending over her. "He's so sick. I must to hurry home with it——" Her fingers fumbled over the sheet, seeking frantically.

"Hush, dear!" The nurse soothed her. "Cant you just tell us who you are? You see, there was a little accident, but you're getting along splendidly now. Just tell me your name, and then drink this and go right to sleep." But she had already gone, groping blindly thru the heavy deathlike fog of delirium, muttering fragments of words.

"Let me see her!" The man's voice was hoarse with terror. His fear sat oddly on the face above the satin waistcoat and Prince Albert coat of celebration.

"I'd no idea the auto was going so fast until she screamed already—and it was too late to stop. No—no—I didn't get to see her, *aber* I must now. *Mein Gott!*" He smeared the sweat from his white face with a shaking hand. "I was going to get married, but I couldn't to until I knew how bad she was hurt."

"This way!" The nurse's voice stemmed the shrill tide of fear, impersonally calm. She led the way to the side of the bed. Then the room rang with his broken cry.

"'GO BACK TO YOUR WEDDING,' SAID REBECCA"

"God! God! It's Rebecca!"

Jacob Bernstein fell upon frantic knees, burrowing into the bedclothes in the hysteria of his grief. Behind him a stir heralded a new arrival, but the man did not turn. A rough hand gripped his shoulder.

"A pretty business!" cried the angry newcomer. "Here you leave my daughter at the very door of the synagogue, and I find you here kissing another girl's hand!"

Jacob turned, desperately at bay.

"I'm not coming to the synagogue," he cried. "Go back and tell them all there'll be no wedding today."

The girl on the bed stirred feebly, her eyes struggling open. A gleam of memory washed her face with pain. The limp hand lifted, faintly pointing. "Go back to your wedding," said Rebecca, clearly, scorning him from the threshold of death.

Of the following days—or were they weeks?—she knew nothing, drifting out on a timeless sea under blank, unremembering skies: of how Jacob *did* go back abjectly to his unloved, deserted bride; how even she would have none of him, and her friends fell upon his sleek, craven person with long-delayed punishment; of her father's grief beside her, or the grave consulting of physicians and nurses around her bed. And then, one day, as she was drifting almost across the furthermost bar, a voice came out to her and called her home. She opened dreamy eyes. Above her bent a dark face aquiver with all the tenderness that her sick soul longed for. Her homesick heart crept into the warmth and shelter of his gaze.

"Rebecca! Sweetheart!" cried David Cohen, huskily, and gathered her into his hungry arms. "I read of the accident and came to you—dont you know me, dear?"

She gazed up at him, smiling tranquilly. Of course she knew him, not quite yet as a person, but as a peace, a comfort, a happiness. She put both weak arms up, seeking him. The hollow of her soft cheek pressed against his.

"Why, yes, I know you!" cried Rebecca, joyously. "You're my man!"

The Honeymoon

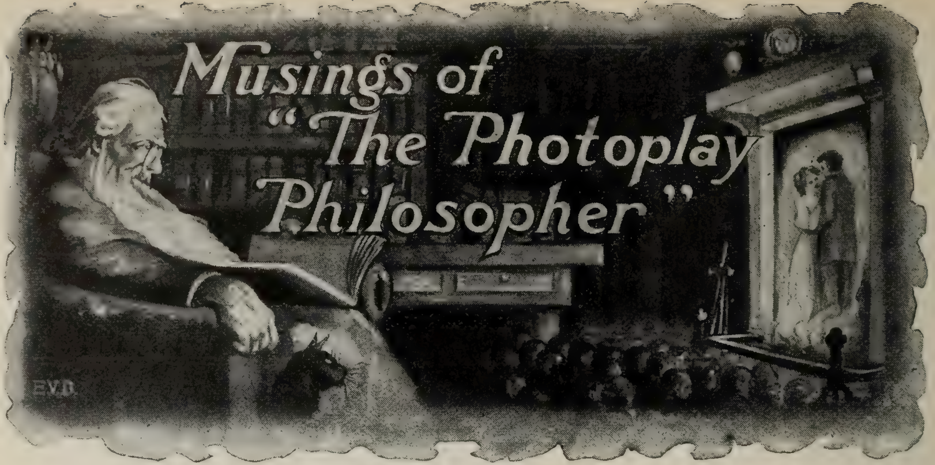
By GEORGE WILDEY

Sing ho! for the beautiful, blushing bride,
Bedight in her bridal veil;
Sing ho! for the lucky groom at her side
With face so pale, so pale.
And ho! for the preacher who tied the knot
And did the trick so nice;
And the wedding-feast of they knew not what,
And the showering bags of rice.

And what of the wonderful honeymoon,
A journey just for two—
Delectable hours to coo and spoon,
And fair, strange sights to view?
The marvels they saw on land and sea
And the famous works of art
Would enchant the souls of such as we,
Who ne'er from home depart.

They gazed on the sights of London town
And Paris, bright and gay;
On the Alps, with eternal snow-white crown,
And they sailed Vesuvius Bay.
Thru the jungles of Africa they went,
They choked on the desert sand;
They traveled afar in the Orient,
They wandered to No-Man's Land.

They stood in the shadow of Gibraltar's Rock,
They loitered awhile in Rome;
And then—it was nearly twelve o'clock—
They sauntered blithely home.
They had had a perfectly lovely time,
And the cost was very low—
They saw it all for the price of a dime
At a Moving Picture show!



Musings of "The Photoplay Philosopher"

Now that the Vitagraph and Biograph companies have made arrangements to produce the excellent plays of Liebler, and of Klaw and Erlanger, we may well plant a milestone on the road of progress. It marks a new era in photoplay, and, in conjecturing as to the future, we wonder *what next?* Slow and sure has been the steady growth of Moving Pictures. All great things move and grow slowly. Those things that mature quickly, like the mushroom, are usually short-lived; and those that mature slowly, like the oak, grow to great strength and size and are more enduring. And most of the lower animals, such as the dog, are in possession of all their faculties in a few days or weeks; but the human animal requires many years for its full development—sometimes thirty or forty years.

The slow, steady growth of Motion Pictures argues for their permanency and for their gradual perfection. The stage kept step with the progress of human thought for centuries, but lately it seems to have declined in popularity and in usefulness. Many evil influences have been impressed upon it, and many undesirable citizens have gained control of it, all of which has had a tendency to degrade rather than to uplift. Besides, the stage has its limitations: the human voice can be heard just so far; there can be just so many scenes, and just so many persons may see a play at the same time. Hence, not only was the time ripe for a new successor, or partner, to the stage, but the decadence of the speaking drama demanded a substitute. As the stage grew up out of a necessity in human nature, so is the Motion Picture growing up, for the same reason. When the price of a good seat to see a good show had soared to $2.50, it was only natural that a low-priced substitute would come, and it did.

◆

Almost all persons possess the dramatic perception, in greater or less degree, but very few persons possess the dramatic faculty. These few are born for the stage, and most of them seem to gravitate to that sphere of life to which they seem best fitted. Every age makes its contributions to the dramatic art. As William Winter says: "Cibber and Macklin, surviving in the best days of Garrick, Peg Woffington and Kitty Clive, were always praising the better days of Wilks, Betterton and Elizabeth Barry. Aged playgoers of the period of Edmund Kean and John Philip Kemble were firmly persuaded that the drama had been buried, never to rise again, with the dust of Garrick and Henderson . . . The New York veteran of today will sigh for Burton's and the Olympic, and the luminous period of Mrs. Richardson, Mary Taylor and Tom Hamblin. The Philadelphia veteran gazes back to the golden era of the old Chestnut Street Theater, the illustrious times of Wood and Warren, when Fennell, Cooke, Cooper, Wallack and J. B. Booth were shining names in tragedy, and Jefferson and William Twaits were great comedians, and the beautiful Anne Brunton was the queen of the stage. The Boston veteran speaks proudly of the old Federal and the old Tremont, of Mary Duff, Julia Pelby, Charles Eaton and Clara Fisher, and when Julia Bennett Barrow and Mrs. John Wood contended for public favor. In a word, the age that has seen Rachel, Seebach, Ristori, Charlotte Cushman and Adelaide Neilson, the age that sees Ellen Terry, Mary Anderson, Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, Henry Irving, Salvini, Coquelin, Lawrence Barrett, John Gilbert, John S. Clarke, Ada Rehan, James Lewis, Clara Morris and Richard Mansfield, is a comparatively sterile age,'' etc. The veteran critic then goes on at great length, naming the great players of the different epochs of modern times. Were he to name the great players of the present day, how many would the list contain? And whom would he name?

Were some great Motion Picture critic to rise, and were he to name the great photoplayers of our time, how long a list would it be? If he named such favorite players as Mary Pickford, Earle Williams, Warren Kerrigan, Alice Joyce, Romaine Fielding, Carlyle Blackwell, Francis X. Bushman, G. M. Anderson, Blanche Sweet, and so on, would the mention of each name at once suggest one or more masterpieces in which that player had made an indelible impression? Perhaps not. Perhaps our players have not yet thought of the future. When they do, we shall see greater care and thought and effort displayed.

⁂

''Content is more than a kingdom,'' runs an old proverb, but it is misleading. To be happy and contented is a consummation devoutly to be wished, but it would be sad indeed if we could be contented when there are so many problems to be solved, so many improvements to be made, and so much suffering and injustice to be alleviated. Discontent is the mother of progress. If we were contented with present conditions, the world would go to sleep. There is a persistent something within us that keeps urging us onward and upward for better things, and it is this restlessness that paves the road of progress.

⁂

Much has been said against the too frequent use of death scenes, murders, burglaries, and so on, in the pictures, but nobody has yet given what is perhaps the most important reason of all. The director who insists on showing these things usually does so because he seeks to appeal to morbid tastes, or because the script in hand calls for it, or because he knows no other way to cover the situation. In nearly every good play there is one *big moment*, which we call the dramatic climax, and it is seldom or never a murder or death. All the action of the play leads up to this climax. and the climax is near the end of the play. Hence, to crowd a play full of other tragedies, such as murders and death-bed scenes, often takes from the pith of the play. William Dean Howells, the dean of American literature, in speaking of short-story writing, recently said something that is directly in point: ''The Greeks, who knew pretty well everything, knew that a death scene was most effective when unseen; their dramatists had the victim slain behind whatever corresponded to our curtain in their theater, and we cannot believe that any ancient Greek writing a modern short story would suffer the displays of impassioned affection which put the reader to the blush in our actual fiction. Instead of letting the heroine fling herself into Jack's arms, as she is now always doing, the temperate Greek would achieve a far finer effect by having her breathe an all but inaudible yes, and then closing the scene upon the merely physical consequence. Anything more, in his ideal, would be as unconvincing as a homicide on the stage, or one of those repasts where the more obviously the actors gorge themselves with meat and drink the more the spectators doubt their hunger. We are aware that few of our modern short-story tellers could be ancient Greeks if they would, and we do not exact the classic decencies from them. All that we can hopefully do is to remind them that such reticences were the means of the supreme triumphs of art when art was at its best, and to suggest some endeavor of the sort."

Many of the directors seem to forget that Motion Pictures are not today the toy that they were yesterday, and that the time has come when art at its best is now demanded by the Motion Picture public.

⁂

There are lots of people who have fine libraries, but who know but little of what their books contain. Book collectors are good examples. They are often better librarians than scholars. They spend all their spare time accumulating rare books; they put them on their shelves; they occasionally classify and rearrange them; but seldom do they look inside them. When callers come, they point with pride at this and at that fine specimen, or at this first edition and at that rare binding; but when you ask them what is within, they confess that they have not read the books yet.

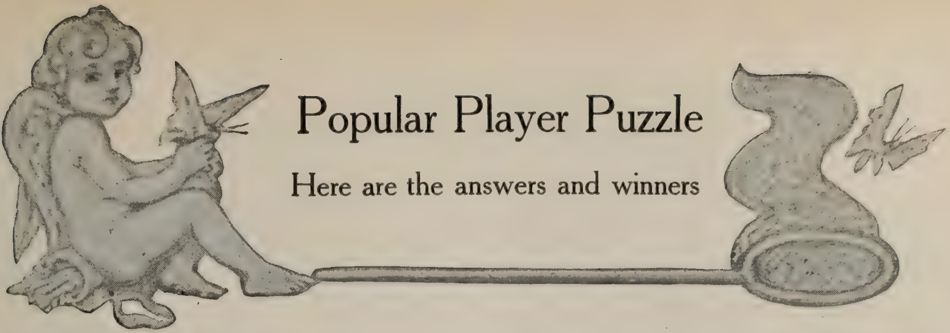
It's not the contents of a book that he knows,
  But only the place on the shelf where it goes;
A librarian, while in his memory perfected,
  Has often his general learning neglected.

⁂

It would be very pleasant for us if more of you readers would take the trouble to write us what you think of The Motion Picture Story Magazine, how we can improve it, and what in it appeals to you most. Many readers now do this, much to our entertainment and profit. We desire to keep in close touch with our readers—to learn of their likes and dislikes. Something like ten thousand letters come to this magazine every month, and each and every one is read by somebody, and many find their way into the basket of the editor-in-chief. We hope, in time, to make this the best and handsomest magazine in the world, but to do this requires the aid of the public. We want you readers to feel that this is *your* magazine. In fact, it is, because without you it could not exist. If you see anything in it that you do not like, open your heart to us; likewise dont forget the word of praise when it is deserved, for appreciation is a great incentive to greater effort. One thing is to be remembered, however, that your opinion and ideas may not be shared by the majority. We cant exactly please *all;* we must strive to please the greatest number.

Popular Player Puzzle

Here are the answers and winners



The Popular Player Puzzle, announced in the July issue, closed on July 15th, with over twelve thousand contestants. We announced that we would give five prizes, but we are impelled to award eleven prizes, because some of the contestants have produced exquisitely artistic solutions, even if not accurate ones, some of them being bound in leather and handsomely painted. The prize-winners are as follows, in the order named: Arthur G. Gatland, 645 Chester Avenue, Lancaster, Pa.; Miss F. Keeler, 44 Tremont Street, North Tonawanda, N. Y.; Herbert Schwahn, 1517 Eighth Street, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. J. M. Summers, 73 Fredrick Avenue, Youngstown, O.; Mildred L. Shaffer, 52 George Street, Mobile, Ala.; Mrs. Frank Adams, 620 East Washington Street, Greensburg, Ind.; Daisy L. Dillon, 3141 West Sixteenth Street, Chicago, Ill.; Harry Lundgren, 39 Garfield Street, Youngstown, O.; Miss Marjorie Temple, 4408 Clarendon Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; Claire Wagner, 3518 Shaw Avenue, Hyde Park, Cincinnati, O.; Gertrude J. Kelduff, 239 Fifty-first Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. We are indeed sorry that we cannot award several hundred more prizes, and we also wish that we had space in which to print a long list of those whose answers are deserving of honorable mention.

The original questions and the correct answers are as follows:

1. A favorite pet of the children. Ans.—Bunny. 2. A sleigh-riding necessity. Ans.—Snow. 3. A question asked by every prospective purchaser. Ans.—Price. 4. What every lawyer wants. Ans.—Case. 5. An attribute of all nice children, and of their confections. Ans.—Sweet. 6. The landlord's salvation. Ans.—Tennant. 7. An American martyr. Ans.—Lincoln. 8. A bird in hand is more valuable than two in it. Ans.—Bush. 9. Result of contact with a hot stove. Ans.—Burns. 10. Something children learn to do at school. Ans.—Reid. 11. A member of one of America's foremost lodges. Ans.—Mason. 12. Thirty-one days of very warm weather. Ans.—August. 13. A thing that is impossible. Ans.—Fuller. 14. One-tenth of a bale of paper. Ans.—Reehm. 15. What you want when you have very little. Ans.—Moore. 16. One who is not old. Ans.—Young. 17. The first of a pair of authors. Ans.—Beaumont (and Fletcher). 18. A common spice used in flavoring. Ans.—Mace. 19. A representative body in the American Government. Ans.—Sennet. 20. A place for the pious and devout. Ans.—Church. 21. A political leader's nickname. Ans.—Boss. 22. Refreshing to the thirsty hunter. Ans.—Brooke. 23. A bird whose plumage is highly prized by the ladies. Ans.—Ostriche. 24. One whose business is to cultivate flowers and vegetables. Ans.—Gardner. 25. Usually the winning card. Ans.—(Van) Trump. 26. A yachtsman's paradise. Ans.— Cruze. 27. Something accompanying the extraction of a tooth. Ans.—Payne. 28. A swampy piece of ground. Ans.—Marsh. 29. An animal especially to be found in Russia. Ans. Wolfe. 30. A man who makes suits for men and women. Ans.—Taylor. 31. Name of an old-fashioned vehicle. Ans.—Shay. 32. A house not built with lumber, brick, or cement. Ans.—Stonehouse. 33. What a baseball player must be good at. Ans.—Fielding. 34. A small, singing bird. Ans.—Finch. 35. Something told to children to amuse them. Ans.—Storey. 36. One who will not ride. Ans.—Walker. 37. The type of girl who has dark hair and eyes. Ans.—Brunnette. 38. What children go to school for. Ans.—Learn. 39. A wood-worker. Ans.—Turner. 40. One who goes out with line and hook on a summer's day. Ans.—Fisher. 41. A quiet stretch of country, grown with grass or grain. Ans.—Field. 42. Name of a low order of savages in Australia. Ans.—Bushman. 43. A dark hole from which water is drawn. Ans.—Blackwell. 44. What we all have to take, if we want to go far. Ans.—Karr. 45. A great composer. Ans.—Weber. 46. The children's favorite author. Ans.—Anderson (Fairy Tales).

WHEN "BRONCHO BILLY" MEETS WITH A MISHAP

ROMAINE FIELDING WINS THE GREAT

POPULAR PLAYER CONTEST

THE POLLS CLOSE WITH A GRAND TOTAL OF OVER SEVEN MILLION VOTES

As announced in the August issue of this magazine, the Popular Player Contest officially closed at noon of July 23d. The ballot-files are now in the hands of the staff of clerks and inspectors assigned to count and classify them, and the results will be found on the last page of this department.

We know of no other contest that has created the interest, comment and nation-wide enthusiasm of the one just passing into the annals of Moving Picture history. As an instance of its popularity, we might mention a few of the pertinent things that happened at and near THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE's booth in the International Picture Exposition, held at the Grand Central Palace, July 7th to 12th. The average daily attendance was 12,000 people, from all parts of the globe, and this magazine's headquarters was one of the centers of attraction. On the opening night many of our guests talked to the heads of the magazine and expressed disappointment that they could not see and meet some of the popular picture players. We kept a record of the stars in demand, and found that the honor-roll of the Popular Player Contest, without a single exception, contained the much-sought for names. The following morning our telephone wires were surcharged with conversation, with the result that John Bunny, Muriel Ostriche, Maurice Costello, Arthur Johnson and Jack Clark volunteered to help receive our guests of Tuesday evening. On following evenings such well-known friends as Earle Williams, Lillian Walker, Ethel Grandin, Paul Panzer, Tefft Johnson, E. K. Lincoln, Gene Gauntier, James Young, Clara Kimball Young, Barney Oldfield, Pearl Sindelar, Rosemary Theby and Flora Finch responded to our calls and graciously made their devoirs to the public. And so on thru a long list of players whose names and histories we have helped make known.

Now that the smoke of battle has cleared, the awarding of the fruits of victory is in order, and the magazine has decided to show recognition to the leading one hundred contestants. To these players a handsome engraving will be sent, which will serve as a certificate as well as a memento. Some of these are engraved on sheepskin, some on parchment, and some on bankers' bond paper; some will be appropriately framed. Besides these, the ten first prizes will be unique in the way of gifts: nothing more or less than a Moving Picture library, containing all the leading books published on the subject, bound and embellished by Von Heill. The nucleus of the library will consist of bound volumes of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE from its inception to date, volumes of photographs containing an ensemble of the complete gallery of players; Hulfish's scientific treatise, "Motion Picture Work"; Talbot's "Moving Pictures," and such other books as the editor may select.

Each selection will be different, and the bindings and makeup of the volumes will be the finest known to the bookmaker's art. One set will be bound in Levant, one in full Turkey morocco, and the others in full French morocco. All will be satin-lined, beautifully hand-tooled and inlaid with gold. These books will be real wonders of the bindery, and some day their value will be priceless to book collectors and seekers after first editions. As a permanent record of the recipients' photoplay creations, we feel that they will be an invaluable record and heirloom.

We regret that we cannot publish photographs of these books, as the bindery work is necessarily slow and the names of the winners and other personal features are still to be worked into the covers. As previously announced, all the verses, letters, encomiums and cleverly gotten up voting-lists will be sent to the players to whom they were addressed, and in many cases where the quantity warrants, we will bind these tributes in dainty volumes as a perpetual souvenir of good-will.

In closing this prolonged contest, we think that a few more remarks would not be amiss. The editors took a long time deciding upon suitable prizes, and are giving rewards just as valuable as jewelry and many times more useful and inspirative of sentiment and association. The contest was decided by the general public, mostly without solicitation, and thru the instrument of millions of single votes. And we assure this army of kind readers that their efforts are appreciated, even if we have not space to publish all their contributions. We have been fairly bowled over by interesting verse, comments and letters this month, and set forth a share for your entertainment. Gallant, whimsical Arthur Johnson and his picture mate, dainty Lottie Briscoe, have not been overlooked, as witness the following:

Did you ever see two others who could beat these two for leads?
How Arthur sometimes with little Lottie pleads,
When he's been harsh and angry with her in the start,
But makes up in the end with her clasped close to his heart.

I've seen pictures and pictures and pictures galore,
And some have made me very sore;
But to please me with a picture show,
Give me Arthur and Lottie Briscoe.

Pittsburg, Pa. W. A. H.

Maybe Anderson will send her his likeness:

Dear Sir—Enclosed please find ten more votes in favor of G. M. Anderson. Even if I cannot have his autographed photo, I can help him get his prize.

Louisville, Ky. Miss Leila Eldridge.

"Watso," Richmond, Va., says he hates to wake up:

TO SWEETEST ALICE.

What makes the night-bird's plaintive note
(Love for her)
Sound as if from silvery throat,
Or like unto her voice most dear,
Whose tones are liquid silver pure
From pearl-strung throat of marble white?
'Tis love for her.

How sad it is to thus awake
(Love for her)
And find it all a great mistake,
And have no Alice. Oh, how mean!
To love and cherish, pet and hold,
And to your heart embrace, enfold—
My Alice's only on the screen,
But I love her.

We agree with this fair critic, and some 750,000 other admirers of Romaine Fielding's sterling personality and work back us up. Of course, we will get a fine interview from him:

Dear Editor—Please find enclosed coupons containing sixty votes, which please credit up to Mr. Romaine Fielding, of Lubin Company. I felt quite elated at seeing my favorite actor at the top of the column this month, and hope he wins out. He deserves to be appreciated for his fine acting and attention to detail, his directing and originality in scenario writing, and I hope you will soon print an appreciation of him in your magazine.

104 West Ninety-ninth Street, New York City. Estelle V. Wallace.

Mrs. Pleoman Boyd, Houston, Texas, welcomes Francis Bushman's return to Moving Pictures:

Our favorite actor, handsome and tall,
Whose stock of learning is not small;
His double rôle of "Hal and Paul"
Was much enjoyed by us all.

In his absence there was a void—
Our interest in pictures almost destroyed—
But now there's pleasure unalloyed,
And we are never more annoyed.

TO MISS LILLIAN WALKER, OF THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA.

I AM only a New Zealander,
I have not mirth or wit,
But I take up my pen to write
To you this little bit.

You are the sweetest darling,
No matter what you're at,
And when I see you smiling,
My heart goes pit-a-pat.

You have two pretty dimples,
Which twinkle in and out,
And when you look so charming,
My heart they put to rout.

I see you very often
On the Motion Picture screen,
But I will never rest, dear,
Till your pretty self I've seen.

133 Don Street, Invercargill, New Zealand.
K. E. D. Goldie.

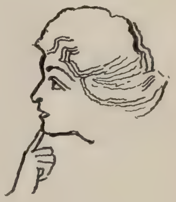
A tribute from an unknown player to the Vitagraph monarch, Earle Williams:

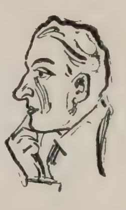
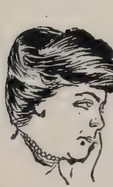
Good luck to Earle Williams; may he win first prize. I certainly admire "his ease and grace and manly face." This comes from a *little nobody* who is at the bottom of the ladder in the picture world, playing extra parts thru an agent, but glad to shout hip! hip! hurrah! for the successful.

147 East Thirtieth Street, New York City.
"Dot Purdy."

Henrietta Eisenberg, of Chicago, is also a generous soul, and she has a nice word for all of her favorite lady players:

WHO is the girl in the path of fame?
Mary Pickford is her name.
Who is the girl with such large, dark eyes?
Mary Fuller, whom I idolize.
Who is the girl that every one loves?
Clara K. Young, an angel from above.
Who is the girl that can act like a child?
Gwendoline Pates—to see her I'm wild.
Who is the girl that smiles on us all?
Helen Gardner, the stately, the queenly, the tall.
Who is the girl that has suitors galore?
Ruth Roland, of course, whom we all adore.
Who is the girl with dimples two?
Lillian Walker, so sweet and so true.
Who is the girl with a beautiful face?
Ormi Hawley—she displays such grace.
Who is the girl that we no more see?
Florence Lawrence. Oh, where can she be?
Who is the girl with a smile so sweet?
Bessie Learn, so neat and petite.
Who is the girl whose name I just learned?
Blanche Sweet, for whom many a heart has yearned.
Who is the girl we're all crazy for?
Edith Storey—I need not say any more.
Who is the girl whose hair is curly?
Adele De Garde is the little girlie.
Who is the girl that can do any thing?
Florence Turner. I bet she can sing.
Who is the girl that is as fair as a lily?
Ruth Stonehouse—about her I'm silly.
Who is the girl that is really entrancing?
Gertrude McCoy—she is great at dancing.
Who is the girl we enjoy so much?
Flora Finch—she's really a Dutch.
Who is the girl that came back from Irelant?
Gene Gauntier—she shure is a darlint.
Who is the girl that is alluringly winning?
Mabel Trunnelle, she makes your heart go spinning.
Who is the girl that has such wonderful hair?
Laura Sawyer—she's tall and she's fair.
Who is the girl that every one knows?
Alice Joyce, queen of picture shows.
Who are the girls that we all love?
Surely the girls mentioned above.



Henry Walthall's lady friends are drinking the toast stuff again:

Some rave about great Costello,
Others think Baggot is King,
While more think G. M. Anderson
Is certainly the real, real thing.

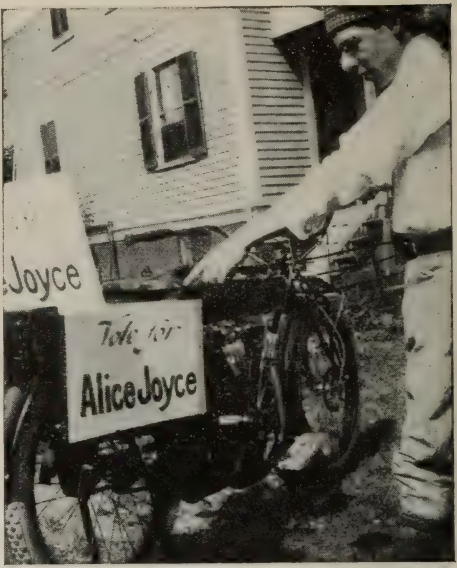
So now I'll toast to my hero—
The peerless, brave and true—
Here's to the three former all in one—
Walthall—to you!

"Dot. of Beverly."

People do get the habit of telling us that Alice Joyce is nice. Hush! it isn't a habit; it's instinctive enthusiasm:

Dear Editor—Enclosed find one hundred and seventy votes for Alice Joyce. I wish heartily it was one hundred and seventy thousand. I know there are very many who wish the premiere lady would win. Her beauty is so appealing, her acting so natural, she is so far from being "camera-conscious" that she holds a firm grip on all our hearts. She is worthy of our approbation and votes, and mine shall always go for "Sweet Alice."

Ernest J. Linberg.
113 Chestnut Avenue, V. P., Boston, Mass.



Mr. C. E. Keniston, of 75 Bay 20th Street, Brooklyn, and his motorcycle. He has been a busy boy lately, canvassing Brooklyn for Alice Joyce.

Mrs. Dorcas J. Haas, Frankford, Philadelphia, has versified Crane Wilbur's biography, with acknowledgments to the Chatter:

If you will list to me, dear reader,
A story I have to tell;
I'm sure you will be pleased to hear
Of one you all know well.

In an attic, years ago,
Lived a brown-eyed little boy,
Known as comrade 'mong the fellows,
Full of life and healthy joy.

In the morning, bright and early,
Off to school each day he'd start,
Always looking for adventure,
Always ready for a lark.

And as Trixie went from spelling,
With her hands behind her—so,
He would slip an apple in them,
And the teacher 'd never know.

When the long school hours were over,
On a corner he would be;
"Shine, sir? Yes, sir! Right this way, sir!"
Just a simple bootblack he.

Next day he was a little newsboy,
Selling papers by the score;
Next we find him running errands
For the corner grocery store.

Then he tried the butcher business,
And between times ran a show,
Where three pins would buy admittance—
Every boy was wild to go.

Years go by, and now behold him,
Bowing low to plaudits long;
Famed as author and as actor
By admirers thousands strong.

Here's substantial applause that should please Warren Kerrigan:

Dear Editor—Some time ago I witnessed the American production, "The Ashes of Three." I would like to mention Warren Kerrigan's acting in this. Perhaps it is not hard for so fine a specimen of manhood to play handsome lover parts. But to take a character like that of the poor, half-developed mind of Bud Halworth and portray it with such success deserves praise—a great deal of it.

Fostoria, Ohio. Darlington Slosser.

Here's an unmixed blessing from Miss M. F. Hulmgren, St. Louis, Missouri, dedicated to a whole constellation:

'Tis said all people wish for
Things that ne'er come true.
And as I'm not an exception,
I'll tell my wish to you.

I'd like a Motion Picture
Of my favorites, all together;
And then I'd have that picture made
To last forever and forever.

To begin with, there's darling Miss Pickford,
But sadness reigns now in my heart,
For she's on the stage with Belasco,
And from her M. P. friends did part.

And Owen Moore? Well, I like him more
And better every day;
To win Miss Pickford, I think him
The luckiest man today.

Then there's a man in the Biographs,
Whose name I do not know;
He played the doctor in "A Cry for Help";
Here's wishing he were my beau.

The others are all secondary,
Tho, I think, Arthur Johnson O K;
But now I have told you my one wish,
And, therefore, I have no more to say.

SPECIAL NOTICE, P.S.

It was our intention to make the final announcement of the contest in this issue. Twelve editors and clerks have remained at work nights in an earnest endeavor to complete the count before going to press, but we reluctantly admit that we have failed. All we can do at this time, a moment before going to press, is to announce the five leaders and winners, with their approximate total vote, and to give the vote of some of the other players at the last count. The avalanche of votes for Romaine Fielding that came pouring in from the Southwest and elsewhere during the closing days quite overwhelmed our organization. Special delivery letters and telegrams came every hour, day and night, to say nothing of express packages and the regular mails. One thing is certain, Romaine Fielding has won a decisive victory, and Alice Joyce has won the first prize for ladies. It is also quite certain that Earle Williams, Warren Kerrigan, Carlyle Blackwell, Francis X. Bushman, G. M. Anderson and Arthur Johnson follow Mr. Fielding in the order named, and that Muriel Ostriche wins the second prize for ladies. Further than that we cannot state with certainty, but in the October issue we shall give the exact result, with portraits of the winners, and, if possible, their comments on the contest.

FIRST PRIZE, ROMAINE FIELDING (LUBIN)	**1,121,000**
Second Prize, Earle Williams (Vitagraph)	732,000
Third Prize, Jack Warren Kerrigan (American)	521,000
Fourth Prize, Carlyle Blackwell (Kalem)	293,000
Fifth Prize, Francis X. Bushman (Essanay)	251,000
Sixth Prize, G. M. Anderson (Essanay)	217,000
Seventh Prize, Arthur Johnson (Lubin)	209,000
FIRST PRIZE FOR LADIES, ALICE JOYCE (KALEM)	**462,000**
Second Prize for Ladies, Muriel Ostriche (Thanhouser)	211,000

(N.B.—About 10,000 votes for the foregoing players have not yet been counted, but the result cannot be changed.)

SOME OF THE OTHER SUCCESSFUL CONTESTANTS AND THEIR VOTE TO DATE

Mary Fuller (Edison)	191,561
Edith Storey (Vitagraph)	187,261
Maurice Costello (Vitagraph)	182,321
Crane Wilbur (Pathé Freres)	181,761
Ormi Hawley (Lubin)	151,274
Mary Pickford (F. P.)	130,063
Clara Kimball Young (Vita)	108,221
Florence La Badie (Thanhouser)	107,263
Marguerite Snow (Thanhouser)	106,032
Dolores Cassinelli (Essanay)	87,521
Lillian Walker (Vitagraph)	87,171
Blanche Sweet (Biograph)	86,381
E. K. Lincoln (Vitagraph)	85,763
Florence Turner (F. T. Co.)	84,031
Pearl White (Crystal)	82,067
Betty Gray (Pathé Freres)	68,179
Whitney Raymond (Reliance)	67,007
Jack Hopkins (Lubin)	67,005
Ruth Roland (Kalem)	61,027
James Cruze (Thanhouser)	51,127
Edna Payne (Lubin)	51,102
Leah Baird (Imp)	49,032
Harry Myers (Lubin)	46,221
Adele De Garde (Vitagraph)	46,003
Wallace Reid (Bison)	43,221
Gene Gauntier (G. G. Co.)	43,139

(N. B.—These figures are not complete, and the final count may make some changes. Next month we shall print the final result, which will include the full list of over one hundred winners.)

HOWARD MESSMER

GUY COOMBS

MAX LINDER

BRYANT WASHBURN

ORMI HAWLEY

Lo, the Poor Indian!

By WILLIAM LORD WRIGHT

Let us consider the attitude of Lo, the poor Indian. He is protesting—justly or unjustly—he is protesting! The character of some of the Indian scenes depicted on the Moving Picture screens has aroused the Indian to action. Figuratively, the noble redman and his friends are on the warpath. The educated Indian is declaring that it is unfair to represent the historical tribes of America wholly as fiendish savages. It is pointed out that the regular stage has shown the Indian in a better light than has the Moving Picture screen. ''Strongheart'' and other dramatic productions are cited to show that dignity and self-sacrifice are as much characteristics of the latter-day Indian as were the tomahawk and bow and arrow to his days of savagery.

Indignation has been expressed because of the fact that characteristics of other nationalities have been so frequently exploited in film comedy and drama. The impossible son of Erin, wearing green whiskers, has been justly objected to by the Irish-Americans, and Jewish educators have rightfully protested against the constant representation of the Hebrew as a grasping and avaricious individual. Many Moving Picture comedies, so called, have been guilty of these misrepresentations. The financial affairs of our nation are dictated by Jewish financiers, while the Irishman is the bone and sinew of our land. A little fun is not a dangerous thing, but these good people do not relish repeated misrepresentation which, they claim, tends to create a false impression of their character and worth.

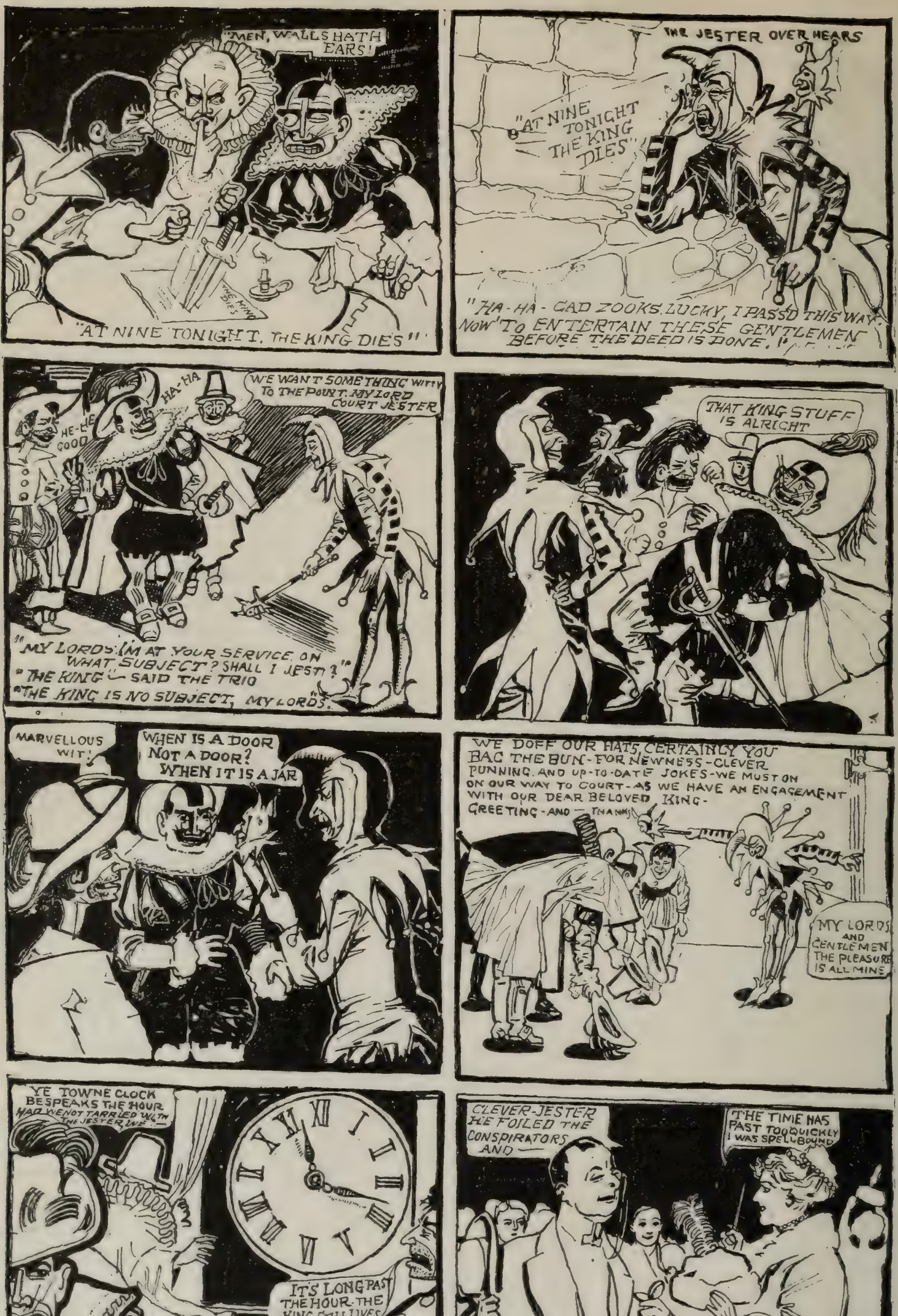
And then the Indian. In many of the Western films he is shown as an uncivilized savage and rarely as anything else. If the Indian character is used in plots of later Western life, the redman is almost invariably introduced as a treacherous character, ready to stab or burn or kidnap. His better traits are studiously ignored.

History's pages show the Indian as being both good and bad. James Fenimore Cooper, who knew and studied the Indian, frequently idealized him. The Indian should be placed side by side with the white man as soon as possible and be given an equal chance in the game of competition. The white man brought the Indian so low that he seemed destined to become an extinct race. Then the white man's conscience awakened, and he began to work earnestly for the salvation of the aborigine. The greatest gift to the redman is the gift of self-respect. He is not obtaining it from the Moving Picture, I think.

Many of these misleading pictures of Indian life will tend to arrest and hamper the mutual understanding of the races which is so vital to the Indian's welfare. The old days of strife and warfare have permanently gone. It was an Indian who won the Marathon, and Indian blood is represented in the Halls of Congress. Friends of the American Indian should not be led to hostility because of misleading films. At least, permit the Indian character a fair show in the Western plots, and do not always represent him as an undesirable.

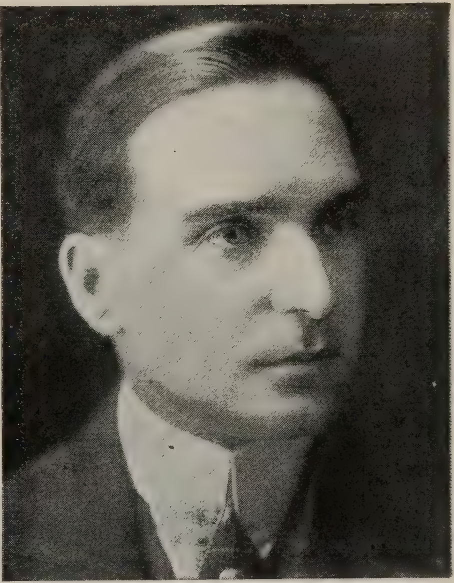
Give Lo, the poor Indian, an opportunity along with the rest!

THE JESTER AND THE KING


"MEN, WALLS HATH EARS!
THE KING DIES
"AT NINE TONIGHT. THE KING DIES"!
THE JESTER OVER HEARS
"AT NINE TONIGHT THE KING DIES"
"HA-HA - GAD ZOOKS. LUCKY, I PASS'D THIS WAY. Now TO ENTERTAIN THESE GENTLEMEN BEFORE THE DEED IS DONE."
HE-HE GOOD
HA-HA
WE WANT SOMETHING WITTY TO THE POINT. MY LORD COURT JESTER
"MY LORDS: I'M AT YOUR SERVICE. ON WHAT SUBJECT? SHALL I JEST?"
"THE KING" - SAID THE TRIO
"THE KING IS NO SUBJECT, MY LORDS."
THAT KING STUFF IS ALRIGHT
MARVELLOUS WIT!
WHEN IS A DOOR NOT A DOOR? WHEN IT IS A JAR
WE DOFF OUR HATS, CERTAINLY YOU BAG THE BUN - FOR NEWNESS - CLEVER PUNNING. AND UP-TO-DATE JOKES - WE MUST ON ON OUR WAY TO COURT - AS WE HAVE AN ENGAGEMENT WITH OUR DEAR BELOVED KING - GREETING - AND - THANKS
MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN THE PLEASURE IS ALL MINE
YE TOWNE CLOCK BESPEAKS THE HOUR HAD WE NOT TARRIED WITH THE JESTER WE - -
IT'S LONG PAST THE HOUR - THE KING STILL LIVES
"FOILED"
CLEVER JESTER HE FOILED THE CONSPIRATORS AND -
THE TIME HAS PAST TOO QUICKLY I WAS SPELLBOUND
AT THE PHOTOPLAY THEATER

AS IT ACTUALLY HAPPENED—AT THE PHOTOSHOW

EARLE WILLIAMS, OF THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY



WHEN I called at Earle Williams' apartment on Brooklyn Heights, in the exclusive section overlooking the East River, I was informed that Mr. Williams had just stepped out, but to make myself at home and wait for his return. This gave me an opportunity to judge the man as measured by his surroundings. Altho he is just turning an active thirty years, his rooms evidence the enthusiasm of a college youth for collecting everything and anything in the way of trinkets. Not pennants and banners from a half-dozen alma maters (as we see in some photoplays), but substantial and beautiful things, such as bits of fine photography, etchings, artists' proofs, rare books, a few carvings and bits of sculpture, and a rug or two that were worth a poor man's fortune.

He appreciates his home and has made it a part of him, I thought, but his entrance broke off my further musings.

"There are quite a few dear associations connected with these things," he said, noticing my straying glances, "and most of them are little landmarks of my wanderlust abroad. But I suppose you want to pin me down to facts and not fancies," he added, smiling lazily.

I nodded, and we drew roomy Turkish chairs up to his windows, with a broad view of the restless river.

"I suppose I'm something like that," he began, pointing below, "naturally turbulent, restless, sea-loving and hating narrow bounds. When I was a boy in school in Sacramento, and later on in college, my old uncle, James Padgett, a famous character actor in his day, advised me emphatically never to go on the stage. I took his advice by not following it, and started my modest career with a New Orleans stock company. I was a rover, I'll confess, and wanted to see this country and others, as well as act. Some of the interesting engagements that I recall were with Rose Stahl, Helen Ware, Mary Mannering, Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin, Henry Dixie, and special engagements in 'When Knighthood Was in Flower' and 'Way Down East.' All in all, I should say, I have played some two hundred various rôles—juvenile, old man, heavy and lead."

"What kind do you really like best?" I interrupted. "To be honest," replied Earle Williams, "a good heavy part or a strong dramatic lead—something that by its acting pulls the plot along. Perhaps some good examples in photoplay would be, Carl in 'The Vengeance of Durand,' John Ruskin in 'The Love of John Ruskin,' and the lieutenant in 'The Red Barrier.' These parts I thoroly enjoyed.

"Two years ago this summer," he resumed, "I went down to the Vitagraph Studio to take a summer engagement and have remained there ever since.

"Do I like it?" Earle Williams stretched his scant six feet comfortably, and his dark blue eyes looked puzzled. "There are lots of good things about studio life: clean living, a home to go to, a fascinating variety of rôles, and often a spell of real life in the open. But there are handicaps that perhaps the future will overcome—our plays are often too weak and unmanly, by reason of too much censorship, and the camera needs some great inventions to give us a full-size stage. Then things would be glorious!" he exclaimed.

"I see you read a good deal," I suggested.

"Yes, the good, old classics and strong playwrights, such as Pinero and Augustus Thomas—they're a mental cocktail.

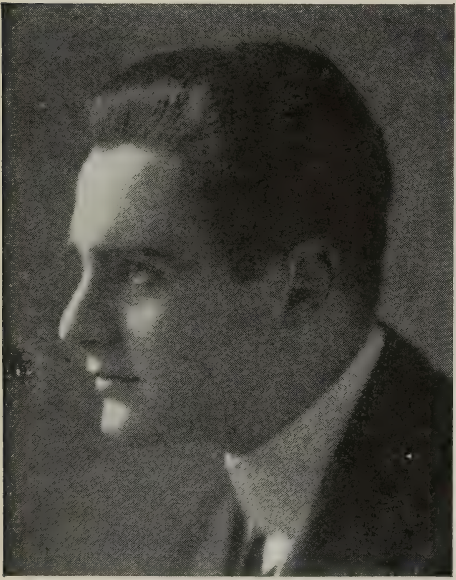
"I have scarcely any time for hobbies," he admitted, "tho when I do go for an outing I put in a full one with my motorboat and unerring camera as pals. There are often strenuous scenes, too, that take the place of a day of excitement. As an instance, recently, when Miss Storey and I were doing a scene in 'The Vengeance of Durand,' the property man cruelly sprinkled too much gasoline on the stairs. It was a real fire, believe me, and we were both quite badly burned."

"What do you think of your being so popular, and the result of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE contest?" I asked.

Mr. Williams sat silent a moment, and I was afraid he was about to parry the question. Then a blush, a real one, crept under his olive skin, and his eyes were as tender as a girl's.

"Just say this," he burst out, "that it's the finest bit of appreciation and applause that has ever come to an actor, at any time. You cannot realize how soulless and walled-in the studio sometimes becomes, and this recognition, this handshaking and back-patting, as it were, is the greatest incentive of my life." We walked to the door. "Don't forget," he said, shaking a warning finger, "to render my thanks to every one of my friends in the audience."

WHITNEY RAYMOND, OF THE RELIANCE COMPANY



I HADN'T the least idea that the editor would permit me, a mere fan, to interview my favorite, but, to my surprise and delight, he did, and I quickly made my way to the home of Whitney Raymond.

The maid ushered me into the library and politely asked me to wait a minute—she would summon Mr. Raymond directly. A minute! I admired the endless rows of leather-bound volumes and reflected that Mr. Raymond must be fond of reading. Then I sat tapping the floor and chewing my pencil—for an age, it seemed, before I heard footfalls down the hall. I straightened my hat and called forth my pleasantest smile, only to be disappointed. The footsteps passed the door and entered the room adjoining.

"Hello, Harry, old boy!" a pleasant voice greeted warmly. "This *is* a treat after so many years." And I knew instinctively that the speaker was the man I had been detailed to "chat."

I didn't want to eavesdrop, but it wasn't my fault that the door was open a crack, and that the maid had been negligent. I clutched my pencil tightly. Anything I learned now would be real news and not just the modest information I would have been able to extract.

"By Jove! It's good to be called 'Bob' again," Whitney's voice went on; "haven't heard that since I was a little tad back in Boston. You know I was born there, and educated in England."

The buzz of the other's voice was just audible.

"Oh, yes, I've left Essanay," Whitney Raymond explained; "I'm with Reliance now. I was on the stage for a couple of years before joining Essanay, and—well, I do miss the glare of the footlights occasionally, but screen acting beats the stage a million ways. No, I'm not married yet. I'm going to move around a bit this summer, from resort to resort, but I like farm life, and would just love to take a sea voyage."

Another pause; then the enthusiastic voice continued: "Mind the rehearsing? Not a bit; I'm crazy about it. Oh, sure, I find lots of time to motor 'round, and I've seen every good show in town, besides. No, I don't neglect the social end, Harry. Not a bit."

I was wishing "Harry" would speak louder. This was really interesting—particularly the part that I cant put down here—tho all the time I knew it wasn't just right.

"Say, you're worse than a reporter, if you're not," laughed my unconscious victim. "I'm just normal, you know, even if I do act and jot off a scenario once in a while. And I'm as big a football fan as you, I'll bet."

My last pencil broke with an awful sound, such was my haste, and I missed a great deal, but I do remember that he likes the seashore and is very fond of swimming and boating.

I was most uncomfortable, but I listened on. Gracious! They had risen. Suppose they came in? Oh, it was a relief to hear Whitney say, "Come on out on the lawn and we'll limber up with a little tennis."

Softly I stole to the French window opposite, and caught a fleeting glimpse of a good-looking chappie, not more than twenty-two years old, with a shock of dark hair and an adorable smile. I judged him about five foot five or six, and about 136 pounds. I remembered having seen him playing woman parts, and bell-boy and messenger parts, and realized he was just built for such rôles, altho I recalled hearing him say that he preferred dramatic parts. And that's always the way!

Well, I thought that I had fulfilled my mission, and feeling a trifle sheepish—I'll admit—I found my gloves and departed as I came, thru the main entrance, only more softly. I hugged my note-book to my side and said: "Hats off to the maid who forgot."

F. M. T.

* * *

FREDERICK CHURCH, OF THE ESSANAY COMPANY

THE thoughts of an interviewer are sometimes cast towards Paradise, but he does not, as a rule, set too great a store on the realization of his dreams in that respect. Perhaps the next best place—better, maybe, for the purposes for which an interviewer exists—is a secluded spot nestling among the green California hills, that goes by the somewhat prosaic name of Niles.

Niles was unheard of until a year or so ago. It was originally named by the railroad company, which had to have a name for its junction there. But its real discoverer was Mr. G. M. Anderson, of the Essanay Company. With his intrepid band of players, he had journeyed thru the vastness of the Southwest and tasted all the sweets and too many of the discomforts of those wild and arid regions. One happy day he dropped off at the lonesome junction and forthwith decided to civilize it. Niles is now and in consequence on the map. The home of the Western division of the Essanay Film Manufacturing Company is firmly established there, and thence emanate those finest of all the Western pictures that have done so much to build up the great industry that called them into being.

To interview a player amid the glorious surroundings that hem in the magnificent new studio, that is quickly assuming final shape and form under Anderson's keen direction, is not a task but a pleasure. Optimism is in the very air and is reflected in the spirit and the actions of all whose good fortune it is to work there. Thus it was that the source of the ruddy tan on the contented face of Frederick Church, juvenile lead and general business actor with the Essanay folks, was readily traceable.

"The work is great and the place is ideal," said he, as he stowed away the fourth piece of apricot pie in the cosy bungalow he calls home—one of the village of completely equipped and daintily furnished cottages that form part of the modern Niles. He confessed to being born in Iowa, but I promised to give it but passing mention. The inevitable running away from home to the big city followed, in due course, and shining shoes in Chicago kept the wolf from the portal. From bell-hop in an Omaha hotel to the stage was an easy step for Church. He fell into the part of a messenger boy with Wilton Lackaye, and from thenceforth had no further use for trays and the ice-pitcher, in so far as those implements affected the convenience and demands of other folk.

Several years in dramatic stock, with dashes into vaudeville at intervals, led up to a longing to try the new field of Motion Picture work. Church was eloquent about the change. No tear bedimmed his bright eye as he drew a contrast between the healthful life he now enjoys and the days when it was a case of rehearse all day, play every night and burn the midnight incandescent over the eternal study of next week's part. Church has no use for the worn-out joke about the glorious old days. "No," said he, with a smile, "these are the happy days."

A spell with Selig and then, going on five years ago, came his engagement with the Essanay people, and Church has been with Anderson ever since. He is one of the best Indians in the business, his poetic cast of features rendering him peculiarly fit for the make-up. But his work is by no means confined to the portrayal of the red man. He is nothing if not versatile, and his gallery of pictures shows him in many another guise wherein his appearance is as natural as his work.

"My engagement with the company," said Church, with whole-hearted emphasis, "has been a very pleasant one, and whatever success I have achieved I assuredly owe to Mr. Anderson's practical tuition. As a thoro director, with an inexhaustible fund of patience, I have yet to meet his equal, to say nothing of his superior." Church waxed enthusiastic over his part in the now famous Alkali Ike series, which, by the way, is one of the many successful and always eagerly awaited films that originated in the fertile and busy brain of the genial Western Essanay chief.

A. A. P.

* * *

GERTRUDE McCOY, OF THE EDISON COMPANY

If a pink and blue and yellow Dresden china shepherdess should unexpectedly come to life and burst out laughing, with a most charming display of Dresden china dimples, she would look very much like Miss Gertrude McCoy, of the Edison Company, most ingenuous of ingénues, most charming of petticoat charmers.

Miss McCoy has little to say, and says it prettily, with an accent geographically suggestive of Rome, Georgia, where she was born a surprisingly short time ago. She says that she is twenty years young, but she might subtract four and still be believed. She stood before the inquiring interviewer (to speak of ourself in a literary way) in the big glass-domed Edison studio, swaying a bit, tiptoe, like a small child about to recite "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight," swinging something—I believe it was a sunhat with pink roses, or a blue-and-white checked sunbonnet—by its strings, and she smiled very much, and said very little, and it was all extremely pleasant and informal, like hurling blunt questions at a humming-bird or a tall blush-rose.

Miss McCoy measures five feet seven in her stock—er, I beg your pardon—in her heelless slippers, and she says she weighs one hundred and thirty pounds, tho I dont believe a word of it. Her hair is a sort of a kind of a goldish-brown, her eyes are grayish-blue, her complexion—and it's her own, too—is a pinkish-creamish-whitish-blonde, dear me, my hyphens are getting the best of my feelings—and she has been on the real stage with "Mlle. Mischief" and Eddie Foy, and in vaudeville and with the Edison Company for nearly two years, and dear knows *when* she got it all in! For if she wore her skirts a wee bit shorter, she would undoubtedly be mistaken for a good imitation of a real little girl, and addressed as "Wouldn't she tell what her name was, or has the cat got her tongue?"

"Motion Pictures are real family affairs, and much more 'comfy' than the real stage," smiled Miss McCoy. "I've played in seventy-five plays in my day and generation. My best work? Well, I enjoyed the part of the young mother in 'Baby's Shoe' and young Mrs. Eaton in the play of that name. Drama suits me better than anything else, as it offers a better chance to do fine character work."

Miss Gertrude adores to read, is crazy about horseback riding, loves the theater, gardening and home life, also automobiles, altho, recently the car in which she was riding ran amuck and smashed a good deal of scenery before it could be controlled.

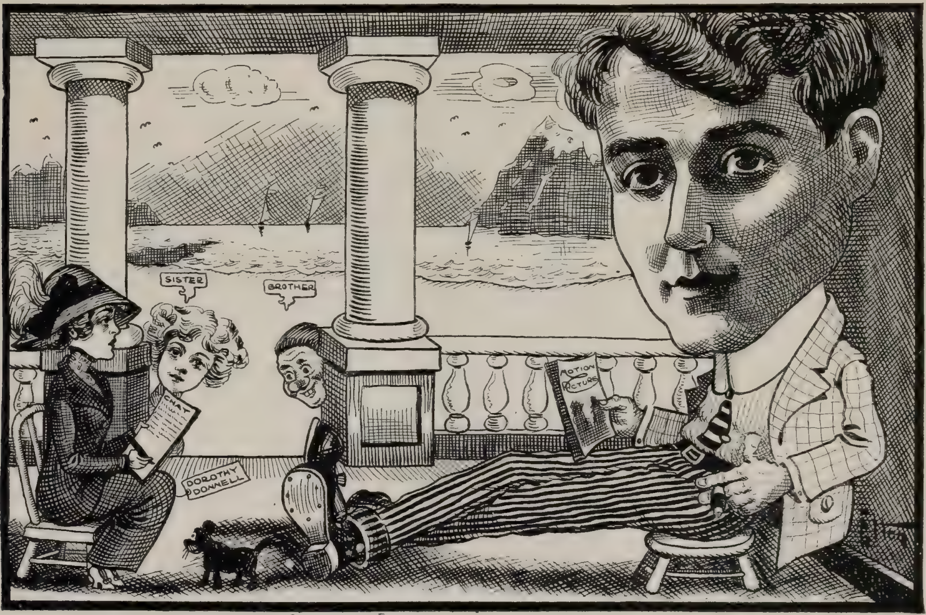
"What are your chief personal characteristics?" I blurted, plunging in.

"W-e-ll!" Miss Gertrude hesitated. "I have a quick temper, but I never smash things or throw things or kick things, and I get over it quickly, and never, never, sulk."

Imagine a Dresden shepherdess in a fit of sulks!

"And your greatest ambition?" No hesitation here. "To reach the top!" And from what I hear, I believe that Miss Gertrude is headed that way.

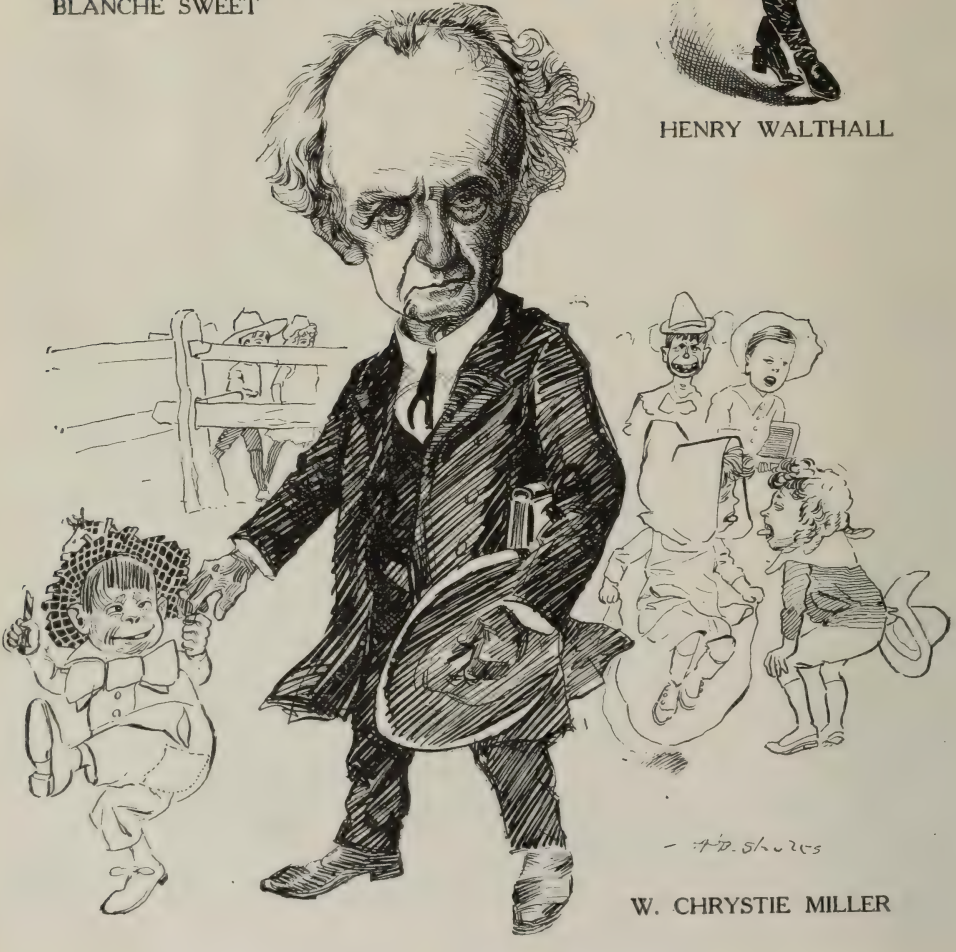
WARREN KERRIGAN AND HIS TWIN BROTHER



THIS IS THE CARTOONIST'S CONCEPTION OF THE KERRIGAN CHAT

BLANCHE SWEET

HENRY WALTHALL



W. CHRYSTIE MILLER

GREENROOM JOTTINGS

Little Whisperings from Everywhere in Playerdom

Ruth Roland defies the Woman's Exchange. When a rainstorm suddenly stopped work at Kalem's Santa Monica outdoor studio, the young lady hustled home and put up ninety jars of jelly.

Mary Alden, leading lady of Ramo, has joined Warner's features.

Zena Keefe (Vitagraph) has returned from a six weeks' vacation in Europe, where she spent a thoroly enjoyable time, visiting London, Paris, Berlin and Rome.

Vivacious Violet Horner, the girl with the angelic locks of flaxen hue, the heroine who looks as well weeping or laughing, will from now on radiate in the Solax circle and readjust her luscious lips to the smiling and daring dimples of Darwin Karr. She will laugh or cry or throw her heart away, according to the directions of either Mr. or Mrs. Blache.

Carlyle Blackwell is a wise and observing man. He says: "I believe the Popular Player Contest has added new life to the interest taken in Moving Pictures all over the country."

Ormi Hawley is the owner of a new auto runabout, and since her return from Florida, gasoline is becoming scarce in Philadelphia.

C. B. Hoadley (Universal), who is affectionately known as "Pop" by his intimates, is an old-time newspaper man, and is a prolific writer of scenarios and magazine stories.

Broadway has been robbed of another star, Clifford Bruce, and the Selig Company are the robbers.

Last month the ballroom at the Arlington Hotel, Santa Barbara, was given over to ladies fair and dashing cavaliers of the American Company in all the glory and splendor known to the élite of France in 1580. The costumes were historically correct, and are those used in "The Adventures of Jacques."

Guy Coombs, whose characterization of Kerchival West in Kalem's production of "Shenandoah" is fresh in mind, is enjoying the modern rôles in society dramas, after many heroic deeds on Southern battlefields.

Mary Charleson, who recently came East to the Vitagraph studios in Brooklyn, is staying with her aunt, Kate Price, at her home at Brighton Beach. Miss Charleson will be seen soon in a two-part feature, "The Intruder," the first play in which she has taken part since leaving the West.

The International Exposition was conceded a most tremendous success (superlative degree), but wait till you see the one next year.

No name on our cover design this month, because everybody knows Alice Joyce.

Lottie Pickford (Pilot) wrote "Granny," which has proved to be a very popular old lady by a very young one.

Edna Luby and Eleanor Blanchard are the latest acquisitions to the Lubin forces. Miss Luby, of Lubinville!

Ethel Grandin (Imp) has had ten years' stage experience, yet she is only nineteen years old.

If Warren Kerrigan ever loses his job, he will have no difficulty in getting one as a day laborer. His shovelling in "The Scapegoat" was as good as that of the real workmen.

Versatile Mae Hotely, who has for some years been playing comedy rôles with the Lubin Stock Company, directed by Arthur Hotaling, is now playing "leads and heavys" with the Lubin-Betzwood troupe.

A prominent figure on Brighton Beach is Lillian Walker. Miss Walker is an unusually clever swimmer, and it is a pleasure to watch the manly manner she breasts a heavy surf.

Walter Edwin is now in Maine with a strong company of Edison players, among whom are Mary Fuller, Bliss Milford, Elsie MacLeod, Augustus Phillips, Frank McGlynn, Richard Neill, John Sturgeon and Harry Beaumont.

Director Wm. H. Barwald (Satex) says that Harry Hart, his leading man, is the image of Warren Kerrigan. A high compliment to both!

Harry Millarde was thrown from his horse during an exciting fox-hunt which Kalem produced in Virginia. The accident brought vivid realism to the play, but Mr. Millarde was incapacitated from appearing in a picture for a month.

Almost every Sunday is spent by Ralph Ince (Vitagraph) at his new country home at Brightwaters, N. Y., where he indulges in boating and fishing. Mr. Ince has just bought a new Oakland touring car, and is thinking seriously of purchasing a racing motorboat.

Beginning September 1st, the New York Motion Picture Company, which now produces Kay-Bee, Broncho and Keystone films, will release Empire films.

Maude Fealy (Thanhouser) is "Little Dorrit," and, no doubt, if Dickens could see her, he would admit a clever impersonation.

Please take notice that Lamar Johnston (Majestic) and Lorimer Johnson (American) are two different persons. The only resemblance is in the names.

Robert Brower (Edison) still holds the medal for good work as surgeon, banker, manager, doctor, etc.

Lottie Briscoe is writing a photoplay in which her pet lamb will play an important rôle. Lottie had a little lamb, etc.

Look out for Marguerite Loveridge and Effie Lawrence in "Weary Winnies" (feminine of "Weary Willies") in a new Majestic tramp play.

In one of Bob Vignola's Kalem productions he appeared in an Italian character. While making a street scene during a recent carnival in Harlem, he took his position before the camera, only to be dragged away by a dozen Italians who shouted, "Keep off! Cant you see they're makin' Movin' Pictures?"

It has become a fad in Lubinville to be an owner of an automobile, Ethel Clayton being the last one to join the auto-bugs.

"Sweet Alice" Joyce recently enjoyed a brief vacation at Atlantic City.

Wilfrid North, the well-known Vitagraph director, is a golf enthusiast, and is the holder of three cups. He played at Lenox, Mass., recently, where he gave a splendid demonstration of difficult points in the game.

On August 8th Essanay begin a series of double-reel Alkali Ike plays. Good!

Miriam Nesbitt and Marc MacDermott are still in London. Too bad the latter will have to return by water! Being a "heavy" he cant go by wireless or cable.

John Brennan at one time held the world's championship for clog-dancing. In leisure moments he shows the people around the Kalem studio at Santa Monica that he has lost little of his skill.

Both the big and the little picture players appear in vaudeville. First it was Bunny, and now it is little Marie Eline, the "Thanhouser Kid."

Notice James Vincent's make-up in "The Blind Basket-Weaver." He has not told how he succeeded in creating such an illusion, but it is certainly striking. Mr. Vincent, by the way, directed the production of this Kalem play.

Arthur V. Johnson, the popular Lubin photoplayer, played the Good Samaritan by saving an old lady from being put out, by paying her rent. Later on he discovered her to be the wardrobe mistress of the show in which he made his début and who gave him his first words of encouragement.

Selig has a wild animal farm at Edendale, Cal., that bids fair to become a rival of the famous Hagenbach Zoo in Hamburg.

Beginning August 22d, Edison will release a two-reeler every Friday. Watch out for the "Pied Piper of Hamelin."

Among the newly acquired players at the Reliance studio are Norma Phillips and Irene Hunt. Miss Phillips is seen to advantage in "Below the Dead Line," and Miss Hunt in the leading rôle of "Kentucky Foes."

Warren Kerrigan is made of the right sort of stuff, or he would not have written: "My mother is my silent partner, and I want the whole world to know it; and if I am the source of inspiration to others, I will not have lived in vain, and I consider this my greatest achievement."

Marguerite Courtot, the sixteen-year-old Kalem beauty, made such an impression during her stay at Jacksonville, Florida, that two private launches, filled with young fellows, followed the steamer in which she embarked for New York and shouted prolonged good-bys.

Is G. M. Anderson copying Bryan's Grape-Juice diplomacy? Seems so, for when he opened his new studio at Niles, he served gallons of grape-juice to his guests. Well, there are worse drinks than grape-juice, and few better.

When Alma Russell returned to Selig, after her recent illness, she skipped rope two hundred times, just to demonstrate that she was as agile as of yore.

Romaine Fielding is gaining in popularity every minute. He can be Governor of Arizona if he wants.

Frank Donovan, Ramo juvenile, is taking Wray Physioc's place during the latter's absence in Europe.

Lots of new faces are now being seen in Essanay Eastern plays. They recently came on to New York and fairly robbed Broadway.

Something new has "happened to Mary" Fuller, but, in spite of it all, she still remains unmarried.

In connection with his hobby of raising chickens, Tefft Johnson tells an amusing story of his boyhood in the country. He was given five dollars, with which to buy some chickens for himself. He sallied forth, bent on their purchase, and returned, bringing ten splendid fowls with him. The only unfortunate part about the matter was that nine of them were roosters.

A lieutenant from the Chilean warship, which recently anchored in the Hudson, paid a visit to Kalem's studio at Cliffside, New Jersey, to secure Anna Nilsson's autograph.

Pigs is pigs, with Vivian Rich, and they shared her affections with other farm animals, until recently she was presented with one, only to find that they are not just the thing for parlor pets.

The Pilot players came near getting a wetting recently when some well-intentioned passer-by rang out the fire department during a fire scene.

The team of Kerrigan & Rich bids fair to rival the historic Blackwell & Joyce, and Johnson & Lawrence ones.

The actors at the Vitagraph studios are kept busy cajoling Frank Mason about his band at Jamaica, Long Island, where he has organized a group of musicians and installed himself as their leader.

When you see "The Silly Sex" (Reliance) just remember that Rosemary Theby nearly lost her life in the deep water off City Island while playing in that play. It was really a death-grip that she had on Alan Hale's hair in that scene.

Do you observe that there are not so many notices of removal this month? Fine! Glad everybody is contented.

Laura Sawyer's latest is as Kate Kirby, a girl detective, "The Diamond Crown" being the first of the series (Edison).

It was but natural for Thanhouser to produce the opera "Tannhauser." It features James Cruze, Marguerite Snow, Flo La Badie and William Russell.

Frank McGlynn, of "Officer 666" fame, has joined the Edison Company. So has Dan Mason.

Florence Radinoff (Vitagraph) recently spent a short vacation at Northport, and got caught in a severe thunderstorm.

Albert W. Hale, formerly directing for Vitagraph, Famous Players and American, is now with Western Majestic. We may expect some artistic pictures from him.

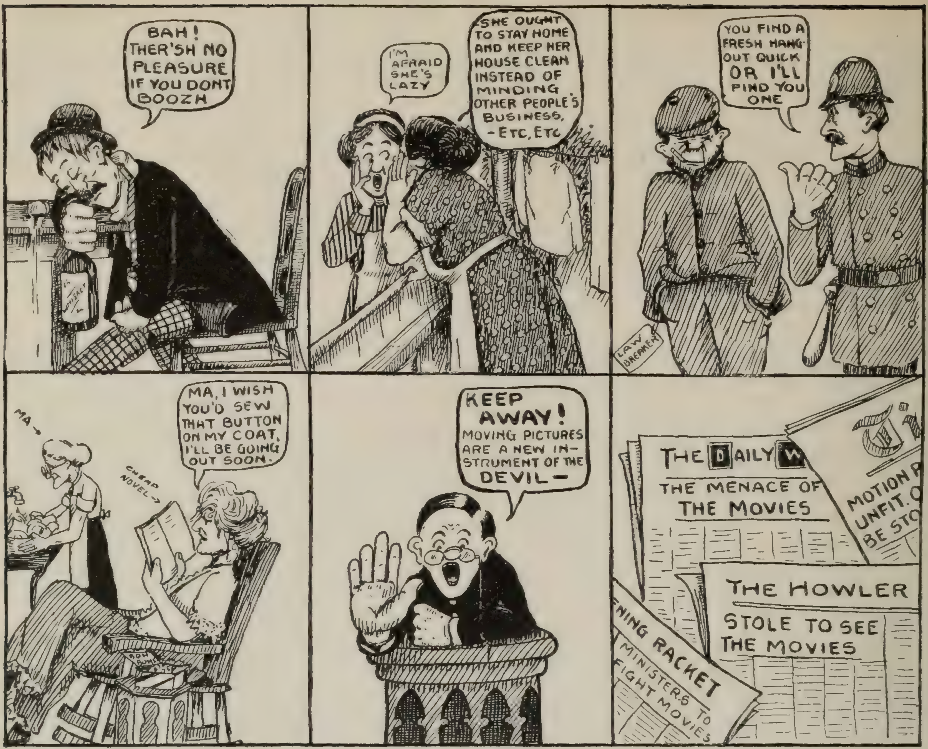
No, gentle reader, the Governor of Georgia and the Mayor of Atlanta have not joined the Edison Company, altho you will see them in "Scenes of Other Days." Chas. M. Seay captured them and induced them to take parts. They are not quite as clever as Herbert Prior and Mabel Trunnelle, as you will see, but when business is bad in politics, they can easily get a picture job.

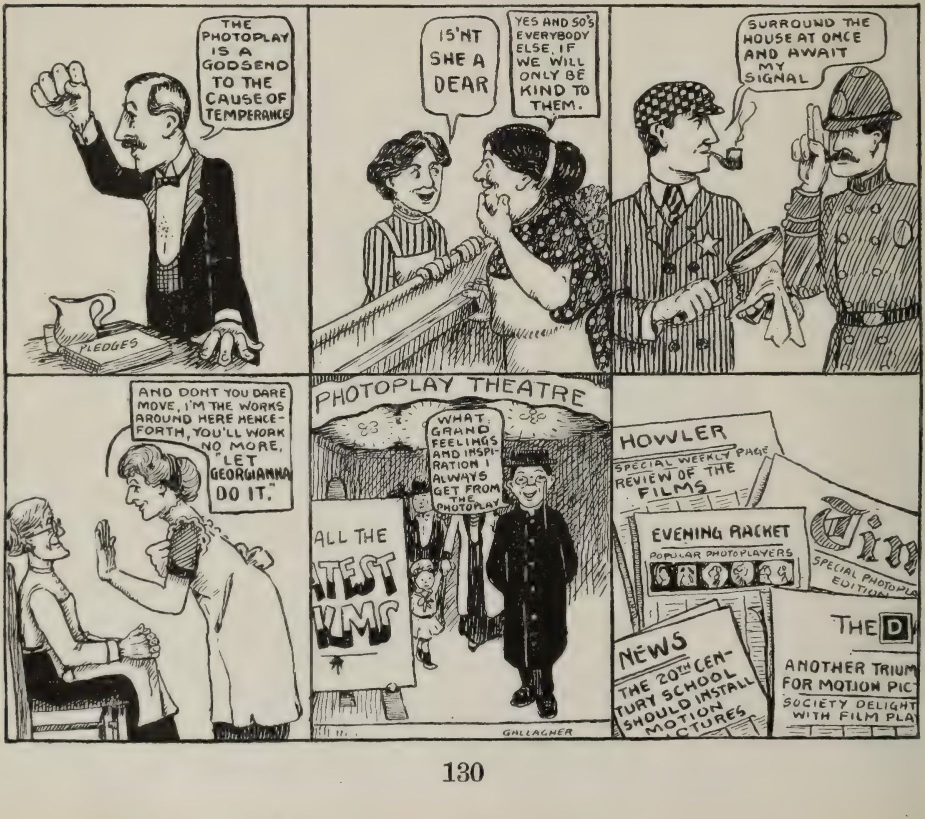
Francis X. Bushman (Essanay), supported by an excellent company under the direction of two capable producers, is located at a new studio at Ithaca, N. Y. This country affords some of the most magnificent backgrounds to be had in America.

Barry O'Moore (Edison) has made a hit in "The Greed of Osman Bey."

Solax say that to meet Barney Gilmore is like kissing the Blarney Stone, yet there may be some who would prefer to kiss the stone.

Leonard W. McChesney has left the General Film Co. and returned to Edison.


BAH! THER'SH NO PLEASURE IF YOU DONT BOOZH
I'M AFRAID SHE'S LAZY
SHE OUGHT TO STAY HOME AND KEEP HER HOUSE CLEAN INSTEAD OF MINDING OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS, - ETC, ETC
YOU FIND A FRESH HANG-OUT QUICK OR I'LL FIND YOU ONE
LAW BREAKER
MA →
CHEAP NOVEL →
MA, I WISH YOU'D SEW THAT BUTTON ON MY COAT, I'LL BE GOING OUT SOON.
KEEP AWAY! MOVING PICTURES ARE A NEW INSTRUMENT OF THE DEVIL —
THE DAILY W
THE MENACE OF THE MOVIES
MOTION P UNFIT. O BE STO
THE HOWLER
STOLE TO SEE THE MOVIES
NING RACKET
MINISTERS TO FIGHT MOVIES


THE PHOTOPLAY IS A GODSEND TO THE CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE
PLEDGES
IS'NT SHE A DEAR
YES AND SO'S EVERYBODY ELSE, IF WE WILL ONLY BE KIND TO THEM.
SURROUND THE HOUSE AT ONCE AND AWAIT MY SIGNAL
AND DONT YOU DARE MOVE, I'M THE WORKS AROUND HERE HENCEFORTH, YOU'LL WORK NO MORE, "LET GEORGIANNA DO IT."
PHOTOPLAY THEATRE
WHAT GRAND FEELINGS AND INSPIRATION I ALWAYS GET FROM THE PHOTOPLAY
ALL THE ATEST LMS
GALLAGHER
HOWLER
SPECIAL WEEKLY PAGE REVIEW OF THE FILMS
EVENING RACKET
POPULAR PHOTOPLAYERS
SPECIAL PHOTOPLA EDITION
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NEWS
THE 20TH CENTURY SCHOOL SHOULD INSTALL MOTION CTURES
ANOTHER TRIUM FOR MOTION PIC
SOCIETY DELIGHT WITH FILM PLA

Answers to Inquiries

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire early answers by mail, or a list of the names and addresses of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and use separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer, but these will not be printed. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

DRAW HIM IN CONVERSATION
HE COMES THIS WAY—

Marie H.—Have never heard of a Frank Shade in Moving Pictures. The players you mention are with Universal. Your letter is not too long.

Children.—The editor says we should say "I" hereafter and not "we," so I have decided to become single again. Isn't it singular? Sounds as if we—beg pardon, I—had been divorced. In marriage one and one make one; in divorce one from one leaves two; but in this there was only one of us in the first place, and he is still here and here still. I have tried to figure how I can divide *our* salary among myself so as to get more, but it seems to come out just the same. It is dreadfully hard to get along on $4 a week when the cost of living is so high.

Helen L. R.—Haven't that Pathé cast. Yes, to your second. Frances Ne Moyer was Clara in "Minnie, the Widow." Dolly Larkin and Henry King in "The Legend of Lover's Leap" (Lubin). "The Signal of Distress" (Vitagraph) was taken at Nyack, N. Y.

C. H. T.—Both of the players you ask for had minor parts and were not on the cast. Sorry.

Evelyn.—Yes. I haven't those two Bisons. Sometimes they answer and sometimes not.

H. D. K., New York.—Jack Standing was the widower in "Longing for a Mother" (Lubin). Edgena De Lespine had the lead in "The Good Within" (Reliance). Haven't the child in "The Sea-dog" (Broncho).

Helen A. H., Brooklyn.—Mildred Weston and Dolores Cassinelli were the girls in "A Money." Lionel Barrymore was the doctor, Claire McDowell the wife, and C. H. Mailes the patient from the asylum in "The House of Darkness." Mr. Griffith is one of the fine Biograph directors, also Mr. Henderson.

Mae L. M.—"The Battle of Freedom" (Kalem) was taken in California locations that faithfully duplicated the scenes in South Africa, where the actual battle took place.

D. F., San Antonio.—Thanks for the booklet. In "Eternal Sacrifice" (Reliance), Edgena De Lespine was Margaret, and Sue Balfour and Alan Hale the lovers. Margarita Fischer was the slave-girl, and Edna Maison was Mrs. Thornton in "In Days of Slavery" (Rex). Iva Shepard was Mammy Sue.

Laura, Fort Sill.—Romaine Fielding was the captain, and Robyn Adair was the lieutenant in "A Girl Spy in Mexico."

AND—NO DOUBT HAS SHOOK THE HAND OF ROYALTY—
WIFE: ASK—OH—DO ASK HIM TO—DINNER—

YES! IT MUST HAVE COST SMITH THOUSANDS, FOR HE HAS TRAVELED ALL OVER THE KNOWN GLOBE-YES HE'S A GLOBE TROT-ER-AND-HE—

S. H. Hames, Los Angeles.—I feel just as you do about advertising on the screen, and I mean by this that advertising of tobacco, groceries, etc., in the films themselves is just as bad as slide advertising, and even worse. The practice has diminished of late, and it will soon be discontinued entirely.

R. P., Brooklyn.—Charles Clary was Wilbur Stone in "The Ex-Convict" (Selig). Grace Lewis was Grace, Edward Dillon was Jack, and Charles Murray was Edwin in "Edwin's Masquerade" (Biograph). Harry Myers in that Lubin. Roy Clark was Dick in "Noisy Six" (Selig). You're welcome!

Olga, 17.—I should say that you have written about 200 letters to me. Paper and stamps must be cheap over your way. Couldn't get the maid and her sweetheart in "They All Came Back Like the Cat."

Peggy O'Neil.—Lionel Barrymore was the minister in "The New York Hat." Kate Toncray was the aunt, and Harry Hyde was the tramp in "The Lady and the Mouse" (Biograph). That's right, work hard. Dont be afraid of wearing out. Rather wear out than rust out.

Ester R. L.—You are very kind. Lionel Barrymore was the husband, Claire McDowell his wife, and Harry Carey the thief in "The Ranch Hero's Revenge" (Biograph).

C. F. S. K.—Yes; W. C. Miller is the really grand old player that he looks. Miriam Nesbitt was Madame Malinsky in "A Concerto for the Violin" (Edison).

Florence M. B.—Thanks kindly for the fudge. Very thoughtful of you to remember us. But we will get fat if you feed us too much carbonaceous food.

Officer 6669.—Herbert Rawlinson was Steve in "Buck Richards' Bride." Lottie Pickford with Pilot. Helen Gardner was Becky in "Becky, Becky!"

Clarence B., 4.—Yes; Muriel Ostriche will be in the new set of colored portraits.

K. B. E.—George Gebhardt in that Pathé. There is an H. A. D'Arcy with Lubin; he is publicity man. Clarence Johnson was the boy in "Nobody's Boy."

A. L. R.—Your botany is fine; thanks for the flowers. Sentiment! Why not join?

Clayton C. M.—Ethel Clayton was the girl in "Heroes, One and All" (Lubin). Sorry, but I haven't Helen Lee in "The Human Vulture" (Pathé). They will not tell us. Great Northern have the bear standing on a globe for their trademark. We have no more February, June, August and September 1911 issues for sale. Would like to buy some ourselves.

Dorothy R.—Julia Mackley was the widow in "The Widow of Nevada" (Essanay). Irene Hunt was Pequita, Carl Von Schiller was Manuel, and Harry King was James in "Love and War in Mexico" (Lubin). Edith Lyle was the girl Irving Cummings loved in "The Man from the Outside" (Reliance).

S. E. T., Shelton.—It was Gwendoline Pates in "His Second Love." He is still with Edison. Frederick Church was the revenue officer in "A Moonshiner's Heart" (Essanay). Marguerite Courtot in "The Fighting Chaplain" (Kalem). Wrong title for that Biograph. Harry Carey.

B. D. F.—Fred Vroom was the father in "The Woman Who Did Not Care." William Garwood was the eloper. Mrs. Lawrence Marston was the business woman, Carl Leviness her son, N. S. Wood and Charles Horan the officers in 'The Business Woman" (Thanhouser). Thanks.

J. S. W., Redlands.—We printed a picture of Gertrude Robinson in the June 1912 issue.

INDEED I'M DELIGHTED TO KNOW ONE, THAT HAS TRAVELED SO MUCH AND SEEN ROYALTY—

YES, I SAW A PRESENTATION AT THE COURT OF ST JAMES
SAME NIGHT I SAW A PRIZE-FAIR-IN-MELBOURNE-AND A PIEEATING CONTEST. IN NEW ENGLAND

Ethel S.—Evelyn Selbie was the girl in "The Crazy Prospector" (Essanay). C. H. Mailes was the judge in "A Dangerous Foe" (Biograph). When you ask old Biograph questions, it takes time for us to look them up, and they sometimes wont answer all of our requests. One a week.

Helen L. R.—Your opinion is superb. Not Tom Moore, but James Moore with Lubin. M. Cuttica Bidoui was Parker in "He Needed the Money" (Cines). Del Henderson was the husband in "Blame the Wife" (Biograph). *Ich ker bercller.*

Yelvie.—Hobart Bosworth was Ralph, and Marguerite Loveridge was Dorothy in "Seeds of Silver" (Selig). Walter Miller was Joe in "Mothering Heart" (Biograph). Gertrude Robinson is leading lady for Victor.

M. S. Clarke.—Your poem is fine. Yes, the pictures are improving every day. We are gradually getting away from those old-fashioned ideas. As Amiel says, "The world advances by the successive decay of gradually improved ideas," and this is just what is happening in picturedom.

L. M., Cleveland.—Darwin Karr was the doctor in "The Man in the Sick-room" (Solax). "The Strike Leader" (Reliance) was taken in and about New York City.

Flossie, Jr.—Florence Hackett and Charles Brandt in "The District Attorney's Conscience."

Earline K.—Lillian Logan was Violet in "Arabia, the Equine Detective" (Selig). Lillian Wiggins was the daughter in "The Engineer's Daughter."

Rough, 20.—No, am not a corporation lawyer, so my fee is much smaller. One-tenth of that is enough. Brinsley Shaw, after four years' work with G. M. Anderson, closed his engagement and left for the East.

W. J. K.—Thanks for your postal. I want to thank here everybody who sends me vacation cards. Irene Hawley and Irving Cummings in "Italian Love" (Reliance). George Liegman was Thomas in "The Master Cracksman" (Reliance).

HOW DOES HE ACCOUNT FOR SRIPPING FROM ONE OF THE EARTH TO THE OTHER-IN ONE EVENING'
YOU'VE GOT ME-
THEN-TO THE GREAT NORTH WOODS CANADA TO HUNT MOOSE-
YOUVE MET EMPEROR WILLIAM of GERMANY?
"NO-I HAD THE PLEASURE OF SEEING HIM REVIEW THE ARMY-TWO MINUTES LATER I SAW-THE BATTLE of SCUTARIA YOU KNOW THE BALKAN WAR. IT WAS A SUBLIME SIGHT THEN THE SUFFRAGGETTES PARADE IN

Stella R.—Maurice Costello has played with no other Moving Picture company than Vitagraph. Ormi Hawley and Edwin Carewe in "A Mock Marriage" (Lubin). Have noticed it, but dont know why Betty Gray bites her lower lip. Perhaps she is hungry. Anyway, it is cute, altho a mannerism.

E. C. C.—The picture is of Bigelow Cooper. You want all these answers put in book form? Well, that's nice, but I fear they would not sell. The news soon grows stale.

Dolly J.—Mildred Bright and Helen Marten in that Eclair. Isabelle Lamon and Mabel Harris in "Diamond Cut Diamond" (Lubin). Both have left Lubin.

C. M. C.—Dorothy Phillips was the wife in "Value of Mothers-in-Law." Very often G. M. Anderson gets a player from the stage to play the leading part in one play, just as he did with Beth Taylor, Lottie Collins, Maude Calhoun, etc. We know of no permanent leading lady other than Evelyn Selbie.

Mary H.—George Fields was Terror in "Ashes of Three." Stephen Purdee was Charles in "A Streak of Yellow." Lillian Gish in "The Misunderstood Boy." Pretty warm here at present also.

K. C. J.—A picture isn't valued by the number of people who play in it. Certainly Kinemacolor films can be shown in theaters showing black and whites. Films are rented.

AT THIS PRESENT MOMENT I THINK YOU ARE DIPPY — SOME TRAVELER
KID YOU DID SOME TRAVELING IN ONE NIGHT
LONDON. AT THE SAME DATE I SAW THE SULTAN of TURKEY AND SUITE MARCH THRU THE STREETS of CONSTANTINOPLE AT THE SAME TIME I SAW KING GEO of ENGLAND LAY THE CORNER STONE OF A CATHEDRAL AFTER THIS I SAW HOW THEY HUNT BATS ON THE ISLAND of BORNEO - AND —

B. B., Chattanooga.—Howard Mitchell was the old sweetheart in "A Jealous Husband" (Lubin). Ernestine Morley was Beatrice in "Tamandra, the Gypsy." Charles Ogle is the uncle. Mrs. Beta Breuil is no longer with the Scenario Department of Vitagraph.

J. S., Kirkwood.—Sorry, but that must be the wrong title. Carlyle Blackwell was Shelby in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (Vitagraph). Harry Millarde in "Message of the Palms." Edwin Carewe in "Dolores' Decision."

Bernice S.—Sorry to hear of your accident. Irene Hunt was Pequita in "Love and War" (Lubin). Kinemacolor do not answer our questions.

Barbara S.—Harry Benham was Sherlock in "The Sign of the Four" (Thanhouser). That Kay-Bee is too old for their publicity man. So you heard Ruth Roland sing? Fine!

Florence M. B.—Florence Foley was the child in "Out of the Storm" (Vitagraph). Do you mean James Cruze? He had the lead in "The Marble Heart" (Thanhouser). Thanks.

Pauline.—Irene Boyle and Harry Millarde in "The Secret Marriage" (Kalem). Gus Pixley was the lover in "The Cure" (Biograph). You shouldn't believe all you hear, and only half of what you see.

Donald C.—Robert Thornby was Duncan in "When the Desert Was Kind." (Vitagraph).

E. M. B. M.—Harry Morey was the rival in "A Delayed Letter." The first play performed in America was "The Merchant of Venice," at Williamsburg, then the capital of Virginia, on September 5, 1752.

Janet.—Thanks for the pressed flowers. More sentiment. Vivian Pates and Guy D'Ennery in "Margaret's Painting" (Lubin). Dolly Larkin and Carl Von Schiller in "The Padre's Strategy" (Lubin). Robert Harron.

B. C. W.—There is no way of telling how long after a play is accepted that it will be released. Marc MacDermott was chatted in July, 1912; also Mary Fuller. Mabel Trunnelle was chatted in February, 1912. Robert Harron and Mae Marsh in "Fate."

Mildred M., Dayton.—Phillips Smalley and Lois Weber in "The Dragon's Breath" (Rex). Margarita Fischer in "A Friend of the Family." Robert Leonard was Bob.

Rene, Greensboro.—We work by cards altogether—not playing-cards, but card-index cards. Marin Sais was the girl in "Oil Crooks" (Kalem). Robyn Adair was Robert in "The Power of Silence" (Lubin).

H. C. B.—Frank Truesdell was the "Black Sheep" in that play by Eclair.

Mother's Baby.—Very pretty little picture. Perhaps you mean Hazel Buckham. The picture was of Maurice Costello.

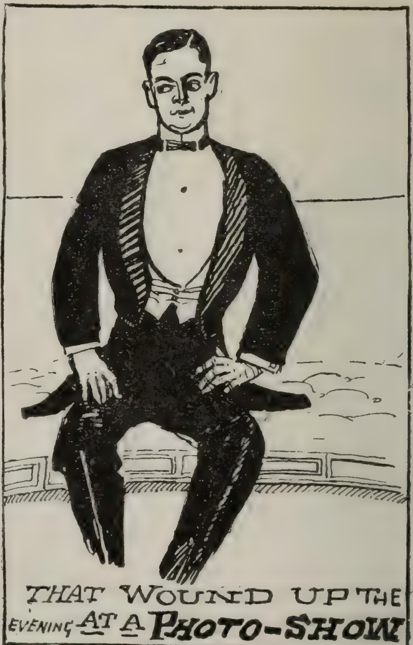
Margaret T.—Clarence Elmer and Frankie Mann were man and wife in "Almost in Mourning" (Lubin). I have no picture of myself for sale. No photographer has ever yet dared to take a good picture of me.

Eleanor.—Henry King was the sheriff in "The Birthmark." Warren Kerrigan and Jack Richardson were the brothers in "The Hermit's Gold" (American).

C. G., Scranton.—Charles Murray was the fisherman. He also was the burglar in "Daylight Burglar" (Biograph).

D. D., Portland.—Thanhouser Kidlet was Dorothy in "Dorothy's New Doll."

Tom W.—Riley Chamberlain was the old man in "Dottie, the Dancer" (Thanhouser). Blanche Sweet seems to be favorite.


THAT WOUND UP THE EVENING AT A PHOTO-SHOW

J. H. F.—Miss Radinoff was the wife in "Off the Road" (Vitagraph). Winnifred Greenwood was Mrs. Jack Cosgrove in "Love, the Winner" (Selig). Wheeler Oakman was Jim in "Dollar Down, Dollar a Week." I agree with you about "Nobility."

Tink.—Alice Joyce in that Kalem, and Ormi Hawley in the Lubin. You have finished your education? How fortunate! I have just begun mine.

F. C. P.—Your poem is good, but we cannot publish it now. *A la carte* is pronounced ah-lah-kart, and means by the card; that is, you are to order what you want from the bill of fare. Dont eat too much, now.

Kiwi Twins.—Barry O'Moore was Barry in "Barry's Breaking In" (Edison). Ray Gallagher was Jacques in "A Tale of Old Tahiti." It appears that Edwin August is still with Western Powers. Jean Darnell was the mother in "The Truant's Doom."

L. J. G., Seattle.—Guy Coombs in that Kalem. You think Carlyle Blackwell is the most versatile actor there is? Very well. Marin Sais in "The Last Blockhouse" (Kalem). She also played in "The Battle for Freedom" (Kalem). Dorothy Phillips in the Essanay. Wallace Reid was the lead in "Her Innocent Marriage." Thanks.

I. B. Interested.—Marshall Neilan was the husband in "The Cat and the Bonnet" (Kalem). Jack Richardson was Spider Jack in "The Girl and the Gun" (American).

W. J. F.—Time will come when all companies will have the name of the photoplay writer on the screen as does Edison. Also the casts, probably; Vitagraph, Edison, Essanay and Kalem are trying it out.

A. G. L., Texas.—Never saw "Gangsters," so cannot tell whether you are correct about the play.

Trixie H.—Ethel Clayton and Harry Myers in "The Faith of a Girl" (Lubin).

Helen L. R.—The lion was not really killed in that play; it was trained. Dont always judge from initials.

I. B.—Sorry, but it was impossible for us to learn who the actresses were in "The High Cost of Reduction" (Biograph).

Fluffy, 17.—When it comes to telling who Francis Xavier Bushman was named after, I draw the line. Also cannot help you out about the light streak in King Baggot's forehead. Why not be serious for a change?

Chiquita.—Jennie MacPherson was the girl in "The Curse" (Powers). Pearl Sindelar was the wife in "Innocence" (Patheplay).

Fran.—Bryant Washburn was Jim in "Two Social Calls." Edwin August is the man Harry Myers assassinated in that picture. No Mildred Weston's picture yet.

Mabel D.—The picture is of Myrtle Stedman, not Kathlyn Williams. Cannot give private addresses.

Berry M.—Frances Mason was Joan in "The Good in the Worst of Us." James Morrison is not with Vitagraph. No, the income tax doesn't bother us at all. We would like to remark, however, that if the Government wants to raise a lot more money, let it place a tax on grafting.

J. K., Jersey City.—Richard Travers in "Thru Many Trials" (Lubin). He is now with Essanay.

Eltynge.—Robert Harron in that Biograph. Carl Von Schiller and Irene Hunt in "A Lucky Chance." You do not have to be a subscriber in order to ask questions.

Little One.—Not Charles Ogle, but William Humphrey as Sparkins in "Mixed Identities" (Vitagraph).

Sweet-Peas.—Paul Panzer the brother in "Prodigal Brother." Marguerite Courtot.

M. S., Atoka.—Julia Swayne Gordon in "The Artist's Great Madonna." Mary Smith was Mrs. Reeves in "A Mother's Strategy."

Doe-Doe.—I can get no information about that Patheplay. They are with Universal. So you want the club limited to fifty members, and then start a new club for fifty more members, not sending the last fifty names to the first fifty members. This would save me time.

A. E. T.—Edith Storey was chatted in November, 1912. Cæsar? Well, he was tall and slight, with an extremely thick neck. He had a high forehead, a long, pale face, with a large, thin nose. His hair was short (bald later), and he was always closely shaven. His lips were full, and his eyes were dark and sparkling. If the Cæsar you saw was not like that, he was not an accurate Cæsar.

E. J. M.—Owen Moore is still with Victor. Helen Gardner is playing for her own company. Long "i" in Vitagraph.

8 P.M.
8.30 P.M.
9 P.M.
9.30 P.M.
10 P.M.

Dolly.—Fritzi Brunnette was the leading lady in "It Happened Thus" (Victor).

C. W., Auburn.—Sorry, but we haven't the Reverend in "The Failure of Success" (Broncho). Will try and have it next month.

M. A., Buffalo.—Thanks for the fee. Your letter is right to the point.

B. B., Oklahoma.—Paul Schacht was Ray in "A Drama of the Air" (Patheplay). Thanks for the comments. Dont remember the letter last month, so you shouldn't worry. Thanks also for the dime. I had a fine soda on that.

Melva, St. Clair.—You cant hurt my feelings—fire away. Your scheme is great.

Curious Clarence.—Claire McDowell was the rich lady in "The Stolen Loaf" (Biograph). Eugenie Besserer was leading lady in "In the Days of Witchcraft" (Selig). Those scenes were probably taken in the outskirts of Chicago. Florence Hunt was the widow in "The Widow from Winnipeg" (Kalem). Lillian Drew was leading lady in "Anonymous Love" (Essanay).

Florence M. B.—Haven't the child in that play; probably it was the Thanhouser Kidlet. Herbert Rawlinson and Kathlyn Williams in "A Wise Old Elephant" (Selig).

June R.—Florence Lawrence and Arthur Johnson in "The Life-saver" (Lubin). The Great Mystery Play was released July 14th by Vitagraph.

North Wind.—Wish there was a little of that around here now. Nay, nay—Pauline Bush will be seen with Universal.

Doe-Doe.—A. E. Garcia was Richard, and Kathlyn Williams the daughter in "The Stolen Melody" (Selig). Everybody will be doing that soon.

G. H., Newark.—Thanks for the advice. Buttermilk twice a day.

Lila S. P.—Wallace Reid was Jim in "When Jim Returned" (American). Lillian Walker was Lillian in "A Wonderful Stature" (Vitagraph). Yes.

Cutie of Dallas.—Yes; Warren Kerrigan has a twin brother, now employed in the office of American. Harry Benham was the husband in "Babies Prohibited" (Thanhouser). Helen and Dolores Costello are Maurice Costello's children.

Louise A. K.—Your poem was good, but cannot promise to have it printed. Yes, about fifty of our correspondents get mad every month because we are sarcastic; but then, think of the thousands who are happy because they escaped our sarcasm!

Gracy P.—Charles West was leading man in "Thru Darkened Vale" (Biograph). Guy Coombs sometimes plays opposite Marguerite Courtot, Anna Nilsson, Marion Cooper, Irene Boyle, Alice Hollister and Alice Joyce. Fine collection. Dolly Larkin was Ramona, and Carl Von Schiller was José in "The Padre's Strategy" (Lubin). Ruth Stonehouse in "A Woman's Way" (Essanay).

Anthony.—Dont understand your system. You will have to make it explainable.

Edwin F., Los Angeles.—Charles Murray was the servant in "Papering the Den" (Biograph). Haven't the tramp. Gus Pixley was the husband. C. Mailes was the father in "New York Hat" (Biograph). Your other Biographs are too old.

Beth A., Sharon.—Elsie Greeson in "The Sacrifice." Tom Powers has also left.

C. O. A.—Haven't the bandit in "Broncho Billy's capture." Sorry. The club has started.

THE SHERIFF OF MUSKRAT COUNTY ESPIES A LYNCHING PARTY, BUT—

Opal De M.—Miss Ray was Helen Harding in "The Prodigal Brother" (Patheplay). Ethel Clayton in that Lubin. Listen! That was a double exposure. It is as simple as ABC, unless you are DEF.

Petite Marie.—Louise Glaum and Eddie Lyons in "Cupid's Assistant" (Nestor). Mona Darkfeather was the Indian girl, and Arte Ditego was bravo in "The Song of the Telegraph" (Bison). Charles Bartlett was Lieutenant Richards.

Two English Fans.—Blanche Sweet was the girl in "The Painted Lady." Thanks.

W. M. S.—Last I heard of Richard Rosson he was going to join Western Vitagraph.

Louisiana Bell.—Francelia Billington was the girl in "Fraternity Pin" (Majestic). Send your script to any of the manufacturers, or better still, send it to the Photoplay Clearing House. Yes, Romaine Fielding is getting very popular.

Madeleine.—The picture looks very much like Rogers Lytton, but it is not clear.

C. B. H.—Benn Hall was the boy, and Mayre Hall the girl in "Secret-Service Sam."

H. H. S.—Forest Stanley was J. Rufus Wallingford in "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" in Los Angeles. Thank you, but we dont keep track of the stage casts.

Ellaye Pan.—Six-point type would be too fine to correspond with the other type. This is eight-point, and it is fine enough. When you get old like I am, you will appreciate large type. Glad you like the club.

Mrs. E. B.—Guy Coombs was Kerchival in "Shenandoah" (Kalem). His picture was printed in January, 1913.

Pearl Y. H.—American produced "The Bandit of Point Loma."

Annie J.—George Gebhardt was the Mexican in "The Frame-up" (Patheplay). Harold Lockwood was Joe, and Kathlyn Williams the daughter in "The Governor's Daughter" (Selig). Winnifred and William Stowell in "The False Order" (Selig). Baby Audrey in "Broncho Billy and the Sheriff's Kid."

Clara L., Buffalo.—To answer your questions is about as easy as tying a knot in a cord of wood. Write plainer.

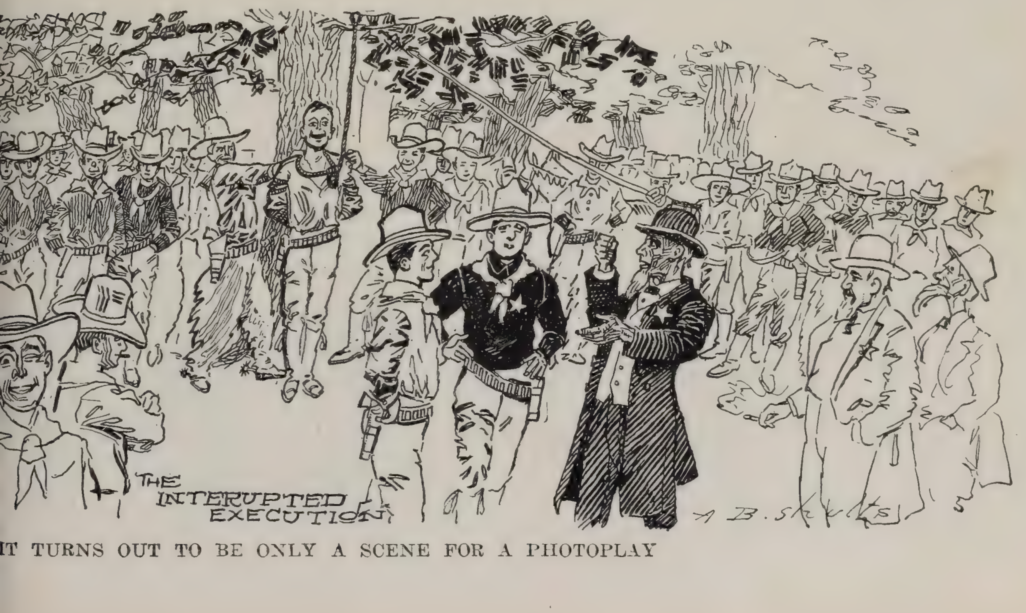
M. M. H., Chicago.—Many, many thanks for the beautiful hand-made present. It was very nice of you. Evie saw it when she called here, and thought it very pretty. Ruth Roland is with Kalem, and never was with Lubin; that Chatter of ours made an inexcusable mistake, and it's making me lots of trouble.

Isidore H.—I dont get all of the Cines casts. Story is good. Picture was no doubt taken in Italy. Yes; Baby Lillian Wade.

Mendel S.—Released on July 14th. Watch out for it. That Biograph is too old; it has whiskers now.

Peggy Louie.—Always welcome. Isabelle Lamon, formerly of Lubin, is now with Reliance. Why? Not because she loved Lubin less, but Reliance more.

Edwin, of Germantown.—Henry Walthall and Blanche Sweet in "The God Within" (Biograph). Lionel Barrymore was the doctor in "A Cry for Help" (Biograph). Hector Dion the father in "A Father's Lesson" (Biograph). Edward Dillon and Grace Lewis in "A Lesson to Mashers." Harry Carey had the lead in "The Hero of Little Italy" (Biograph). Charles Murray in "Edwin Masquerades" (Biograph). Nan Christy and Charles Murray in "Their One Good Suit" (Biograph). Oh, yes!



IT TURNS OUT TO BE ONLY A SCENE FOR A PHOTOPLAY

Three Haka Girls, N. Z.—Your letter is very interesting. 'Tis nice to hear from New Zealand. Mrs. Costello did not play in "The Vengeance of Durand" (Vitagraph). You refer either to Leo Delaney or Rogers Lytton.

L. W. W.—Edward K. Lincoln was the son in "A Leap Year Proposal" (Vitagraph). The player was not drowned; he is still playing with Biograph.

Janice.—Edwin Carewe was Officer Williams in "Water-Rats" (Lubin). Jack Standing has joined no company as yet. Cannot answer about the stage.

Melva St. Claire.—Dorothy Kelly was the girl in "Ma's Apron-strings." Dont remember if "The Bridge of the Gods" has been done. There is no way of finding out.

D. W., Cal.—Viola Barry was the Spanish girl in "The Misunderstood Boy." Lillian Gish was leading lady. Mae Marsh in "The Little Tease" (Biograph).

Campus Lassie.—Bernard Seigel was the father in "The Supreme Sacrifice" (Lubin). Will always be glad to hear from you.

H. H., New Zealand.—John Brennan was the chief in "A Hero's Reward" (Kalem). Ruth Roland with Kalem. She has played with no other company than Kalem. Maurice Costello did not visit New Zealand.

J. H., Chicago.—Cant give you the name of the girl in "the upper left-hand corner" nor the lower left-hand corner of that Crystal. You must ask according to the names on the films.

Pansy.—Hazel Buckham in "A Southern Cinderella" (Broncho). Richard Stanton was the captain. Yes, I speak to nearly a million every month, and I should be very careful what I say. Patrick Henry spoke to just twenty-four men when he delivered that immortal "Give me liberty or give me death" speech; ergo, I am greater than Patrick Henry.

K. L. G.—Claire McDowell was the wife, and Dorothy Bernard was the girl in "The Female of the Species" (Biograph). Wilfred Lucas was the brother, and Dorothy West the girl in "His Mother's Scarf" (Biograph).

J. L. S.—Vitagraph produced "Uncle Tom's Cabin." "Thomas a Becket" also. Gene Gauntier is with her own company, released by Warner.

Nemo.—Grace Lewis was Cinderella in "Cinderella and the Boob." Edward Dillon was the boob. Marguerite Gibson and Robert Thornby in "The Wrong Pairs."

Lilac.—Jerry Gill was the fisher-girl in "I Love You" (Majestic). Florence Turner's present address is Turner Films, Church Street, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey, London, England. Juanita Sponsler was the girl in "The Rube and the Boob" (Kalem).

Gowanda.—Dorothy Davenport was the girl in "Pierre of the North" (Selig). No doubt the player appreciated your present of a pair of gloves. Now, had you accompanied them with a note, thus: "Fairest, to thee I send these gloves; if you love me, leave out the g and make it a pair of loves," you might have accomplished something worth while. Darwin Karr is called "Percentage Karr" in the Solax studio.

J. R., St. Louis.—Guy Coombs was the husband in "The Baggage-coach Ahead" (Edison). Jack Standing in that Lubin. He is no longer with Lubin.

Bumble-Bee.—Earle Williams was in the office today, and we locked the doors so he couldn't get out, and chatted him. It will appear soon. Maurice Costello has only two children.

Operator. — William Hutchinson was Richmond, and Adele Lane was Reita in "The Wood-fire at Martin's" (Selig). Mary Charleson is going to play opposite Maurice Costello now. Charming girl, that.

W. J. K.—Your criticisms are gratefully received. You talk much and long. Talk is cheap, except when it is over the long-distance telephone. About 100 positives are made from the negative.

Sweet-Peas.—Thanks for your picture. Tom Mix was the outlaw in "The Law and the Outlaw" (Selig).

SHISH P-HISH
OH-OH!!! ROB-O
SHE IS IN A SERIOUS STATE. NO PULSE. SEND HER AT ONCE TO FLORIDA OR YOU WILL LOSE HER BEFORE THE AUTUMN LEAVES FALL

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PORTRAIT

REPRODUCTION, IN EXACT SIZE, FROM NEGATIVE MADE WITH 3A POCKET KODAK AND FIFTY CENT KODAK PORTRAIT ATTACHMENT, KODAK TANK DEVELOPMENT, VELOX PRINT.

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EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Lillian M.—Well, Dolores is the older, and Helen the younger. That's correct.

C. B., Joliet.—Of course Dorothy Kelly is asked about. She is still popular.

Josephine J.—The girl you refer to is Mabel Harris. Wallace Reid in "At Cripple Creek" (Reliance). Tom Moore was that "good-looking fellow" in "The Pawn-Broker's Daughter." Yes; Blanche Sweet. That name just seems to fit her, doesn't it?

C. C.—Florence Hackett was Myra in "A Jealous Husband" (Lubin). Jack Conway was Steve, Helen Holmes was May, and William Brunton was Jim in "Brought to Bay" (Kalem). Eleanor Blanchard was the wife in "Dont Lie to Your Husband."

Krazy Kate.—Charles Murray was the king in "All Hail to the King!" (Biograph). Claire McDowell in "A Welcome Intruder" (Biograph). Lionel Barrymore in "Fate." W. C. Miller was the Unwelcome Guest in that play. Kate Toncray in "What's the Use of Repining?" Will answer the rest next month.

Nellie.—Wallace Reid was the artist in "The Kiss." Now with Universal.

Ivan, 17.—Haven't the Great Northern. Romaine Fielding and Mary Ryan in "The Forest Ranger" (Lubin). Yes; send in your 10 cents to Biograph, and they will send you one of their poster pictures of their players on one sheet.

Kurious.—James Young was Beau Brummel in that play. Gertrude Bambrick in "The King and the Copper." Donald MacKenzie and Betty Gray in "The Parting Eternal" (Pathé Frères). Edna Payne was Lucille in "The Silent Signal" (Lubin). Clarence Johnston was Bobbie in "Nobody's Boy" (Selig). Mae Hotely and Marguerite and Frances Ne Moyer in "Fixing Auntie Up" (Lubin). Vivian Pates and Guy D'Ennery in "Margaret's Painting" (Lubin). Famous Players are producing "A Good Little Devil." You have selected a good name.

Helen R. C.—Mabel Trunnelle has been playing down South. Yes; Kay-Bee and Broncho are under the same concern. Thomas Santschi and Bessie Eyton in "The Flaming Forge" (Selig). Wallace Reid was the sheriff in "Love and the Law" Yes.

Gordon H.—Vivian Pates was Agnes in "The Burden Bearer" (Lubin). Herbert Rawlinson and Kathlyn Williams in "A Wise Old Elephant" (Selig). Kate Price was the widow. Isn't it strange that widows always outlive their husbands?

B. H. G., Mass.—Alice Joyce was Evelyn in "The Streak of Yellow" (Kalem). Haven't the little boy in "The Welcome Intruder."

Jack, N. C.—Yes to Number 1. Lillian Walker in May, 1911, and May, 1912; December, 1912, and February, 1913. Irene Boyle was Zelma in "The River Pirates" (Kalem). Juanita Sponsler in that Kalem.

E. V. C.—F. Fraunholz was Fred in "Five Evenings" (Solax). Veronica Larkin was Maggie in "The Old Melody" (Imp). Jessalyn Van Trump was Grace in "Reward of Courage" (American). Write again.

Anthony.—Romaine Fielding was Bracey, Mary Ryan was Mary, Robyn Adair was Bob, Eleanor Mason was Beth, and Reuna Valdez was Renia in "The Weaker Mind" (Lubin). They are with Majestic. Mr. Fielding's company in Arizona.

Olga, 17.—Harold Lockwood has left Selig and is playing for Universal. Glad you like the club. Crane Wilbur will soon be chatted again.

Evergreen, N. Y.—Romaine Fielding was Jack in "An Accused Hand." Marshall Neilan was the piano player in "A Phoney Singer" (Lubin).

C. Q. D.—Harry Carey was Olaf, and Claire McDowell the girl in "Olaf, an Atom" (Biograph). Al E. Garcia was Richard in "A Stolen Melody" (Selig). William Garwood is with Majestic.

Aida.—Louise Beaudet was Mme. du Bluff in "Count Barber" (Vitagraph). Peggy O'Neill was Nell in "The Penalty of Crime" (Lubin).

Olga, 17.—Did not recognize you. Have never had the cast of Helen Gardner's "Cleopatra."

Bess, of Chicago.—Yes, he is. No, the magazine only chats the players and not the editors. Thanks.

HUSH-SHISH SICK LITTLE GIRL-ROOM TO THE RIGHT
PLEASE DONT ANNOY HER-SIS WITH QUESTION OR LAUGH. SHE IS VERY LOW
AUNT E ALWAYS SMILING COMES ON A VISIT
"WE'LL GO TO FLORIDA, MY DEAR AND WE'LL BE BACK IN AN HOUR."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

EVERYTHING—if the name is Edison. For that is the name which is recognized throughout the film world as standing for all that is best. It is the name which the moving picture enthusiast accepts as a guarantee of excellence and upon which he looks as a never-failing source of amusement and entertainment of the very highest quality.

¶ Linked with that name is the already famous "Who Will Marry Mary?" series, the sequel of "What Happened to Mary." These "Mary" pictures are without question the most popular photoplays of the year.

¶ The latest Edison announcement of particular significance to the public is that, beginning August 22d, there will be an Edison two-reel subject released every Friday. These multiple reels will bear that same stamp of quality —the name Edison. They will be big productions, big themes, presented in a big way, always with an eye to accuracy of detail.

"Mystery of West Sedgwick"

¶ A masterly detective story by Carolyn Wells, released Friday, August 22d, is the first of these multiple reel subjects. Don't miss it.

TRADE MARK
Thomas A. Edison

THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc., 144 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.

Birdie.—James Harrison you refer to in "Calamity Ann's Trust" (American).

R. P., Stamford.—Mildred Bracken was the girl in "The Way of a Mother." Thanks. Blanche Sweet in "The Lesser Evil" (Biograph). Also in "The God Within." Romaine Fielding in "His Western Way."

Naomi, of St. Louis.—Will print a chat with E. K. Lincoln soon. Sorry you dont like that art work; cant please everybody.

Louisiana Lou.—The cast was not saved in "With Lee in Virginia." Of course Jack Richardson is not bad. He simply plays bad—that is, he is good at bad parts.

E. E.—Ruth Stonehouse was the girl in "A Bottle of Musk" (Essanay). Please dont send any more German letters. *Ich kann nicht es sprechen.*

C. G. M.—Marin Sais in "The Battle for Freedom" (Kalem). James Morrison and Tom Powers do not intend to return to Vitagraph. See above for Florence Turner.

J. O.—I didn't read that inscription that appeared over the fireplace. Kenean Buel in "John Burns, of Gettysburg" (Kalem).

Rosalie.—Wallace Reid and Vivian Rich in "Youth and Jealousy" (American).

Minnie Frost.—We expect to chat the Biograph players very soon. Watch out.

Krazy Kate.—Charles Murray in "Tightwad's Predicament." Mae Marsh in "The Girl's Stratagem." Edward Dillon and Grace Lewis in "A Queer Elopement." All Biographs.

L. A. L.—You say: "You are glad I am not a Saint Peter, as it would cause a hustling on your part to evade my microscopic diagnosis of one's mental caliber." Right you be. I am very fond of brilliant epigrams like that.

Calpurnia.—So you have a program of "The Chorus Lady," playing at Minnesota in January, 1909, with Earle R. Williams playing the part of Dick Crawford. Guess it was the real Earle.

Flower Evelyn Grayce.—Yes; Harry Mainhall was Mainhall in "Fear." No special reason at all. Yes, he used to be with us. We saw those clippings.

Bertha P., Scranton.—Just address Lillian Walker at the Vitagraph.

H. R., Penn.—Myrtle Stedman was Ruth in "The Law and the Outlaw" (Selig). Mary Fuller in "With the Eyes of the Blind" (Edison). Mignon Anderson in "The Children's Conspiracy" (Thanhouser). Thanks.

Herman.—The first celluloid Moving Pictures were produced in the United States by Edison in 1893, at the World's Fair in Chicago, Ill., but ten years before this, Moving Pictures were shown on glass slides. Mabel Normand.

Laurence C.—You say Captain Bonavita lost his arm in 1902 when he was showing an act with twenty-seven lions at Baltimore, when he struck a lion with the whip, and the animal attacked him, causing him to lose his right arm. Thanks for the information.

Mona T., Brooklyn.—Jack Standing was leading man in "The Veil of Sleep" (Lubin). See answer to Anthony. Brain food? Certainly! Fish are good for the brain; it is because they go so often in schools. Perhaps you have observed that we are fond of fish. Vivian Rich's picture in this issue.

Rubie Sweet.—Very often the players go from one theater to another to lecture. Sorry, but haven't that cast. Yes, the six-colored portraits are larger.

Cathie.—Eleanor Blanchard was the mother. Thank you.

Trixie.—Glad you liked "Her Mother's Oath" (Biograph). We agree with you. Wonderful piece of directing and playing. Popularity depends much on the kind of parts a player gets. If he is always doing heroic things, rescuing the heroine and killing off the villains, he is quite sure to be popular, if he is any good at all. A "villain" seldom grows popular. Jack Richardson is an exception.

Baby Mine.—Harold Lockwood played opposite Kathlyn Williams in "The Stolen Melody" (Selig).

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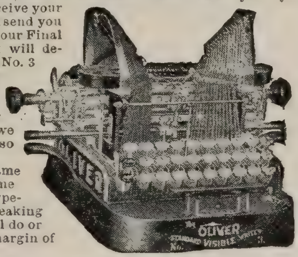

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"Captain Bill"	Universal
"Mixed Identities"	Vitagraph
"The Little Stocking"	Imp
"The Lure of Vanity"	Vitagraph
"Downfall of Mr. Snoop"	Powers
"A Motorcycle Elopement"	Biograph
"Insanity"	Lubin
"Miss Prue's Waterloo"	Lubin
"Sally Ann's Strategy"	Edison
"Ma's Apron Strings"	Vitagraph
"A Cadet's Honor"	Universal
"Cupid's Victory"	Nestor
"A Good Turn"	Lubin
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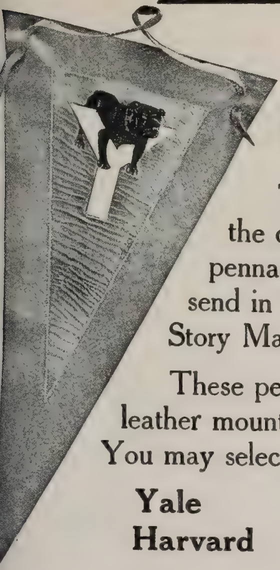
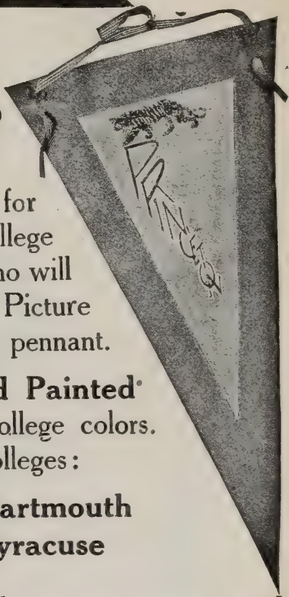


Which Is Your Favorite College?



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The Motion Picture Story Magazine
175 Duffield Street **Brooklyn, N. Y.**

The Hoosier Boy.—Isabelle Lamon and Richard Travers in "Violet Dare, Detective" (Lubin). Of course the player you mention does not smoke. That was a part of the play. Muriel Ostriche is with Thanhouser.

Mici G.—Cant get the leading male part in "The Sunbeam" (Biograph). The pictures you send are too small for us to reproduce in the magazine. Thanks.

Mrs. A. D. T.—Of course, if a player should die, the films in which he has appeared are still in circulation. They are not called in. You are right. The stage will soon have nobody left if the players keep on leaving it for the pictures. The stage season is short, and the picture season is perpetual and enables the players to live at home. That is why so many prefer the pictures.

Anthony.—Zena Keefe was Miss Raymond in "Does Advertising Pay?" That's only a story, Anthony. I see you patronize all the answer men.

Albert.—Glad you like the Musings. Thanks. E. K. Lincoln has not as yet been chatted. He has gray-blue eyes and very pretty, even teeth. Yes, he was in our booth at the exposition for a while, he and Anita Stewart—a handsome couple.

Johnnie the First.—Fraunie Fraunholz was Gregory in "Gregory's Shadow." Marion Swayne was Marion. Pretty postal.

Lottie, S. D.—Dick Stanton was the lieutenant in "The Wheels of Destiny" (Bison). William Sorelle was the father, Olive Temple was the mother, and Irene Wallace was the nun in "Conscience" (Gem). Paul Scardon was the beggar in "Frau Van Winkle's Crullers" (Majestic).

Evie.—Edgar Jones and Franklyn Hall in "The Girl Back East" (Lubin). Edgar Jones. The exhibitors all receive advertising matter and booklets every month from the manufacturers, advertising their plays. Kalem have the Kalem Kalendar, Edison the Kinetograph, Vitagraph the Bulletin, etc. There is no fixed price for first-run pictures. They vary according to the rest of the program.

Rose E., Montgomery.—Lottie Briscoe was Mary, and Florence Hackett was Iris in "The Power of the Cross" (Lubin). Mary Fuller was Mary in "Mary Stuart" (Edison). Charles Sutton was Lorraine, and Bigelow Cooper was Mortimer in the above. Alice Joyce is leading lady of the Kalem Company. Oh! dont you remem—ber sweet Alice, etc.? If you see her once you wont forget her.

H. M. L.—Thomas Santschi was Pete in "Wamba, a Child of the Jungle" (Selig).

ER-WERE YOU ADDRESSING ME? NO, I DON'T CARE TO WORK TODAY-MY TEMPERAMENT, Y'KNOW!
YESSIR-THANKY'SIR!
STAR
DIRECTOR

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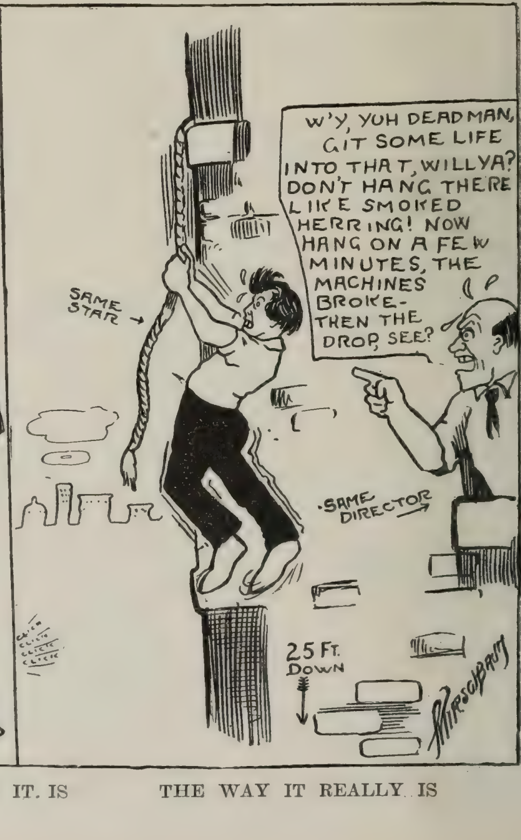
W'Y, YUH DEADMAN, GIT SOME LIFE INTO THAT, WILLYA? DON'T HANG THERE LIKE SMOKED HERRING! NOW HANG ON A FEW MINUTES, THE MACHINES BROKE-THEN THE DROP, SEE?
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Pinky, 16.—Glad to hear from you. Jack Standing formerly played in "The Drums of Oude," on the stage. He was with Lubin; then left for the stage, and then returned to Lubin. Now he is not located. August the Second!

Mabel D.—Those are trick pictures you refer to. Blanche Cornwall was Sheilah in "Kelly from the Emerald Isle" (Solax). Yes; Marion Leonard played opposite Arthur Johnson when he was with Biograph.

E. V. C., New Orleans.—Wallace Reid and Vivian Rich in "Via Cabaret" (American). Walter Stull was Walter in "His Widow" (Lubin). We enjoyed the Fourth, thank you. Cannot tell the name of that American from your description.

Herman, Lockport.—So you think I should confine my remarks to Motion Picture matters. Perhaps you are right. If I thought that a majority thought so, I would follow your advice. I admit a tendency to wander away from the straight and narrow path occasionally. But time is short and space is shorter.

Beatrice D.—Gertrude Bambrick was the girl in "Frappé Love" (Biograph). Jack Richardson is the villain of American.

Mary S., Chicago.—"In Love and War in Mexico" (Lubin), Irene Hunt and Carl Von Schiller had the leads. Kathlyn Williams and Harold Lockwood had the leads in "Woman—Past and Present" (Selig). Lucile Young played opposite Carlyle Blackwell in "The Cheyenne Massacre" (Kalem). Hal Clements usually plays in the same plays with Guy Coombs. They are in New York at this writing.

M. A. D.—Yes, his initials are K-C, and his name is Casey. Wonderful! William Mason is with Essanay.

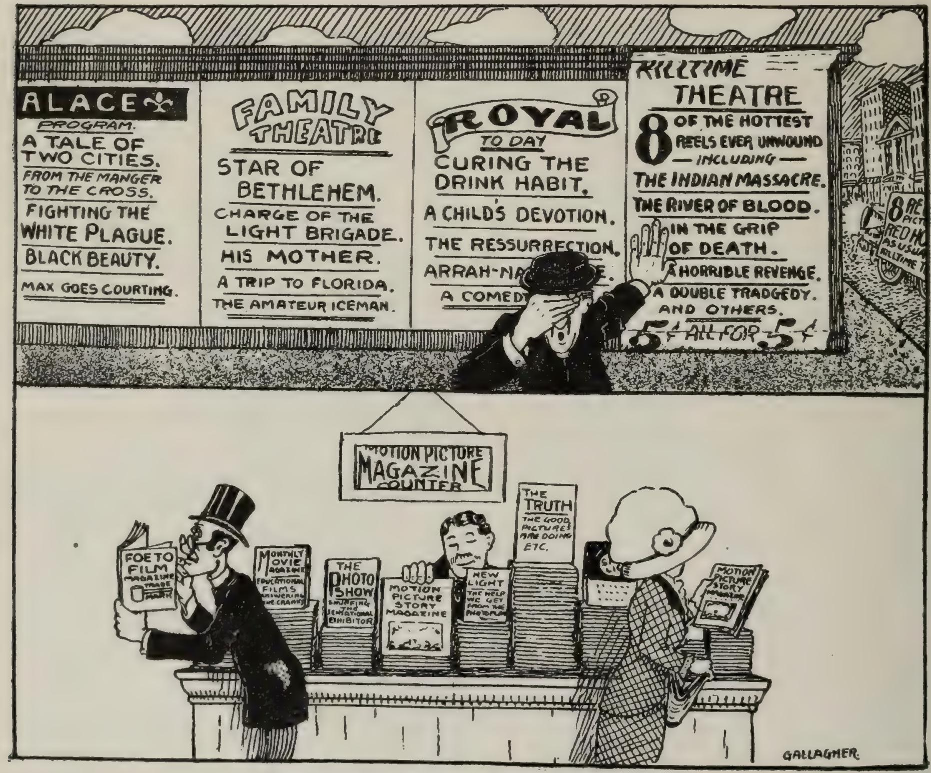
R. V. L.—Just address Lillian Logan at the American Company. Thanks for the drawing. You are wrong about the sex of the Answer Man.

Florence, 15.—Alice Hollister, Helen Lindroth and Sidney Olcott in "The Shaughraun" (Kalem). Yes, to the second. Beverly Bayne was the stenographer, and E. H. Calvert was Mr. Gregg in "Seeing Is Believing" (Essanay).

W. F. F.—Van Dyke Brook was Mr. Harmon, and Earle Williams was Carter in "A Modern Psyche" (Vitagraph).

W. J. C.—Yes, I agree with you about Norma Talmadge; she is a fine little player.

Pandora, the First.—Pathé wont tell the three bachelors in "The Three Bachelors' Turkey"; perhaps they dont know.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FIGHTING THE WHITE PLAGUE.
BLACK BEAUTY.
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FAMILY THEATRE
STAR OF BETHLEHEM.
CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.
HIS MOTHER.
A TRIP TO FLORIDA.
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W. J. K.—Sherman Bambridge was Lieutenant Brice in "At Shiloh" (Bison 101). Yes, there are lots of little things that some of the directors dont see.

Miss H. B.—Thanks, but we never print Selig plays and players.

Helen L. R.—Jack Standing in "Longing for a Mother" (Lubin). Sidney Drew was Mr. Steele in "The Still Voice" (Vitagraph). Yes; Blanche Sweet in "Broken Ways" (Biograph). The restaurant.

Delicia H.—Kathlyn Williams and Harold Lockwood in "Women—Past and Present" (Selig). Grace Cunard was the wife in "The Battle of San Juan Hill" (Bison 101). Margaret Fischer was the girl in "A Friend of the Family" (Rex).

M. A., Penn.—Maids are not, as a rule, on the cast. Can answer nothing personal about Alice Joyce. That Patheplay was as different from the Edison as night is from day, and that's a lot: night falls and never breaks, while day breaks but never falls.

A Southern Girl.—Robert Frazer was Samuel Scribner in "When Light Came Back" (Eclair).

E. R. M.—Gwendoline Pates was the daughter in "The Hardup Family's Bluff."

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"Do you like to drink, do you like to chew, do you smoke, or do you swear? Say, Answer Man, tell me, if you can, what's the color of your hair?

"Do you know the casts of all the plays, or, do you have a book, and when you want to know a thing, just go and take a look?

"Whatever you are or how you look, please tell me in a letter, for, Answer Man, believe me, I'd sure like to know you better."

Miss Billy B.—Romaine Fielding was Bracey Curtis in "The Weaker Mind" (Lubin). Try Lubin.

Campus Lassie.—Dixie Compton and Isabella Rea were the sisters in "The Blind Composer's Dilemma" (Kalem). Lillian Logan was the girl in "The Ferrets" (Selig). Dollie Larkin was the girl in "The Breed of the West" (Lubin).

Miss May R.—Lillian Gish was Myrtle in "The Mothering Heart" (Biograph).

Delicia K. C.—Francis Bushman played both parts in "A Brother's Loyalty" (Essanay), a double exposure. You ought to see "Her Mother's Oath" (Biograph).

M. H. R.—Thanks for the clipping. Anna Stewart was Agatha in "The Web."

Jack E.—Marguerite Snow was Carmen in "Carmen" (Thanhouser). "Mary Stuart" will be shown in most all Licensed houses. William Garwood is with Majestic.

Ruby and Garnet.—Lester Cuneo was Finley, and Myrtle Stedman was Winona in "Religion and Gun Practice." Harry Carey and Lillian Gish in that Biograph.

R. C., San.—Edwin Carewe was Milton Gray, and Ernestine Morley his wife in "Retribution" (Lubin). Right! Not enough sea pictures. Three-fourths of the earth is the dwelling-place of whales, walruses, porpoises, seals, sailors, and other monsters, but we get very few pictures of them. But Kalem has just done "Shipwrecked."

Flossie, Jr.—Good-morning. Will put that on the next list. Sorry. Florence Lawrence is not playing at present. Viola Alberti was the gypsy girl, Ernestine Morley was the wife, and Alma Chester the mother in "Wine of Madness" (Lubin).

Jenny.—Mildred Manning was the thief's wife in "A Chance Deception" (Biograph). "A Good Little Devil" will be seen in Licensed houses. Why not get the six new, large, colored portraits with a subscription?

Blondie, 18.—Isabelle Lamon and Jack Standing in "For His Child's Sake" (Lubin). Richard Purdon was the father in "In the Grip of a Charlatan" (Kalem). Clara K. Young, William Ranous and Kenneth Casey in "The White Slave."

Duffey, 372.—Frederick Church in that Essanay. Guy D'Ennery was John in "The Regeneration of John Storm" (Imp).

W. J. K.—Florence LaBadie always with Thanhouser, and also William Russell.

Juliet M.—Ethel Clayton was the girl in "Heroes, One and All" (Lubin). That was Mrs. Ranous.

Marie J., Chicago.—Ray McKee was Ray in "Silence for Silence" (Lubin). Harold Lockwood in "The Tie of the Blood" (Selig).

Peggy.—Romaine Fielding played in "The Toll of Fear," also "The Weaker Mind."

H. Y., Ohio.—Addison Lathrop was the child in "The Heart of Mrs. Robbins" (Vitagraph). Vinnie Burns in "Beasts of the Jungle" (Solax). Herbert Rawlinson in "Days of Witchcraft" (Selig).

Sophie N.—The pictures are not of Ormi Hawley. Winnifred Greenwood in "Won by Election" (Selig). Glad you did so much to boost your favorite player. Lots of others did likewise. It is, therefore, not true that "Knock, and the world knocks with you; boost, and you boost alone."

Cincy Girl.—Alice Joyce was chatted in August, 1912. Lillian Gish.

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Address: Art Editor, M. P. S. Magazine, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A. H. L., Port Kennedy.—So you are living just across the river from Lubin's Betzwood studio? I envy you. Verses O K.

The Quizzers.—Fraunie Fraunholtz and Marion Swayne had the leads in "Dad's Orders" (Solax). Tom Powers' picture appeared in April, 1912; Robert Harron in this issue. The others you mention have not yet appeared.

N. J.—Kalem have pictures of Alice Joyce for fifty cents each, in colors. Lillian Gish was the girl. Back numbers of the magazine are fifteen cents each; from us.

Mrs. J. S.—Doris Mitchell was leading woman in "Jealousy" (Essanay). Yes, she is the same Helen Gardner. Haven't that Pathé cast, and it cant be had.

Caroline.—King Baggot had the lead in "The Leader of His Flock" (Imp). Phillips Smalley in "The Dragon's Breath" (Rex). Always give name of company.

Eleanor.—Marie Hesperia was the leading woman, and Diomira Jacobini was the girl in "The Queen of Spades" (Cines). Sidney Olcott was Conn in "The Shaughraun" (Kalem). Bunny is not dead yet. He was very much alive at our booth at the exposition. You people are bound to kill Bunny, but you wont.

Agnes, Maine.—Marion Cooper was Dixie in "The Infamous Don Miguel" (Kalem). Miss West was the stenographer in "The Wrong Road to Happiness" (Pathé Frères).

Caroline, 15.—Jack Standing was the father in "A Father's Love" (Lubin). Leah Baird is too far away at present to be chatted.

Kentucky Quizz.—Dont believe everything you hear. We have said that many times. Frank Suttle was the professor in "A Tango Tangle." You're welcome.

Tom, St. Louis.—Sorry you are having trouble with your periods. Why not use question marks??? Haven't time to translate twenty pages of "Notre Dame" for you. Have about 4,000 letters to translate at present. Wallace Reid is with Universal, or, at least, he was last time we heard from him. Thanks just the same.

Bess H.—Ethel Clayton in "His Children." Jack Halliday is on the stage with May Buckley in Cleveland.

Molly K.—Irene Boyle was the girl in "The River Pirates" (Kalem). Betty Gray was the niece in "The Gate She Left Open" (Patheplay).

Florencia.—Yes; Tom Mix. We haven't a good picture of Arthur Houseman. When we get one, we will print it.

Malinda.—Put on the brakes and slow down. You censure me for the very thing of which you yourself are guilty. Perhaps we are quickest to see in others those weaknesses that we possess ourselves. The first law of the Puritans, who came here for religious freedom, was one declaring the death penalty to those who should dissent from their religious doctrines. Glad to get and to take advice, but sometimes it is bad.

Eleanor R.—Alice Joyce has been in Atlantic City, but she is playing at the New York studio. No, no, Bunny is not a rabbit, but a man—and a big one.

Lillie B.—Eleanor Kahn was the child in "The Crossing Policeman" (Essanay). Maxwell Sargent in "Dont Let Mother Know" (Selig). Biograph too old.

Irene N.—William Garwood was Don José in "Carmen" (Thanhouser). See colored portrait of Earle Williams. You get one with a year's subscription.

Christine N.—Cannot use the picture you send of Florence Lawrence. Half-tones are made from original photos, and not from copies.

J. Canuck.—"A Gay Time in Quebec" was produced by Lubin. Perhaps that's the one you refer to.

Sara M. H.—You are wrong. That settles it. Isabelle Vernon was Mrs. Stuyvesant, and Mary Clowes was Alma in "The Cloak of Guilt" (Kalem). Dorothy Gish was the sister, and Lionel Barrymore was grocer in "The Lady and the Mouse" (Biograph).

W. A. C., Auburn.—Mabel Normand in that "Speed" (Keystone). Yes, she is the Diving Girl.

Tina K.—Crane Wilbur was the shoemaker in "God Is Love" (Pathé Frères). Guy Coombs was Kerchival in "Shenandoah" (Kalem). No wonder you ask of those two!

Melva St. Clair.—Betty Gray. Harry Myers and Marie Weirman in "The Guiding Light" (Lubin). So you think the Answer Man is quite a curiosity? Yes, I have a long, white beard and am kept in a cage from 8:30 until 5:30. No visitors allowed. They call me "Rip" for short. Perhaps because I tear around so much.

Blunie P.—Cines produce all plays abroad; some at the Paris studio, and at the studio in Rome.

Marjorie M.—Jessie Cummings was the society woman, and Charles Graham was Hamilton in "The Old Melody" (Imp). Yes; Hazel Buckham is now playing leading woman opposite William Shay, of Imp. Violet Horner opposite Billy Quirk in the Gem.

Creole Belle.—Clarence Elmer and Frankie Mann in "Nearly in Mourning" (Lubin). Harry Millarde in "Wheels of Death" (Kalem). Tom Moore, and Ethel Phillips was the stenographer in "Attorney for Defense" (Kalem). Rex at Hollywood.

A Fan, Terre Haute.—You refer to Florence Lawrence. She is not playing.

Flossie C. P.—Thanks for the pretty postal. Hope you have a nice time.

Margaret.—King Baggot is abroad, and Leah Baird is playing opposite him. If you did not get the magazine, the subscription was not received.

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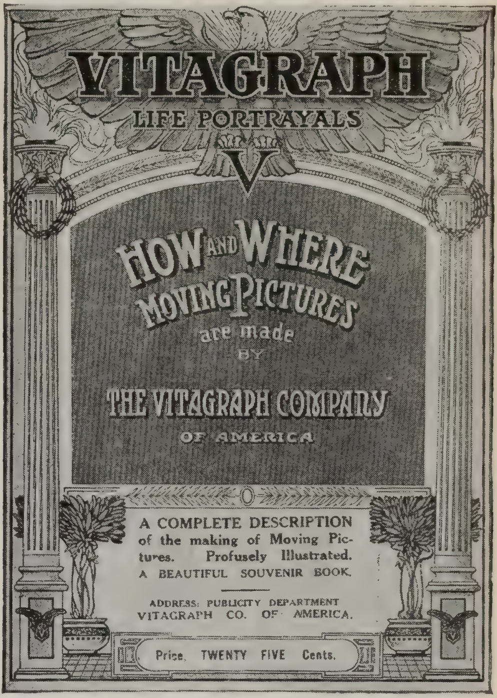
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WATCH FOR THEM AT YOUR LOCAL THEATRE

Peggy S.—My child, to be frank, your writing is bad. It looks as if a crow had stepped into a bottle of ink and walked around on the paper—crow-tracks. We have no interpreter here. I haven't time to decipher hieroglyphics. Every person should be able to write, in this country, altho, be it remembered, that out of twenty-six barons who signed the great Magna Charta, only three could write their own names.

Bessie H.—Thomas Santschi was the man in "The God of Gold" (Selig). William Duncan in "Billy's Birthday Present" (Selig). Many mistake Duncan for Santschi.

Agnes.—E. H. Calvert was Maugh in "Love Thru a Lens" (Essanay). Edith Storey's picture will appear soon.

Loraine F.—Tom Moore in "When Fate Decrees" (Kalem). Stephen Purdee and Jessie Cummings. Dont ask about the man with the moustache and the girl with the draped dress. Be more precise. I cant see every play.

Marie.—Leah Baird was Beatrice in "Hearts of the First Empire" (Vitagraph). Clara Williams and Edgar Jones in "Love's Token" (Lubin). Clara Lambert in "The Power of the Cross" (Lubin).

Helen, 8.—We cannot print poems that have appeared in other publications without giving credit. It is a very pretty thing.

Sophie N.—William West was the Indian chief, and Lucile Young was Carlyle Blackwell's sweetheart in "The Cheyenne Massacre" (Kalem). Irene Boyle was Zelna in "The River Pirates." Pretty girl, that.

Mary S., Denver.—Vivian Rich and Wallace Reid in "Hearts and Horses."

Elsie D.—Yes; Vedah Bertram died a year ago this August. The verse is good.

Susan.—No, I dont mind your calling me Thomas. Call me anything you like. Louis Thomas, Mr. Richmond and Frank Bennett were the college boys in "That College Life" (Vitagraph). E. Loveridge in "The Mission Money." Winnifred Greenwood in "A Freight-Train Drama" (Selig).

E. C. S.—Harry Frazer in "Men Who Dared" (Reliance). I dont get all the Kay-Bee casts. Their machinery still needs oiling.

Love Me.—Dear me, another love-sick maiden. I am sorry for you, but you must get it out of your system. There is no hope. This is not an Advice to the Lovelorn Department. It is too hot to read such warm letters as yours.

Clarence.—Harry Northrup in "The Silver Cigaret-case" (Vitagraph). Earle Williams in "The White Slave" (Vitagraph).

Emerald Cottage.—Yes, I have noticed how the players stop and point ahead, as if to say that they are going in that direction. Whom are they talking to? Is it necessary to explain where they are going, when we can see for ourselves?

Janice, the First.—Not Mabel Normand, but Gertrude Bambrick. Albert McGovern is directing for Pathé Frères.

M. E. L. C., Dallas.—Mae Hotely was Roxanne in "His First Experience."

The Twins.—William Bailey was Davis, and Dorothy Phillips the Indian girl in "Into the North" (Essanay). Clara Williams and Edgar Jones in "Lonedog, the Faithful" (Lubin). No; Clara Williams is not an Indian.

Margaret.—Photoplays are not written in story form. They are written in scenes. Communicate with our Photoplay Clearing House. A chat with James Cruze soon.

Richard P.—We can print no pictures of Olga or Flossie in the magazine. Tut, tut!

Ashley V. H.—You must not write in such a vinegary manner. Try honey. What! Ormi Hawley as frisky as a spring lamb? We haven't noticed it.

Carl Huff, 15.—Ethel Clayton was the girl in "The Faith of the World" (Lubin). Yes; Anna Stewart in "The Wood-Violet" (Vitagraph). Blanche Sweet and Henry Walthall in "If We Only Knew" (Biograph). Darwin Karr and Marion Swayne in "Where Love Dwells" (Solax). Edwin August and Jeanie MacPherson in "In a Roman Garden" (Powers). Charlotte Burton in "Her Big Story" (American).

Dell V. M.—Yes, they are one and the same. Of course photoplays may be sent to the Photoplay Clearing House before or after they are typewritten.

Naomi, of St. Louis.—Adele Ray was the girl in "The Saving Tie" (Patheplay). Miss Ray in "White Rose" (Pathé). Your letter is fine.

Martha.—Harold Lockwood was Bob, and Amy Trash was Cicely in "The Hoyden's Awakening" (Selig). Myrtle Stedman was the mother in "Roderick's Ride" (Selig). Charles West in "The Stolen Bride." Not Crane Wilbur, but William Williams in "A Simple Maid" (Patheplay).

Isidore H.—Edwin Carewe, and not Edwin August in "Kidnapping Father" (Lubin). You refer to E. H. Calvert, and not Francis X. Bushman.

F. E. G.—Thanks for the pictures. I am keeping all the souvenirs, postals, etc., that I receive; fine collection. Robyn Adair was Adams in "The Penalty of Jealousy" (Lubin). Frank Clark and Eugenie Besserer in "Wamba, a Child of the Jungle" (Selig). Yes; Bessie Eyton and Thomas Santschi.

A. M. S., Jersey City.—Earle Metcalf was Juan in "The Bravery of Dora" (Lubin). Edna Payne was Dora. Harold Lockwood in that Selig. Usually the company is at fault.

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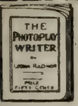

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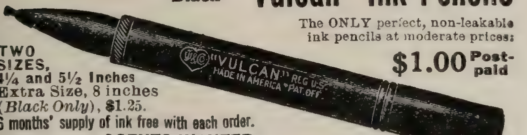
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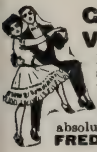

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Virginia Lee.—As to whether John Bunny wears silk pajamas, I decline to answer. He certainly can afford them, but I imagine he wears canvas ones. Since it is such an important matter, I will send out an investigating committee.

Mary F. J.—The companies release their plays to suit their convenience, and for various other reasons. Warren Kerrigan was the husband in "The Unwritten Law of the West" (American).

Sukkie Sal.—Your six pages have just been assigned to the waste-basket. Such questions as you ask! Please read the rules at beginning of this department. To answer your questions is about as easy as tying a knot in a cord of wood, and about as foolish. We wont be able to count all the votes for this issue.

Tom W.—Irving White was Joshua Ivans in "The Good-for-Nothing" (Lubin).

Peggy McMurrick.—Mae Marsh was the girl in "A Girl's Stratagem" (Biograph). Yes, good comedies are scarce. Even the Biographs are generally nothing more than farces. Death is jealous of a good comedy, and melancholy stands in dread. Every company is anxious to get good comedies.

V. Moore.—Blanche Sweet has not left Biograph. James Vincent was Harry Graham in "The Detective's Trap" (Kalem).

Emma W.—You mean either Thomas Santschi or William Duncan. No colored portraits of Rosemary Theby just yet.

Girlie O. K.—James Moore was Guiseppe, and Mary Smith the mother in "The End of the Quest" (Lubin).

Alice B.—Of course your votes were counted. Haven't the miser in "The Miser's Millions" (Cines).

Don, 444.—Romaine Fielding and Mary Ryan in "The Accusing Hand" (Lubin). Mae Marsh and Bobbie Harron in "A Timely Interception." Taken at Nogales, Ariz.

Kitty C.—Wallace Reid and Vivian Rich in "When Jim Returned" (American). Joe King was Kelly in "Texas Kelly at Bay" (Kay-Bee). Yes.

Chet.—Arthur Johnson and Lottie Briscoe in that Lubin. Ruth Roland, and P. C. Hartigan was Dick in "An Indian Maid's Warning" (Kalem). William Hutchinson was Mr. Woodcraft, and Anna Dodge was his wife in "The Old Clerk."

J. McL.—Mildred Bracken had the lead in "The Pride of the South" (Broncho). She plays opposite Richard Stanton. Dont forget that editors are privileged characters. We have a right to be ink-consistent.

Curious Chi.—Mary Ryan was the girl in "The Girl Spy." She plays with the Arizona Lubin Co. Yes; Romaine Fielding is coming up fast, and deservedly.

Clarence.—Yes; Lois Weber was the trifler in "The Trifler" (Rex). Yes; Marie Antoinette was one of the noted beauties of history.

Pansy.—Vivian Rich was the girl in "Youth and Jealousy" (American). Charlotte Burton in "The Road to Ruin" (American). Will let you know, Pansy.

Miss R. M., Maine.—Mabel Normand was Mabel in "His Ups and Downs" (Keystone). Myrtle Stedman was Kitty in "The Opium Smugglers" (Selig).

Peggy R.—Please dont send Canadian stamps for back numbers; send money-orders. Your questions are all about the legitimate.

Miss E. B.—Guy Coombs in that Kalem. His picture in January 1913 issue.

Pearl Y. H.—Communicate with American Co., 6227 Evanston Street, Chicago, Ill.

Alberta P.—No, not Mr. Schiller. Address it to the Western Universal, and he will get it. Thanks.

D. M. B.—Florence Hackett was the cousin in "Power of the Cross" (Lubin).

Leo B., Montreal.—Your letter is very interesting, and I am sure you have a pretty theater. I sometimes add one answer on to the end of another to save space.

Kalem Kid.—Lois Weber and Phillips Smalley in "Leaves in the Storm" (Rex). Mary Pickford played in "The Informer" (Biograph).

Dauntless Durham.—Was very glad to meet you. George Stanley was the brother in "The Two Brothers" (Vitagraph). Eileen Paul was the child in "The Bandit's Child" (Kalem). Why not write to the New York office?

C. A. L.—We expect to chat all the Biograph players, now that they have returned from California.

The Twins.—Robert Gaillord in "The Midget's Revenge" (Vitagraph). Jennie Lee in "The Yaqui Cur," as the Indian girl. Get your friends to leave his theater, and, perhaps, when he finds he is losing business, he will change service.

Pandora.—Tom Mix the outlaw. Francis Bushman is playing for Essanay now.

Miriam.—James Morrison was Dick in "The Foster-Child" (Vitagraph). Ruth Hennessy was the girl in "The Pathway of Years" (Essanay).

Kathleen D.—Edward Dillon was the lead in "The Springs of Life" (Biograph). Marion Leonard is with Monopol. Claire McDowell was the wife in "The Tenderfoot's Money" (Biograph).

Mrs. A. L.—Dont mind those little things. We expect to have a picture and chat with Frederick Church soon. I think it will be in this issue.

Louise P.—Gertrude Bambrick in "Near to Earth." Frederick Church is correct.

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Buff. 15.—Evelyn Selbie and Ed Smith in "A Woman's Way" (Méliès). Robert Thornby was the son in "The Spoiled Son" (Vitagraph). Walter Miller and Mae Marsh in "Brutality" (Biograph). Marin Sais in that Kalem.

B. H. D.—Irene Boyle was the girl in "The Open Switch" (Kalem). That's the wrong title. Everybody knows Anderson, Joyce, etc.; hence, their names dont appear here much.

Hazel L. H.—You give the wrong title on that Kalem. Always try to get the first word correct on the titles. Dorothy and Lillian Gish.

H. N. G., New York.—Helen Gardner is the actress you refer to. Dont know what Owen Moore is doing, but he is still with Victor, and James Kirkwood is leading man.

Pepper.—William Ehfe, Tom in "Tempest-Tossed." All Méliès' players have left.

Alice.—Ormi Hawley was the girl in "'Twixt Love and Ambition" (Lubin).

Sylvia S. W.—Elsie McLeod was the girl in "A Reluctant Cinderella" (Edison). Yes; Arthur Houseman was Dick. Yes, most men are patient.

Sis.—Jack Standing in "Diamond Cut Diamond" and in "For His Child's Sake."

Mary W.—Never mind, even tho Philadelphia is called a slow town, they have fast ball teams. Your letter is very bright.

Helen, 16, Brooklyn.—Isabelle Lamon and Richard Travis in "Thru Many Trials" (Lubin). Frances Ne Moyer was Maggie, and Robert Burns was Wiggins in "His First Experience" (Lubin).

Gertie, New York.—Florence Turner was the wife in "Up and Down the Ladder" (Vitagraph). William Brunton and Marin Sais in "The Bandit's Child" (Kalem). George Gebhardt and Miss Mason in "The Bear-Hunter" (Pathé Frères).

Kitty L. R.—Miriam Nesbitt was Queen Elizabeth, and Marc MacDermott was Earl of Leicester in "Mary Stuart." Mary Fuller was Mary, Queen of Scots.

Thurley.—Send $1.65 in stamps or money-order, and we will mail you "How Moving Pictures Are Made and Worked," postpaid. You can get all those pictures from Vitagraph.

Jean, 14.—Irene Hunt and Carl Von Schiller in "Birthmark" (Lubin). At the exposition, the General Film Co. had a large booth, and each night was assigned to one of the companies. Monday was Biograph; Tuesday, Kalem; Wednesday, Vitagraph; Thursday, Lubin; Friday, Pathé, Edison, and Saturday, Selig, Kleine, Essanay.

Gertie, New York.—Yale Benner was the salesman in "Ann" (Edison). Anna Nilsson is now playing, as she has fully recovered from her illness. Was speaking with her at the exposition. Hobart Bosworth and A. E. Garcia were the brothers in "Pierre of the North" (Selig). Dorothy Davenport was the girl, and Herbert Rawlinson was the sweetheart.

Jess, New Orleans.—Richard Travers was Guy Maurice in "Thru Many Trials" (Lubin). He is now with Essanay.

Chiquita.—Grace Lewis and Edward Dillon in "A Queer Elopement" (Biograph). Eleanor Caines and Jack Barrymore in "One on Romance."

Monroe B.—Pauline Bush and Jessalyn Van Trump were the girls in "The Spirit of the Flag" (Bison 101). Lottie Briscoe in "The Pawned Bracelet."

The Orphan.—Florence LaBadie and William Russell had the leads in "The Way to a Man's Heart" (Thanhouser).

C. S., Hudson.—You refer to Marshall Neilan when he was with American. Dolly Larkin and Carl Von Schiller had the leads in "A Romance of the Ozarks."

Elizabeth.—Joe King had the lead in "His Sense of Duty" (Kay-Bee). Others too old. Thanks.

Inquisitive.—Blanche Sweet and Mae Marsh in "Love in an Apartment Flat" (Biograph). Harold Lockwood was leading man in "Their Stepmother" (Selig). Joseph Holland was James in "The Birthmark" (Lubin).

Dolly J. C.—Wallace Reid was the artist in "The Kiss" (American). Vivian Rich.

Hazel W.—Stephen Purdee was the Jewish man in "The Pawnbroker" (Kalem).

Anna S., Buffalo.—I remain deaf to your entreaties—deaf as a door-post, and deaf is the definite article, as Hood puts it. I decline to name the best company and the poorest. Anyway, sometimes you see a poor play, and a fine one the next time, so how can we say that that company is best or worst? Every company has poor ones. Even the sun has its spots, and the diamond its flaws.

Beulah G. P.—Warren Kerrigan played opposite Jessalyn Van Trump in "Love Is Blind" (American). Dixie Compton and Isabel Rea. Yes; Edgar Jones, and Clara Williams opposite him. Marshall Neilan is now with Universal.

Bessie and Marie.—Lucile Young was Sally in the "Wayward Son" (Kalem). Edwin Carewe and Ernestine Morley in "Retribution" (Lubin). Wheeler Oakman was Richard in "Her Guardian" (Selig).

W. P., Bronx.—Not Edward O'Connor, but James Gordon in "Ostler Joe" (Edison). We already have a chat with Flora Finch, and it will be published soon.

Rose E., 14.—Julia Swayne Gordon was Cleo, and Rogers Lytton was the ballet-master in "The Tiger-Lily" (Vitagraph).

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Name of	Post-office Address
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Managing Editor, EUGENE V. BREWSTER	" " " " "
Business Manager, EUGENE V. BREWSTER	" " " " "
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EUGENE V. BREWSTER,
Editor and Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this thirtieth day of June, nineteen hundred and thirteen,

JAMES S. COLLINS,
Notary Public, No. 201, Kings County, N. Y.
My commission expires March 30, 1916.

[Seal]

M. E. P.—Guy D'Ennery was the husband in "Margaret's Painting" (Lubin).

Louise P.—Mack Sennett was the cabbie, and Ford Sterling was the rival in "The Handsome Driver" (Keystone). Joseph Holland was the Mexican in "A Perilous Ride" (Lubin). Harold Lockwood was Lieutenant Jones.

Melinda.—Dont be foolish. Fashion is a fickle and misleading jade. She is the will-o'-the-wisp that leads us, step by step, to the quicksands of financial ruin. It is nice to be well-dressed, but folly to be over-dressed. Yes, two- and three-reel features are quite the fad now.

Barbara H., Washington.—Mae Marsh was the girl in "The Little Tease." Thanks.

Anthony.—Paul Hurst was the foreman in "The Struggle" (Kalem). Baby Nelson was the child in "The Other Woman" (Lubin). If you refer to the "Diamond Mystery," no. Alkali Ike dolls are selling for $1.50. When Bunny gets out a doll, they will be $6, for they will be four times as large.

Viola M. D.—Francelia Billington in "Legally Right." Sorry.

Dorothy B.—Yes; Eleanor Blanchard is with Lubin. Your letter is not too long. Have tried about the pins, but dont know how I can please you all.

H. B. R.—Edwin Carewe had the lead in "The Harem of Haschem." Mrs. Costello was the lady whose jewels were stolen in "The Mystery of the Stolen Jewels."

Helen C. W.—Pauline Bush was the daughter in "The Jocular Winds."

Mme. Julius C.—*J'ai reçu votre belle lettre. C'est très amusant. Votre secret est recondet. Vous etes une femme Français, vraiment!* Earle Williams is solid with the Vitagraph, believe me. He visited this office only yesterday and assured me that he likes the Vitagraph studio, and, *entre nous*, that they like him.

ALL CORRESPONDENCE CLUB MEMBERS.—The time has come when I must resign as secretary and leave you to yourselves. You must now conduct your own affairs. The club got too big for me to handle. I will not accept new applications for membership hereafter.

Billie W.—Gwendoline Pates and Charles Arling in "The Frozen Trail" (Pathé). Guy D'Ennery, Ormi Hawley and Henrietta O'Beck in "Madeline's Christmas."

Christine N.—Jessalyn Van Trump in "The Great Harmony" (American).

B. A., Geneva.—Florence LaBadie's picture appeared in June, 1913, and December, 1912. She was chatted in January, 1913. The face is supposed to be the silent echo of the heart, isn't it?

W. T., Bay Ridge.—Lillian Wade in that Selig. Bessie Eyton was Wamba.

J. K.—The cast for "With Lee in Virginia" (Kay-Bee) was not saved by the manufacturer. Sorry.

Bud, Springfield.—Romaine Fielding was Bracey, and Renie Valdez was Renie in "The Weaker Mind." Crane Wilbur took both parts in "The Compact" (Pathé).

Renie W.—Earle Metcalf in "The Price of Jealousy" (Lubin). Sadie Calhoun and Edna Payne were the two girls.

Minerva C.—Louise Beaudet was the mother in "Cutey Plays Detective" (Vitagraph). Yes, you will continue to find mistakes, but several of the smaller items are done to save time in the films.

Dimples.—Marshall Neilan in that Kalem. Charles West was the traveler in "A Lodging for a Night" (Biograph).

L. B. B.—Irene Boyle was Ruth in "The Face at the Window." Earle Foxe was Harold. Lots of people are inquiring about Irene Boyle.

Rose B.—Have no cast for "A Woman's Heart" (Lubin). Ormi Hawley is in Jacksonville. She is expected back in Philadelphia soon.

Gladys.—Isabelle Lamon was the girl in "Violet Dare, Detective." Zena Keefe in "Cutey Plays Detective."

Alice, of Old Vincennes.—That was Harry Lambert as Johnny in "Cutey and the Chorus Girls." Wally Van is always cute, cutey cute.

Cook.—Thanks for your kind letter. Perhaps you will hear from us. Yes, I've noticed those black lips; perhaps she eats blackberry pie.

Skyrocket.—Irene Boyle was the girl, and James Vincent the lover in "Out of the Jaws of Death" (Kalem). No, I do not know so much as you think I do. As Tennyson says, "Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers."

Frances L.—Yes, that puzzle had everybody's goat. If it wasn't Beaumont, it was Fuller, and if not Fuller, it was Weber. It was very interesting.

Juarez.—Yes, send along the postals. Thanks. So it's Stane, and not Villa Stave or Stare. You want me to name the handsomest player? Well, it is not John Bunny, but it might be Frederick Church, for all I know.

L. H. G., 16.—Walter Stull in that Lubin. Nothing doing on the relationship. Be nice. E. H. Calvert was the brother in "Witness A-3 Center" (Essanay). Lillian Gish and Walter Miller. Thanks. Very pleasant summer.

C. J. E. R.—Clara Kimball Young was Zoe in "The Octoroon," and Ormi Hawley was Bess in "A Florida Romance" (Lubin). It is more blessed to give than to receive. Our address is 175 Duffield Street.

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Billy J.—Ormi Hawley nervous? Not at all. Yes, we are real people here, and we eat and sleep. We are not machinery. No, our clutch has not slipped as yet.

Melva St. Clair.—Thanks. All verses that come in go to the player, unless used in the magazine. Of course I go to the ball-games once in a while.

Jane, 95.—The picture is of Dorothy Kelly and William Humphrey. No cast for "Sweets to the Sweet."

Evie.—Thanks for the postal. Very thoughtful of you.

J. B. B., Reading.—Try Universal. William Clifford was Tom, Ray Myers was Dan, and Grace Cunard was the girl in "War" (Bison).

Edmund, D. L. H.—Have heard nothing more about "L'Aiglon."

Hortense D.—William Bailey and Beverly Bayne in "Hilda Wakes" (Essanay). Romaine Fielding was Joe in "Out of a Beast a Man Is Born" (Lubin). Juanita Sponsler was the blonde girl, Marshall Neilan the rube, and John Brennan the boob in "The Rube and the Boob" (Kalem). Marin Sais in "Shiftless Dan Smith." Adele Lane in "The Wood Fire at Martin's." Marshall Neilan in "The Blackhead." Edwin August in "A Mother's Strategy." Kempton Green in "The Yarn of Nancy Bell." Harry Lonsdale and Adrienne Kroell in "The Convict's Plunge."

Karl, St. E.—John Brennan and Mrs. Florence Hunt in "The Widow from Winnipeg" (Kalem). That was an unmanly and unnatural thing for the hero to do; but you know that "All's fair in love"—unless it be a brunette.

Dorothy E., Akron.—Here are your verses set as prose: Here's to the Answer Man, with his pen, sitting alone in his roasting hot den, scribbling and thinking every day, and wondering what would be right to say. But why do you always get so mad, at a lovesick maid or a silly lad? Now, really you should not be so mean to the ones who admire those on the screen. I'll bet you yourself have one picked out, and I'm sure you love her, without any doubt; but how could you help it? It is a shame. Be careful! she may be married just the same. So here's to you, and I'll have to close, you will be angry at me, I suppose. I know you will heave an awful sigh when I say, dear Answer Man, good-by.

V. E. L.—Vivian Prescott was the girl in "Bob Builds a Boat" (Lubin). Thanks very much for the furnishings. Very nice of you. Yes.

Anthony.—What! You here again? Thanks for the postals. New Orleans must be a busy city. Nellie Hopkins was Rose in "Her Atonement" (Lubin).

Harman, Md.—James Cruze and Mignon Anderson had the leads in "When Darkness Came" (Thanhouser). Gertrude McCoy in "In the Garden" (Edison).

M. P. Fan.—Francis Bushman is playing at Ithaca, N. Y., with the Essanay Co. Handsome? Certainly!

Peggy O.—Guy D'Ennery was with Imp last. No. Gladden James was Walter in "The Moulding" (Vitagraph). Irene Boyle and Harry Millarde in "The Mermaid" (Kalem). J. Bates was the fisherman.

Dolly Varden.—Peggy O'Neil and Robert Drouet in "Penalty of Crime" (Lubin). Charles West was the father in "A Welcome Intruder" (Biograph). Tom Powers' picture was in April, 1912. Your letter is very nice. Thanks.

T. H. C.—Leah Baird is King Baggot's leading lady now in England. They produced "Ivanhoe" (Imp).

Naomi, St. Louis.—Yes, you resemble Lillian Walker very much; by saying which we pay Lillian a high compliment. Roy Clarke was Dick in "The Noisy Six" (Selig). Your letter is very interesting. Thanks.

Wade, H. A.—Vivian Rich was the girl in "The Tattooed Arm" (American).

Doris, N.—You refer to Helen Dunbar. Gwendoline Pates and Charles Arling had the leads in "The Elusive Kiss" (Pathé). Anna Nilsson and Marian Cooper were the girls in "Toll-gate Raiders" (Kalem).

Cincy Kid.—Louise Glaum and Eddie Lyons had the leads in "On Cupid's Highway" (Nestor).

Miss P. H.—Thanks for the picture of Florence Barker. She looks as if she might bark, but never bite.

Marie E. D.—Dolly Larkin was Elsie in "A Mysterious Hand." Harry King was Bob in "The Burden Bearer" (Lubin). Vivian Pates was the girl. Dot Bernard is playing on the stage. That was Thanhouser.

Golden Locks.—That was a double exposure. Leah Baird says the Answers to Inquiries interest her most, thus showing excellent taste. She has written various scenarios. All players seem to be trying it.

Miss R. H.—Pauline Bush and Wallace Reid had leads in "Women and War" (Bison). Jane Gale and George Tucker had leads in "The Whole Truth."

Marie B.—Your poem is good, so is your Spanish. The Quakers were not heard of before the reign of Charles II. They first appeared in 1650. Fox, not Penn, was the founder. The director of that play was careless.

E. F. F., New York.—Carl Von Schiller was Tom, and Jos. Holland was Pedro in "The Lucky Chance."

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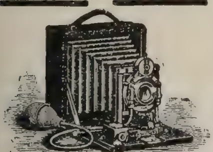

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After reading the stories in this magazine, be sure and stop at the box-office of your favorite Motion Picture theater and leave a slip of paper on which you have written the names of the plays you want to see. The theater managers want to please you, and will gladly show you the films you want to see.

Duffy, 372.—Virginia Westbrook was the girl in "Heart Lights" (Reliance). James Vincent and Irene Boyle in "Detective's Trap" (Kalem). Elsie Greeson was the girl in "The Sacrifice" (Kalem). Harry Lambert was Tom in "One Over on Cutey" (Vitagraph). Mary Clowes was Alma. Bessie Sankey is now on the stage.

Natalie F.—Anna Nilsson was the girl in "The Mississippi Tragedy" (Kalem). Charles Arthur says that crying scenes are most difficult for him to perform. He does not like to cry. The women players make the best criers.

Flossie C. P.—So you are glad that Crane Wilbur did not leave Pathé, and now you say E. K. Lincoln is one of your best. Oh, fickle Flossie! Pearl Sindelar. You have still got me wrong, Flossie, but we're all glad to see you.

Lucy Locket.—Ray Myers had the lead in "Sheridan's Ride" (Bison). Margaret Joslin was the mother-in-law in "Alkali Ike's Mother-in-Law" (Essanay). Lillian Christy and Edward Coxen in "The Trail of Cards" (American).

Idell K.—Mary Pickford is now playing with Famous Players. G. M. Anderson is a director. Edwin August says he hasn't lost one week in three years for vacations. But he seems to lose a few moments moving around.

Edith G. M.—Lucile Young was the girl in "The Wayward Son" Kalem). Irene Boyle and Harry Millarde in "A Plot for a Million." Joe King was Donald in "The Sinews of War" (Broncho).

Lovie Paul.—So you think Thomas Moore's clothes fit him nicely; yes, they do, they fit like the paper on the wall. Yes; Carlyle.

Bricks.—Yes, your votes counted in the contest. Lee Beggs has played anywhere from 500 to 1,000 parts—just where, I dont know.

W. R. H.—Yes; Warren Kerrigan can dance. Chat with Jack Richardson soon. You are right; walking-sticks were not used in England by gentlemen of fashion till about 1655.

Chester F. B.—No, my lord, it was Reva Valdez. A blind man should not judge colors. What we do not understand we have not the right to condemn.

Maurice.—After reading your letter and seeing how far short our wit falls, we are as crestfallen as a dried herring. Wrong, you are barking up the wrong sapling.

Joe A. K., S. C.—Yes; Thomas Moore has played on the stage. That is the foreign company.

South Par.—Romaine Fielding was the lead in "Out of the Beast a Man Was Born" (Lubin). He writes, directs and plays; The whole show.

U. R. Wright.—We shall probably get up a list of all the Moving Picture players some day. Dont know where such a list can be found now; guess there is none.

Dolores M.—Clara Williams was Miss Mary, and Brooks McCloskey was the boy in "The Teacher of Rockville" (Lubin). Dorothy Black was the little girl in "The Girl of Sunset Pass." Virginia Chester was lead in "Early Days in the West."

Jennie.—Anna Little was the girl in "Will-o-the-Wisp" (Kay-Bee). The earliest dramatic performances were of a religious nature. We dont see many of them these days. That Selig play was a lurid melodrama. Yes, some like them.

Alfred B. B.—Julia Calhoun was the stenographer, and Frances Ne Moyer was Sunshine Sue in that play.

Renie W.—Marshall Neilan was lead in "Cupid's Lariat" (Kalem). William Stowell and Adrienne Kroell in "Ex-Convict's Plunge" (Selig). Dollie Larkin and Carl Von Schiller in "Rustic Hearts" (Lubin).

Marjorie M.—Rosa Koch was Alice in "The Badge of Policeman O'Roon" (Eclair). Edna Maison was Rosie, and Alexander Gader was 'Poleon in "'Poleon, the Trapper" (Nestor). Harry Pollard was Antonio in "A Strange Land" (Powers).

Marjorie, Chicago.—Bessie Eyton in "Alone in the Jungle" (Selig). Maurice Costello is now playing with Mary Charleson. John Bunny has been on the stage since he was seven years old. Yes, he is a good rooter and also a good umpire.

L. C. G.—Yes, there are oil-fields in Pennsylvania; picture probably taken there.

Muriel W., Scotland.—Well, it's this way: in England and abroad she is known as Daphne Wayne, and in America she is known by her right name, Blanche Sweet.

L. W., Atlanta.—We haven't heard. Better write Kalem about that, and they will answer.

Martin F.—Ormi Hawley and Edwin August had leads in "A Mother's Strategy" (Lubin). Florence La Cina was the girl in "A Son's Example" (Méliès).

S. E. T.—Gwendoline Pates in "His Second Love," not Pearl White. Certainly, I practice what I preach, and I preach what I practice. I am always in bed by eleven, and never after seven. I couldn't do this work otherwise.

Heinz.—Jack Standing and Vivian Prescott had the leads in that Lubin. Richard Travers was Guy in "Thru Many Trials." The dollar sign ($) is a contraction of U. S., tho some say that it is a modification of the figure 8, denoting a piece of eight *reals*, a dollar.

Dot F. G. H.—Gertrude Robinson was Mabel in "Fires of Conscience" (Reliance). Yes; Lottie Briscoe played for three years on Broadway.

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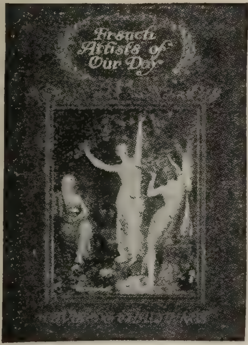

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ADDRESS DEPARTMENT B

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY PUBLISHERS PHILADELPHIA

Anthony.—Viola Alberti was the boarding-house mistress in "On Her Wedding Day." Ernestine Morley was the wife. Emma Bell was the mother in "Her Only Son" (Lubin).

G. H. D.—Just write Reliance for Irene Hunt. She left Lubin. Everybody was interested in that puzzle. There must have been twelve or fifteen thousand answers.

Coralie.—You are wrong in identifying me as a "bachelor, anti-suffragette, woman-hater and a mashy girl-despiser." Not guilty. My gun is loaded for you, but if you will withdraw the charge, I'll withdraw mine.

Etta C. P.—It is called the Florence Turner Co. Her address above.

Annette.—Gwendoline Pates was the girl in "The Artist's Dream" (Pathé Frères). Flossie C. P. is a female and not a male. Eleanor Blanchard thinks "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" is the greatest photoplay.

Marshall D.—Lillian Gish was the girl in "Musketeers of Pig Alley" (Biograph). She also played in "A Cry for Help." That was a mistake. The first telegraphic message was sent in May, 1844, by Morse, and it was "What God hath wrought!"

Tom, St. Louis.—Bessie Eyton and Thomas Santschi in "Under Fire" (Selig). Yes, I saw a sign on a building at Classon and Lexington avenues, "The Marion Leonard Co.," so I suppose she is out for herself.

Kalemite.—Your letter was quite long, but interesting. Prefer shorter letters this weather. The nights are getting longer now.

Herman.—Yes, I had a big soda on that shilling you sent in, and it certainly was fine. It is about 100 degrees here now. Thanks, kindly.

M. M. M.—E. H. Calvert, Dolores Cassinelli and Ruth Stonehouse in "The Unknown" (Essanay). Dolores Cassinelli was born in 1890, but keep that secret. Frances Ne Moyer and Walter Stull in "Beating Mother to It" (Lubin).

V. E. L.—Thanks for the pictures. Ruth Hennessy was the star in "The Star."

Amy E. C.—Carlyle Blackwell and Francelia Billington in "The Usurer" (Kalem). Powers. Why not read the ad. of the Photoplay Clearing House? They are a department of this magazine. It has proved one of the most successful of all departments. Many a successful writer owes his success to it, and it has been in full operation for only a few months.

Jewell F.—You will have to give us the title of those plays, otherwise cannot help you. Essanay have a company at Niles, one at Chicago, and one at Ithaca.

Miggie.—Edwin Carewe and Ormi Hawley in "Kidnapping of Father." Yes, we shall have a fine Christmas number this year.

Florence B.—Walter Stull and Frances Ne Moyer in "Fake Soldiers" (Biograph). Viola Barry and Charles West in "A Terrible Mistake" (Biograph). Mae Marsh in "Fooling Uncle." Biograph give names, but they are not booming their players much.

Ruby H.—Barbara Tennant was Miss Perry, and Guy Hedlund was Guy in "In Fortune's Pit" (Eclair).

Clarence.—Ruth Roland was the wife in "Curing Her Extravagance." Perhaps you refer to E. K. Lincoln.

W. D. W.—Rosemary Theby in that Vitagraph, not Lillian Walker. Blue eyes always to be trusted? "True blue," 'tis true, but not all brown-eyed persons are criminals. I'll wager you have blue eyes.

Yukon Kid.—Your letter was very interesting. The original and famous Flossie still writes to me. She has many imitators but no equals.

Constance B.—Herbert Rawlinson was Noel in "The Beaded Buckskin Bag" (Selig). Guy Coombs in that Kalem. William Clifford is a Canadian, and he was with Pathé, Kalem, Méliès, and now with Bison. He has played with Robert Mantell.

St. R. Brown.—Write to our advertising manager for the circulation of our magazine, but I happen to know that we printed over 225,000 copies last month, and they have been talking about 300,000 for this fall. Thanks.

Betty, 1915.—Ned Finley was Mr. Wynn in "The Fighting Chance" (Vitagraph). Harry Hyde was the tramp in "The Lady and the Mouse" (Biograph).

Mary Ellen.—The Pest belongs to the club. Harry Hallan was the father in "A War-time Siren" (Kalem). No, my morn of life has not passed, and if it had, I would not mourn it. We are as old as we feel, and I feel like a two-year-old. You people are very kind to take a personal interest in the Answer Man, but you take up a lot of time and room. The only time I weep and pray is when I learn that some poor, misguided soul does not love me.

Billy Rex.—Ethel Grandin is with Imp. Harry Benham and G M. Anderson in "Babies Prohibited" (Thanhouser).

Babe S.—Carl Von Schiller was Owens in "Rustic Hearts" He has left Lubin.

Anxious Marie.—Frankie Mann was Mollie in "Nearly in Mourning" (Lubin). In the pictures, as in oratory, it is personality that gives ballast. Personality seems to count more than fine acting. Some players are pleasing, whatever they do.

Helen M.—Your letter is very interesting, but you dont ask questions. Why not? Perhaps you know it all—what?

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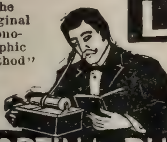

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Gertrude P. D.—Ormi Hawley and Edwin Carewe in "A Florida Romance." Edwin Carewe says the greatest poem is "Hiawatha." Flora Finch says it is "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight," but she probably means the greatest bore.

Cleon McC.—Bessie Sankey was the girl in "Broncho Billy's Capture" (Essanay). The face is supposed to be the silent echo of the heart, but some are far from silent.

Lilly M. C.—Thanks for the information. Robert Burns was the husband in "Meeting Mamie's Mamma" (Lubin). Blanche Cornwall has had stage experience; she played with Mildred Holland.

Nelene B.—Richard Stanton was the gambler in "Her Great Chance" (Méliès). Arthur Houseman was Jack in "The New Pupil" (Edison).

J. E. G., Brooklyn.—"District Attorney's Conscience" was a Lubin and Reliance, and Henry Walthall had the lead in the Reliance, while Arthur Johnson the lead in the Lubin. Buster Johnson is not the son of Arthur Johnson, but his father is the director of the Jacksonville Company. If Moses was the son of Pharaoh's daughter, then Moses was the daughter of Pharaoh's son. Think this over prayerfully.

Clayton C. M.—Al Garcia was the half-breed in "The Tie of the Blood" (Selig). Virtue comes in small packages, and vice in carloads. Every player has faults. You and I are the only two who could play perfectly.

Irene V.—So you want Arthur Johnson to stop throwing chairs around when he gets excited, or he will hurt Lottie. Well, Arthur is perfectly harmless, and besides, he's only acting. He wouldn't hurt Lottie for worlds.

Ellaye Phan.—Some reels are only 500 feet, and smaller, while most others are about 1,000 feet.

Roqua.—You refer to Charles West in "The Stolen Bride." His picture soon.

Patsy.—You refer to Charles West in "The Stolen Bride." His picture soon. not understand. Remember that a spectator sees only what he understands.

Marie W.—Edgar Davenport was the artist in "The Artist's Sacrifice" (Kalem). Thomas Carrigan was the lover in "Love in the Ghetto." Ray McKee was the office boy in "Sunshine Sue" (Lubin).

John J. L.—Edwin August and Ormi Hawley had the leads in "The End of the Quest" (Lubin). Jack Nelson was Farley, and Winnifred Greenwood was Belle in "Dixie Land" (Selig). Anna Nilsson is with Kalem—thought everybody knew that.

Tom.—You refer to Kathlyn Williams in that Selig. How about Vivian Pates?

F. B., Minn.—Ruth Roland was the wife in "The Fired Cook" (Kalem). Alice Joyce was Alice in "The Heart of an Actress" (Kalem). And now you want me to state which lady player has the best figure. Angels rush in where fools fear to tread, so here goes: Kate Price, Flora Finch and Margaret Joslin—take your choice. Medium-sized people dont count—they're too common.

Quiz.—John Steppling and Dorothy Phillips in "Their Baby" (Essanay). Tom Mix and Myrtle Stedman in "Religion and Gun Practice" (Selig), and Lillian and Dorothy Gish in "The Lady and the Mouse." Thanks.

Muriel C. D.—Kathlyn Williams and Harold Lockwood in "Two Men and a Woman" (Selig). Walter Edwin was Ellis in "The Phantom Ship" (Edison).

The Hoosier Boy.—Tom Mix in that Selig. Mae Hotely was Kate in "Kate, the Cop" (Lubin). Alice Hollister in "A Victim of Heredity" (Kalem).

Edna May.—Marguerite Snow and James Cruze in "A Millitant Suffragette" (Thanhouser). Claire Kroell was Virginia in "The Boomerang" (Kay-Bee). Virginia Westbrook and Whitney Raymond in "Heart Lights" (Reliance). Wallace Reid and Vivian Rich in "Youth and Jealousy" (American).

Dorothy D.—Edgar Jones and Clara Williams in "Love Test" (Lubin). Dorothy Gish was the girl in "Her Mother's Oath" (Biograph). First come, first served—as the cannibal said to the missionary. The only time I show a preference is when the inquiry is accompanied with a fee. Dont you suppose I have to have ice-cream, soda and other luxuries these hot days? Letters requiring research are sometimes delayed, even if they are "pay inquiries."

Roqua S.—Fritzi Brunnette was the girl in "Annie Laurie" (Reliance). Virginia Westbrook was the Southern girl.

Shorty.—Glad you won the race. Always give name of company. Betty Gray is still with Pathé.

Passum.—Perhaps the ad. was not very conspicuous. George Periolat was the old musician, and Warren Kerrigan was the new physician. Jessalyn Van Trump was the granddaughter.

E. H., Salt Lake.—So you want some company to do "Joan of Arc"? Yes, why not? You want Lillian Gish to play dressed-up parts? Perhaps she will, now that she is in New York. She can do anything, and do it well.

Jessie O.—Alexander Gaden was the leading man in "The Smuggler's Daughter."

Beatrice H.—Why, Carlyle Blackwell had the lead in "The Bell of Penance" (Kalem). Alice Joyce opposite him. That film is old enough to vote. The jealous sneer is a fool's acknowledgment of the wise man's merit.

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Agnes E.—Clara Kimball Young in "The Little Minister" (Vitagraph). James Young was the little minister. Margaret Steppling in that Essanay.

De Lorus.—The girl was Bessie Eyton, and the pony was not killed. Thanks. "Keep kicking" against advertising on the sacred screen. Persistency is the price of success. If the exhibitor insists, tell him you will go elsewhere.

U. No-Me.—Dont know whether Mr. Lubin is a Catholic or not, and dont see why you should. There are about 300 players in the popular player contest, and we couldn't print all the names.

Marion P.—Yes; Adrienne Kroell. The votes counted all right. Jupiter was the supreme deity of the heathen world; Roosevelt of this.

Irma B.—That is Frederick Church's picture, and not Brinsley Shaw. It would help a great deal if you spoke to the manager. Write him care of Essanay.

Chiquita.—Wallie Van has been with no other Moving Picture company. He is a motorboat bug. Florence Radinoff was Orphelia in "Sleuthing" (Vitagraph). Chat Nash Sisters soon, also Wallie. The three should go together, with Wallie in the middle so we can tell which is which.

Smilie.—"Roughing the Cub" was released in June. Hughie Mack had the lead.

Señorita.—Carlyle Blackwell lives in a bungalow in Los Angeles. Always write players in care of the company, and not personal addresses.

Anna H. O.—Watch this department for plays in which Kerrigan has played. No.

Frank Mc.—Whenever it is convenient, our writers always see the films before writing the story. Of course we go to the studios. Authors are usually paid as soon as the play is accepted. This is the method with all first-class companies.

M. K.—Ethel Clayton is with Lubin. Perhaps you mean Betty Gray. Thanks for the answers. Always glad to get information from my readers.

Carrie A., Freno.—Glad you liked Lottie Briscoe in that play. Yes, she is clever.

Melva St. Clair.—Fanny Simpson in "Love's Railroad" (Solax). Ray Myers was William in "His Brother" (Bison). Poem is very fine.

H. P.—The man you are looking for is Arthur Johnson, and he is with Lubin. He played in both. He is one of the favorites, and Romaine Fielding is another.

M. B. C.—William Garwood was the real estate agent in "Beautiful Bismark."

A Dixie Jewel.—Harry Myers meant to put himself in the chair. That was a joke. Reliance release days are Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.

Sassy Peg.—What a title you give yourself! Guy D'Ennery is with Imp.

Indian Lassie.—Yes, send in your questions, and they will be answered.

Florence D.—That was J. P. McGowan in that Kalem. Dorothy Davenport in "The Black-Hand Elopement" (Selig). Ruth Stonehouse in the Essanay. Yes, right.

Daisy Doll.—Edwin Carewe in that Lubin. Pathé wont tell us the child, and we do not get Frontier casts. You have got them mixed. Diana was the goddess of hunting, chastity and marriage; Venus, goddess of beauty, love and marriage; Cupid, son of Venus, god of love.

Johnnie, the First.—Miss Carney was the girl in "Faithful Shep." In Los Angeles.

Jeanne S.—Marshall Neilan in the Kalem. Dont know about his religion.

First Janice.—Ah, thanks! You think I do well for an old man of 72. Dont you know that Landor wrote "Imaginary Conversations" at 85, that Isaac Walton wrote at 90, that Hahnemann married at 80 and was still working at 91, that Cornaro was in better health at 95 than at 30, and that Dr. Du Bolsy was still practicing medicine at 103? I expect to edit this department for at least thirty years more—if the editor will permit, be I married or single. So you think I was joking when I said I was 72? Well, let it pass as a joke. The truth you may never know, and it is unimportant.

Sophomore.—Elsie Albert was the girl in "Snow White" (Powers). Vitagraph produced "Lady of the Lake."

Beckmesvelp.—I understand Julia Sanderson, a Broadway star, played the part of the chorus girl in "Two Daughters of Eve" (Biograph).

Elsie W.—Please dont write on both sides of the paper, and arrange your questions in order. Gladys Field and Leon Scott in "The Sheriff's Son" (Essanay). Walter Miller and Mae Marsh in "His Mother's Son" (Biograph). Carl Von Schiller was Tom in "The Lucky Chance."

Mary D.—Alice Hollister was the daughter in "Victim of Heredity." Gertrude Bambrick in "A Ragtime Romance" (Biograph). No fine this time.

J. R.—Blanche Sweet in "Oil and Water." Jane Fearnley in "In a Woman's Power" (Imp). Bessie Learn was the daughter in "Barry's Breaking In" (Edison).

Jimmie.—Alice Hollister was the wife, and James Vincent the husband in "The Wheel of Death" (Kalem). Wallace Reid was the first husband, and George Field the second in "Her Innocent Marriage" (American).

E. J. C., Chicago, says that he counted eight persons in a car, all reading this magazine, which proves that E. J. C. is very observant and that Chicagoans have very good literary taste. In Boston he could have counted eighteen.

Leone C.—Your letter is very nice, but a trifle long. The poem is good.

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Letters to the Editor

We should certainly have a department of this kind, and it should be much larger than this. Of the thousands of letters we receive every month, at least a hundred are worthy of publication. We here quote a few extracts at random.

Sergeant Fred M. Smith, from the far-off Philippines, writes to the editor:

If I were you, I would not be in the army. No, I would be the editor of The Motion Picture Story Magazine (something to be proud of), but that is not what I was going to say. I was going to say if I were you—by the way, do you remember what old man Cæsar the Great said after he chased the state militia of Pontes down the hill? He said: *"Veni, Vidi, Vici!"* Now that's exactly what I would print in great, big letters across the head of The Motion Picture Story Magazine—if I were you.

If I were you, I wouldn't be writing this letter at all; it would be foolish to write a letter to myself, but that is not what I was going to tell you. I mainly wanted to tell you that we—you and I and, of course, the rest of the world—can commence to look upon the universal peace as a sure thing, and all on account of The Motion Picture Story Magazine. Since I received your March and April issues of The Motion Picture Story Magazine, why, everything is changed. All the boys are sitting in groups, reading and discussing The Motion Picture Story Magazine. Work that needed a week to be done is now carried out in twenty-four hours; everybody hustles to get back to the magazine. I received about twenty-five different copies of The Motion Picture Story Magazine from people all over the States and distributed them, with the result that my credit is reopened with everybody. A native from the mountains saw one of the copies; tho he could not read, he wanted it so badly, to show the pictures when he gets back to his tribe in the mountains, that he offered me all he had—a G-string, which is the dress they wear in the mountains.

It appears that the Filipinos, after getting acquainted with The Motion Picture Story Magazine, forgot all about independence, and I think they'll never want it as long as they can get The Motion Picture Story Magazine. Of course, it will be harder still on the Answer Man as soon as the Filipinos become subscribers to same, and Flossie C. P. will look like an orphan compared with the questions they will ask, and I think the Answer Man will be in a funny mess when they ask him why Florence Turner wears stockings or why Bunny does not run around "dressed" in a G-string, or why the Answer Man does not talk Chinese, etc.

The soothing influence of The Motion Picture Story Magazine is felt even by the animals over here. We have a big monkey in a cage; he is one of the fiercest of his kind. The other day I went for a stroll, with a Motion Picture Story Magazine under my arm. He must have "spotted" it, for he suddenly commenced to jabber like mad, his eyes glued to The Motion Picture Story Magazine. I could see that he absolutely wanted to have it. It was the April number, and I would not give that to anybody to save my life. (I wouldn't tell you why.) I ran back to quarters, fetched the only, original, first and most read copy (10 months old), and it's surprising how tame that monkey is ever since. From morning till night he is seen now sitting in one corner of his cage, looking at the magazine and talking to himself. (Do you think Darwin was right?)

H. J. Jamison, of Alexander, Ark., writes:

I take this method of thanking you for the "Book of Portraits" which you sent me as first prize solution to the puzzle. If I were a bread-and-butter schoolgirl, I would certainly go into rhapsodies over the book, but being a man, and not given to such spells, I can only say that the work is the finest thing I ever saw in that line.

Many thanks. Sure, I will always be an enthusiastic reader of the magazine. May her editors live long and prosper.

Mrs. Alta Stevens, of Springfield, Mo., writes:

Perhaps it will interest you to know that I have been the recipient of letters from seven different States making inquiry about The Great Mystery Play, what correspondence course of study would I recommend, and what books I found to be the most helpful.

One writer even went so far as to inquire if I really received the prize-money. It is almost needless to say that her letter was the first answered. I assured her the $100 prize-money was in my possession. I might now further add that that $100 enabled me to become the owner of a splendid new typewriter.

I am still receiving the congratulations of my friends. And, no doubt, the play will be well advertised and largely attended when it comes to the Jefferson Theater—the leading playhouse of this city.

I am now ready to send some of my plays to your Photoplay Clearing House and hope they may be of sufficient interest to command attention. I wish you the success your excellent work merits.

From Palmerston North, New Zealand, comes this interesting letter, from Stanley Wright:

No doubt you will be a bit surprised upon receiving this epistle from one living "down under." I might state that, quite recently, a friend of mine loaned me a copy of your really splendid publication, The Motion Picture Story Magazine, and the notion occurred that I might be able to give you a rough idea as to what is being done in regard to "The Movies" in this far-off land. With a population of just over one million people, the Moving Picture business in this land is assuming a very important position, and when one considers that, in a country such as we live in, picture patrons are very well catered to. In New Zealand there are two firms, viz.: Fuller & Sons and Haywards, Ltd., who each control close on forty (40) Moving Picture ventures. Competition is very keen, and to keep right up-to-date the different concerns have to show only the latest and best. Visitors from other lands say that in regard to projection, etc., we are well served. We get, amongst others, some of the best that America produces, and Vitagraph's, Edison's, Kalem's Essanay's, etc., are easily prime favorites. Maurice Costello is the idol of the ladies; John Bunny is also a warm favorite and takes well with the kiddies. "Broncho Billy" Anderson (he of the

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winning smile) has a host of admirers. Then, again, that great little treasure, Mary Pickford, has a large following, and quite a number of the boys, on learning that this talented artist had entered the marriage state, almost shed tears. In this town, where I earn my crust, we have no less than three shows to a population of slightly over ten thousand, so you will easily see that we are well looked after. A great draw in connection with "Movies" in this land is an up-to-date orchestra, ranging from three to twelve players. If the music is not of a pleasing nature, patrons duly give vent to their opinions in no uncertain manner. I might also tell you that we have several film-makers in New Zealand, and one firm, named "The Dominion Film Company," turns out very fair stuff from their studio, which is situated in Wanganui (do you get this?). I read, with great interest, the letter published in your March edition and signed by Corporal Fred M. Smith. He should not be soldiering, but should be a journalist. I am now a regular subscriber to your magazine, and I can honestly state that I heartily recommend all my friends to become likewise. I know one gentleman (not a bookseller) who gained no less than fifteen (15) new subscribers to The Motion Picture Story Magazine in less than a week. Not so bad, say you. I went to Haywards' show one night last week and saw William Russell, of Thanhouser fame, doing the very stunt as per illustration in the March issue. I am looking forward to receiving the April number, which I know will be chock full of good things. I trust you will be interested in this small effort of mine, and I wish you and your paper every success in the future.

Edward A. Tifka, of St. Louis, says:

I enjoyed the last magazine very much and want to say whenever I get my copy it is a matter of first come first served, as to who reads it first. Usually it is the mother, and she, of course, is more than welcome. By the time the book is ready to be laid away for some time to be bound, it has quite a dilapidated appearance, so far as the cover is concerned.

Charles Haight, of Hoboken, says:

The unscrupulous directors and scenario writers care naught for the morals of the rising generation. The classics and society dramas are demanded by the picture-loving public. Also light comedies, educational pictures of historical and geographical subjects, anthropology, zöology, and the kindred sciences.

I consider yours the best magazine of fiction published. It is growing larger and better every month. I hope you will not consider me too pessimistic, and I wish you success in the future.

Another New Zealand letter, from William S. Syme, of Stratford:

I have had the pleasure of reading several copies of your splendid magazine, and as I notice you invite criticism of plays and players, I thought I would write you.

As is the case in the States, Maurice Costello is a tremendous favorite here, and, personally, I think that the first time I took any particular notice of any individual actor was when I watched his masterly interpretation of the part of Sydney Carton in Vitagraph's wonderful "Tale of Two Cities."

Though the identities of the Biograph players are not disclosed, I know Mary Pickford and have the greatest admiration for this wonderfully clever actress. I think one great secret of her success is that she gets every ounce out of each character she plays, and she seems to be at home in every variety of character. It is really bad news to hear that she has left the pictures, but let us hope she will return ere long.

I must really pay a humble tribute to Marc MacDermott's magnificent acting in "The Sunset Gun" and "The Passer-by," and I certainly think that he is the finest character-actor on the screen, tho I admit that Francis X. Bushman runs him very close, both of them being past masters in the art of making-up. Certain it is that MacDermott's brilliant acting is quite a feature of some of the best films put out by the Edison Company.

I am certainly of opinion that enough credit and encouragement is not given to the younger players. Such favorites as Maurice Costello, Arthur Johnson, G. M. Anderson, F. X. Bushman, Romaine Fielding, J. J. Clark, Ormi Hawley, Florence Lawrence, Florence Turner, Gene Gauntier, Mary Pickford and Alice Joyce, to mention a few, have made their names household words, and comment upon their acting is, to my mind, unnecessary—it speaks for itself. This, however, is not the case with some of the younger players, and I, therefore, think they should receive more attention.

I think the acting of both Lottie Briscoe and Mary Fuller is splendid, and, tho they are no doubt very popular now, I think they have even greater triumphs before them. Lottie Briscoe's work, especially in comedy, is delightful, and she plays her parts just as you would imagine your real, live, healthy girl should play them. I am also a great admirer of the work of Leah Baird, Zena Kiefe and Edith Storey, as their work always shows intelligence and care on their part.

I pick Biograph, Vitagraph and Lubin as the three greatest companies in the world, and one of the reasons for my choice is that all these companies pay the greatest attention to even the smallest details. I think nothing tends to give one a bad impression more than to see what may be regarded as minor details neglected. Ihave seen pictures that have been spoiled for me (to a certain extent, at any rate), because of apparent inattention to detail, while, on the other hand, I have seen what might have been only moderate ones made very effective and popular because of faithfulness to detail. After all, it is the little things that count.

Tho it is hard to pick fairly, I think the following pictures have given me the most enjoyment: "Tale of Two Cities," "Vanity Fair," "Black Chasm," "Enoch Arden, "The Battle," "Sands o' Dee," "The Passer-by," "Sunset Gun," "Colleen Bawn," "Arrah-na-Pogue," "His Life," "New Beginning," "The Two Orphans and the Devil," "The Servant and the Man." I was fortunate enough to read the stories of "The Sunset Gun" and "The Passer-by" in your magazine, and this increased my interest and enjoyment of the pictures very much. I always read right thru the pages devoted to "Answers," and tho the Answer Man has my sympathy, it is practically from his pages that I have learnt what I now know of pictures and players. I wish your splendid monthly the success which it deserves and which I am sure it has attained.

Just as this page is going to press we have received from Romaine Fielding, winner of the Popular Player Contest, the following telegram:

Eugene V. Brewster, Managing Editor Motion Picture Story Magazine: Your night letter received. I am indeed grateful to you, to the magazine, and to the public for the honor they have bestowed upon me. It is appreciated more than I can express. Romaine Fielding.

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The Hermit of Lonely Gulch

(Essanay)

By FELIX DODGE

GASHED into the broad side of the majestic mountain and lined with jagged, red rock, Lonely Gulch looked for all the world like a ghastly wound in the stalwart contour of Mother Earth. In the deep sunsets of those Western hills, even the dead and dying hemlocks that lined its edge like a hirsute growth seemed bathed in a crimson flood of life fluid. Travelers averred that never a sound had they heard issue from Lonely Gulch, tho had they but stayed to witness the fearsome descent of night into the deserted abyss, they would have heard great eagles swooping down to their eyries, uttering piercing cries, as tho mocking the swooning day. And at night the only sound that quickened the darkness was the hoot of lonely owls when the moon rose, as tho they resented this intrusion.

Yet deep down in the red glow that shone by day, and in the very pit of the blackness at night, lived a man.

For fifteen years no one had seen the face of the Hermit of Lonely Gulch. A decade and a half ago he had come and asked the way. It was evident that he desired to be alone.

Every Monday the Hermit left some money and an order for supplies in the hollow of a dead tree. The following Wednesday Jim Goss, the genial stage-coach driver, wheeled up and left the filled order. And so it had gone on for fifteen years, until Jim avowed that it had become as great a habit with him as the chewing of tobacco. In all this time there had been but a single backsliding on the part of the Hermit. Something like a year before—Jim remembered it well on account of the part he had played as deputy sheriff in a country-wide search for the escaped life convict, Frank Rodgers—the Hermit had missed fire. Monday morning found no note, no money, no nothing in the hollow tree. Had it not been the aforesaid convict and a tidy reward of $1,000 set for his capture, for which Jim would have wrung the tail of Beelzebub himself, the stage-coach driver would have violated the sacred code of the settlement and have gone right into the Hermit's lair itself to learn what the matter was. Jim thought a whole lot of people who left him alone, and his fondness for the old Hermit then had grown into a positive affection. There had been a whole lot of calls for quinine and whisky for that past six weeks, and that alone had worried Jim.

But, anyway, the note was there as chipper as ever the next Monday—tho the ordeal had changed the handwriting some—and the $1,000 reward convict got away, which ended the whole matter, and affairs resumed their customary routine. And Jim had chewed and spat, with his accustomed precision, for another whole uneventful year.

"THE HERMIT APPEARED A BIT FRIGHTENED AT THEIR INQUIRING LOOKS"

But something eventful for the business-minding settlement of Red Rock Ranch was about to happen that would reward its inhabitants for their fifteen-year wait.

The beginning of the sensation had been the delivery of the *first letter for the Hermit* during his lonely sojourn. Jim chewed a double quantity of "nigger-heel" that day and harbored a deal of disloyal curiosity.

The next day *the Hermit himself stopped the stage-coach* and accompanied Jim to the general store.

The natives confessed that years had not rested heavily upon the Hermit's brow. The white beard that they had pictured was only streaked with gray. The eyes were filled with enough fire to ward off the pardonable curiosity with which he was stared at. At first the Hermit seemed a bit frightened at their inquiring looks and seemed to shrink inwardly, as tho it were the outgrowth of years' habit. Then a sort of gratefulness came into his expression when he found their attitudes universally kind and well-wishing.

The next sensation was created when the Hermit bought an unheard-of quantity of curtains, ribbons and what-nots that a hermit could not possibly have the slightest use for. Jim let him down at the familiar tree and watched him reflectively as he disappeared among the red crevices with his many unwieldy bundles. Jim fairly filled his generous-sized mouth with tobacco and got it well lubricated before he drove on, belching forth a perfect cascade of tobacco juice.

Red Rock Ranchers, Jim, and all the rest of them would have been more mystified than ever if they could have watched the expressions that came and went on the Hermit's mole-white face as he made his way thru the darkling shadows of the Gulch. They would have been puzzled by the manner he assumed as he almost feverishly procured the letter he had received the day before and reread its contents several times:

> DEAR DADDY—Before mother died a short time ago, she told me of the foolish quarrel that separated you when I was scarcely more than a baby. Your lawyer tells me that he has received but one letter from you in fifteen years, telling of your intention to become a hermit. But I want to know and love and be loved by my father, so I am coming out next week, Friday, to where it will be the dearest wish of my heart to find you.
>
> Your little girl,
> JEAN.

He found an old piece of mirror and gazed in it searchingly at his strangely pallid face, as tho in search of traces of the man he had been in other days. What he saw evidently gave him little satisfaction, for he turned away, with a sigh, shaking his head. And he left his bundles on the bench outside the cabin, avoiding them as tho they had suddenly developed some dread influence.

Morning found the Hermit's face filled with iron resolution. He grimly ate a frugal breakfast, and then set about opening up the packages purchased at the store the day before. Now and then, as he opened them one by one, he would pause, as tho on the verge of some tremendous, adverse decision. Evening, however, found the little, spare room in the cabin fitted up in a grotesque dress of finery that could never have passed as a woman's handiwork.

Bright and early the following Thursday morning Jim found the Hermit waiting for him at the hollow tree, ready to accompany him on his down trip to the railway junction. There was something nervous and tremulous about him that made Jim feel sorry for him.

"Aint feelin' well?" queried Jim, for politeness' sake.

"Feeling fine!" was the paradoxical reply. Jim felt somewhat rebuffed, yet could not forbear adding: "You seem to be ailin' little in fifteen years, as far as I kin remember. 'Bout a year ago I missed your note. Came near givin' up the chase of an escaped convict to—whoa! came near goin' over that time. Better hang on a little tighter, pardner." Jim had grabbed the Hermit just as he had, for no cause except awkwardness, nearly fallen over the side of the rapidly moving coach. Jim turned disgustedly to his one consolation, outside of talk, in times of disappointment and trouble—his faithful "nigger-heel."

"LOOKED FOR A MOMENT IN HER EYES"

The train was late, as usual, and Jim took note of the fact that the Hermit had disappeared from view.

He espied him later, seated in the dark shade of the freight-shed.

"Well, that feller does certainly hanker after the most godless, sunless holes to be found!"

There was but one passenger to alight from the incoming train. She was a girl in whose hair, eyes and manner beauty hovered. The Hermit stood hesitatingly aloof, when she espied him and ran forward, with a glad cry and wide-open arms. Something in his eyes arrested her as she reached him. She paused, as did he, and they looked deep into each other's eyes. "Is this Jean?" he said, with an effort.

Then she put her arms around his neck and wept with joy. "Father!" she cried, "you are all that I have in the world!"

It delighted Jim to hear her talk in a voice that made him think of a song, and it made him equally mad to have the Hermit do nothing but listen, as tho afraid to ask her questions, and even hesitating to answer those she showered upon him. He seemed backward even in receiving her affectionate caresses.

Instead of Lonely Gulch bringing gloom into the heart of Jean Wilson, she brought joy into the depths of the Gulch to such a degree that the silence and loneliness were healed with laughter and companionship. The Hermit often came to Red Rock Ranch nowadays and, to all appearances, had grown ten years younger. One would scarcely have guessed that he was the father of that nineteen-year-old girl.

JOE BAILEY BEGAN TO MAKE FREQUENT VISITS

In less than a month Jean had won the heart of all Red Rock Ranch. In less than two months she had entered the heart of a man, and won that, too.

Joe Bailey was the youngest ranchman in Sorento County—and the richest. He had seen Jean entering the general store and had asked Jim to introduce him. After that Joe Bailey could be seen escorting the girl back along the dusty road as far as the hollow tree. She never permitted him to accompany her farther.

So two more months passed before the Hermit was apprised of the situation. It was Jean herself, in her frank, straightforward manner, that told him. Dusk was beginning to creep down the great hollow wrinkles in the eastern face of the mountain one afternoon, when Jean came running up to the Hermit, who sat on a fallen log smoking his pipe. He rose, with a queer expression in his eyes, to welcome her. He did not take her face in his hands and kiss her, as was

WOOED AND WON

his wont, but held her hands in his for a moment, and looked searchingly into her eyes.

"You are happy," he said. "Jean, so am I—and yet I am sad."

She picked up the string of fish she had caught and held it proudly before his eyes. "I am very happy," she avowed.

"Tell me, Jean; wouldn't you like to leave this bleak valley before another winter descends? You dont know what a winter is in Lonely Gulch!"

"BUT JEAN TOOK IT GENTLY FROM HIS HANDS"

"But, father, I thought you loved it!" she protested, showing some discomfiture over his proposal.

"I did, until you came, Jean. But this is no sort of a place for you. Tell me," he said, changing his tone quickly to an almost sinister note, "what has made you so happy?" He stepped back, eager, yet as tho afraid to hear her reply.

She looked down at the red sand, her cheeks taking on a glow that was of the same hue. The Hermit seemed to be holding his breath, anxiety and expectation struggling over his pale features.

"I am in love——" faltered Jean, at length.

"Wait!" cried the Hermit. "There is something you should know first. I have never told you what I should have told you."

"It is going to give you pain, father dear; that I can see. Dont tell me now. Perhaps it will make you happier in the knowledge that I love a splendid man—Joe Bailey."

The Hermit seemed to tighten up like a steel spring—such was the effect of the shock of the news. She was too filled with her message to see aught but the vision of her young love. "Yes—Jean!" he said, in a voice that made her look up. "I should have expected as much some day—it is better that it should be so —of course."

That was all that was said upon the evidently painful subject that day. The following day the Hermit went for a long jaunt and scaled the neighboring peak for the first time. Only once did he pause in a headlong walk during the whole hot day, and that was to scan a faded notice that had been tacked to a tree more than a year ago. It referred to the escaped convict that had once raised Jim's hopes of obtaining a thousand dollars reward. He read it thru several times, and then plunged into the forest at an even faster gait, mumbling some words between his tightly clinched teeth.

As a sop to his wearied and aching fatigue, he came across the path of a pair of lovers just before he turned near the hollow oak. They were Jean and Joe Bailey, murmuring soft words that melted into droning zephyrs, yet reached the wearied Hermit's ears as the roar of mighty winds. Soon he trudged on alone.

Jean, filled with the glamor of romance, found him sitting on the rough-hewn seat outside the cabin, peering into the shadows that crept inexorably down the mountainside. The vision fell like a cloud over her own happiness.

"Father!" she said softly, placing her cheek close to his, "I shall go away with *you*—if that will bring you happiness again."

He gently lifted her face so that it no longer touched his, and smiled into her great, brown eyes. "I have changed my mind, Jean. I shall stay here forever—in Lonely Gulch—alone!"

As was their habit when this subject was introduced and had brought mutual pain, they dropped it as quickly as possible.

"I made a strange discovery today," she said, by way of changing the subject.

"Yes, Jean?"

"Less than a mile from here—down in the very bottom of the Gulch—I came upon a curious pile of stones, surmounted by flowers. It made me feel a little uncanny—as tho I stood in the presence of the dead. Involuntarily I said a prayer and laid a flower on the mound myself."

"That was like you, little Jean. It *is* a grave. More than a year ago an escaped convict came to these parts, fleeing from a stigma which the law had laid wrongfully, yet eternally, upon him. Lonely Gulch contains the remains of that poor hunted devil. I, myself, placed——"

"Poor, poor man!" repeated the girl, tears welling in her eyes.

The Hermit seized her quickly in his arms, tenderly pressing a kiss on her brow. "You alone are perhaps the only person who has ever uttered those words—now too late!"

Another month passed, and the loneliness of autumn had begun to invade the shortening afternoons. The Hermit had been seen often in Red Rock Ranch, as tho watching the movements of some one. Several times he had seen Joe Bailey come out of the worst saloon in the place, with more liquor inside of him than was best for his good conduct.

At length the Hermit resolved to confront Jean with the situation.

"'YES, JEAN,' HE SAID SOFTLY"

"Jean," he said one afternoon, immediately upon her return from the Ranch, "God knows, I, of all men, would not interfere with your happiness."

The girl turned a pair of troubled eyes upon him. "Daddy, I know what you are going to tell me. I know that Joe drinks. He is gradually giving it up. He has promised

(*Continued on page* 172)

The Counterfeiter's Confederate

(KALEM)

By Peter Wade

THE advent of twin baby girls in the Chesapeake Foundling Asylum was a seven-day wonder in Baltimore. Their mother had been found, in a dying condition, in a miserably furnished room in the slums. She was an entire stranger. Bits of frayed finery, a rare old family ring, and the exquisite condition of the babies, all bore silent witness to the woman's former standing in life.

Not a shred of evidence remained of her identity. Monograms had been cut from her linen; the initials scraped from a silver brush; even the ring had a possible story erased from its band. In her efforts to lose her name, the faded young woman might as well have cast herself into the sea.

Not so with her survivors, however. They became the solicitudes of the city. At least a hundred people a day visited their crib in the asylum, and an enterprising newspaper offered a thousand dollars for the pair of most fitting names. Euphemia, Halcyon, Georgiana, Peggie—a double column of "handles" was offered by the interested ones.

But none of them stuck, and, with other news coming along, interest began to wane, then die out altogether. The busy town proceeded to forget the pretty twins, which didn't bother them at all, for they grew firm and rosy, six months each of gurgling, blue-eyed contentment.

Then, one day, a respectable-looking widow made the rounds of the asylum and expressed a desire to adopt one of them. It would have appeared fearsome to the mother, had she been alive to watch the proceeding, for Mrs. Baker, the woman in weeds, did not care which one she got. Her credentials stood the test, and, after she had signed the adoption papers, she made her choice.

The mother would have worried still more had she been able to watch the woman's procedure when she left the asylum. A cab stood at the entrance, and this she took for a space of just six squares. Dismissing the cab, she entered a street-car that was traveling in exactly the opposite direction from the address she had given.

When the car had wound into the heart of a dingy and somewhat illodored section, she alighted, carrying the baby, and walked up a shabby street to a house that had every appearance of being tenantless.

The woman let herself into the areaway, thru a heavy iron gate. She had no trouble in finding her way thru the dark, musty hall. When the baby started to whimper, she promptly clapped her hand over its mouth.

An hour afterwards, her stealthy performance would have been revealed to one initiated in the various tricks of making a living. A spiritless creature, in rusty, forlorn clothes, and carrying a tatterdemalion baby, emerged from the areaway and walked feebly toward a crowded business thorofare.

At the sight of her pinched face, and the hunger-light in her eyes, willing coins fell into her hands from hurrying men. The ragged baby was the final touch to her appeal. When the infant gurgled, according to its custom, she made it uncomfortable with vicious, concealed pinches. The ensuant cries brought more attention and more coins. Altogether, it was a clever, nasty fraud, set to catch men's pity for forlorn mothers.

At almost the same time that this atrocious performance was taking place, a fashionably dressed couple, seated on an incoming steamer from England, were turning over the pages of a Baltimore newspaper. Its heading showed it to be a month old.

"Oh, John!" the lady exclaimed, "do read about these wonderful babies. I would so like to see them."

"We'll be in Baltimore in a week, dear, and you may have your wish."

And in just six days two other visitors stood over the remaining baby's crib and watched its gleeful antics.

The man turned to go, but the woman could not tear herself away.

"She reminds me so of—of——" She placed a gentle hand on his arm, and he caught the look in her eyes.

"So many years ago, and you still sorrow?"

The mother's eyes, full of memories, fell to brooding over the foundling's crib. Almost unconsciously she picked the baby up and held it in her arms.

The infant frowned, stared intently at the lady's face; then stuck its fist in her lace and crowed contentedly.

"An extremely forward woman," vouchsafed the man, smiling.

"A perfect darling!" The woman with the memoryful eyes held the baby close. "I want to take her back with us—to fill the empty crib."

"You are always right-hearted and impulsive. It sounds jolly."

The formalities of taking the baby to England were soon dispensed with, and the superintendent blessed himself with getting such a fine-appearing pair of foster-parents.

A month afterwards the second twin lay ensconced in a silk-padded crib, in a beautiful English home. And soon she became not only the apple of her adopted parents' eyes, but also the grape-fruit, pomegranate and ripe date.

At the very hour that this doting couple stood over her abiding-place, milk-bottle in hand, and offered her food that had been given up by a special cow, that had been filched of her fluid by the old gardener, and allowed to stand for twenty-four hours while the housekeeper watched it, the other twin, blue-veined and elfin-faced, was muffled in grimy rags and held forth from strange face to face under a street-lamp.

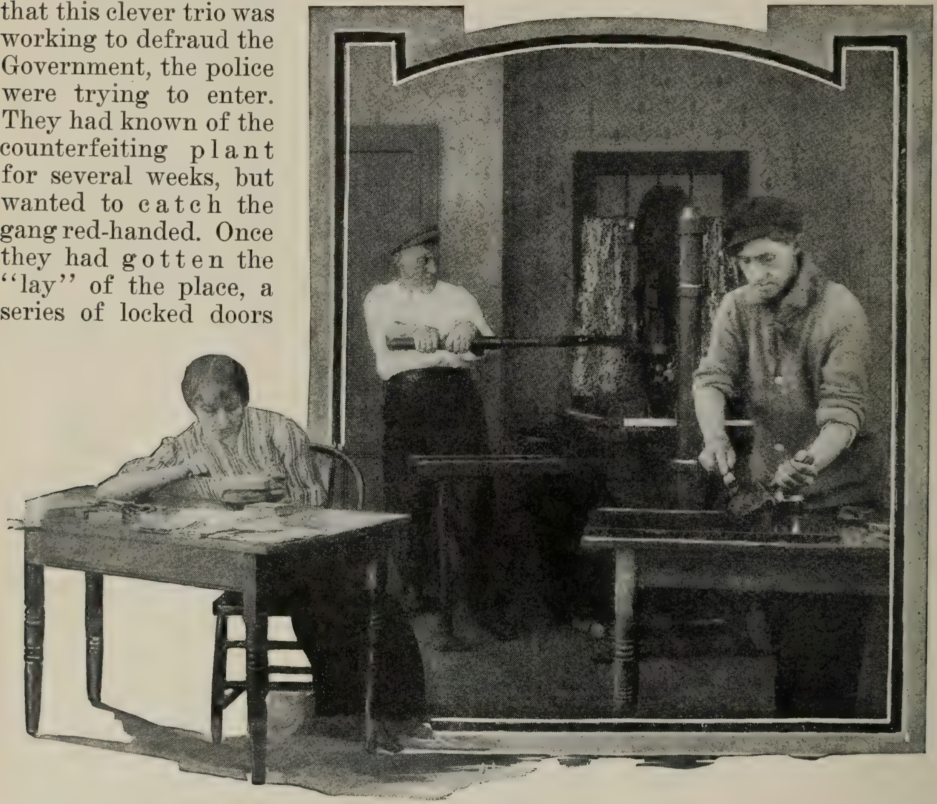
Twenty years passed, and our story begins again in a large room across the back of a tenement. A door leading to it from a smaller room, and so on thru a chain of rooms to the hall-door; each door with a well-fitted lock. A wretched arrangement for living-quarters, but well suited to the people that used them.

There were beds and a semblance of household things, but they were never used. The room in the rear was the practical one. There a massive hand printing press, a low engraver's table, drawn double blinds and shaded lamps, spoke of industry.

A young, pale-faced girl sat bent over the table, an engraver's burin in her quick, long-fingered hand. A ten-dollar banknote lay near her, and she studied its delicate traceries carefully as her rapid fingers pushed the sharp tool across a steel plate.

A burly, beer-fattened man was working the lever of the press, while his expert assistant centered a plate or drew out the finished impressions.

At the same time that this clever trio was working to defraud the Government, the police were trying to enter. They had known of the counterfeiting plant for several weeks, but wanted to catch the gang red-handed. Once they had gotten the "lay" of the place, a series of locked doors was a simple matter. One by one they gave way silently and obediently under the expert fingers of an ex-burglar in the police employ.



THE COUNTERFEITERS AT WORK

As each door was edged open, the bluecoats followed him from room to room. Now and then the creak of a board under heavy feet gave warning of their presence. But the gang in the lamp-lit room worked busily on.

Suddenly a sickening crash smote the rear-room door, and the blade of a fire-axe flashed thru. The gang scurried like rats in the walls of a house. Tools were feverishly clutched at; packets of "queer" thrown into sacks. The girl had ascended a ladder to the roof, and the men were about to follow, when the blow of a ten-pound sledge sent the door crashing inwards.

The girl on the roof peered down, saw the room full of struggling figures, heard a pistol bark twice; then threw the scuttle down and wedged a heavy bar across it. Her feet pattered swiftly across tin roofs, circled around yawning shafts and brought her to the door of a roof-house some ten buildings below. In a trice she flashed a key from her pocket and opened the door; then locked it. Ten minutes afterwards, with the tenement windows crowded with its inmates, and a crowd around the police patrol at the curb, the girl walked down the four flights of stairs and out into the street. She was within a stone's throw of the arm of the law, but her very indifference was more protection than the row of locked doors. The girl smiled half-wistfully, with a curious resemblance to the baby-smile that had looked up into the face of the woman in widow's weeds twenty years ago. Then she was gone, swiftly, down the street—stripped of her false coin; homeless; a fugitive from the pitiless law.

At the same instant that the girl counterfeiter fled from the raided tenement, a transatlantic steamer was docking in the port of New York. A young woman, in beautiful sables, the exact counterpart of the fleeing girl, was standing at the rail, showing every impatience to be off. Her dainty, black suede gloves and black charmeuse traveling dress showed plainly that she was in mourning.

She was Marion Purdy, the petted adopted daughter of English parents. A case of malignant typhoid had attacked both of them some three months past, and, with their passing away, the girl became a wealthy, cultured orphan. Among the papers left by her foster-parents she had stumbled across the record of her adoption from the Chesapeake Asylum, and the startling fact that she was one of twin sisters. Her letters of inquiry brought back vague replies, with the upshot that her sister had completely disappeared.

It was then that she determined to leave everything behind her and hurry to Baltimore, to take up the clewless search.

An hour after the steamer's berthing she was on a flyer, en route to the Southern city. A taxicab hurried her to the asylum, where she spent a feverish half-hour going over its records. The entry of the arrival of the twin babies, twenty years before, was plain, and a file of yellowed newspapers supplemented the entries with illuminating facts. Then followed the entry that the infant, May, had been adopted by a Mrs. Augusta Baker, Number 114 Bay Street. The entry of her own adoption was also clearly authenticated.

Marion left the asylum and ordered the chauffeur to drive to Bay Street. The taxicab spurred thru traffic and drew up in front of a gloomy, dilapidated house. Faded, painted numbers indicated the correct address.

Marion fled up the steps and pulled a rusty bell. Its hoarse jangling brought shuffling feet into the hallway, and a woman unfastened the door. She was a negress, coal-black, and had never heard of a Mrs. Baker, nor her daughter May.

Inquiries along the row of houses brought similar blank results, and Marion turned back to the cab.

Then a terrible thing happened, with the suddenness of a bolt from the sky. A pair of tinsmiths, suspended in air, were repairing the gutter of one of the ancient houses. As the girl passed by, a heavy hammer fell from the scaffold, turned over in mid-air and crashed down on her head.

Marion clutched at the wooden pickets, gave a bloodshot, agonized stare at the space of the street; then dropped to the sidewalk.

A crowd quickly gathered and stood, in some decency, around her sprawled, lifeless body. In a seemingly interminable time an ambulance arrived, and she was taken off to one of the city hospitals.

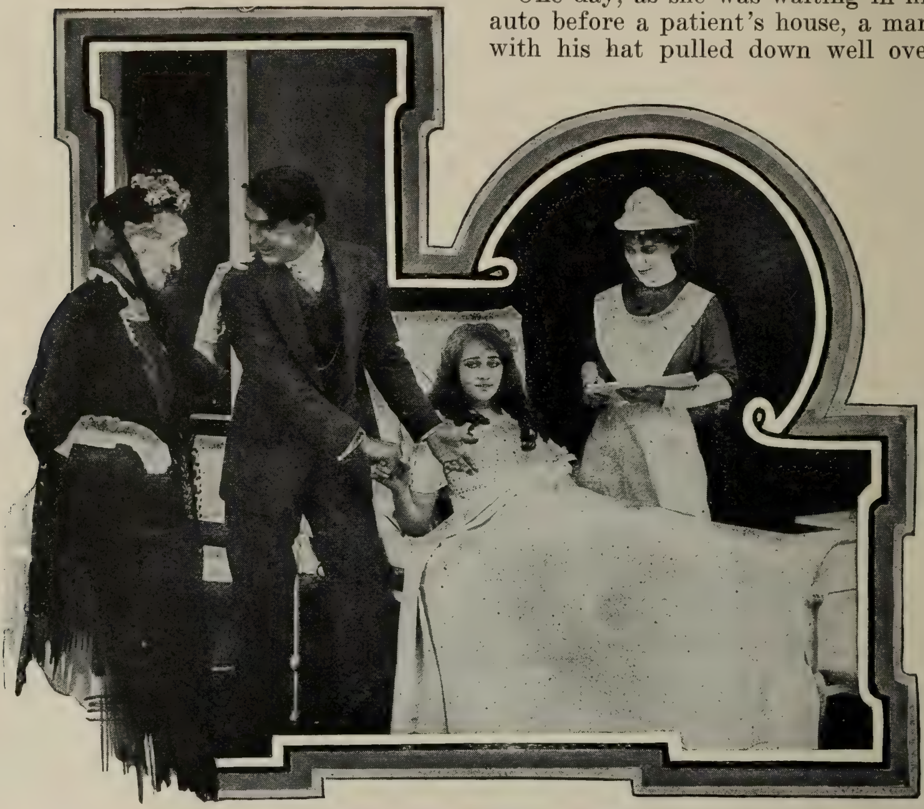
Three weeks later, a pale skeleton of a girl lay on a hospital cot and looked out across the ward with wondering, uncomprehending eyes. Her memory had completely fled, but life, young life, was forcing its way into her racked frame again and seeking the shrunken blood-channels.

A young-looking, clear-cheeked staff doctor bent over her and watched her vacant eyes.

"Tomorrow she'll be well enough to move," he announced to the ward nurse. "A strange case, and one that requires constant watching. Have her ready; I'm going to take her home."

And on the morrow, true to his word, his auto lay waiting at the gates for her.

The secret of her removal dawned on Marion when a motherly woman met her at the doctor's house and tenderly led her to her room.



"'I'M GOING TO TAKE HER HOME'"

"I'm Doctor Hill's mother, dear," she explained, stroking the girl's arm, "and we have brought you here to care for you in the privacy of a home."

Marion's mind struggled with the word "home." It seemed to have an ever-so-long-ago meaning to her that felt calm and beautiful.

"Dont let me leave you," she implored, with haunted eyes; "I feel that I had a home once—something that I loved. Now I am drifting, half-mad——"

"There, there, dear; be calm; the doctor and I will bring things back to you, never fear."

But the days lengthened into weeks, and weeks into months, without any signs of the girl's memory returning. Her life, such as its short associations were, was pleasant and surrounded with loving care. And as her strength grew, the doctor took her for airings on his daily rounds.

One day, as she was waiting in his auto before a patient's house, a man, with his hat pulled down well over his eyes, passed her by. He hesitated, stared her full in the eyes; then slowly dropped his left eyelid.

She looked at him in wonderment. The man came to the auto's side and thrust his fishy face close to hers.

"May, you doll," he whispered, "dont you know me?"

She recoiled from his evil eyes and sighed with relief at sight of the outcoming doctor. But the man did not go away. Something held him spellbound, and, with sudden resolution, he tapped the doctor on the arm.

"Doctor," he whispered, "I know you and want to tip you off. Your pretty friend is a crook; look out—be wise!"

Dr. Hill reddened and pushed the whisperer of evil tidings roughly from him. In another instant his auto was speeding home, and he had forgotten the unpleasant incident.

But the man with the fishy face did not forget. He stared after the figure of the disappearing girl, smiled, pulled down his hat and slouched away.

The following day was an unpleasant one, with a sea-fog creeping up from the bay, and a touch of a cutting drizzle in the air.

Marion stayed at home, with a childlike feeling of disappointment, and when the telephone rang she hastened to answer it.

"Is this Doctor Hill's?" came a thin voice over the wire. "Well, he's been taken sick, of a sudden, and is at seven-nine-four Clymer Street. Good-by!"

The wire buzzed a second; then lay dead. Marion held the voiceless receiver in a doubting hand. What was she to do? His mother was taking a nap upstairs, and had no head for emergencies. She had better take a car at once and ask the conductor to let her off at Clymer Street.

The girl slipped on her hat, pinning it as she hurried from the house. In a half-hour she had reached her destined street and looked about her for the ill-omened number.

It was a squalid, gloomy street, very much like the one where she had sought her sister, and Marion trembled with inexplicable fear as she hurried along.

Number seven-nine-four—there it was—a flat-fronted house, of crumbling brownstone.

The girl pulled the bell, but no ring came from within. Instead, the door slid open a few inches, and a capped head peered out.

"Oh, it's you"—she could not see

MARION IS CAPTURED BY THE COUNTERFEITERS the speaker's face—"come right in; the doctor——"

She had entered, and the door slammed to.

"Steady, May," said the man, gripping her arm. "We got you, girlie, and want to know what all this tango dance of yours is." She tried to pull away, to beat him off. "Easy, girlie"—a pair of cold hands circled her neck—"quit balkin'; the boys upstairs want to talk things over with you."

"THE DEEP, TIRED EYES OPENED" (PAGE 170)

Busy Dr. Hill was returning from a visit to a charity patient. His car lay waiting at the corner.

Suddenly the gleam of a pale girl's face shot by within three feet of him, and he gasped and turned. It was Marion, his patient, hurrying by.

With four quick bounds he caught up with her.

"Come back!" he said sternly. "You do not know what you are doing."

But, strange to say, the girl did, for she started back from him and took to running nimbly down the street.

The determined doctor promptly followed suit. The girl was athletic, singularly so for a recent invalid, and held her own at a smart pace. Unfortunately it was early morning, and the street lay vacant of pedestrians.

His excited calls only spurred the girl on the more.

The runaway turned a corner and halted, panting, before an old-fashioned, brownstone house. As the doctor slowed down to lay hands upon

(*Continued on page* 170)

FOR THE SON OF THE HOUSE

BY EDWIN M. LA ROCHE

(BIOGRAPH)

Eldridge Street simmered in the August heat. Five blocks away a funnel of salty, ocean air breezed up the East River, and even set the dusty leaves to wagging in the square of Corlears Hook Park. But the lofts of the cheap cloak and suit district might as well have been reared in Ujiji, or some other Congo sweat-box, as far as cool air was concerned. When a breath of a breeze had the hardihood to struggle up from the river, the heat from asphalt and flagging promptly seized upon it and passed it along as a current of warm, vapid air.

Heat or no heat, the narrow, sun-drenched street, with its walls of little windows, was always the center of ant-like activity. The calls of hawkers on the street, the jangle and jolt of metal-workers in the cellars and shops, and, overhead, the hum of ceaseless machinery, made a symphonic din that no righteous Jew could resist.

Above the store-fronts, each narrow loft is a veritable ghetto of busy piece-workers, who shape or stitch a lady's modish garment in the twinkling of an eye.

Number forty-one is the building we are about to enter and, if not short-winded, climb its four pairs of worn stairs. Cohen & Harris made beautiful ladies' suits, at seventy-two dollars a dozen, for the Arkansaw trade, on the top floor of forty-nine, and employed about twenty girls in the rush season. They were piece-workers, mostly Russian Jews, and if they coaxed and spurred on a sewing-machine head for eight hours, could earn six dollars apiece. After deducting credit losses, and the expense of a man on the road, Messrs. Cohen and Harris found that they could live like Christian gentlemen on the profits. The principal worries were to see that "shoddy" goods could be bought cheap enough, and that the twenty chairs were always kept filled.

Their girls were good workers. Now and then a slow one came in and bummed along on scanty work and three or four dollars a week, but Cohen had a hawk's eye for such drones and, space being valuable, promptly "sacked" them. Mr. Cohen's ponderous figure was, in fact, the most conspicuous ornament of the loft. His seat was on a little platform that brought his eyes level with the four rows of machine-heads, and if the wheels did not always revolve, nor the needle plunge into the cloth, Mr. Cohen got down heavily from his vantage point and interviewed the offender.

Mr. Cohen's words were sharp as a needle, and as much to the point. He knew at once whether the machine was to blame or its operator. A sharp box on the ear and a flood of tears were often the concomitants of his oratory. And, with the evil quickly and easily corrected, Mr. Cohen drew himself up on his platform again.

At present Mr. Cohen was occupied in climbing down. A little girl from the country, who had somehow strayed into this East Side fold, was the object of his attentions. She had come there a few days ago, and Mr. Cohen, struck with her pretty face, had engaged her. There must be, he reasoned, a little pleasure mixed with profit. But she had repelled his clumsy advances, and he had waited, with admirable patience, to catch a slip in her work.

The girl's machine had stopped, and Mr. Cohen was engaged in climbing down from the judgment seat. A snarl of thread from a clogged needle lay in front of the piece-worker. With downcast eyes, she felt the approach of the senior partner. A fat, dirty hand gripped her shoulder, and a stream of fluent Yiddish poured into her ear.

In another minute the girl had stumbled down the flights of stairs and stood in the hiving street. Her slight frame shook with pent-up emotion, and her arms made scarecrow gestures of despair. She had exactly six cents in her pocketbook, and not the ghost of an idea in her head where to go. Around her, as from a flat sea, the sun sparkled and beat up in her face from the pavement.

Mr. Cohen had inferred the easy path for her, and the thought of it started her hurrying away. A few blocks farther on the dusty, anemic leaves of the trees in the water-front park looked good to the girl—a touch of the farm—and she threw herself in a forlorn heap on a bench.

"HE HAD WAITED, WITH ADMIRABLE PATIENCE, TO CATCH A SLIP IN HER WORK"

Eyes were promptly watching her—keen eyes of the cavalier. Let a strange girl show hesitancy, fear or strangeness on the East Side, and one of these creatures appears. They are the inevitable, clear-eyed hawks of crowded places.

The youth benched himself by her side. A look of sympathy filmed his cold eyes. He placed his hand confidingly on her arm.

"You look done up, girlie, an' I got a brace of tickets for th' Island."

She looked interested at once and turned toward him.

"An' I'll stake you to some swell eats, an' we'll come home on th' 'rubberneck.' Goin' some, hey?"

As his arm stole round her waist, her eyes widened with anticipation.

"You're all right, aint you?" she asked.

"Sure, kid; take a tip; I'm th' little girls' friend."

The girl breathed a sigh of relief. Here was a friend at last. He smiled broadly and stroked her shoulder as a cat does with a mouse.

"Do you know this girl?"

The whip-like question cut across his broad back. There was no need to turn; the "little girls' friend" knew the voice, and the arm that could follow it up. He got up slowly and faced the big man in worn, black clothes.

"Sure I do—she's my cousin from th' country."

The newcomer caught the look of bewilderment in the girl's young eyes.

"You lie—you cant do anything else." His jaws set menacingly. "Get away from here, Joe Bernstein. I've seen too much of your work."

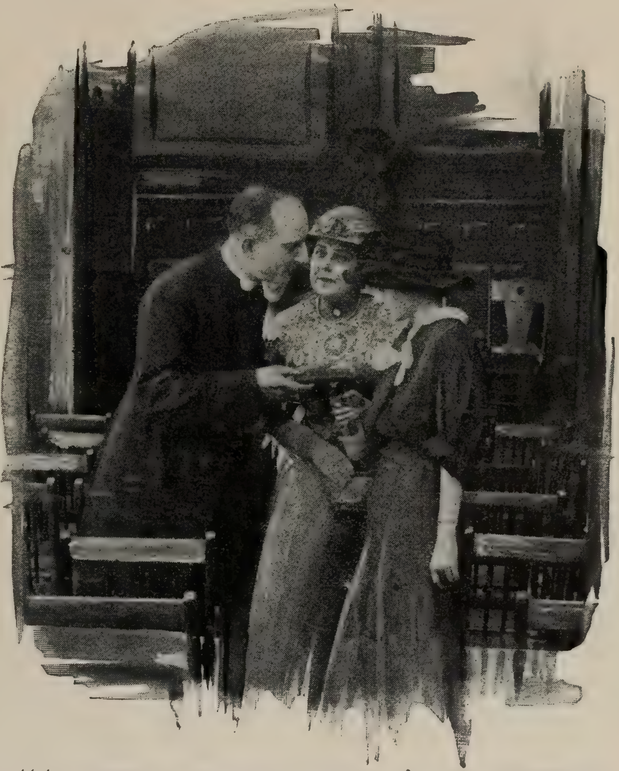
The "little girls' friend" puffed out his cheeks with righteous indignation, measured the man by his side, shrugged his shoulders and walked away, out of the girl's life.

"Come down to my mission—McAuley's—on the Bowery," the big man said, turning toward her; "it will do the sore heart of you good."

The six-cent girl with the too susceptible heart promised that she would go. She had never heard of a mission before, but it sounded good, and the man in the worn, black clothes had "straight ahead" eyes that comforted her.

"On your recommendation I'll be happy to give her a home."

A week had gone by, and it was at the end of a spirited mission service that the speaker, a blue-blooded lady from the upper West Side, volunteered to give the six-cent girl a chance.



" 'ON YOUR RECOMMENDATION I'LL BE HAPPY TO GIVE HER A HOME' "

The East Side worker parted with the girl with more reluctance than he usually felt. She had followed him to the shabby mission-thing of benches and bare floors on the day that he had fended her body from Joe Bernstein, the gangster, and since then he had gotten her lodgings in a home for friendless girls. She had come to the mission regularly, too, and he felt that her pinched soul was striving, in its way, for the open. It was the clean, bright look of her that held him most, however, with the pertness and neatness of a bird in her ways.

"You are going out into the world once more," the man in the worn, black clothes said, taking her hand, "with your bruised wings set to rights again, and the love of God groping in your heart. And you are going into a great house, among refined people."

"I'll make good," she said brightly, and he took cheer from her confident words.

An hour later, she had crossed the turbulent traffic of the city and stood at the entrance of a big, flat-fronted house on the Drive.

A grizzled butler admitted her. "You're the new maid? No trunk? Fourth floor, back."

Four floors up were familiar to the ex-operator, but not the feel of a heavy pile of carpet, nor the Sabbath calm of a great house. And her room was a little gem, with its white, iron bed and rose-tinted curtains and pictures as pretty as you please.

As she took off her hat and drank in the newer life, her heart fluttered faster than her stroking fingers.

"It's real!" she said, patting the counterpane; "no Mr. Cohen, no heap of piece-work, no smell of fried fish, garlic and bad breaths."

She could hardly tear herself away, to be led by the housekeeper to Mrs. Kensington's library.

The motherly-looking, white-haired lady who had singled her out at the mission sat at her desk, engaged in the mysteriously pleasant task of filling in checks. A litter of letters and circulars from charitable institutions lay sprinkled around her.

"Good-day," she nodded pleasantly; "you're to be my lady's maid, you know. By the way, what's your name, miss?"

"Kate, if you please."

"Very well, Kate. Fetch me a pot of tea and the things for two."

When Kate returned with her tray the most handsome young man she had ever seen sat opposite the lady. He did not stop in his talk, like Mr. Cohen, and stare at her, but went on sipping his tea and talking as if she were a piece of the furniture.

Kate had a chance to watch them and to listen, tho half the words were as foreign as Eldridge Street. One thing she could see, tho: the lady was just crazy about him. She swelled and smiled and colored to the tune of his drawling words.

Then, as Kate cleared the tea-things away, the talk dulled down, and the young man crossed and recrossed his legs and stared at the tips of his shoes.

"Mother," he finally blurted out, "it sounds silly, but I've got to have money. Mr. Bailey is good to me, and we get along first-rate, but it hardly pays the freight as yet, you know."

Kate left the room, and Mrs. Kensington walked over to a wall-safe and began toying with its combination. It was a simple affair with two ratchets, built to please impatient women, and it soon swung open to her touch.

"Phil," she said, thrusting a package of fresh banknotes into his hand, "my pearl necklace is in there. Do you think it safe? It's home from Green & Starr's—they matched some of the stones on the pendant."

"Perfectly, as long as we're in town." He folded the money nervously into his pocket. "By the way, how does it look?"

"See, Phil."

She thrust her hand into a drawer and drew out a long rope of pearls that swayed and glistened like the white belly of a snake in the sun.

"Splendid! Not even the servants know that they are here?"

"No one. Sometimes I take them out, as a treat, when alone."

"Miser!" He kist her gallantly. "I'll be home to dinner. By the way, who's the addition?"

"Oh! a girl from the Bowery Mission. She's soft and quick as a cat."

"And as reliable, eh?"

Phil was gone, out upon the street, and shaping his course for a certain placid-looking, brownstone house in the Sixties whose blinds were always drawn.

Inside, around its green tables and

their shaded lights, the same air of quiet gentility held sway. Men recognized each other with a nod, sat down, lit a cigar and risked a laborer's yearly wage with the complacency of a banker opening his mail. The place was known as "Millionaires' Folly" and had been in operation for over a year.

Phil had patronized it first as a relaxation, then as a hobby; now it was become his daily necessity. His luck swung up and down, always with the pitiless percentage of the "house" eating at his money. But that evening his broken nerves grew taut with the anticipation of the one great dream of the gambler: a coup. He came with the determination to risk his sheaf of notes on one high number, to play it persistently, and to quit the place forever when the magic roulette ball settled down at last on his choice.

"Forty-eight wins."

Phil heard the low voice of the croupier, saw a pile of bills fleck across the table and into the hands of the fortunate man by his side. Again and again he placed his stake on his chosen number and watched the silent spin of the wheel.

Something seemed to click and snap in his head—the ball had, for the twentieth time, just missed his number. His money was gone—over a thousand dollars.

Phil got up and sauntered over to the little, dark man at his table in the corner. He was always drinking absinthe, with an air of complete indifference to his surroundings. He was the manager of the place and, rumor whispered, its principal owner.

"'I WANT YOU TO RECOGNIZE MY I O U FOR TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS'"

"You know me"—the words caught in Phil's throat—"and I want you to recognize my I O U for ten thousand dollars."

The man nodded briefly, without looking up. "Make it for one week," he said, "payable to bearer."

Phil dashed off the easy note, glanced over the bills of large denomination and seated himself at the table again. The transaction had occurred as easily as buying a subway ticket.

This time he meant to win, in careful, methodical plays. And, in answer, the first spin of the ball brought a flutter of money to his side.

"It's a question of nerve," thought Phil, "miserly, cautious nerve. I'm in for a siege."

As a lonely milk-wagon rattled down the gray street, the homely harbinger of dawn, a drawn-faced young man left the house and hurried rapidly toward the Drive.

Monotonous words, like hoof-beats, pelted on his brain: "Ten thousand—all gone! ten thousand—all gone!"

He shuddered in the cool, morning air and let himself into his mother's house with a trembling, furtive key.

And by night, when he returned from the office section, one day of the precious seven had already ticked by.

The following day was a Saturday, and Phil resolved to spend the afternoon at home. Mrs. Kensington had gone out, and he busied himself writing at her desk.

The little ormolu clock annoyed him with its chatty tick, and he flung it savagely across the room, where its life unwound with a whirr and a piteous gasp.

Presently the new maid entered and, seeing him, faced about to withdraw. Phil caught the sheen of her neat maid's dress and the gloss of her carefully brushed hair.

"Come in," he called reassuringly; "you're not disturbing me."

Kate turned, with a long, limp bundle in her hands.

"They're flowers for Mrs. Kensington," she explained; "from the country."

Phil watched her deftly arrange them in a vase.

"I guess they're strange things to you. Do you like the touch of them?"

"Very much, sir. I was raised on a farm. We had lots of them."

Phil pulled a long-stemmed rose from the vase and thrust it at her.

"Here, take this; it has the feel of the country and smells good, too."

"Oh, thank you, sir."

Her hand closed round the stem tightly, and in an instant she whisked from the room.

Kate mounted the stairs, bearing the nodding rose in front of her. Its color had flown to her cheeks, and she almost flattened it against her door in her haste. Once inside her room, she closed her door tightly and clasped the flower to her flat breast. After a long while she quit mothering it and twined it in her hair, to sit by her window and to look across the sea of back-yards. Now and then her hand stole up to it and brushed against its petals. It was her first gift, a man-gift, with a giant stem that took root in her childhood.

The days tolled by. Phil cast absent-minded ghosts of smiles at the girl as she brought him early breakfasts. The due-day of the note stood out from his office calendar in letters of fire. At night the thought of his dinner, with one day more drawing to a close, choked off the semblance of appetite.

And at last it had come—the evening preceding the day when his debt must be paid.

Phil was alone in the big house. He had begged off from going to the opera with his mother. It was eleven o'clock, and the servants had, one by one, or in whispering pairs, trooped up the stairs.

The week had dragged by, and he had done nothing to avert the blow to his house. His brain was whirling in dizzy nausea from the strain.

The necklace! Why had he not thought of it? A week ago he would have crushed the thought back like a poisonous thing. Now it glared in the narrows of his brain.

How simple the whole thing was! Take the necklace from its nest, borrow the money on its flawless stones, pay his I O U on the nail, and set to work to win the money back again. His luck was bound to change; and with his mother away and the house closed, he had a good three months to master the cunning wheel.

Phil's eyes glanced at the safe in the wall. He had never opened it, but what his mother's simple fingers could do he was prepared to figure out.

She would not be back until twelve —perhaps he had better wait. No, the sheer weight and luster of the pearls set his fingers to itching and his brain to throbbing. He couldn't wait; he must take the chance.

Phil twitched out the electric reading-light, and only the elfin glow from the street-lamp below flickered into the windows. His hand stole out to the metal knob on the safe, found it and started to turn the slippery thing.

Suddenly a ratchet caught, and his heart knocked savagely against his ribs. With the intentness of a cracksman, he leaned forward and slowly twisted the knob in his fascinated fingers.

A slim girl, in slippered feet, stood by the portières. She was about to enter the room with iced tea against the coming of her mistress.

Click, click, click! The unholy sound caught her ears. She stood for a full five minutes clutching the newel-post, scarcely breathing.

Then a shadow lengthened across the room, and her eyes followed it to the safe on the wall.

Kate shouldered the wall and choked down a scream. Something familiar about the shape of the bent, broad back over the safe held her throat in a vise. And as she stared across the night, the safe-door swung open and a coil of shiny, beautiful things flashed thru the darkness.

How long she stood there she could not remember. The bell had rung sharply thru the house, and Mister Phil had dashed from the room and down the stairs. In another moment she heard the door open and Mrs. Kensington's voice addressing the butler.

Mister Phil could not have gone out. He was somewhere below, and in a dumb agony of mind she slippered noiselessly down to the floor below.

There he was, in the dining-room, and his hand was concealing something in the fernery on the dining-table. Again she watched him, and her heart flooded with warm blood as he slipped out of the room and went below to greet his mother in the foyer.

There was something terribly queer in his actions, but now it would all come out right.

"SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT THE SHAPE OF THE BENT, BROAD BACK HELD HER THROAT IN A VISE"

Mrs. Kensington and Phil ascended to the library. He turned on the light, and she instantly went toward the safe.

Phil's eyes followed her movements, above the top of his novel.

"I've worried so about my pearls," she said; "I forgot to wear them, and it got on my nerves." Her swift fingers were working at the knob. "Ridiculous, Phil, but I want to see that they're safe."

The safe-door swung open, and her hand fumbled in the drawer. A set of wrinkles formed on her forehead.

"Phil, they're not here—they're stolen!" she managed to gasp.

Phil flung down his book and joined her. He had known what to expect.

"This is a case for the police," he said quietly. "I'll station Henry at the door and instruct him to let no one go out."

Mrs. Kensington quieted down, after he had phoned to police headquarters.

"They'll be here soon," Phil comforted. "Nothing will go wrong. I've been home, in my room, all the evening."

The two burly headquarters men had made a thoro search of the house. No windows were found unlatched; no doors tampered with; nothing else had been touched. Henry, the butler, affirmed he had been in the servants' hall all the evening, and no one had gone up or down the stairs after ten o'clock.

After a tour of the maids' rooms, the detectives descended, with the air of a finished job, to the library.

"This is an inside job, ma'am," announced the beefier one. "Who sleeps in the little room at the head of the stairs?"

"My personal maid."

"How long have you had her?"

"One week."

"Where does she come from?"

Mrs. Kensington hesitated. "Her name is Kate Farnum, and she came here from the Bowery Mission." Troubled shadows caught in her eyes. "Tell me, do you suspect her?"

"Yes, her bed aint been slept in."

"Shall I question her first?" There was a half-appeal in her voice.

"No, ma'am. We're used to this—she may be an old hand and too fly for you."

Mrs. Kensington's hand hovered across the push-button. She pressed it as if an electric chair lay at its other end and Kate was strapped to it.

The girl appeared noiselessly from somewhere, and her eyes shrank from the stare of the two men with "coffee-cup" moustaches.

"We'll see her alone, ma'am."

Mrs. Kensington withdrew. The girl shivered, as with extreme cold.

"Come here; stand between us."

Kate took her place between the heavy men.

"Where's that necklace?"

A hand like a pair of ice-tongs grasped her thin shoulders, and blood-shot eyes searched close into hers.

"It's gone," she panted feebly.

The hand tightened on her shoulder, and a ridge of knuckles forced up her chin.

"Come; where is it?"

The room swam before Kate's eyes, and her tongue felt bloated and dusty in her burning throat. She clutched feebly at the inexorable thing on her shoulder, crushing out her consciousness.

Suddenly a long-stemmed rose nodded before her—red, full-petaled, cool with moisture. And a delicious something pressed it in her hair and against her splitting forehead. The ghastly look of Phil in the dining-room throbbed in her haunted eyes.

"Yes," she said faintly; "I took it."

The pressure on her shoulder and chin relaxed, and the girl's limp body swayed forward. With a forcing hand crutched under her armpit, she faltered from the room.

As the headquarters men, leading the girl, entered the dining-room, Phil and his mother arose. From her drawn face and agonized eyes they could see that the little tragedy was about to unfold.

Kate, like a sleep-walker, stole to the heavy table. Her hand groped in the fernery and drew out the sliding, coiling rope of pearls. She sighed, closed her eyes and waited.

"We'll take her to headquarters to-night, ma'am. A slick article, this girlie."

The terrible hand fell on Kate's arm again, and the three moved toward the door. Phil's face was working convulsively, and he tried to call out.

His voice tinkled on the air like a

"'WE'LL TAKE HER TO HEADQUARTERS TONIGHT, MA'AM'"

fretful infant's. The door was closed, and the girl was gone.

Mrs. Kensington heard his throttled call, and her mother-eyes measured his face. It was gray and twisted, with a look she had never seen before.

She flung open the door.

"Stop! Bring her back. I withdraw the charge."

The men with the "coffee-cup" moustaches looked dazed, then sullen, then amused. "Have it your own way, ma'am," said the voluble one, pocketing a neat banknote—"she's a crook, if there ever was one."

Kate slowly drew close. Something in Mrs. Kensington's look drew her on. Then, in the shadow, her hand was caught and a mother's kiss warmed it into passionate life.

"The rose," the girl whimpered, standing coltishly alone—"his rose; it was my first present, and, oh! it smelt so good!"

◆

The Cinematograph

By RALPH M. THOMSON

Who would have thought that from the dark
Could come so much of light?
Despite the deeds of those of mark,
Who would have thought that from the dark,
Thru lens and film and sputtering spark,
Men would reveal the night?
Who would have thought that from the dark
Could come so much of light?

A Leader of Men

BY KARL SCHILLER

This story was written from the Photoplay of LAWRENCE S. McCLOSKEY

Thru the murk of the alley a red star shone out, beckoning. It spoke to the man of dull preaching; hymn tunes whined thru untuneful noses; prayers and exhortations to a better life; but it also spoke of hot coffee, sandwiches—a warm place to drowse for an hour or so. After all, one need not listen to the goody-goody cant they handed out; one could sleep and eat and forget one's misery for a little. John Doran turned unsteadily and lurched toward the warm red glimmer, thrusting his numbed, raw hands into the ragged deeps of his pockets, away from the piercing fall chill. He was a huge animal, with great, crude masses of muscle, flabby from under-work, and the framework of a Colossus. But the face peering furtively above the shambling body was strangely blurred, a clay head that shows blurred features, but no soul. The face of a man who has done little—thought little, felt little, learnt little, aspired less. And with all his mighty, useless mass of bone and body, this man was hungry, penniless, with no roof to cover him this grim November night, except God's free tenantry of sky.

Within the mission they were singing. Waifs of sound pierced his resentful understanding as he slunk into a rear seat and squatted there—a hard, righteous, uncomfortable seat, but—well, it was warm. The cheery tune flickered out in a final wail; then came words of prayer, meaningless to animal souls sunk in the sloth of the slums. At last a welcome odor pierced to the only one of his senses that was on the alert—coffee! A group of pretty girls, slummers and wealthy, by token of their clothes, filed in from the rear room, carrying trays heaped with inviting white oblongs and cups of steaming brown. Above their mummery of gingham aprons the girl's faces gleamed like fine, high-bred flowers, alight with the zest of the evening's adventure. The East Side and the West face to face, with the gulf of a world between. Silently the derelict men and shivering, blue, pinched women on the hard benches snatched the food and crammed it down, in hard, hungry gulps. Doran reached greedily for his portion. Something forced him to look up as he did so. The eyes of the society girl and the outcast met—held—locked. A strange shock seemed to pass between. The girl bending over him was the essence of the feminine: the lure of ages in her face, slow curves, full lips, round cheeks; the man Doran was a cave-creature, masculine as Adam. And, for a long moment, the débutante and derelict stared into each other's eyes. Then, with a frown and a start, she was gone. Doran looked down at the coffee-cup in his fingers, a slow grin edging his features.

"Some chicken!" said he.

Perhaps that was why he was waiting later outside the mission, as the soft-clad preacher and his pretty philanthropists were coming out to their waiting autos. Again two pairs of eyes met and challenged beneath the winking red star.

"Julia Radnor, are you coming, or aren't you?"

The shrill feminine cry crisped across the frosty air.

"It's really cold, dear; you oughtn't to stay any longer."

The Eve-woman turned hastily. "Yes, yes—in a moment," she flung over one furred shoulder. Fumbling in her coat, she drew out a jeweled card-case and pressed a white bit of pasteboard into John Doran's hand.

"You look ragged, my good man," she said, with dainty condescension. "Come to see me tomorrow, and I can help you, perhaps."

She was gone, in a whirl of scent and rustle.

"Julia Radnor!" he read slowly. "Wonder 'f she's de millionaire guy's goil. Will I be dere tomorrer? Watch me!"

"A STRANGE SHOCK SEEMED TO PASS BETWEEN THEM"

The doorman at the Radnor mansion regarded the unusual visitor with austere disfavor.

"You must wait a minute," he said coldly. "I'll ask Miss Julia."

The reply must have been favorable, for the door opened, and Doran found himself in a great, soft, colorful room, the like of which he had never seen before. As his eyes took in, slowly, the miracles of chairs, deep carpets, bronzes, a rustle brought him face about to the door. Julia Radnor herself, a tall, fair vision in a lilac gown that shimmered as her hair, stood facing him, strangely expectant. Doran ducked awkwardly. "Youse said larst night f'r me to come, lidy," he explained; then waited. With a nervous little laugh, the girl came forward.

"Oh, yes, I remember. You are the man at the Faith and Hope Mission," she said. Her voice was round and rich and glided across the words. "How does it happen that you are out of work—Mr.—ah——"

"Doran," he supplied; "John Doran, dat's me!"

"Mr. Doran," she finished, "perhaps my father could find you some honest work to do."

He winced at the word "work."

"Youse is sure kind, lidy." His bold eyes were on her warmly. The girl felt herself flushing and resented it. She rustled across to a desk, drew out a long, black book and wrote across it hurriedly.

"There!"—she was holding out a bit of paper to him daintily—"here is a check for fifty dollars. You can buy yourself some clothes——"

Doran took the paper. His fingers grazed the pink tips of her own. With a reckless laugh he seized her hand and began to draw her to him. Whitening, the girl fluttered like an ineffective, frail butterfly in his grasp.

"Let me go, you big brute!" she said, in a low, intense tone. "I'll call my servants unless you take your great hands off. This is what I get for meddling with scum like you!"

The cool, biting words stung him strangely. Immune to harshness all his life, the huge man felt the thick blood of anger surging to his heart. With a curse he flung her aside, tossing the check, twisted, at her feet.

"I'm good 's youse!" cried a new John Doran, fiercely. "On'y I aint gotcha money—dat's all th' difference. I'll get it—a darn fat wad; then I'm comin' here to youse!"

He flung himself from the room, with never a backward glance to see how she took his words. If he had, he would have seen a strange fire flickering in her eyes as she panted against the table, where his hand had flung her. But, unknowing or uncaring, he strode down the street, out of the old, sluggard life, to the new. John Doran was looking for a job.

When a strong man hunts for work he finds it. It was not quite an hour later that Doran, wandering in the unsavory neighborhood of the dockyards, saw the sign "Help Wanted," applied and was accepted. He stood in the littered yards, one of a sweating, yet lazy, gang of laborers, and faced his remarkable metamorphosis grimly. Already two new lines about the angle of his jaws gave his face definiteness. He gripped the handle of his cant-hook with flabby fingers and swung it mightily.

"I'll show 'er!" he thought. "I'll get ahead!"

From this moment the current of his life flowed in new channels. He left the dives and saloons, where he was a well-known figure, and took a tiny hall bedroom in a dingy, respectable boarding-house near the yards. Here, one evening, as he ate a belated dinner, with one eye on a dog-eared grammar beside his plate, he felt the first touch of human friendliness and encouragement offered him in this new, hard life. The girl beside him, who had been watching his knitted eyebrows and tense jaw anxiously, leaned forward, laying her hand on his arm.

"Maybe you dont know me," she said timidly, with a gentle little smile, as he swung his glance upon her from the trying page. "I'm Laura Cowles, Mr. Carter's stenographer at the shipworks. I spoke to you when you were in the office the other day—the day you got your raise."

"Oh, yes!" John remembered the day—his first milestone on the way to money, power, "showing Her!"

"Well!" Laura's cheeks grew pinker. "You look so tired and grammar is awfully hard to understand—if I could help——"

"You can!" laughed the big man, gratefully. "It's this part here—I cant seem to get the sense of it——"

It was surprising how much a little slip of a girl knew, and how well she could explain things. That lesson was only the beginning of a series in which arithmetic, grammar, geography, history, and other remarkable, hitherto unheard-of subjects, bore conspicuous parts. During the lessons several things happened. One of these things happened to Laura. No one but the girl herself knew of this one—an outsider would scarcely have guessed it, save for a new light and wistfulness in her blue eyes as they rested on her great pupil; a faint tremulousness in her breath, and a coming and going of color in her cheeks as he turned to her with question or comment. But John did not see this. In his life, too, events were passing whose presence left their mark. By sheer will-power the sore muscles of his shoulders and arms were becoming iron to the feel; his fierce energy at his tasks, goaded as he was by the spur of his new ambition, won him notice, promotion, leadership. Carter, head of the firm, already knew him by sight and name; his fellow workmen respected him and looked up to him as one who had risen from their own ranks. Then, there was one more event that whetted the keen edge of his purpose.

"IT WAS SURPRISING HOW WELL SHE COULD EXPLAIN THINGS"

Julia Radnor and her father visited the ship-yards. There was no doubt that she saw him and remembered. The one glimpse John had of her face told him that, in a flare of blood, flash of eye; but he knew his time was not ripe yet, and gave her no sign. Yet as he issued curt, crisp directions to the men, he watched the visitors covertly: Radnor wholly engrossed in the plant he was viewing; Julia, beautiful as her kind, woman-wise, artlessly artificial; Carter, interested in his fair guest, voluble, the epitome of the successful master of finance. And, watching, his resolve flamed brighter—into a consuming passion.

That evening little Laura was sparkling with excitement.

"What do you suppose?" she cried, as John sank wearily into the chair next hers. "That rich Mr. Radnor, who was at the yards today, wanted to buy an interest in the firm, and Mr. Carter wouldn't sell." She leaned forward, glowing at the recollection. "My! but he was in earnest about it. He looks like a man who'd get what he wanted, too. You should have seen his grim mouth when Mr. Carter said 'No'! His daughter was with him—did you see her? She looks just as lovely as her pictures in the Sunday society pages."

"I didn't notice," said John Doran, but, at the other girl's praise, once again, hot and consuming, his master purpose leapt in his soul.

It was the next day the letter came, which he read, awe-struck at the wonder of it:

> Dear Mr. Doran—I've told my father of you and your remarkable progress. We are both very much interested. Wont you call and tell us all about it?
>
> Sincerely,
>
> Julia Radnor.

Once more he stood in the splendid drawing-room. But this time his reception was different. The great Radnor himself met him with outstretched hands. Behind her father, Julia smiled brilliantly. The next hour was a glowing maze—soft words, friendliness — a wonderful dream; then, at last, cigars and champagne, and Radnor speaking:

"You seem to have great influence with the ship-yard workmen, Mr. Doran?"

John nodded bluffly. "Yes, they tell me so," he said, wondering what was coming. Like lightning the next sentence crashed into the room.

"Lead them to strike, and I'll give you ten thousand dollars!"

John held his breath—ten thousand dollars! That much nearer Julia! To strike! That would be easy. Did not the men do as he told them—was he not their trusted leader? The question of the honor of it did not occur to him. He was one into whose child-mind ethics has not been born.

"I'll do it!" he cried.

Behind, in the doorway, a lovely face gleamed, triumphant, an instant between parted portières.

The strike was an absolute surprise. One day peace, contentment in the yards; the next, a committee of laborers, headed by John Doran, with demands for ten per cent. raise in wages. Carter was dumbfounded.

"Why, your demands are ridiculous!" he told them angrily. "I certainly shall not grant them."

John Doran nodded briskly. He had expected this. His face hardened to ugly lines.

"I've got the men with me, sir," he said significantly. "I'm afraid you're in for a h— of a time."

The sort of a time he had promised began at once. All day sullen groups of workmen stood about the street, talking in fierce, threatening terms; the great ship-yards lay empty; the directors of the idle corporation fumed and swore, but would not yield. In his fine home Radnor and Julia smiled in secret understanding as they read of the strike.

"I thought we'd fix 'em," exulted the millionaire. "I'll get control of the firm yet. I'll drive 'em to sell out. All we have to do is keep Doran on our side, daughter—and, well, I'll leave you to manage him."

At night the streets were riotous with ugly crowds. Open-air meetings flamed with red illuminations and redder words. At home, in poverty-marked cottage or tenement, the strikers' wives wept a bit as they looked at the empty cupboards, but, in the face of their husbands' wild mob-enthusiasm, dared not protest. Of the misery John saw little. Night and day he spent at the strike headquarters, hand on the turbulent wheel of the movement; issuing directions to Laura, whom he had appointed as stenographer; planning, conferring. At night he spoke to his puppets, flaming things that stirred them to riot; feeding their hunger, misery and class-resentment with his words. Sometimes, too, he went to the Radnors', where the millionaire praised his work and Julia smiled on him. Life was too busy for John to penetrate beneath the crust of the strike—the meetings, processions, flare and excitement—to the suffering below. His eyes were opened unexpectedly.

After a night of riot, in which the police had been called out and one of the strikers, a mere boy of sixteen, had been carried, bleeding, into his poor home, John, at his desk, opened a letter, which he read with a frown. At the end he laughed triumphantly and tossed the sheet to Laura.

"Looks like they were coming around," he chuckled.

"They offer a five per cent. raise!" Laura clapped her hands joyfully. "Oh, good! Now the strike can end. I am so glad!"

"End?" John laughed again, contemptuously. "I'm not going to compromise. Ten per cent. or nothing!"

"No, no!" Laura rose to her feet eagerly. "You dont know the misery you are causing. I've seen it. The children are hungry—the women are sick—there is no food or fire. Three babies died last week. A boy was shot last night—badly hurt. They are selling their furniture and burning what wont sell, for fuel. For God's sake, Mr. Doran, accept these generour terms. I've admired you so—but —if you refuse, you will be a murderer. Look around and see what you're doing. You'd be a heartless, soulless brute to refuse!"

She paused, her face quivering.

"'LEAD THEM TO STRIKE, AND I WILL GIVE YOU TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS'"

Then, with a shaky little laugh, she turned, took down her hat and coat and put them on, with tremulous fingers. "I suppose I've made you hate me and done no good," she said. "But—if you could know—you are so good—such a fine, brave man! I couldn't help speaking, but it hurts! Now I'll discharge myself to save you the bother. Good-by, John!"

If she had glanced back, she would not have known him, the alert, confident, ambitious leader, in the shocked, gray-faced man that crouched over his desk and, for the first time in his life, faced his own soul.

That evening the complacent group of capitalists, gathered in Radnor's library to discuss the probability of soon getting hold of the coveted shipyards, received a cruel shock. A white-faced, hollow-eyed man burst in on them and flung a crumpled roll of bills upon the table.

"It's your blood-money!" cried John Doran, fiercely. "Take it. I've done wrong, but I'll not do worse. I'm going to end the strike tonight!"

Radnor looked at the set young face and knew that he had lost—unless—there was one other card to play. He disappeared from the room, leaving his fellows to argue uselessly. A moment later he was back.

"Mr. Doran, my daughter Julia would like to see you in there." He pointed to the next room. John hesitated; then wheeled and went.

"THE STREETS WERE RIOTOUS WITH UGLY CROWDS"

"Mr. Doran—John!" Julia greeted him. He fairly gasped as he looked at the vision she made, in a gray-green evening gown, with low-cut neck showing her dazzling flesh and soft voluptuousness. The masculine in him sent him to her. The slight figure swayed toward him; in the uplifted face was invitation. He had her in his arms in an instant, his rugged face close to her flower one.

"God! girl—you mean"—the words stuck in his throat—"you'll—you'll marry me?"

She smiled up into his eyes softly. "Keep the strike going another two weeks and—I'll marry you."

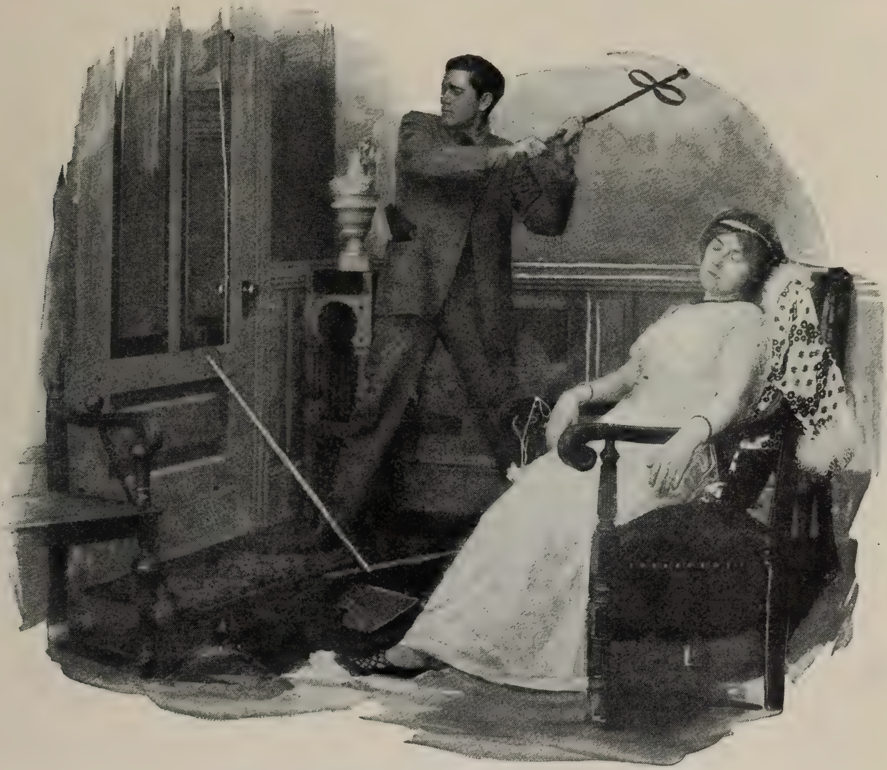
There was a sudden silence. In the hush John Doran's arms fell to his sides. He stepped back. The girl shivered beneath his look.

"So *that's* it?" he laughed out janglingly. "Well, I guess I've overstepped my mark. I was aiming to be as good as you—now I'm better. I know what honor is—you dont."

He turned stiffly, fumbling with the handle of the door. Suddenly the girl burst into tears, holding out her arms. "No — no — dont! I — I — father made me—speak to me. Wont you speak to me?"

He did not turn. With surprise at first—then impatience—then anger, he was shaking the door.

"It's locked!" His voice was like the roar of an angered bull. "They're keeping me here—away from the meeting." He hurled his great frame against the lock; the stout oak creaked and groaned, but held true. "They'll fake a message from me to keep the strike going—I'll fix 'em." The brute in the man was uppermost. Great purple veins stood out on his forehead. Oblivious to the weeping girl, he looked about him for a weapon. A brass andiron responded to his need. Seizing it, he attacked the door. Stout splinters flew; the panels wavered—a crash! The fainting girl saw thru the swaying of her world a mighty figure, towering giantwise, spring thru a ruined doorway, fight his way thru a dozen men to the balcony, jerk up the casement and disappear—then darkness. Knowing her true woman-heart at last—that she had lost her one man of the world—Julia Radnor swooned.



"A BRASS ANDIRON RESPONDED TO HIS NEED"

Into the strikers' meeting burst a strange figure of dishevelment and rage. Men stared in amazement, not recognizing. Covered with bruises, blood, his clothing torn, John Doran paused half-way to the platform, raising a hand for attention.

"Stop, men!" his great voice bellowed. "The strike is over. Never mind the message you think I sent—it was a forgery. I was detained." He gestured grimly. "You owe it to your wives and families—I owe it to you. We go back to work tomorrow, every mother's son of us. What about it, boys?"

And his answer came in men's cheers and women's thankful sobs.

"You?" Laura smiled faintly up at the big man. "I—I—supposed you'd be down at the headquarters tonight."

John Doran laughed down at her amazedly. "Why, haven't you heard?" he asked. She shook her head wanly.

"I—I didn't go out today—I had a headache——"

"The strike's off!"

The girl gave a little, glad cry, holding out timid hands. "I—I knew you'd do it!" she laughed thru a film of tears.

The man's strong face was very grave. He bent over her, taking the frail little hands in his strong fists, gripping them till they hurt with the intensity of his mood.

"No!" His voice was low and vibrant—but, oh, his eyes! The beauty of their look blinded her. "No, little Laura! It wasn't I. It was you. You've begun to make a man of me, dear." The tender word seemed to echo thru the world like a silver chime. He laid his cheek brokenly on her soft hair. "Will you marry me and finish the job, little girl?"

And then for a little space—Eden again, and only they two in the world.

"'WE GO BACK TO WORK TOMORROW, EVERY MOTHER'S SON OF US'"

The Blind Girl of Castèl Cuillè

BY IRVING IRVING

Adapted from LONGFELLOW

A DAY flavored with the spice of youthtime and springshine; a day of flowers and merriment and young men and maids! For once dour old age stayed behind closed shutters, and the light-and-shadow-flecked village street was a-lilt with gay laughter and artless youth-cries. Where the sweet-breathed baby-roses hung in festoons over the mossy stone of old Lucas' home, set in stately pre-eminence at one end of the green, a cluster of girls buzzed and fluttered petal-wise beneath, filling the new-minted air with soft twitterings and syllables like the swallows nesting under the granary eaves.

" 'Tis a fitting day for such handiwork, Margaret, sweetheart," laughed one, holding up to view a cloud of white muslin, whose folds she was embroidering with silk garlands. "A veritable bride-day, an thee please."

"Aye! Patience says truly," smiled another, looking up from flaunting her delicate stitches, with a smile. "How seems it, Margery, to be on the eve of such a strange happening? Ah me! I fear 'twill make thee purse-proud to become a matron."

"Nay, nay!" The speaker blushed divinely under the badinage, but spoke seriously, as tho her heart were behind her words. "Cease thy idle prating of such things, girls, or I fear me thee'll never be wed. 'Tis not a matter for jesting, but rather for prayer and meditation. As for me, I feel only wonderment, as, let me tell thee, I felt—it seems but yesteryear—when I joined the congregation in the church. Faith! and that was ten year agone!"

A pensive silence hovered an instant over the group, shadowing their mirth. Then a girl, who had been sitting silently on the side, sewing morosely, laughed out bitterly.

" 'Tis strange how things hap i' this grim old world!" she cried. "To one happiness, a lover—ah! a fine, handsome lover—betrothals, kisses, a chest o' wedding-gear! To another"—the bitterness deepened, tho she laughed again janglingly—"mayhap tears——"

"Why, Angela, sweet, what ails thee?" The bride-to-be flung aside her work and was on her knees by her friend, rose cheek pressed to cheek of rose. "Hast thou a sorrow, and never told me? Me, who walked to dame school with thee, shared thy primer and thy apple——"

"Nonsense!" Angela pushed her friend aside brusquely. "I spoke but wildly, meaning nothing. Trouble not thyself about *me,* my lady bride."

Margaret drew away sadly, her lip

beginning to quiver. She had no idea what was the matter, but she knew that a shadow lay across her perfect day. It might have been a shower, indeed, but for the interruption. He came loaded with daisies, like a brisk, west wind, Baptiste, the lover, into the group and to his betrothed, showering the golden and green armful about her, covering her work.

"One kiss, dearest, to match the day," he cried, boldly oblivious to the laughing circle and the blush of protest in her cheeks. "A fair sky, a fair maid—good omens, all!"

"Nay, nay, foolish one; wouldst shame me afore all the maids?" Margaret bent beneath his arms; a twist, a glide, and she was free and daring him from the path beyond. "'Tis like thee'll get thy kiss for the mere asking, Master Cocksure. Catch me, an' thou canst!"

She gathered her sober skirts in one small, vital hand, her face agleam with mischief.

"Come on, all of thee!" she cried. "Leave thy dull stitches. See! the spring is here. Who knows who'll be the next bride among us? Whoever catches me the next wed shall be! Try thy fortune and nimbleness, and win a lover, girls." She was off like a lithe, young hare across the greensward, with the whole mob of them after, laughing, yet eager to win; for the dull gray dogmas and beliefs of the day were filmed with the rose and red of superstition, and—to the young, at least—witches, spells, fairies and omens were living things.

"HE CAME LOADED WITH DAISIES, LIKE A BRISK, WEST WIND"

Only one did not follow. Angela turned scornfully away. Baptiste looked at her wonderingly and touched her arm with the friendly freedom of the old playmate.

"Why goest thou not with the others, Angela?" he asked gently. She drew away, looking him full in the face with meaning eyes.

"Aye! that comes well from thee, Baptiste," she cried defiantly. "Wouldst know why I do not run? Well, I will tell thee. 'Tis because

I, at least, shall not be the next bride."

She turned slowly and was gone, leaving the leaden echo of her words heavy, like a sullen discord in the harmonious day. Baptiste looked after her a long while, strange thoughts flickering to his face; then, half-smiling, he went to join his betrothed.

The group of girls had halted before a tiny cottage on the mountain road, where lived an old woman who, some said, with bated breath, was a witch and could, if she would, foretell the future. As Baptiste came up, he was just in time to hear the bleared old crone saying to Margaret, with a baleful shake of her staff and ghastly chuckle:

"Beware, girl, lest thy false bridegroom dig thee a grave!"

For a moment the girl stood rigid, paling beneath the shock of the vicious words. Then Baptiste was at her side, bending over her, smiling. "Tut! tut! sweetheart, dost harken to an old crone's folly when *I* am by?"

She turned wildly, flinging her arms about his neck with such abandon that the other girls, abashed, stole away, leaving the lovers.

"Nay, nay, Baptiste!" she cried, returning joy flooding her face and tone. "That were impossible, dear heart. I did but jest with old Jane's necromancies. *I* doubt *thee?* Never!"

They strolled on down the sunny road toward Margaret's cottage, but a strange tint had tarnished the glory of the sunshine, and a faint chill had crept athwart the day. Old Jane watched them, jaws mumbling, head a-quiver.

"Aye, aye! ye walk surely now who soon may stumble; ye smile who may yet weep," she muttered. "An' 'tis soon—aye, very soon."

Untroubled by her omens, the lovers lingered along the way.

"See, Margaret, a rabbit! A fine, fat rabbit for a stew," cried Baptiste, suddenly pointing ahead. "Lucky I brought along my musket."

"Nay, nay, lad, let the pretty thing live," said Margaret, catching at his arm. But it was too late. Already a shot had cloven the gentle air, and the pretty heap of fur in the dust would never leap again.

"Wait, silly one, until thee sees the fine, savory stew he'll make," laughed the sportsman, as he saw her face clouding. "Come home swiftly now, or we'll be over-late for midday meal."

It was a half-hour later that it happened, as old Jane had said. Baptiste's powder-horn fell clattering from the mantel-shelf into the fire as Margaret bent above the coals to hang the pot over the flame. The crash that followed shook the cottage, half-stunning Baptiste, and bringing young brother Paul and the old father swiftly to the place. On the floor lay the girl—a moment before a laughing, joyous creature of love and sun; now a moaning heap that quivered and beat, with hopeless fingers, at her eyes. The father was the first to aid.

"Paul, lad, make thee haste to the apothecary. Baptiste, aid me to lift her to the settle. Easy now. Aye, sweet, thee'll soon be well. Oh, good Lord! hear me and save my little lass."

Baptiste knelt dazedly by the settle, his horrified eyes upon his sweetheart's face—burned in red streaks, powder-flecked, but, worst of all, the eyes. He shuddered and shrank away, his head whirling. In a maze he saw the boy return with the physician, saw the old man's grave face and heard — alas! alas! — his whispered words to the father: "She will live, but be blind."

Blind! Oh, God, no! Not *Margaret;* but yes, so they said, and he himself had seen her eyes. Ah! those horrible eyes! Suddenly Baptiste bent forward over the maimed girl, brushing one hand with a swift kiss.

"Margaret—love!" he whispered brokenly. "I must leave thee, but I will return. Farewell, sweet—till then——"

And he was gone. But her hand still felt his lips, and even beneath her pain the girl smiled.

"He will return——" she murmured blissfully.

Days passed. He never came. Once, indeed, she thought she felt his presence by the window. But when, beneath her merciful bandages, her lips cried out his name joyfully, he had not answered; so she had known it could never have been her lover come to her.

"But he will return—he said it," she murmured. And the weeks slipped into months as she waited; but in her house of darkness she did not know the lapse of time.

As for him, his heart burned with shame, but his feet refused to bear him to the side of her who had been his betrothed.

"I am young," he muttered savagely. "I have my years before me. There be other maids i' the world who can see as well as hear. I grieve for her—but—well, I am young!"

So he went away. Angela watched him depart.

"And Margaret?" she inquired sweetly.

He groaned. "I know I am a knave," he cried. "But to live always with a maimed one—to see her sightless eyes! God forgive me! I cannot do so. I will never return."

Angela smiled. Her flower-face swayed a fraction nearer. Her lips burned red in his sight as the passion-vine on the crumble of the wall.

"'BLIND! OH, GOD, NO! NOT MARGARET'"

"Aye, aye! thee'll come back, Baptiste," she whispered softly. "Thee'll come back some day."

And so it was that it was her face he carried with him out into the world; her words that echoed in his hearing adown the months, until spring fired the earth anew with old, old primal warmth and glory, and the passion-vines burned like a lassie's lips before his eyes. And his feet turned aside from their sheep-herding toward home.

To the wayfarer's hungry eyes the old, familiar scenes were like manna

—the stone cottage, rose-strung; the tiny church; the maids and men gossiping across springtide gates.

"I will go to Margaret," said his lips. "To Angela," cried his heart. "She waits for thee. She told thee she would wait. Her cheeks are warm petals, her lips fire and dew, and her eyes see thee, Baptiste, and long for thee."

She was in the garden, stooping above her scarlet blossoms, vivid, alive. Before he knew it, his arms were about her, and his passionate kisses stained her lips a deeper crimson.

"Maid, maid, truly I believe thou hast the eye of a witch," he cried brokenly. "I have tried not to harken, but 'twas of no avail. I love thee, Angela. Wilt marry me, my sweet?"

"Aye, Baptiste!" He did not see the triumph in her eyes, only the answering flash of her spirit to his own. "Truly I think 'tis fate, lad."

He kist her again, drowning the beating of the voice of conscience on the ears of his heart. "But let it be soon. Angela—tomorrow, an thou wilt," he whispered. "We will go away—far away beyond the sound of the furies' wings, beyond the sight of sightless eyes——"

"Hush, dear heart!" she cried tenderly. "Kiss me, and thee'll forget."

He seized her in rude, eager arms. "Aye, aye!" he said heavily, and laughed aloud. "I'll kiss thee and—forget."

Margaret was spinning. Beneath her slow fingers the white thread whirred, and the wheel droned to the lilt of her musings.

"Paul says it is the spring," she said sadly. "Ah me! an' the daisies be green and white, I mind me, and the sun as yellow as their hearts. He brought me daisies yesteryear." The wheel hummed on.

"And he is not returned—aye, but he will, and soon, I think." Her sightless eyes lifted estatically. "I could almost feel him anear today."

On hummed the wheel. This time was mingled with it the sound of feet in the road and of laughter. The blind girl listened dreamily, the silver thread winding beneath her touch. Then her brother's step sounded beside her.

"Who goes yonder, Paul?" asked Margaret.

The boy paused, clenching his fists. But his lips refused to lie.

"A wedding, my sister," he answer harshly. "'Tis Angela, thy friend, who walks a bride."

"Angela!" Margaret started up in surprise, her face tremulous. "And never spoke to me or bid me come—"

"Nay!" Paul laughed bitterly. "And, faith! reason enough. The bridegroom is Baptiste, thy traitor friend!"

"Baptiste!" Margaret started back as tho the word were a blow. Her eyes struggled piteously to pierce the eternal dark to his face; her breath came in heavy tides, as tho her life were leaving her breast, and, over and over, her small fingers fluttered to her heart, then to her brow.

"Speakest thou the truth, my brother, as thou hopest for Heaven?"

"I speak the truth, my poor sister."

Suddenly her hands were still; a strange glow came on her—a stillness. Even so rests peace on the faces of those who have died in great pain. She rose, groping. Her fingers sought something on the table, found it and thrust it into the bosom of her homespun gown. She held out a hand, smiling still in the same strange, quiet way.

"Come, Paul!" she said. "Lead me yonder. It is fitting that where two such dear friends wed I should be present. Let us go."

Only once she paused. As the church loomed near and she heard the sound of singing, a faintness seized her. She drew back, trembling. The boy, frightened, tried to turn her.

"Aye, come back, Margaret!" he said. "Let us not go in."

"Nay, nay, Paul!" she answered firmly. "We shall be late. Come!"

In the church a low voice sounded, monotonously. The villagers looked on breathlessly, awed by the strangeness of it all.

"But a year agone!" whispered one. "And now see!"

"Aye, aye! methinks 'tis no good business, this," wagged another, old Jane, the witch-woman. "Ere long, unless my signs fail, trouble will come."

"And now," boomed the pastor's voice across the room, "Baptiste and Angela, I pronounce thee——"

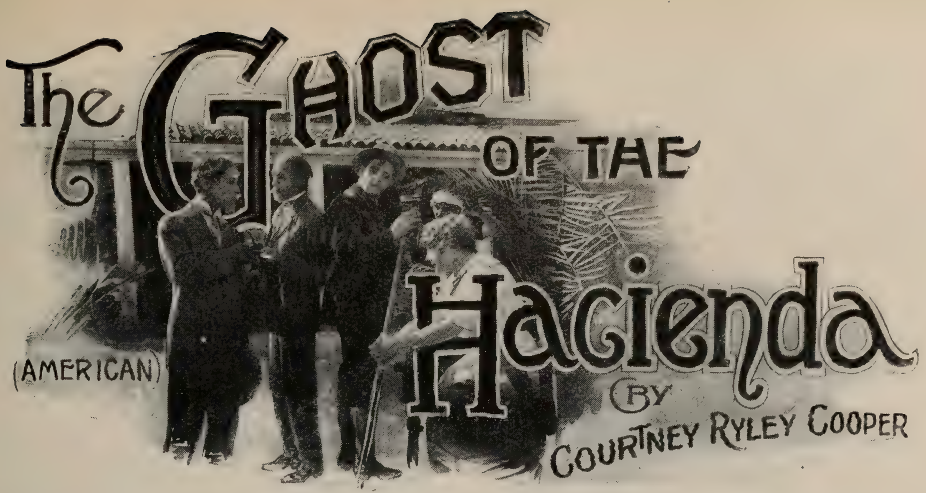
"IN THE CHURCH A LOW VOICE SOUNDED, MONOTONOUSLY"

The words remained unspoken. A slight figure, white of face, with sightless eyes, had hastened to the altar and now confronted the almost wedded pair. Before the awful glance of the blind eyeballs the wretched bridegroom shivered and paled, the triumphant bride shrank back, covering her face. But the voice that rang out now was not reproachful or angered; strangely still and passive, instead.

"Baptiste," said Margaret, "since thee wishes my death, it is thine." A bright streak glittered an instant in the air, poised, and, with its descent, the blind girl gave a sudden, sharp cry and fell to the floor, straight as a slender tree falls, lying at the feet of her false lover, her white, dead face upturned to his agonized gaze. Unheeding his bride's hand on his arm, or the awestruck village folks who gathered around, Baptiste fell upon his knees by the blind girl's side. A great horror was growing in his face. His voice came in great sobs between bitten lips.

"Ah, Margaret! Margaret! Come back to me—sweet. I swear 'tis thee—thee only that—I love. I will be so good to thee—I'll be thy eyes—I'll show thee the colors of the flowers—and the sun. Nay—nay—lie not so still. Ah! sweet—the daisies are a-bloom—and it is spring——"

But all the passionate pleading of his belated heart could not wake her; for Margaret had dawned a fairer, gladder spring.



The Ghost of the Hacienda

(AMERICAN)

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

Under the silvered smile of a southern California moon the casa grande of the Hacienda Alameda lay like a great, huddled coat against the night, its few lights, shining here and there from the windows, only emphasizing the gleam from without; only throwing the great, hulking form of the hacienda house into stronger relief. There are those who curse the semi-tropics; but that is not when it is night, when the stars seem so close that one almost believes one can reach out and touch them; when the soft breeze stirs, and when the scent of the earth is in the air—the earth, with its flowers, its blooming, exotic, dream-seeming flowers; when the air seems to quiver in the very brightness and glory of it all—no, men do not curse the semi-tropics then!

No, nor women, for then it is that the semi-tropics send forth their lure; then it is that something, an indescribable something, enters into the heart and builds its home there against the blazing heat of the day, against the loneliness which will come, against the desires of other things. Men may curse in the blaze of the sun; women may press their lips and tell of their hate of the semi-tropics—but when night comes, silvered night, with the moon a great, inverted bowl of ever-shifting mercury, low hanging in the sky, then—then they stretch forth their hands; then they feel that something which grips the heart, which raises the choking in the throat, the choking that cannot be downed; then there comes the sparkle into their eyes, and they raise their faces to the great, velvet skies and love it all.

So thus it was that, as the great palms bent the long, bespined leaves in obeisance to the zephyrs of night, as the lights shone from the Mexican jacals far to one side of the hacienda, as the moon beamed on with a smile which only southern California can know, that the little group on the great, old-fashioned veranda of the casa grande grew silent, merely watching, merely knowing the beauty of it all before them, yet hardly realizing in the magnitude of it all. From down at the jacals there sounded the plunking of a guitar and the sweet, throaty notes of a vaquero as he sang a sad cancione of a love long gone. From far in the distance there showed the changing lights, as workmen of the night, invading the peace of the great, palm-strewn country, struggled on against time and contract that the steel rails of commerce might be put into place for an outlet to the south. A few night-birds hovered low over the long, rambling house, cheeping to one another the secrets of their little world. An old, bent figure slowly left the nearest jacal and approached the house.

"Buenos noches, señorita!" he saluted, with his bow of servitude; *"buenos noches, señors!"*

The two men and the girl leaned forward a bit. The girl laughed a welcome. The oldest man waved the bent figure to a seat on the step.

"Take a seat, Pedro," he ordered. "How's it feel to have somebody around the old place again?"

The bent one grinned.

"Ver' good, señor," came his happy answer, "ver' good."

For Pedro of the bent shoulders had been lonely long. Many a moon had shone its silvered light upon the jacals and upon the casa grande to find them in darkness; many a blazing sun had shimmered its gleaming rays upon the roofs and sought any habitant save Pedro—until a week before. Many a mist of the rainy season had pulled its cloak of fog across the place of palms and flowers and found only Pedro to make melancholy. For Pedro, caretaker, had been alone, alone these many years—until the railroad came, and, with it, Frederick Hale and his daughter Enid, descendants of the old family which once had inhabited the hacienda—descendants, however, who had traveled wide and far into the States, and in their veins held the intermingled blood of Mexico and of America. Their coming had brought joy and sorrow to the good heart of old Pedro: joy for their presence; sorrow for the fact that Señorita Enid would be ver', ver' lonesome. But Pedro did not know much of fate, for within the week there had arrived Jesse Thompson, new from the States, fresh from schooling under the great heads of Eastern railroads, to show his letters of introduction, to take up his residence at the hacienda, and to superintend the construction of the railroad, where horses of brown-skinned Mexicans slaved on day and night, fighting the road to its conclusion.

And so, now that all this had happened, old Pedro sat on the step of the veranda and looked a long time at the waving palms above him; then turned his eyes toward where Enid Hale was leaning forward, the moonlight bringing the beauty of her face, her hair, her eyes into sharp relief. Old Pedro started and stared a bit. He clasped his hands.

"Ver' much like," he said slowly, "ver' much like Ysolda."

"Ysolda?" Enid Hale leaned forward. "Ysolda?" she repeated. "Father, wasn't that the name of my aunt? I——"

"Ver' much like," broke in the voice of old Pedro, "ver' much like the ghost of the hacienda."

"The ghost?"

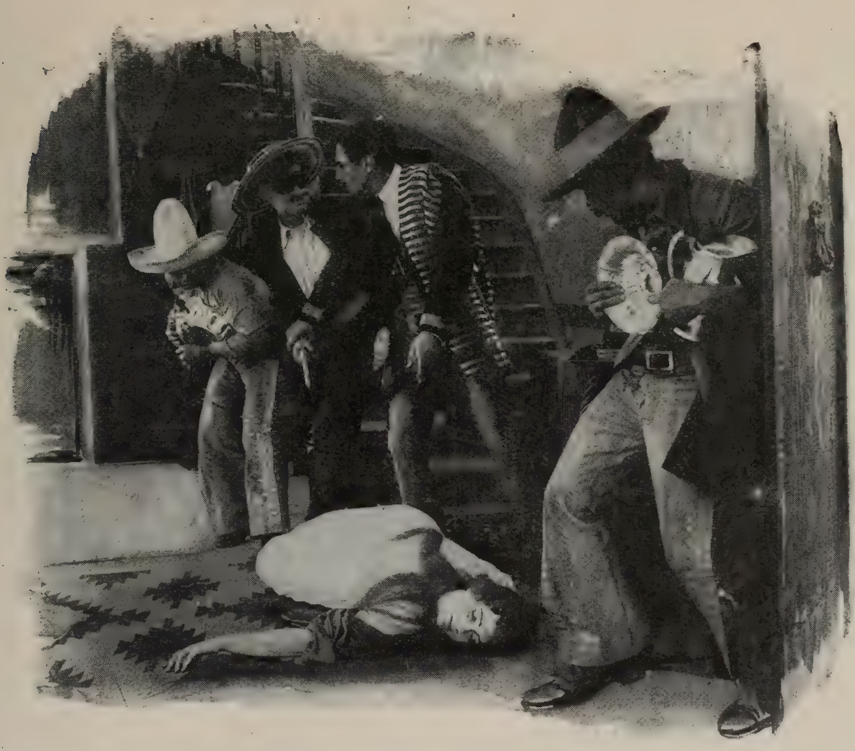
They leaned forward then, the three of them. Frederick Hale clasped his hands and looked far into the distance, where the silver melted into the blue and gray of the great expanse.

"I'm afraid you'll have to tell the whole story, Pedro," he said. "You see, I'm from the American side of the house. I dont know much about things down here. What's the yarn?"

A moment of silence. Old Pedro crossed himself, slowly, reverently. He turned to the smooth, carved figure of the Crucified One, which stood above the door, and crossed himself again. Then came the story, while two men and a girl leaned forward, drinking in its tragedy to the scenic setting of wondrous night.

And a story of tragedy it was, of the day when Ysolda, young, beautiful, lived in the old hacienda with her mother; lived there, beloved by every one, worshiped by the Mexicans who formed the menials of the hacienda. And old Pedro, watching the face of the girl before him, told it with all the mysticism of his nation.

Just like Enid was Ysolda. Just like her in features, in hair, in eyes and figure. But, ah, Santa Maria! might her fate be different! For one night El Capitan was abroad at his devil's own work. All had heard of El Capitan? No? El Capitan, the cruel? El Capitan, the brigand? El Capitan, whose name had been feared for these many years? Yes; El Capitan was the devil—the devil in a black mask, they said in the jacals. But to return. It was night—not such a night as this, for the moon was dead, and Ysolda knelt in her room before her crucifix, telling the beads of her rosary, her hair loosed on her shoulders, the candles gleaming before her, their light shimmering upon her mantilla. A sound. Ysolda turned. She raised a candle and went slowly down the stairs. She gasped and screamed —for there was El Capitan and his brigand band struggling to escape with the silver of the household. Another scream. A shot. A laugh as El Capitan stood over the dead body of the girl. Old Pedro stopped his narrative. He shivered a bit and crossed himself again. Enid Hale leaned forward, her ears full of his words.



THE DEATH OF YSOLDA AT THE HANDS OF EL CAPITAN

"And then——"

"When the moon is dead," answered Pedro, slowly, in his mixed English, "when the palms are still and the night-birds cease to call, Señorita Ysolda comes back; she walks down the stairs, like this—she holds up the candle—then goes on."

A moment of silence; then a laugh. Jesse Thompson was leaning forward.

"But do you think it is true, Pedro?" he asked. "Personally, I dont take much stock in ghosts. I—"

The rattle of hoof-beats on the road. A moment more, and there showed a gray figure in the moonlight, a figure which wheeled its prancing horse into the great yard of the hacienda, dismounted and came forward. Frederick Hale rose and walked forward to greet a tall, smiling man who strode toward him.

"*Buenos noches!*" he called.

"Good-evening!" came the answer, and the night-rider came into the full light of the moon. "American, I take it. Let's forget the Spanish, sir. I know the English perfectly. May we not speak it?" He held forth his hand, and, as Frederick Hale grasped it, he continued: "Night, I know, is a poor time to make a call, but it couldn't be helped. May I introduce myself? Señor Tocquinado is my name. My hacienda is an hour's ride to the west. I came——"

It was enough. In the hospitality of the semi-tropics little of introduction is needed when man meets man.

The señor had called. It was enough for Frederick Hale, striving as best he might to follow the laws of the land in which he was to make his home. A moment more and the señor sat on the veranda, chatting of the moonlight, of the country, of the conditions and the hopes for the railroad, while old Pedro mumbled within as he hurried in the preparation of the drinks which Hale had ordered. Long they talked. The moon swung far over in the heavens. There came the clatter of hoofs again. Señor Tocquinado had returned to his hacienda. Slowly old Pedro made his way to the jacals. The Hacienda Alameda slept.

And thus it came about that Señor Tocquinado found his way many times to the Hacienda Alameda in the days and nights which followed, days and nights sometimes in which Jesse Thompson, superintendent of construction of the Southern California and Mexican Railroad, was absent. For Jesse Thompson was fighting obstacles.

It all had begun the first week which he arrived. A letter had been the beginning; a letter urging Thompson to assuage the fears of his men as best he could in case there should be a tightness of money. A week had gone by. Another letter. Two weeks. A month. Two—three—four. For those who were governing the construction of the railroad had met difficulties in the obtaining of funds to proceed with their work. It had not been difficult at first to postpone the payment of wages—for the Mexicans of the semi-tropics are not accustomed to much money. Nor had it been much harder the second month. But now——

Jesse Thompson walked slowly and grimly toward the hacienda, his head down, his hands deep in his pockets. There came the cheery call of Señor Tocquinado as he dismounted for his daily visit, but the worried one hardly heard. He walked on, his eyes toward the girl who waited for him on the veranda; who waited and smiled the welcome which always had been ready for him. A moment more, and Señor Tocquinado had passed into the house for a chat with Frederick Hale. Jesse Thompson turned toward the girl, upon whom he had come to look for advice, for comfort, for everything in his struggles.

"They rioted today," he said somewhat sharply. The girl paled.

"Rioted?"

"Fought!" came shortly. "I thought, for a moment, they were going to kill me—but I got out of it some way. Enid, they've gone money-crazy—and I cant blame them much. Poor dogs, they've labored and struggled without reward until—no, I cant blame them," he ended. The girl placed a hand on his arm.

"But wont New York do anything?" she asked. "Why dont you wire?"

"Wire?" Jesse Thompson laughed. "Wire? I've done nothing else. I've burned the wires up with appeals—but it doesn't do any good. I——"

The ceasing of speech came as Jesse Thompson started forward at the sight of a running peon—a peon who held a fluttering, yellow, little envelope in his hand, and who panted toward the superintendent. Thompson's voice went hoarse.

"*Prontito!*" he called, "*prontito!*"

And the Mexican obeyed the command. Faster he ran with the message and handed it to the waiting man. A sharp tear at the flap of the envelope. A cry of happiness from the lips of Jesse Thompson as he read again the lines of the telegram, that Enid might hear:

> Funds O K. Ten thousand dollars to cover wages and supplies. Should arrive today. J. M. THOMPSON.

"Uncle Jim's pulled things thru," he exclaimed happily; "pulled things thru, and everything's all right. It's——"

He stopped. The girl had come close and clasped his hands in hers. She was looking into his eyes.

"I'm so glad, Jess—for you," she said softly, and there was something in her voice which caused Jesse

Thompson to lead her forth under the shade of the palms, to tell her what had been lurking within his heart for two months now—and to receive the answer which made him happier than all the telegrams in the world. Nor did either of them notice, as they stood there, shielded from the hacienda by the great trunks of the palms, a form come slowly upon the porch, look at the telegram where Jesse had dropped it in his excitement, pick it up, read it excitedly, then hurry away. They did not notice, for Jesse's eyes were looking into those of Enid, and hers into his, spellbound in the deepness of a love realized, of a love fulfilled.

THE MEXICANS ATTACK SUPERINTENDENT THOMPSON BECAUSE OF NONPAYMENT OF THEIR WAGES

The Rio Kid pulled slowly at a three-card monte deck and cursed his luck softly. He turned to Gregario at his side, Gregario of the Great Scar, and cursed his luck again. He looked at the forms of the hard-faced men about him as they lounged in the ruins of a burned hacienda, some sleeping, some smoking, some playing their ever-present solitaire, and once more cursed his luck. Then he rose to his knees.

For hurrying thru the shrubbery, thru the ruins and thru the tumbled stones, there showed the form of El Capitan, his eyes alight, his lips pressed hard. A yellow something fluttered in his hand. He heeded not the shouts of welcome—there was a faraway something in his face which precluded the ordinary routine of greeting. Straight to the Rio Kid he went and wrung an arm.

"Ride to the Hacienda Alameda by midnight," he ordered crisply, in Mexican. "I'll be there—by the crossroads." He paused and smiled. "Ten thousand dollars in gold—and we need it."

Thus it came about that night that, as the moon silvered the Hacienda Alameda, silvered the great stretches of palms and long-leaved grasses beyond, there circled and swung at the crossroads the forms of nine men, nine men of hating faces, nine men of snarling lips, nine men of the pistol and the dagger. There hovered there nine fretting horses awaiting the command. A long time, while the moon traveled onward and died beyond the horizon. There remained yet four hours until daylight. El Capitan smiled to himself. He gave the order, and nine men dismounted, to begin their snake-like progress, creeping, bellying thru the high grasses and stretches of palms toward the hacienda.

A hundred yards—a furlong. Still they went on. Two furlongs—three. The house was not far away now. El Capitan laughed to himself and rubbed his hands. He rose—and suddenly sank into the grass again as he cursed, throatily. For, darting from the steps of the hacienda veranda, had shown the bent form of a man, a man who trembled and who hurled the whole force of his body against the great door as he strove to enter. Pedro had lingered too long over the mescal in the jacals that night. He had roamed to the veranda for just a look at his beloved moon, and his eyes closed before he realized it. But now——

Wildly he shook the knob of the great door. With strangely new-muscled hands he pounded and beat against the portal. He called, and, at last, there came the answer. Slowly the door swung open, and he darted within to stare into the face of Jesse Thompson.

"El Capitan!" he gasped. "El Capitan!"

Wildly he dragged the young man to the window and pointed. There, before him in the high grasses, there showed, now ill concealed, the form of creeping men, and one who led them all—a tall being, whose face was shielded by a mask of night hue—in whose hand there shone dully, in the half-light, the steel of a revolver. There came a gasp from Thompson. He whirled.

"The gold!" he half-shouted. "Get it into the cellar, Pedro. Wake Mr. Hale. Take him his revolver and tell him to hurry. Then come back as soon as you can. I'll hold them off awhile alone!"

A guttural response, and Pedro was gone. Hurriedly, in the darkness of the room, Jesse Thompson sought his revolver; then hurried to the window. There was a shot, a spurt of flame. One of those who sought to share in the golden harvest was gone forever. Again—but this time the shot went wild. Again—again—again! Jesse Thompson gritted his teeth in anger against the deceptiveness of the night and the shielding trunks of the great palms. Hurriedly he turned to reload —and to shout something—even he could not remember what—to the man who was hurrying to his side.

Again the shots spurted forth their red glare from the window. Again from the grasses and the palm groups without there came the answering rattle of fast-barking revolvers. The glass of the window shattered and sprinkled upon the floor. Hale leaped to the opening and shot; then reeled as he fell away from it, and dropped his revolver as he grasped an arm.

"They got me——" he gasped. "They——"

"Bad? Hurt bad?" Jesse Thompson's sentences were short. His whole being was centered upon the death of that some one who was creeping nearer, steadily nearer, thru the high grasses. "Get you bad?"

"Arm. I cant shoot." The answer of Frederick Hale was suddenly shortened. "Enid! Go back! For God's sake, go back! I——"

But the form of the girl who was descending the stairs came steadily and swiftly on. Hurriedly she ran to her father and picked up the revolver which had fallen at his feet. Silently she took her place by the side of the man she loved. Steadily she aimed her revolver at the creeping forms of the men without.

Again the revolvers spoke. Again —again. It seemed that some of the creeping forms had stilled; but there were others who came steadily on.

Once more, and again there gleamed forth the barking glare of hurrying fire. There echoed a cry or two from without—there shattered thru the old walls the tearing lead of bullets. A picture, its wire cut by straying lead, crashed to the floor. Enid Hale turned; then swung her head again that she might——

But the revolver clicked uselessly. She turned. She reached out for the box of cartridges nearby; she gasped. Empty! She looked into the face of Jesse Thompson, standing grimly beside her; at the ashen countenance of old Pedro, trembling at the stairway; at the staring eyes of her father.

THE ATTACK OF EL CAPITAN AND HIS MEN ON THE HACIENDA

"No more?" she asked, and her voice was a bit wild—"no more?"

"No more," came the slow answer. "They'll break in, and then—"

From without there came the sound as of some one creeping on the great veranda. But from the farther distance the shots still came; the bullets still ploughed their way thru the window and into the walls, thru the door and on to the wood of the stairway beyond. Now and then there came a shout—then Jesse Thompson's face went white, ghastly white. He leaped to the door. With nervous hands he felt the boltings; then grasped tight his clubbed revolver. Then he turned.

"Get back, Enid," he said hoarsely; "get back—you've been a brave girl—but you cant stand this—go on!"—there was pleading in his voice. "Pedro—*Pedro*—there's a sneaking chance to get Miss Enid out the back way and past the jacals into the——"

"I wont go!" The voice of the girl was determined—strong. "I'm going to fight it out with you, Jess. I'm——"

The door rocked under the crash of a hurling something sent against it. Again Jesse Thompson turned.

"Go, Enid!" he pleaded. "Mr. Hale—I'll stand it alone—I and Pedro. They may not be able to find the gold. We cant let them kill all of us—go on—please—*please!"*

Again the crash from without. The door splintered a bit. Jesse Thompson stared. Enid Hale still stood beside him, her eyes in the faraway, her hands clenched. Of a sudden she whirled. Wildly she faced Pedro and her father.

"Barricade the door!" she ordered. "Jess, stay where you are. If you can kill them as they try to come thru, do it. There's a chance yet—I may get back in time; I may——"

The father and the servant started forward at her orders. There was a strange, compelling something in her face which made them obey; which gave them new strength; which made them forget the shouts, the smash of the battering-ram, the danger of death before them. Hurriedly they joined the efforts of Jesse to barricade the door; feverishly they worked; wonderingly they saw Enid whirl and rush up the great staircase.

For the brain of Enid Hale was working with the rapidity of lightning. Pale, trembling, she sought her room; she tore her clothing from her and grasped wildly for her nightdress. With clawing fingers she pulled loose her hair and allowed it to stray over her shoulders. Hurriedly she rushed to the crucifix before her and grasped the rosary which hung there. Tremblingly she lit the great candle which stood on the table and sank instinctively as a wild bullet, crackling thru the curtained window, sang over her head. Then slowly she started toward the staircase.

"It may succeed," she murmured, between clenched teeth; "it may—"

THE LAST BULLET GONE; THE CARTRIDGE-BOX EMPTY

She reached the top of the staircase and looked down toward where three men, one with a bullet-hole in his arm, still were piling furniture against a door which steadily sagged and gaped at the blows from without. There came more shots—more shouts. She saw Jesse Thompson turn and wave his hand toward her—wildly. But still she went on.

Ten steps. The door was half-way open now. A few steps more. The shouts were louder. The shots had diminished. Every one of the bandits was giving his full strength to the propelling of the battering-ram. Jesse Thompson had ceased to look at her now. He was standing with his revolver raised, his great muscles throbbing with the excitement of it all, his jaws clenched tight, his eyes determined. Enid lighted her candle. The door sagged more. There came a cry as Pedro turned, saw her on the steps, crossed himself and went to his knees. Again the crash from without. Enid advanced slowly—ever more slowly. Again—again——

A wild shout. The door had given way; there surged into the house the hurrying, conglomerate bodies of eight men. Enid gasped a bit as she saw Jesse struggle, saw him raise his revolver to strike; then reel from a blow on the head. She gasped; then pressed her lips tight—for now was the test.

On she came, on—looking straight ahead, never seeming to see those who struggled beneath her—yet with her heart gripping, her throat dry and parched, her brain reeling with the prayers that they might see—that they might be deceived——

A wild cry from beneath—a choking, inarticulate, struggling cry—the sound of sinking bodies. Enid bit her lips to keep from screaming in the excitement of the fulfillment of it all. Again—wilder this time—more strangling:

"Santa Maria! Santa Maria! Merci—merci! Santa——"

THE INVADERS COWER BEFORE THE GHOST OF THE HACIENDA

And before her there showed the kneeling, gasping forms of men; the groveling forms of stricken beings; the convulsed faces of agonized fear as the bandits hurled themselves to the floor before her—groveled—then fled—fled—all of them save one, he who wavered spasmodically against the doorway, the whites of his eyes showing wide and gleaming thru his black mask, his hands spreading convulsively in the air, his whole being a-tremble, his jaw sagging.

Straight on—to the lowest step, and still on came Enid, her candle before her. Her lips moved.

"El Capitan!" she said softly, and the man reeled.

He shrieked—an unhuman, an animal shriek. He swayed—he fell.

"Ysolda!" he groaned. "Ysolda!"

For a moment he struggled—then lay still. Enid lowered her candle and leaned against the great form of Jesse Thompson, weak and girlish, now that the deception she had placed every hope upon had won. She trembled a bit.

"It was the only chance," she murmured—"the chance that they would remember the ghost of the hacienda. I——"

"And it worked, honey," came the glad voice of Jesse Thompson; "it worked. Listen!"

From without there sounded the hurrying hoofs of horses in the distance as the bandits rushed on toward safety from their superstitions. Jesse looked at the form on the floor.

"It went hard with him—he fainted," he said. "He——"

But the look upon the face of Pedro, the old and bent Pedro, who had hurried forward to kneel beside the stricken one, halted him. The quivering hands of the old servant were forming the sign of the cross.

"Dead!" he said slowly. "El Capitan is dead——"

He leaned forward; he raised the black mask. There came a choking cry from his lips—a cry, too, from those who watched, for the distorted, death-damp face the mask revealed was that—the formerly beautiful one—of Señor Tocquinado!

In Nineteen Sixty

(An Imaginative Glimpse into the Future)

By C. LEON KELLEY

Behold the student of a future age!
He comes from school, not as the boy today,
But rather from yon very cloud drops he,
For, lo! an aeroplane doth bring our sage.

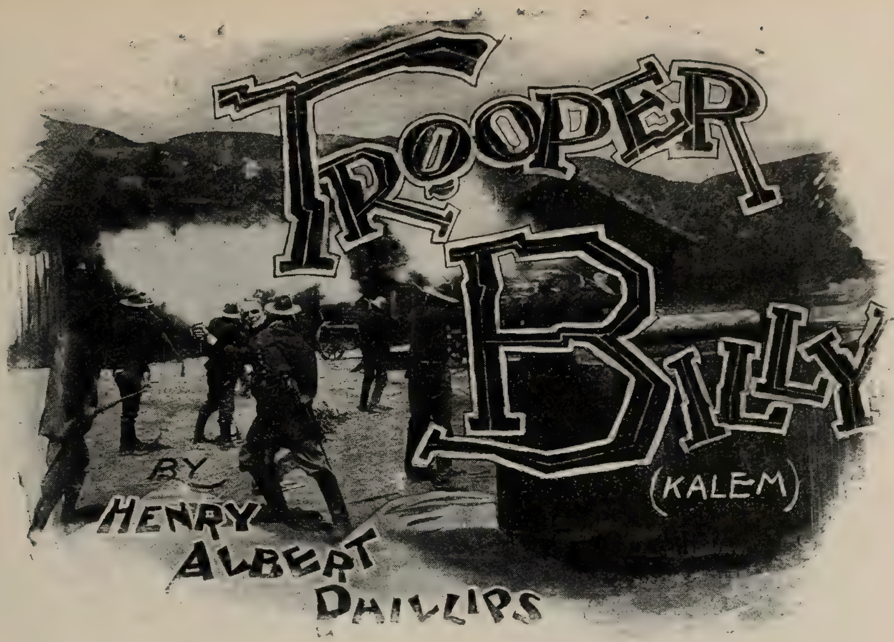
The wise one from his skymotor steps out—
Wonder of wonders, he is a tiny lad!
Does this small boy, with features white and sad,
Drive winged monster to school o'er airy route?

He does; he travels o'er a long, high road,
For he attends the famous Cinema High
School off in far metropolis—that's why
Thru clouds we greet him, reaching his abode.

But see, what's that he takes from his machine?
Five reels of film—five lessons to be learned!
The secret—ah! it may now be discerned
How young one bears the knowledge of a dean.

Come, let us journey to this Cinema School—
This Motion Picture university.
Students, we see, learn with diversity:
The screen is now their only Golden Rule.

The screen has, then, become the mode to teach!
The film has made a wise man of a boy!
The film, which brought our grandfathers such joy,
What heights its powers have struggled to reach!



From the play of FREDERICK PAULDING

Don't get the impression that "Trooper" Billy was a soldier; he was only a young Indian fighter, who had grown up at the army post. He was a brother, son and comrade to every soldier that had been quartered at the post for a decade of years.

"Trooper" Billy had one of those choice hearts that signaled like a pair of open arms in his laughing eyes to welcome friend or stranger. The troopers did more than love him—they worshiped him. He was one of those rare souls that could not rest content with passive friendship. He must be doing something for others: giving them of his best; risking his life in exchange for a smile.

That Colonel Blake, Commandant of the Post, had not been all that he might or should have been in his youth, mattered not a snap of the finger to Billy, when he happened to overhear some of the details of the ugly reaping of the Colonel's wild oats that seemed about to take place. The point was that Colonel Blake had been like a father to him and his twin sister, Kate, ever since he could remember. And when he overheard Sun Jewel demand money for the support of herself and the half-breed son that she had borne the Colonel, "Trooper" Billy's loyalty increased, if anything. Underneath the old squaw's demand he perceived a threat which he knew that she and her son, Sunrise Beek, were only too ready to carry out in vicious action.

It needed only Colonel Blake's refusal to comply with the Indian's demand, to inflame the squaw and send her back to the Indian camp with vengeance written in her sullen heart. She passed out of the gate in the dusk of a bleak October afternoon, and rode off, muttering, thru the hills. A few hundred feet behind her was "Trooper" Billy. He saw wherein he might be able to show some of his great affection for the Colonel.

Sun Jewel had threatened, specifically, to disclose their relationship to her son—and his—for the first time, and then to suggest that he, Sunrise Beek, go to the post and reveal the unwelcome secret to the Colonel's own son, Lieutenant Blake.

There was another reason why Billy had made up his mind to sacrifice his life rather than permit this to come to pass. His sister Kate loved Lieutenant Blake with all the impulsive sweetness and innocence of her young nature. The unwholesome secret once out, would spoil their romance and might wreck their life happiness.

It was dark when the squaw reached her village, and Billy was able to move about with comparative security. When Sun Jewel brought Sunrise Beek over to her tepee, Billy was secreted just outside of it and could hear and understand every word that was spoken, tho their tones were low.

Sunrise Beek made no effort to repress his malignant joy on learning the identity of his father, and immediately fell in with Sun Jewel's plan of blackmail. He was giving a boastful outline of just what he intended to do, when the flap of the tent was lifted, and a lithe, boyish form stood outlined against the evening sky.

"Sunrise Beek," announced the intruder, in a tone that was unmistakable, "if you ever show your red hide inside that Army Post, I'm going to shoot you—dead! Do you hear? I'll stick to them words if it takes every minute of my time for the rest of my life to keep them. That means you, too, Sun Jewel. Good-night!"

The flap of the tepee dropped noiselessly back and left the two plotters in darkness and alone with furious thoughts. A half-minute passed before they rose and bounded out into the night, the firelight reflected revengefully along the sharp blade of Sunrise Beek's drawn knife.

It would not have been natural if a day could pass by with "Trooper" Billy absent from the post and not be missed. Before noon arrived everybody was asking everybody else if they had seen Billy. Colonel Blake, himself, sent for Kate, and anxiously inquired as to her brother's whereabouts. The girl tearfully acknowledged her inability to tell him. Soon after, it was learnt from the sentinel on guard the night before, of Billy's departure in the wake of the squaw. When the Colonel was told this, he paled visibly, and summoned his son and Kate to his office.

"Kate," he said solemnly, taking the girl's hand, "knowing your brother's impulsive generosity in trying to help and protect others, I realize now that he has tried to do me a service which I have not deserved. Suffice it to say, that the boy has probably gone to the Indian camp in my behalf. His mission was scarcely one of peace. Too well we know his daring bravery."

"And you think——" burst in Kate, clutching his coat-sleeve.

"Mind you, I have no specific reason to think misfortune should have happened, except from the fact that the boy has not returned. He may be held a prisoner. But the tribe has scarcely been unfriendly enough to go to greater lengths than that."

"And you do not think he has been—killed, then?"

"It seems incredible."

"And you are going to give me the privilege of leading the search party, father?" asked Lieutenant Blake.

"There are reasons why you, of all others—except myself—should personally do all in your power."

"My love for Kate, father, is one reason why I would do anything in the wide world for her brother," responded the Lieutenant, gripping the girl's disengaged hand tightly.

"I have ordered the detachment to be in readiness. There they are, in front of the barracks now."

"Do not expect us back until we have news at least. Good-by, Kate, dear."

The cavalcade rode away, with a creaking of stirrup leather and a rattling of spurs. Kate watched them until they were lost to sight. She turned and found the Colonel surveying her closely.

"How much you resemble your brother!" he said. "I had never noticed it until his absence brought it out."

"You forget that we are twins." The girl sighed at the thought of their happy life together, and slowly walked out toward the stockade gate, to peer distressfully into the distant windings of the hills in the hope of seeing the familiar figure of "Trooper" Billy.

Night fell without tidings, or the return of the detachment. An unnatural gloom pervaded the post.

At daybreak, the next morning, events took a new turn, with the advent of Stetlow, a former scout in the employ of the Government, who had been dismissed the week before because of drunkenness. He was admitted by the sleepy sentinel, and went rushing wildly to the Commandant's headquarters, fetching the Colonel out of bed and to the open window.

SUN JEWEL DISCLOSES HIS FATHER TO HER HALF-BREED SON

"The Indians!" bellowed Stetlow.

"What do you mean by all this row?" demanded the Colonel.

"They're on the war-path! They're goin' to the nearest settlement first! Sunrise Beek has got them filled with murder! They're——"

But the Colonel had disappeared, and in a minute or so later the bugle was sounding the alarm. Officers came running from their quarters, and the troopers could be heard thumping down the barrack stairs.

One-half of the already depleted garrison was ordered to set out at once, carrying rations for two days and an extra supply of ammunition. Without even waiting for breakfast, they were in the saddle and off thru the hills at a gallop toward the nearest settlement, nineteen miles away.

A hasty breakfast was eaten by the remaining force, and then they were set to work strengthening the stockade, and otherwise preparing for an attack by the belligerent Indians.

Kate had wandered out again beyond the gate to a lonely butte, where she could still see the speeding troopers fading in the distance. She was suddenly startled by an uncouth sound near-by, that proved to be a drunken hiccough from the throat of

Stetlow, the scout. He was barring the one path of retreat, a foolish smirk overspreading his coarse face. While the girl would have shown no fear in the face of death itself—as subsequent events proved—she was petrified with fright at being confronted by this man, who had annoyed her with his attentions on more than one occasion. Her feminine instincts bade her beware of him now. He seemed to divine her thoughts, for he suddenly burst into a loud laugh. He was plainly irresponsibly drunk.

"I fooled 'em," he said, pointing to a large bottle of liquor, "for this. They kicked me out once, and now they'll get worse. What have you got to say to that, my little beauty?" He drew a step nearer.

"Tell me about it," the girl said, half-coaxingly. Her alarm for the garrison had now outgrown her personal fear. Her tone wheedled itself into the confidence of the drunken man. He took another drink and drew closer, speaking in confidential tone.

"The Indian's 'll be here tomorrow —hic—they didn't think I'd be clever —hic—enough to get the force here divided before then. But they didn't know me—hic—did they, little girl?" Kate avoided a familiar movement, and sidled around so that Stetlow was obliged to approach a dangerous ledge in order to keep facing her.

"Then what?" she urged gently.

"Hic—why, then they will descend on the post and wipe it out!—hic—he—he—hic!" He made another playful movement to grasp her hand. The next moment he went hurtling over the cliff. Kate, with a futile cry and the strength of despair, had bounded past him down the steep hillside. An idea had filled her mind.

As the sun was setting that afternoon, the sentinel at the gate fell back as tho he had seen a ghost, when, as he swore later, "Trooper" Billy dashed out and across the mesa on his own mustang.

All that day Lieutenant Blake had followed a wild-goose chase that had brought them thirty-five miles from the army post. They had met Stetlow, the scout, late in the afternoon, and he had told them a thrilling tale of "Trooper" Billy's capture by the Indians, who had fled with him clean across the mountain. The place Stetlow indicated was at least two days' hard riding from the post. They journeyed but a few miles up the steep path that day, hoping to begin the long trip in dead earnest the following morning. With this in mind, they retired early to a well-earned rest.

The morning of the third day they rose early, breakfasted, and mounted their steeds, and set forward resolutely at a hot pace, resolved to make up for lost time. They had mounted a high divide that commanded a sweeping view of the surrounding country for more than thirty miles. The Lieutenant turned and gazed downward. Instantly he jerked out his field-glasses and directed them upon a tiny spot swiftly moving toward them, but more than five miles away.

"Halt, men!" he cried exultantly. "There's Billy down there in the valley. Poor old chap!" he continued, focusing his glasses finely; "he seems to be terribly wobbly, as tho he had been riding himself to death—possibly tortured. By Jove! there, he has just flopped out of the saddle altogether. Come, forward, and down into the valley again!"

They rode quickly down the rugged path and in twenty minutes found themselves within hailing distance, tho still two miles of riding away, because of the many turns. To their repeated calls he made but the one signal, which was of half-distress and seemed to indicate that they were to follow him, for he turned and set off madly toward the distant post.

Secretly, each of the troopers made tremendous efforts to overtake the young rider, without avail. In their hearts they cursed him, for the first time in their lives, for this insane speed, yet they seemed to feel the import of anything that should call it forth. Lieutenant Blake said nothing, tho he felt his riding prowess being sorely tested. For two long hours they pressed along, when they were relieved to see the young horseman pause, still far in the lead.

He was making signs for them to halt and to fall back under cover, which they obeyed reluctantly. A few minutes later, to their utter amazement, they beheld a cavalcade of Indians drawing near. The boy had drawn out of sight, too, and they expected momentarily to be called to his assistance. If Lieutenant Blake had been puzzled or worried at the boy's strange conduct before, he was positively startled when he saw him suddenly confront the Indians, altho it was plain they were on the war-path.

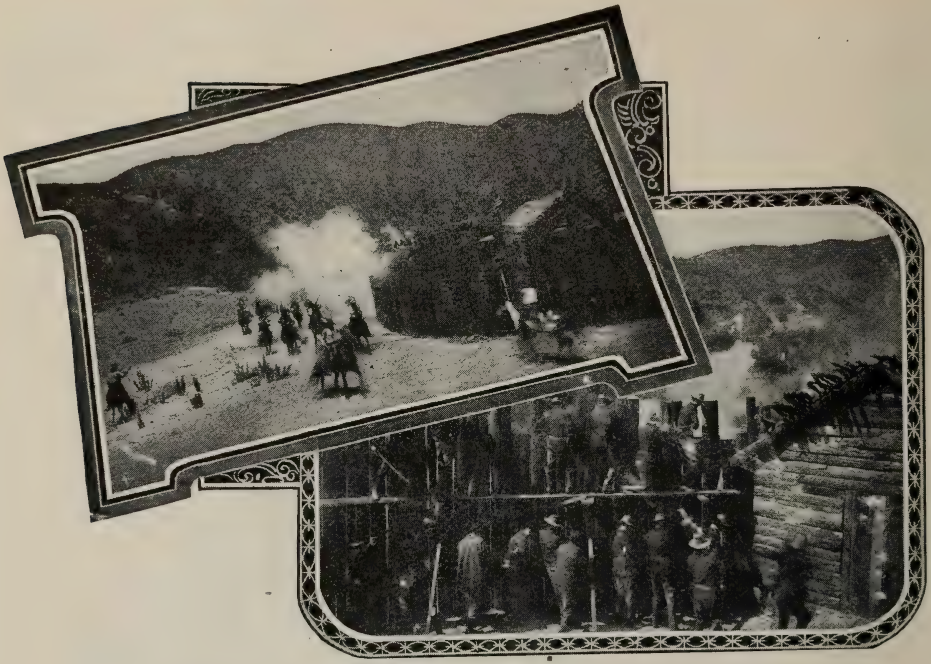
The troopers held their breath and watched developments. The Indians had paused after the first show of belligerency, and stood as one man surveying the figure that sat with folded arms and returned their stare. Then one by one they slowly turned and fled precipitately to the left of the beaten path. The figure on horseback still remained immobile for another five minutes.

"By Jove, that boy has pluck!" muttered Blake. "And he certainly saved us from a set-to, for they were making straight in our direction and outnumbered us two to one. But, hanged if I can understand what has got into Billy. Come on, boys, there he is beckoning us on again, and I'll wager that there is a need for our aid at the fort."

Long before they drew within range of the stockade, they began to hear sharp rifle fire, that told them of hot work on the part of their comrades and a fierce foe. Now in the moment of their need of strength to fight, the troopers realized that they were on the point of collapse from exhaustion.

Their mysterious guide led them a

"STETLOW HAD ANNOYED HER WITH HIS ATTENTIONS ON MORE THAN ONE OCCASION"



THE ATTACK AND THE DEFENSE OF THE STOCKADE

roundabout path, with which they were inclined to quarrel at first, but soon after saw the wisdom of it as they arrived at a point of vantage directly above their circling foe. Already some of the redskins had begun to climb the stockade, while others were applying torches to unprotected portions of the wooden walls.

The troopers half-fell from their weary steeds and lay flat on the rocks, and began firing with telling effect upon their helpless enemy. At first the Indians had turned with assurance, as tho they were sure that the reinforcements were their own. On discovering an additional foe, they slowly retired, suffering many losses in so doing. Soon they were in rapid retreat down the valley.

The exhausted soldiers filed down the rocky declivity, leading their equally fatigued horses. At the base of the incline, where the plain began that extended to and beyond the stockade for five miles, they found a crumpled heap clad in buffalo and buckskins, with a faithful mustang standing nearby.

"Two of you boys take hold of him," commanded Lieutenant Blake, softly, "and carry him to the fort. Remember he has saved our lives more than once today. Poor old 'Trooper' Billy!"

They carried the limp bundle as tho it had been that of a child of tender years, and, indeed, the frail weight of their burden made the two big fellows that carried it gulp down a half-sob at the thought of all they owed the now subdued spirit within. There was neither sigh nor moan, and the troopers' apprehensions rose as they neared the battered stockade gate.

Lieutenant Blake had gone ahead in advance of his followers, having more than one reason for so doing. First and foremost was a gnawing anxiety to learn and be assured of the safety of his sweetheart.

His father was at the gate to greet him, and the two grasped hands for a moment and looked into each other's hearts. Then it was that the son saw something in his father's eyes that gave his heart a twinge.

"Father," he cried, seizing the Colonel by the shoulder, "what has happened? Where is Kate?" It was a minute before the old man spoke.

"Gone," he said hoarsely. A far-away look had come into the boy's young face. "She went out of the gate to look after you, day before yesterday. The sentry has not seen her since. Stetlow followed her——"

"I'll kill that viper!" cried the boy.

"He's half dead now. We found him crushed at the foot of the cliff. I know what you will do, son. But take a little rest first, and then you can go and take as many men as we can spare with you, and welcome."

Even as he spoke, two troopers bore the crumpled form of Stetlow into the post.

Father and son walked sadly toward the Commandant's quarters, whither the troopers had brought the hero of the day.

"Father, we all owe our lives to that boy yonder—'Trooper' Billy. It was he who brought us to your rescue, after twice saving us from certain annihilation. I have reason to believe that he has been in the saddle twenty-four hours, riding like a fiend. Nothing is too good for him!"

They had now reached the side of the exhausted rider. The first efforts to revive him had met with no response. And then a strange thing, inexplicable, happened with startling suddenness. At sight of the dying Stetlow, "Trooper" Billy staggered to his knees, and the broken scout seized his hand in a death clutch. Whispered words dallied between them from the crumpled man's tongue. Billy smiled wanly and patted the man's hand, then himself fell back in a swoon of exhaustion. The young Lieutenant gave but one look at the pale face half-turned on the pillow. The likeness was too poignant.

"Oh, I cant wait a minute; I must find her," he groaned, turning sharply and making for the door. He had spoken to his father, who was so intently listening to the report of a

STETLOW BEGS FORGIVENESS

scout at that moment that he did not hear or see his son.

"Yes," the scout was saying; "I identified both bodies—Sun Jewel and her son, Sunrise Beek. I saw them buried." The old man stepped softly to the side of the outstretched form, that had begun to evince signs of life at last.

"'Trooper' Billy," he murmured softly in the tone of prayers.

Strangely the voice of "Trooper" Billy seemed faded to a whisp. It was calling for "Charles." Never before had "Trooper" Billy addressed him as anything but "Lieutenant."

A trooper was sent after the young officer, who was hurried to the side of the couch. The others drew back.

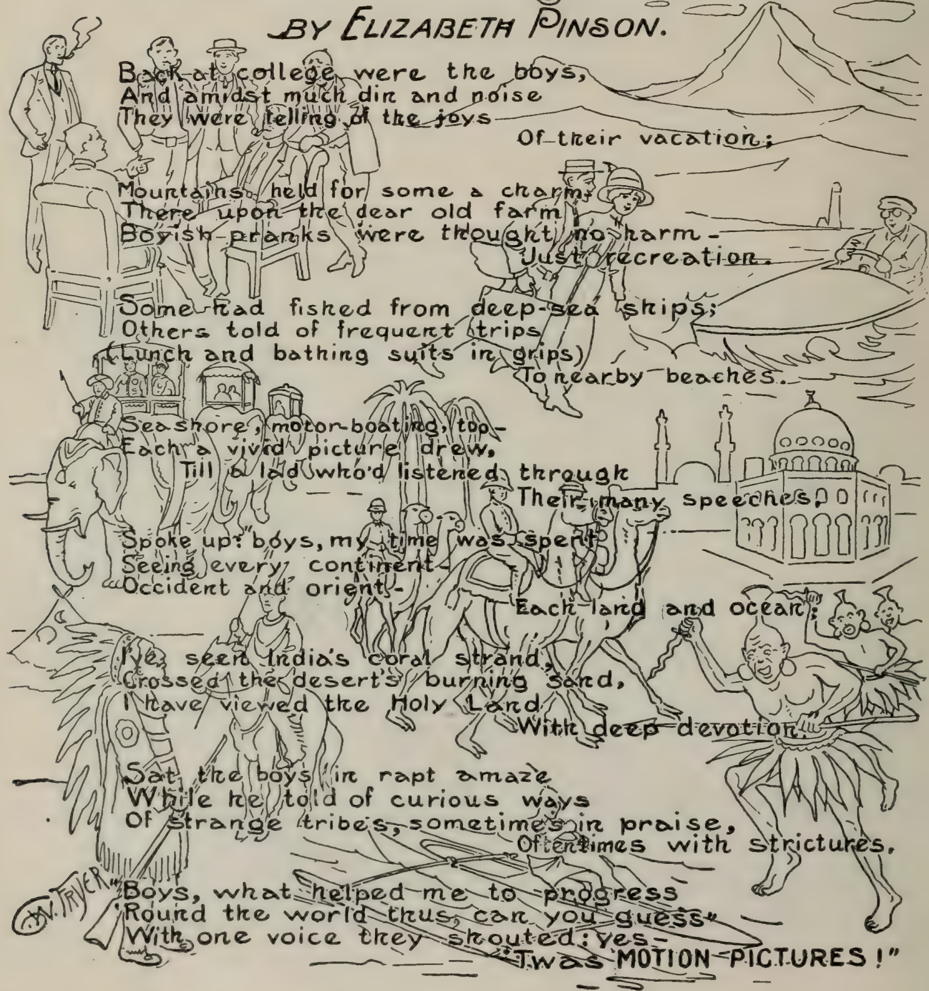
"'Trooper' Billy," murmured the Lieutenant, affectionately, his sight half-dimmed with mist.

"'Trooper' Billy—is dead—dead——" came the response, sobbingly, "but——"

For an instant the officer drew back aghast; then he was down on his knees, tenderly stroking the wan face on the pillow and saying over and over again, like one in the thrall of a dream:

"Kate, my brave, little Katie!"

An Interesting Vacation



BY ELIZABETH PINSON.

Back at college were the boys,
And amidst much din and noise
They were telling of the joys
Of their vacation;

Mountains held for some a charm;
There upon the dear old farm
Boyish pranks were thought no harm—
Just recreation.

Some had fished from deep-sea ships;
Others told of frequent trips
(Lunch and bathing suits in grips)
To nearby beaches.

Seashore, motor-boating, too—
Each a vivid picture drew,
Till a lad who'd listened through
Their many speeches,

Spoke up: "boys, my time was spent
Seeing every continent—
Occident and orient—
Each land and ocean;

I've seen India's coral strand,
Crossed the desert's burning sand,
I have viewed the Holy Land
With deep devotion."

Sat the boys in rapt amaze
While he told of curious ways
Of strange tribes, sometimes in praise,
Oft-times with strictures.

"Boys, what helped me to progress
Round the world thus, can you guess?"
With one voice they shouted: yes—
"'Twas MOTION PICTURES!"

In The Clutch of the Paris Apaches

BY LEONA RADNOR

(GAUMONT)

MARIE was not old enough to understand the sorrow that had befallen her—she was only five years old—but her baby heart was heavy with loneliness and longing for her mother. They had told her that her beautiful *petite maman* would never come back to her. But Marie knew better; for hadn't her dear mother clasped her in her arms and told her, with sobs, that they had only each other now? That was on the dreadful day when *maman* screamed and grew white and lay still for a long, long time. Papa's friend, the colonel, had called to tell *maman* things about *le capitaine,* Marie's father, who had gone away to fight Arabs in Africa. There was talk that Marie could not understand, but the colonel was very sad and put his handkerchief to his eyes, as if he were crying. And then, when *maman* opened her eyes again, she looked at Marie with a terrible look, and then the tears rolled down her cheeks. Marie cried bitterly to see her *maman chérie* so sad, and she crawled up beside her on the couch. Then it was that *maman* held her to her bosom and said: "*Mon bébé!* we are all alone now. Papa has gone away from us—God has called him. You are all I have to love now, darling." And they cried a long, long time. Marie never knew how long it was, for she must have fallen asleep. When she awoke, she was in her little crib, and her nurse was leaning over her. Marie jumped up, to run into her mother's room, but the nurse said that she was ill and that Marie must not disturb her.

Long, dull, dark days followed. Sometimes Marie could go in to see *maman* and climb up on the bed and kiss her. On other days, the doctor and strange nurses would tell her that she couldn't go into the room. But Marie would evade her *bonne* and crouch in the dark hall at *maman's* door. She could hear *maman* talking, talking. Once she heard her call "Marie! *mon bébé!*" in such a wild voice that Marie beat upon the door-panels with her little fists and screamed that she would go in. "*Je veux entrer!*" she cried, in her baby treble. But Nana came and carried her away, kicking and shrieking. The next day they told her that *maman* had gone away, too; that God had called her to be with papa. She wouldn't believe it, and she didn't believe it yet. They put a black dress on her, and Madame Lebris came and took her away. Nana cried over her and told her that it was *maman's* wish that Madame Lebris should take her and care for her.

As it was *maman's* wish, Marie went docilely. But she couldn't be happy. Madame Lebris kept a boarding-school for children, and Marie, who had always had her own nurse and her mother's loving care, found herself but one among many. She pined for her beautiful, quiet home and her adoring *maman,* and she could not make friends with the other children and enter into their games. And they, absorbed in their own gay interests, left the shy little newcomer to find her own amusements.

This chilling ostracism fed the "runaway" fever that had been urging the tiny feet to toddle away in quest of *maman* who had cried "Marie! *mon bébé!*" and then had gone away. Marie would find her, she knew, if she could get away from the school. She jumped up from the floor, where she had been listlessly building a house with books, and went into the hall. The other children were in the classroom, whence their voices droned out in recitation. Marie opened the hall-door, closed it carefully behind her and ran down the street.

MARIE DECIDES TO LEAVE SCHOOL AND GO IN SEARCH OF HER MOTHER

Cobbler Beck and his hunchback apprentice, Bosco, sat tapping at a pair of boots by the light of a dirty oil-lamp. The flame, in its flickering, touched yellowly the harsh features of the cobbler and the pale, thin face of the cripple. The shop was in one of the narrow, meandering streets of the Montmartre district of Paris. Unsavory in appearance and reputation, its rookeries were inhabited by the lowliest of the city's poor. The footsteps that passed the cobbler's shop did not ring upon the pavement—they dragged and shuffled.

Bosco lifted his head from his dull task and glanced up thru the filthy window-panes to the street. Beck scowled and addressed the boy angrily.

"*Au travail!* Do I pay you to spend your time gazing into the street?"

Bosco bent over his last and nervously drove the nails into the sole of the boot. They had worked in silence for some time, when Beck exclaimed: "See who comes here!"

The door was thrown open, the rusty bell tinkling wildly. Beck rose from the bench. "Why, it is Talmin!" he said.

Bosco looked up with fear, and then with interest, as he saw that Talmin was carrying a little child.

"*Cordonnier,*" said the man, abruptly, "I want you to keep *cette* *gamine* here until I come for her. I found her lying exhausted up by the fortifications. She has run away from home, likely, and there will be a reward offered. So take care that she doesn't get out of here; understand?''

''*Certainement,*'' answered Beck, with alacrity. It was always well to understand immediately when Talmin, the head of an Apache band, gave his orders.

''There is a small room upstairs, where *la gamine* can stay,'' he said. ''Will you carry her up now?''

Bosco sighed as he looked after the lithe, strong figure of the Apache. Ah! how wonderful it must be to be straight of limb and back, and be able to choose a manly occupation and not be bound to a shoemaker's bench! Bosco almost hated Talmin for his good looks.

''And what does he do with all these gifts from *le bon Dieu?*'' he soliloquized. ''He bullies, he fights, he steals, he murders. He is so clever in his crimes that they call him 'Edouard, the Artist.' Oh! *c'est honteux*! Had I but his gifts I would be so thankful that I could think only of the good I could do others.''

Hearing Beck and Talmin returning, he resumed his tapping with ardor.

''Here, you,'' said Talmin, pausing beside him, ''take these sous and go out and get some milk and bread for the brat upstairs.''

Nothing could have pleased the boy more. Whoever were the parents who were responsible for his hard lot, they had given him a tender heart and one that hungered for affection. When he had seen the little girl in Talmin's arms, his heart had gone out to her, and he wished, violently, he might do something to bring a smile to the sad, tired little face. Now, with Talmin's sous clasped in his hand, he hurried on his errand. He was soon back in the shop, trembling from his haste and his boldness in intending to ask to carry up the supper. Beck saved him the ordeal by growling: ''Take that up yourself; Talmin needn't think I'm going to play nurse to the brat.''

The child was lying on a miserable bed, crying. Bosco went to her and stroked her tangled curls.

''Dont cry, *petite,*'' he coaxed. ''See what I've brought thee. Art thou hungry?''

She nodded and sat up.

''What's thy name, *petite?*'' he asked.

''Marie,'' she answered, choking down a sob.

''*Tiens, petite,* dont cry any more. Eat some nice bread and milk.''

She scanned his face critically, then, to his infinite joy, put one arm about his neck and let him feed her. From that moment she was his charge, his one sweet concern. She would steal quietly downstairs and stand, or sit, beside him on the bench, casting affrighted glances at Beck. Bosco made her a doll out of the heel of a shoe and scraps of leather and rags, and this she hugged to her bosom with as much enthusiasm as she had bestowed on her beautiful bisque dolls.

Talmin came in from time to time to see that his hostage was safe. As the weeks went by, and the papers advertised no offer of reward, he began to relax his interest. Taking advantage of this, Beck began, in his thrifty way, to make use of Marie's baby hands in the kitchen and the shop. Bosco fumed at the tasks set for her, and still more when he saw her meals growing scantier and scantier. He began surreptitiously setting aside portions of his own meals and these he would carry up to her at night.

Then came what he had dreaded, and yet what he wished, for little Marie's sake. Talmin rushed into the shop, calling for the child and explaining that at last she had been advertised for. It seemed that her father had been thought killed by Arabs. Instead, he had been taken prisoner, but had escaped, and had just reached Paris. The papers were filled with the news of Captain de Valen's return. The schoolmistress, Madame Lebris, had informed him of Marie's disappearance, and he was offering twenty-five thousand francs for her recovery.

Beck's miserly, little, red eyes blinked at the mention of this sum. "That's a lot to pay for a brat," he said enviously. "And let me tell you, Talmin, she's been some trouble and expense to me."

"*Tonnerre!* dont you know I'll fix that up with you, you yelping cur?" snarled the tall Apache, menacingly.

"TO HIS INFINITE JOY SHE PUT ONE ARM ABOUT HIS NECK AND LET HIM FEED HER"

Beck rubbed his blackened hands apologetically together. "Sure, I know you'll be honest with me," he whined, trying to smile.

Marie clung to Bosco, but he whispered to her and kist her. She submitted to being lifted into Talmin's arms; but, as he passed thru the door with her, she looked back over his shoulder with solemn, round eyes in which the tears were sadly welling.

Captain de Valen, waiting in the Café of the Bats, kept a wary, tho unostentatious, watch on the guests of the place. He had been in danger too often not to recognize its subtle warnings. The café bore upon its dissolute face a frank confession of its dark character, and the men who lounged over its rickety, liquor-stained tables were of the murderous Apache type. When the captain had dealt by letter with Talmin for the recovery of his child, his only hope lay in a promise of secrecy. This he had given, so no one knew of his visit to this malodorous corner of Paris. The lounging, beetle-browed, shifty-eyed *buveurs,* at the tables, were all watching him furtively, and the captain felt that they all knew his business there and were posted by Talmin himself. He was convinced of this when, at the sound of rapidly approaching steps, the men exhibited an alertness, an expectation that expressed the verge of realization. It was the recognition of something anticipated to come to pass. All eyes were fixed on the door and several chairs were drawn back. In another instant, Talmin was in the room, his brilliant eyes seeking the captain. The latter sprang up at the sight of Marie. For a moment he was speechless under the stress of emotion. He had returned from harrowing adventures in Algeria to find his wife dead and his child missing. He had suffered a thousand agonies of doubt while waiting for Talmin, and was almost prepared to see a strange child. But there was no mistake: this was his little girl. He approached and held out his arms.

"Ma petite chérie!" he cried.

Marie had one moment of hesitation while her baby memory stirred. Then, "Papa!" came in a glad little scream, and she was in his arms, clinging to his neck, her cheek pressed to his.

When the captain could control his voice, he turned to Talmin. *"Eh bien, mon ami, reglons notre compte,"* he said.

They sat down at a table and Captain de Valen drew a check-book from his pocket. As he wrote, there was a whispered colloquy among the men. The captain signed a check made out for twenty-five thousand francs. As he handed it to Talmin, he stooped to pick up Marie, but the Apache drew her roughly to one side and faced the captain with a cynical leer.

TALMIN TAKES MARIE OFF TO CLAIM THE REWARD

"The *compagnons,"* he explained suavely, with palms upturned in mock apology, "think the reward too modest. They demand the double of this."

"I know nothing of your companions," hotly contended Captain de Valen. "My negotiations were with you. I gave you my word of honor and depended upon yours."

At this, there was an outburst of mirth.

"*L'honneur?*" repeated Talmin, as if the word was one to muse over. Then, like a flash, his easy nonchalance hardened to a threatening attitude.

"What have I to do with honor?" he sneered. "*Je m'en fiche pas mal!* There is but one thing which commands my respect—this," and he made a gesture indicative of counting money from the palm of one hand into the other.

"Your demand is preposterous. I have paid all I can afford. So give me the child," demanded Captain de Valen.

The Apache's eyes narrowed and glinted dangerously. "I must warn you," he said, "that the *compagnons* stop at nothing when refused. It is another check for twenty-five thousand francs, or your child will be killed."

The trapped man looked at each villainous face in turn, and knew that he could expect no relenting. He wrote the second check. Examining it minutely, Talmin said:

"Of course, you cant expect to leave here now. First, I must cash these. Until then, you will remain in the adjoining room."

The captain was seized and carried to a small bedroom, where he was bound and strapped to the bed. When his men had carried out his orders, Talmin smiled his approval of their dexterity.

"And now, *cher capitaine,* have patience for a couple of hours. If all is well, you will then be released. If you have deceived——"

A warning cry from the barroom slashed thru his threat. "*Les gendarmes! Sauvez vous!*"

The band scurried, rat-like, to window and door and stairway. Talmin snatched at Marie, who, frightened and shrinking, was a tragic elf among this set of ruffians. The finesse of "Edouard, the Artist" having been mysteriously checked in this deal, he admitted only momentary defeat. For his next move he would need the child. When the gendarmes reached the captain, Talmin's flight with Marie had led him thru a passage, down into a cellar, and out again into a rag-picker's hut on the next street.

As the officers of the law unbound the captain, an excited, crippled boy rushed in.

"Where is she?" he asked. "Where is *la petite Marie?*"

"Who is this boy?" demanded the captain.

"He is the one who brought us here," answered the sergeant. "He suspected these Apaches of some treachery, so he followed when your child was taken from the cobbler's."

"My boy, I can never thank you enough. We shall talk of that later, for now we must find Marie," said the captain, as the last bonds were cut.

He sprang to the door in a frenzy of impatience, and ran thru the passage to rooms at the rear. The gendarmes swarmed upstairs and into the court. But Bosco, knowing the nature and the expedients of the denizens of such warrens, looked underfoot for signs. In the passage, a slight unevenness in one of the boards brought him to his knees to investigate. Yes, as he thought, a trap door! With his shoemaker's knife, he found the catch. In a moment more he was in a tunnel and following swiftly on Talmin's footsteps.

The rag-picker's hut was empty, but the sharp imagination of the hunchback built up a theory. The Apache had disguised himself as a rag-picker. Darting from the hut, Bosco espied a crumpled envelope near the door. He picked it up and smoothed the creases. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "this is where he will go." For the envelope bore Talmin's address.

Bosco set off bravely, on a run, tho the distance was considerable. His poor, weak body seemed miraculously equal to any demands he might make upon it. And unwonted vitality seemed to permeate his being and give to him the assurance of strength. He inquired of policemen on the way if they had seen a rag-picker. They had

—one carrying a heavy basket on his back.

So his theory was right. And in the heavy basket was, of course, little Marie. He had neared the street he was searching for, when a taxi-cab turned the corner. Bosco started, and for a moment his spirits sank with folded wings. In the cab were Talmin and Marie, the Apache dressed in the height of fashion, and the child wearing a new coat and hat.

At the next corner, a congestion in the traffic stopped the cab, and Bosco was able to catch up. He swung to the back of the vehicle, his mind working at this problem he had set himself and his spirits once again fluttering their wings. He became aware that they were nearing a railway station. He slipped from the cab and slunk in the shadow of buildings. When he had seen Talmin enter the station, he hurried after him. A train was at the platform—the "Flyer" for Nice. Bosco saw Talmin and Marie enter a first-class carriage. The guard was slamming the doors. In another moment he would sound his whistle—then it would be too late!

Bosco had no money for a ticket. What could he do? He pressed his hands to his throbbing temples in an agony of thought. He was near the baggage-car. The last trunks had been lifted in. The men turned their backs for a moment, awaiting the signal. A swift rush, a leap—and Bosco was inside the car, concealed behind boxes and trunks.

That seven-hundred-mile journey, without food, without water, without sleep, ever remained a nightmare in the memory of Bosco. Yet, thru all his misery, his determination to restore Marie to her father was the one firmly fixed idea in his reeling mind. When the train reached Nice, he crawled from his hiding-place and shaded his aching eyes from the bril-

THE GENDARMES SURPRISE THE APACHES IN THEIR RENDEZVOUS liant sunshine. The coaches were disgorging their passengers, and, caught in the crowd, Bosco found his progress impeded. He wormed his way thru, making for the coach which Talmin had entered. It was empty. Bosco turned from it just in time to see the man he was pursuing drive away in a *fiacre* drawn by a white horse. To run was out of the question—it was all the poor cripple could do to draw one quivering limb after the other. He stopped in a small park to rest. Two exquisitely gowned women were strolling up the path, languidly chatting. One of them noticed the boy.

"How ill that poor little cripple looks!" remarked one.

"He looks starved to death," assented the other.

Pausing opposite to him, they questioned him.

"Yes, *mesdames,* I am very hungry," he answered.

One of them slipped a coin into his hand—a gold coin.

When he had satisfied his hunger, Bosco's mind was once again absorbed with the thought of Marie. He sent a telegram to the captain and then set about to find the white cab-horse. This was not difficult, and the *cocher* was quite willing to be communicative. He had taken the gentleman and the little girl to "Villa Carmen."

Bosco went with this information to the police. But, having accomplished so much alone, he could not resign himself to leave all to them. He was the first to reach "Villa Carmen." Talmin, just emerging from the gate, was too absorbed to notice the misshapen figure that sought the partial concealment of an angle of the wall. Bosco slipped into the garden. An open window on a balcony might be a carelessly guarded entrance, or it might be a trap. Bosco, having lived ages since his cobbler-bench days and his timidity in face of Beck's scowls—Bosco determined to put it to the test.

He was safely inside. There was no sign of any one about. Thru the room, into the foyer, up the stairs—still no one opposed him. He opened a door cautiously and peered into a bedroom. A joyous cry greeted him. In he bounded and clasped little Marie to his heart!

"*Petite chérie!*" he murmured. "Bosco said he would find you and take you back to papa. But, tell me, *chérie,* who is in the house? Any men?"

"*Non,*" shaking her curls emphatically; "only an old woman."

"Well, we will get right away."

"*Oui,*" she lisped. "Let us hurry. I'm afraid of that bad man."

As they left the grounds, the gendarmes arrived to search the place, having arrested Talmin on the street.

The next day, Bosco and Marie were at the station, awaiting Captain de Valen's arrival. He had wired the police to take charge of Marie, but she refused to be separated again from her *cher* Bosco. When the captain arrived and found little Marie safely in Bosco's charge, he crushed her to his bosom and sobbed, saying not a word. But the child prattled away and kept trying to attract her father's attention to Bosco, who tried to wink back the tears of joy.

"Papa, papa," she urged, "dont leave Bosco out, dear Bosco, 'cause he did everything, all, all!"

The captain turned to him with warm words of gratitude, and then followed Bosco's humble story.

"My boy," said the captain, when Bosco had finished, "I can offer you no reward; it could not express my gratitude. All I can do, and I do it gladly and with all my heart, is to say that you shall never leave my child and me, not while I live and you are willing to stay with us and be my son. Do you accept, my lad?"

"Kind sir," sobbed Bosco, brokenly, "I—I do not deserve—all this, but I will—do anything that Marie wants."

"Oh, goody, goody!" cried the child, jumping up and down and clapping her hands. "Bosco and I 'll go to school together an' get educated, an' then—an' then when we get big——"

"Who knows?" sighed the captain, with a smile.

The Lost Millionaire

(VITAGRAPH)

BY DOROTHY DONNELL

THIS story is about a man and a girl and another man who didn't count, and a lot of other girls who didn't count either; so, reducing it to its lowest terms, the story is really about a man and a girl, which is, after all, the finest plot in the world. And right here, lest there be any misunderstanding, I will say it is going to be a love-story, and all disappointed, cynical, crabbed bachelors and spinsters who dont like moonlight or nonsense, and have no memory of kisses or blushes, had better not read what I am going to write; but all young-of-body or young-of-soul folks, maids and grandmothers, with love-colored lives, will, maybe, smile a bit, looking dreamily ahead or back, with the sure knowledge that is Wisdom and Understanding and Joy-in-Life.

Robert Redwin was a poor, miserable, unfortunate multi-millionaire. His father, a perfectly working financial machine, who had invested his three-score and ten years with exceeding profit in the bank of Mammon, had left him, at eighteen, with the millstone of wealth about his young neck, and sycophants and flatterers about him instead of friends. Ten years later, the millstone was growing irksome, the flatterers discouraged. For Robert seemed in no hurry either to play ducks and drakes with his millions, as a true sport is supposed to do, or to pick out a wife from the ready-and-waiting group of charmers who had ambitions to translate some of his money into Paris hats and Doucet gowns. The mothers of eligible daughters felt the seriousness of the case; their marketable commodities were beginning to show the tarnish of time; yet, with the prize of the Redwin millions still unplucked, they dared not turn Mabelle or Maude over to lower bidders. So they redoubled their arts and graces, their allurements and oglings; and the heart of Robert Redwin, beholding, was very sick.

"If it weren't for the old she-pirates egging them on, the girls wouldn't be so bad," he reflected morosely behind his best brand of society smile, as he glanced about the ballroom at "one of the season's most brilliant affairs," noting the eyes that were turned toward him, the perceptible preening and fluttering among the girls, like that of fragile, luminous-winged night-moths which perceive a sudden, bright light near-by. He knew, for he was an honest-minded, clean-cut young fellow with a sense of humor, that if it had not been for the halo of his bank account above his head, he would have passed unnoticed in the crowd like a hundred other correctly groomed young blades. But he had small time for reflecting. A wave of passionate perfumes, sensuous fabrics, commercial charms engulfed him——

"Good-evening, Miss Merriman—I wondered why I came, and now I see! Ah! Miss Nesbitt, I was hoping you would be 'among those present'! Good-evening, Mrs. Van Linn and Miss Dolly and Miss Mabel. Do you know, it's hard for me to tell which of you is which. No, no, I never flatter. And here is Miss Hill, with, I hope, a space 'to let' on her dance-card——"

The phrases fell from his tongue as meaninglessly as the patter of a parrot. He bowed and smiled, touched small, coy, gloved fingers, danced the formal waltz in preference to the intimate innovations of the season, with never a flutter of his heart, as warm bodies leant on his arms in the sway of the dance, as veiled eyes spoke silently to him, and their message was plain to his weary soul. At last, escaping an importunate circle in the conservatory, the young millionaire found himself in unscented air, blessedly alone on the balcony.

"Faugh!" He lighted a cigar, drawing a long, untainted breath of freedom. "Is it going to be this way always, I wonder—bargain-hunting women and calculating dowagers; débutantes sicked on by time-servers, ready to barter their soft bodies for hard metal? My God!" He drew another wistful breath, as tho his soul were stifling, and looked away toward the pure, steadfast sky. "Why, I'd give a million dollars this minute for the real love of a real woman, and not a red cent for the fawning of those sawdust-souled dolls yonder. I wonder"—seer-like, his grave eyes dreamed away into the far reaches of the night—"I wonder whether the good Lord has made my woman; whether she's waiting out there somewhere, clean-eyed, with the mother-wife look in them, and untaught lips——"

The dance music crashed, with its discord of artifice, into his fragrant vision. His face set and hardened. He brought a clenched fist down on the balcony railing. "But I swear if I dont find Her, I'll die without a wife!" he said.

"Ah! here the prodigal is," purred a fat, breathy voice in saccharine accents behind him. "You see, I've brought you your reward, Mr. Redwin——"

Robert bowed low over the plump, gloved hand of the "reward," his sense of humor muttering, impishly, "I believe scripturally it was a fatted calf," while the mother looked on complacently. "Dear Alice was wondering where you were," she burbled. "She is rather tired of dancing—the child is so popular—so I knew you would be glad to take her into the garden for a little stroll. It's such a sweet night. Ah! you young folks"—she dug an arch fan into Robert's unresponsive ribs—"how I envy you your youth on such a night as this!"

"It is for us to envy when we look at you," said Robert, with phonographic readiness. "When years are beautiful, the more of them the better. Now, if Miss Alice will honor me—"

They strolled away, merging into the shadows of the shrubs, while the mother watched them greedily. "Alice is positively getting stout," she thought, with a throb of terror. "I'm sure it's the candy—but she's getting on—almost twenty-seven. If she doesn't land him tonight, I'll invite young Twiller to dinner Tuesday. He's an ass and has only twenty-five thousand a year, but I dont dare wait——"

Needless to state, still "unlanded," Robert Redwin sat before his handsome mahogany desk the next morning, listlessly opening his mail and going thru the daily farce of "managing" his already beautifully managed inheritance. Suddenly a spark of interest flickered to his face. He picked out an envelope from the plethoric pile of begging letters, advertisements, prospectuses and invitations that made up the bulk of his mail, and opened it eagerly.

"Wonder how Carter found those coal lands," he muttered. "I had a hunch there'd be something doing there; let's see—m-m—'looks like rich deposits'—I thought so—'old, white-haired Methuselah of a mountaineer showed me about. His granddaughter, whose name is Josephine Blake, owns it all, he says, but he 'lowed hit warn't good f'r much. I'll wire you tomorrow how much I think you'd better offer. Yours, JOHN CARTER'—pretty good!"

He smiled, with the gratification of one whose judgment has been vindicated, and tossed the letter aside. It is strange how powerless an inanimate thing is to enlighten or warn. If he had read that same letter with the spectacles of Fate perched upon his nose, he would have felt it flutter in his fingers, warm, alive; would have heard it answer his lonely heart-cry of the night before; would have risen straightway, cursing, from his swivel chair and taken the next train for Tennessee. But instead, he carelessly pierced it in its most vital point—the words "Josephine Blake"—on his letter-file and turned to the consideration of a proffered telegram. That, too, was pregnant with meaning, yet meaningless. It was from Carter, and ran merely:

> Advise you to offer one hundred thousand dollars for property. Worth millions. CARTER.

Yet, far away in Tennessee, one of the most important events in Robert Redwin's life was taking place without his consciousness.

In the sagging doorway of a slab cabin, on the edge of a "crick," stood a remarkably pretty girl. Lean, long-legged dogs sprawled about her bare feet, and the mountain breeze, with rude, unappreciative fingers, whipped the rough, curly hair about her face and the limp, faded blue gingham about her round young limbs. Without a single artificial adjunct or prop to her wild-flower prettiness, she faced the searching sunshine with unconscious daring, and the eyes of the man climbing the "hoss-path" toward the cabin had no flaw to find in her. Firm, pink flesh, healthy eyes and unworldly smile—— She was, he reflected greedily, quite untaught and unspoiled by admiration. The rude clowns of mountaineers about her had never touched her heart; it was a virgin, fallow field where a man might raise whatever crop he wished. Moreover, in a few days, if Redwin took his advice, Josephine Blake would be an heiress with one hundred thousand dollars to her name. Carter drew a long breath of decision. He would do it. He jerked the bridle-rein, smiling down at the girl.

"Good-morning, Miss Jo!" he said. "Where is your grandfather this morning?"

"Howdy, stranger?" answered the girl. She raised a bare arm, pointing to the fringe of cottonwoods. "Gran'-pop, he's off thar with his ol' gun, shootin' squerrils, I reckon."

Carter jumped down from his horse, tied it to the worm fence and turned to the girl winningly.

"Surely not 'stranger' still, Miss Jo?" he reproached her, playfully, "when I've come clear up from the Crossing to ask you to take a walk with me."

The girl's clear eyes sought his face, and a something there caused them to fall again uneasily. Yet she did not understand, and nodded. "Ef y'u has come clar up hyar from th' Crossin', I reckon I'd better shack along of y'u," she laughed.

Thru the still, dry sunshine they strolled up the hillside, across potato and corn fields, to the woods. As the shadows of the chestnuts laced the girl's gown, Carter suddenly stopped. He took one of the blue cornflowers, that she had gathered on the way, from the bunch in her hands and placed it in her hair. Half-startled, Jo drew back, laughing uneasily under his glowing gaze.

"You're all flower, little girl," he said, in a queer breathless way, reaching out and gathering her hands in his. "You dont know how lovely you are, do you?"

The heat of his eyes scorched her cheeks a frightened red. She jerked her hands free.

"I—I—reckon—y'u-all is jokin'—"

"No!" Carter bent over her, his breath on her face. "Haven't you guessed I love you? Haven't you seen? There—there—don't look so troubled! I know it's soon to say it, but I cant wait——"

With a gasp like a wild thing startled from its safe covert, Jo was gone, her bare feet light across the rude ground, her hair wild about her troubled face. The man watched her moodily; then, with a shrug of his shoulders, turned away.

That afternoon he was back again, clambering up the path to the cabin, and relieved to see only the old man sitting in the cabin, drowsily skining his morning toll of squirrels and nodding over the cob pipe of his leisure. Carter's mind reread the telegram in his pocket swiftly:

> Buy at price you made. Will send check tomorrow. ROBERT REDWIN.

Yes—there was no time to lose, and he would lose none. He approached the squirrel-cleaner cheerily.

"Afternoon, grandpop!" he cried jauntily, as the old man looked up to nod. "I've got some good news for you. I can buy that land of your granddaughter's for a big heap of money—if I choose to." He looked down into the time-mapped old face meaningly.

"One hundred thousand dollars!" he said slowly. The rusty knife clattered to the flooring from the old man's tremulous fingers. His jaw slackened, as tho trying to take in the meaning of the sum thru mouth as well as ears.

"My Gawd!"

Carter laughed. "That's enough to keep you in whisky and tobacco and store-clothes all your life," he said, "and bought-meat and sugar and coffee——" He spoke in terms that the simple mind before him could understand. The old man's face grew cunning.

"Ef y'u choose, y'u say?" he muttered. "Wal——"

Carter leaned low. "I want to marry Josephine," he said. "If she marries me, I'll buy the land."

"Lawdy! is thet all?" The old man's toothless jaws mumbled luxuriously, as tho already tasting the joys that were promised. "Jo! Jo!" he shrilled. "Come hyar, gal!"

"THE OLD MAN'S FACE GREW CUNNING"

"Yes, gran'pop!" She was in the doorway, with a fading smile at the sight of Carter.

"What y'u-all want?"

The old man's eyes glistened; he gestured toward Carter with the bloody point of his hunting-knife. "'Pears he wants to marry y'u, gal," he chuckled. "Co'se y'u'll do hit—"

"No—no!" The girl's face was wild with distress. She was on the floor by the bench, clutching her grandfather's homespun knees. "I kaint—dont y'u ask me, gran'pop—I kaint—I kaint!"

The old man shook her shoulder roughly. "Reckon y'u're sure-'nuff crazy, gal," he whimpered. "A peart chap like him! 'Sides, y'u gotter, or we'll lose thet money. He tells how he'll give one hundred thousand dollars f'r thet wuthless piece o' yurn yender ef y'u'll marry him."

Suddenly Jo was on her feet, fiercely flinging out her arms. " 'Taint no use, gran'pop," she said quietly. "Money haint 'nuff to buy me, I reckon. I dont keer f'r him, an' I wont marry him." She was gone, with a low sob, thru the crazy doorway. The two men looked at each other blankly; then Carter turned, with an oath, and strode away. He knew when he was beaten, and he was a poor loser. So was old man Blake.

"Y'u-all's tolerable selfish." He had tottered from the cabin and was standing over the girl. " 'Pears like all y'u think of is yureself."

"No!" Suddenly Jo lifted her head with a strange gesture. "No—I'm thinkin' of some one else, I reckon—somewheres——"

Her eyes were on the future, tear-wet, full of a brooding mother-wife look—questioning——

At that very moment, "somewheres," Robert Redwin sat at his desk, writing a check. As his hand paused on the initial letter of his name, his eye caught something amiss in the view of his abstracted gaze. One of the ponderous pictures on the wall was hanging askew. A small pebble is enough to throw the wheels of circumstances off the track. Robert Redwin was a methodical man. He put down the pen and crossed the room. The picture swayed under his fingers; a cord in the back parted, and the great frame crashed down on his head, stunning him——

Ten minutes later another man, wearing Redwin's features and clothes, but not his mind, rose dazedly

" 'RECKON Y'U'RE SURE-'NUFF CRAZY, GAL' " from the floor and made a gesture as tho trying to clear a mist away. The mist refused to clear. With the same vagaries of movement, the Man-Who-Had-Been-Redwin put on his hat and coat, passed out of his office into the street and disappeared.

A week later, the papers screamed with the Inexplicable Absence of the multi-millionaire. Hints of foul play set men's heads to shaking gravely. A hundred or more mothers, wrathful at being defrauded, began to furbish up their daughters for another market. And the world wagged on its way.

Two months after the disappearance of Robert Redwin, when the papers had relegated the case to the obscurity of the fourth page, sixth column, to make room for later wars, divorces and murders, a shabby figure stood at a tiny backwoods Tennessee station, half-fainting from hunger and weariness. Thru strange ways the Man-Who-Was-Redwin had traveled to this place, selling the jewelry he had found upon him in pawnshops to buy bread and cheese; tramping the roads; working like a laborer in the hay-fields with soft, white hands that bled and tortured, and puzzled, weary eyes, always seeking—seeking something. This vague need had harried him on, driving his swollen feet over railroad-ties, his starved, rag-clad body thru days of torture; now he could go no further. It seemed a bitter thing to his poor, bewildered, unremembering mind that the agent in this little station would not let him die in peace on the platform; that was all he wanted, just to die comfortably in the shade, but the man would not understand. He talked loudly and rudely. The Man-Who-Had-Been Redwin swayed under the agent's brusque shove and fell sprawling loosely across the dusty road.

He supposed, as the light faded from his eyeballs, that he had died.

Later, when he opened the tired eyes, he was sure of it. Above him was a face kind and gentle and lovely, he thought dimly, as, when he was a little boy, he had imagined angels' faces were. Soft hands were on his forehead, with peace in the touch—and he had longed so for peace! With a tired sob, he put out his hand like a child and clutched a gown.

"Dont go!" whispered the Man-Who-Was-Redwin, huskily. "I'm so tired—I've come so far! You wouldn't go now, would you?"

The girl's face was very tender, very pitiful. She took the wandering hand in her own strong clasp, and it was an anchor to his wandering senses.

"No, I'll stay hyar," smiled Josephine Blake. "Dont y'u fret, I'll stay."

Later, over the food that she set out for him, the Man-Who-Was-Redwin listened to her soft-syllabled tale of how she and her grandfather had found him at the station and brought him home. The man listened solemnly, eyes on the lovely face before him. Hungry as his body was for the bacon and corn-pone on the table, his soul was hungrier, and he fed deeply of her sweetness and simplicity. Yet still he remembered nothing. He was like a new-created Adam first looking on Eve. To him there had never been other women—her face awoke no memory of other faces, daring-eyed, bold, painted. Yet some far, deep voice of his soul cried gladly: "It is She!"

Like timeless things, the days passed now in the cabin by the "crick." The Man-Who-Was-Redwin learnt to do many things, awkwardly, like a child—to saw wood, to hoe corn and to love a woman. Always, whatever he was doing, his seeking eyes would roam until they came to her, and rested there with a feeling of deep peace. He said little to her, but their eyes spoke often—his, pleading, wistful; hers, shy, yet beginning to fill with the clear light that maidens burn only for their lovers on the secret, holy altars of their souls.

It was afternoon. In the shade of the big cottonwood on the edge of the corn-field grandpop slept the serene sleep of the very old. Hand in hand the girl and man strolled away thru the fine light and shadows, seeking Their Own. Red passion-vine, warm as a kiss, hung about them; myrtle, wild grape and dogwood bushes shut them away from the world. A warm fragrance rose from blossom and vine. Her face lifted—turned to his as naturally as a flower to the sun.

"Sweetheart!" cried the Man-Who-Was-Redwin, and caught her to his breast. She felt his heart pound beneath her cheek, his lips on her hair.

"I love you—love you!" he was saying brokenly, over and over, and suddenly she knew her part and raised a radiant face to his.

"Why—I reckon—I love y'u!" she cried wonderingly. Her lips, when his found them, kist back innocently as her warm arms crept up about his neck.

"I—reckon—I—love—y'u——"

"Gran'pop war wrong," she told him quaintly when the primal wonder was over and the time was ripe for lovers' confidences. "He told me he 'lowed I'd be plumb sorry f'r throwin' over thet thar fortune, an' now 'pears like I've *found* my fortune 'stid o' losin' it."

The man looked down at her, faintly frowning. "Fortune? Fortune?" He repeated the words slowly, as tho prolonging the taste of them. The syllables had a familiar tang to them, disagreeable, like the adult's recollection of a nauseous dose tasted in the faraway years of childhood. Jo chatted on, unnoting.

"ALWAYS . . . HIS SEEKING EYES WOULD ROAM UNTIL THEY CAME TO HER"

"Yes—a man named Carter came up hyar a while back an' 'lowed he knowed a feller in N' Yawk as would give a hundred thousand dollars f'r th' land yender——" She broke off, frightened at the face bending above her, twisted in the agonized travail of recollection——

"What—was—the man's name?"

She felt the words rather than

heard them. The impact of them on her heart terrified her. She stammered the reply thru whitening lips.

"Robert—Redwin——"

"Ah!——"

He had dropped her hand. The sensation of a man who has been falling thru endless time and space and suddenly feels himself caught on a tiny snag, swept over him in a wave of dizziness—at any moment the frail hold might give way, and he would plunge on again into the gulf of insensibility. He struggled wildly for a mind-hold. Pictures snapped and sputtered in a frenzy across the foglike cinematograph visions—a ballroom streaked with rainbow color—a picture askew on a wall——

Suddenly he knew.

Jo clutched his arm. "What is hit?" she whispered. "Air y'u ailin', tell me——"

He turned to her then, so strangely altered that she gave a great cry, hardly knowing him. But the love of her in his eyes and on his lips was the same. He gathered her in his arms.

"I'm as right as right, little Jo," he said. "And you love me?"

"Yes!" she whispered. "Oh, yes!"

"Always—I wonder?" For a doubt had seized him, and he knew, altho he hated himself for it, that he must test her.

"HE WOULD TAKE HER TO NEW YORK, TO HIS MOTHER"

The horse scupped up great clouds of sallow dust as Jo reined him in suddenly in a flurry of excitement.

"News!" she cried. "I reckon y'u never could guess."

"I reckon not," he smiled, fear gripping him as he glimpsed the white envelope in her hand. So it had come. Ever since he had wired directions to his office, a week ago, he had dreaded this. Suppose she should fail him? But then—— Suppose—oh, dear Heaven! suppose she should not fail? He went to her, earth-stained and shabby from the field.

"I've done sold the land, after all." She bent to him a glowing rose of a face—"f'r a hundred—thousand—dollars!"

"Ah-a-a!" His heart was pounding furiously, but he schooled his lips and face to the mummer's part he had decided on.

"Well, little girl, I congratulate you"—he half-turned away—"of course it's hard on me."

"Y'u!" Wonder widened her eyes.

"Why, yes!" He forced a harsh laugh and gestured bitterly. "Look at me. I'm a pauper, and you're an heiress. You can marry whom you please, and I—well, my dream is over. But I'll always love you, little girl."

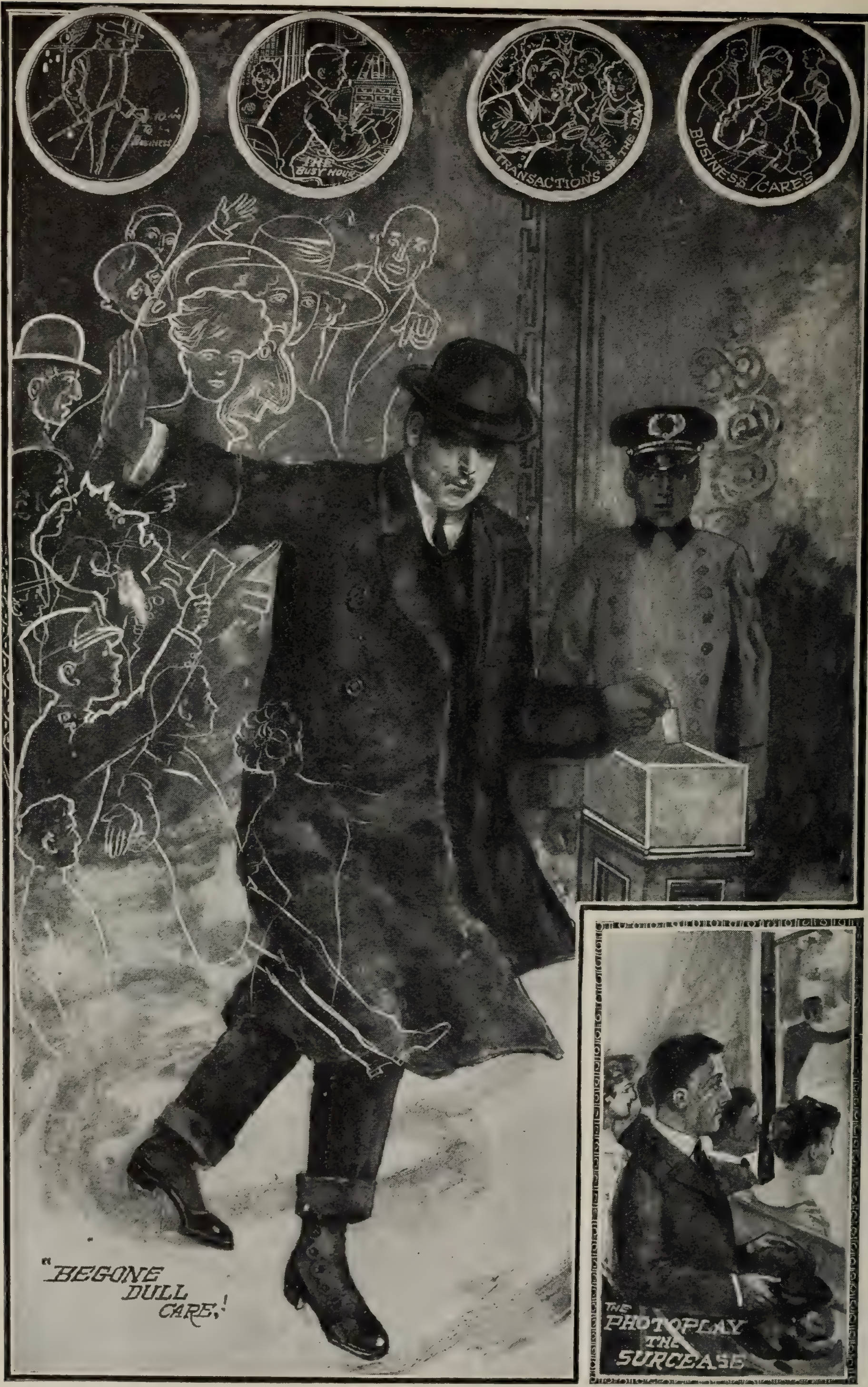
He waited. All the worth-whileness of life seemed swung in the balance of her answer. He had a quick vision of the glory that would be his if she were not as other women—if she were indeed what his heart recognized—his One Woman. He would take her back to New York, to his mother, his splendid home. He could almost see the wonder of her at the swirl of the city, at his great, gilded home, his true name and state. Yet even as he dwelt on it, the vision shattered sickeningly. No woman could be like that—his test had been too hard. Heiresses did not marry paupers, except in nickel novels for servant-girls to read. The world whirled and tottered, waiting, as he.

"'WHY, I LOVE Y'U,' CRIED HIS WOMAN"

Then he heard her laugh, felt her soft arms about his neck, lifting his drooping face. He opened his eyes. The love-light of her face dazzled him.

"Why, I love y'u!" cried his woman; then her head nestled against his homespun shoulder.

WHERE CARES ARE FORGOTTEN AND



TROUBLES CEASE

The Wall of Money

By John Olden

(REX)

THOMAS McINARRIE, living alone in his fine mansion on the hill overlooking the mills, had always met trouble on the point of the jaw. His toils at the hand-loom in a Scotch cottage had distorted and knotted his fists to the shape of huge tongs; his jaw, capped by a pendulous nose and cold, gray eyes, was the personification of force. Some one had once said that his face, with its underhang, curiously reminded him of the front of a steam-engine. But all that was years ago, and the thought of the army of hands that ran his looms for ten hours a day, with the music of the countless shuttles mounting to his windows, had set the lines of his face in a sort of dreadful solemnity. At times, in the peacefulness of the wooded valley, a stoppage would come to the looms, and the silence would bring cruel pain to the old widower's ears. Often as not it was trouble with the antiquated boilers in the mill-yard, and sometimes a child's hand or body got caught in the fringy belting.

For months McInarrie had turned a deaf ear to the pleadings of Jim Neilan, his new foreman, that his looms were out of date, his shuttles a relic of the dark ages, and, worse, his patched-up boilers in constant danger of explosion.

"Weel, I'm an auld man, Neilan," he usually fenced, "and ye're a young, feckless eediot. Let guid enough alone. When Wallace takes over the mills, there's time to pour out my money, and much obleeged to ye."

A glowering discontent was forming among the slow-headed spinners at this wilful neglect, and Neilan felt that trouble of some sort would come out of it.

It was on the day that the six foot of pampered Wallace McInarrie drove his racing-car up the hill, at the end of his college career, that a committee of spinners was plodding up to the mansion from the mill. Deaf and dour old Archie Lloyd had to be violently wrenched from the road as the big, red machine flashed by.

"He's the deil's spawn," shrilled the frightened spinner, shaking his fist at the cloud of dust, "and a splairger wi' our wages." And the committee concurred by shaking their heads at this wanton misuse of good machinery.

McInarrie had been forewarned of the approaching visit of his hands, and, at first thought, it came over him to bar his doors against them. There was something prophetic about the snow-white hair of Archie Lloyd, perhaps the recollection of their apprenticeship as lads, that set him to trembling. And then, they had loved the same lass, and McInnarie, with empty breeks' pockets, had married her. He hated the thought of this ghost of the past in his house, and knew that only strong provocation would bring Archie Lloyd across his threshold.

The mill-owner was prepared for trouble. At his request the sheriff had sent four of his deputies, and even as the committee climbed his hill, they lay concealed behind his heavy curtains.

The whirr of Wallace's motor broke the brooding silence of McInarrie's house, and in a scant minute the young man rushed in and hugged his grim parent.

"I've harkened to the call of the looms, dad," he breezed between embraces, "and am going to swop my car for a pair of overalls, if you give the word."

"Go into the library," said McInarrie, solemnly, "and remember I'm an ill man to jest with."

Wallace, the imperturbable, did as he was bid, and yawned over a textile catalog for the best part of a solitary hour.

Suddenly, sharp and clear, the usually good-natured voice of Jim Neilan came swirling up to him in a rush of words. "Remember, Mr. McInarrie," they formed, "that every word that Archie Lloyd has said is true. We'll forget the crazy condition of your looms and the lack of new devices that make them a Scotch joke, if there is such a thing. But it's the boilers, sir, the boilers that threaten the life of every lad and lass, and the old weavers, too, in your employ." The words cut off, and the violent crinkling of paper took their place. "Here are the plans of a new boiler-house, with a set of modern boilers, and cylinder heads that dont fly off like corks. I had them estimated on my own responsibility. And now will you take them, or leave them in disregard of life?"

NEILAN PLANS TO IMPROVE THE MILL

There came a silence as heavy as pent breathing; then Wallace recognized the bull-like voice of his father. "Meester Neilan, report to the mill at once. As for ye, Archie Lloyd, I've an opeenion to clap ye into jyle. The sheriff's men will lead ye down the hill"—his voice rose to an obstinate scream—"and I will na give twa thoughts to the twaddle of your lying tongue."

There followed the gruff commands of the sheriff's men, the closing of a door, the scuffling of retreating feet on the gravel, and McInarrie entered the library to face his son.

"Like as not, Wallace," he questioned, with a shade of anxiety, "ye have heard what that riffraff has put to me?"

"Dad," said the young man, coloring, "I heard it all." He rose up, grown suddenly earnest. "Let me learn the business, dad," the words burst out. "I know you think I'm a boob, but give me a chance. You've grown old and a bit hard——"

"Granted!" said McInarrie, "and with more eediots like ye, I'd be a d—— sight harder." He stopped for fitting words. "Your proposeetion, ye suckling, brings me to the point of a voamit."

Wallace measured eyes with him. "Do you deliberately want to rear a fool?" he asked calmly.

"I'll rear naething unworthy of the name o' McInarrie," bellowed the old man, "and have no stinking interference with my mill 'til I'm dead. And that's mair than enough for ye! Tomorrow ye can pack off to the seashore with your breeks full of honest money."

The mill-owner turned on his heel and was gone, with a sullen-faced youth behind him. And all day long Wallace thumbed the pages of the textile catalog, busy with his thoughts. By supper time he had come to a resolve: to run counter to his father and to gain access to the mills by hook or crook.

THE SHERIFF'S MEN DISPEL THE WEAVERS

The resolute voice of this man Neilan had appealed to him, and him he would seek out. Unknown, without influence, unsired by such a grim father, Wallace decided to enter the mills as a green hand and to learn to handle warp with the men who had been driven from the house on the hill.

Big with his resolve he was up betimes the next morning and, dressed in gaudy summer tweeds, shook his father's hand in farewell. Two hours afterwards, in seedy store-clothes, he tramped into the mill-yard and asked Neilan for a job.

The foreman took careful note of the applicant's broad shoulders, with the driving power that went with them, and assigned the green hand to the boiler-room.

In the steam and stench of summer heat and the withering glare from the furnace pits, Wallace first found out what work really meant. And as the days went on, and Neilan had taken him into his own home, the boy became as lean as a tiger under the gruelling test.

But, with night, Neilan's little cottage appeared a perfect heaven to his red-rimmed eyes and sweated body. He began to see things from the men's side. They were underpaid, overdriven, menaced with fear by worn-out machinery and boilers. Yes, the boiler-house was a stalking death, as even his unskilled mind could grasp.

There was a girl in the foreman's cottage, Jim's sister, and at first he paid scant attention to her. He realized, in a vague way, that she cooked their food, and that her shapely hands danced nimbly before his tired eyes, with the dishes and table things. She was pale and tall, with brown hair coiled low like a mask, and sometimes he thought that she looked at him—he couldn't be sure—the evenings were too short.

But when the day came that Archie Lloyd's boy, Bert, was cut down by a broken flywheel, and they brought the slip of a body to Jim's house, then, that night, he watched the girl as she hovered over the poor thing in the corner and tried to patch up its torn clothes against the coming of Archie, and her definite likeness began to fasten in his brain.

She was sweet, that was the word, sweet to a tired man, and he wondered where a foreman's sister could have caught her graceful way and the straight-eyed look of her.

It was terrible the way Archie Lloyd went to pieces when they led him in before the wreckage of his boy, and the old man went quite wild with his cries and ravings against McInarrie up on the hill.

Wallace tumbled savagely in his bed from the thought of the thing, and resolved to seek his father out the next night.

It was under the glow of a reading-lamp that Wallace found his father, and, with the pouring out of his story, the relentless man's eyes hardened to the glint of steel.

"Dinna come to me," he cried, "wi' your silly vaporings. I have no ither son—a pretty one I've fathered!"

"Father!"

"Go back to the shameless quean," roared McInarrie, beside himself, "that has driven ye daft, and be a slave in my quarry for the rest of your life. God forgive ye, for I canna abide an unnatural son."

Wallace walked out of the house of his father, resolved never to enter it again and thinking shame of his insult to Neilan's sister. All his way down the sheer hill she stumbled into his thoughts—her calm way, her supple, strong body, her mother's eyes—and he made up his mind to become her devoted friend.

And so, of nights, he, in turn, took to watching her, until her full, young bosom rose and fell, and the telltale tinge of youth worked thru the white of her cheeks.

It was the daftness of Archie Lloyd that first started a bond of sympathy. The old weaver had gradually gotten worse and worse after his boy's death, and brooded, with slack hands and staring eyes, over his empty shuttles. Neilan and Pauline discussed his case in lowered tones, and it was only by dint of repeated attempts that Wallace was allowed to counsel with them.

The fact was that they half-suspected him of double-dealing. On one of the foreman's visits to Archie, the old weaver had told him of his wandering up to the mansion on the hill and of his seeing Neilan's young boarder enter the house. Pauline was struck dumb at the news and, in her heart, refused to believe it. There was something to be explained; some little thing that would clear up the nasty mystery.

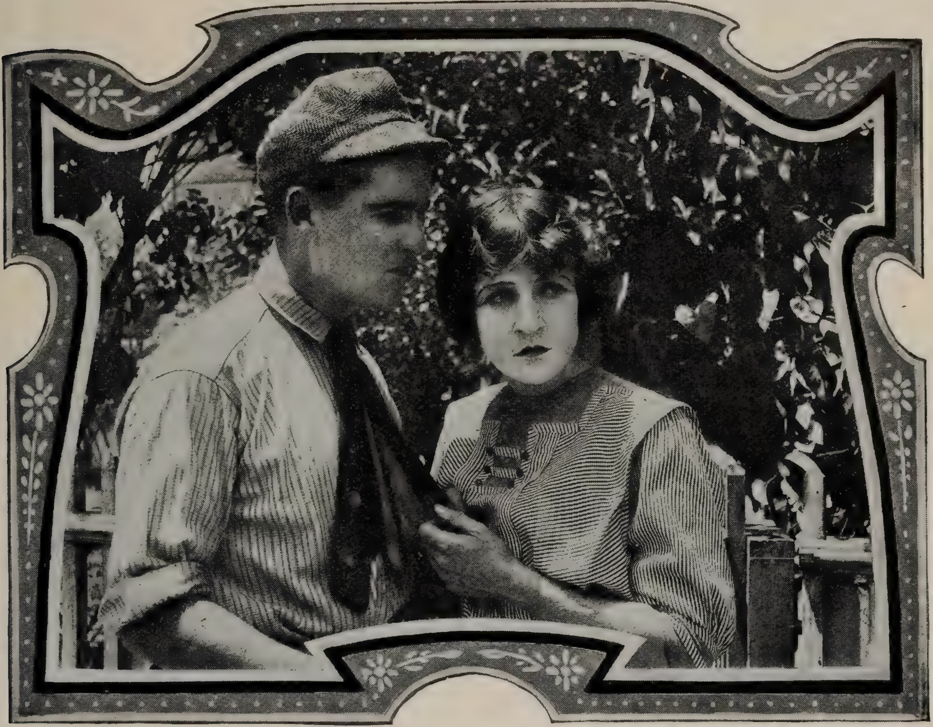
Events hurried forward from then on with giant's wings. Archie grew rapidly worse, a broken, pallid figure, with his dull eyes ever set toward the house on the hill. His girl, Mollie, could neither make nor mend him, and begged her sweetheart, Neilan, to help her save her father. And so Neilan took to spending the lone evenings with him in poor comfort.

Wallace was left alone with Pauline. He had never felt deeply, his life had been too smooth, but the sears on his chest from hot ashes and the blows of hard work were welding him into a man with a soul. And the soul in him dimly began to see the heart of the girl under his stare and to find it beautiful.

They spoke very little. It was mostly of others. The feel of big-hearted people does not come trippingly to the tongue.

It perhaps might have been a matter of Miles Standish and Evangeline, with their hearts both held prisoners, had not the unexpected happened.

Archie Lloyd went quite insane, with only the image of McInarrie left on his brain-film. The wraith of his boy whispered that he must destroy the man on the hill.



NEILAN AND HIS SWEETHEART FEAR THE WORST

On the night that Neilan left him for an errand of mercy, the old man slipped cautiously out and started a wavering ascent of the hill. He had procured a stick of dynamite in some unaccountable way, and his one thought was to hurl his oppressor into oblivion with it.

He climbed the hill, his long, white hair blinding his elfish eyes, and entered McInarrie's grounds. It was late, after ten, and the lights were all out, save a dim one from a single lamp in the library.

Archie, with the terrible weapon in his hand, climbed the porch, ape-like, and flattened his face to the pane. Within were two men: McInarrie and a gaunt giant of a boy who was pleading with him. Archie's poor brain tried to think where he had seen him before. Then he raised his hand to cast the dynamite thru the glass. Its destruction would be fearful, but he hugged the thought of hurling thru space with McInarrie.

Thin, far-off words came out to him, and he listened. He saw queer, glistening jewels in McInarrie's eyes, and his words were beyond comprehension.

"Hang it, Wallace," they rumbled, "ye've been plotting and skirling against the father that begot ye, but ye're man enough to own it." The voice went on: "And ye speired Archie's boy killed in the mills and never held it against me." McInarrie stared hard at the window, as tho seeing into the night. "Lang years syne he loved a lass, and I, too, and I won her frae him."

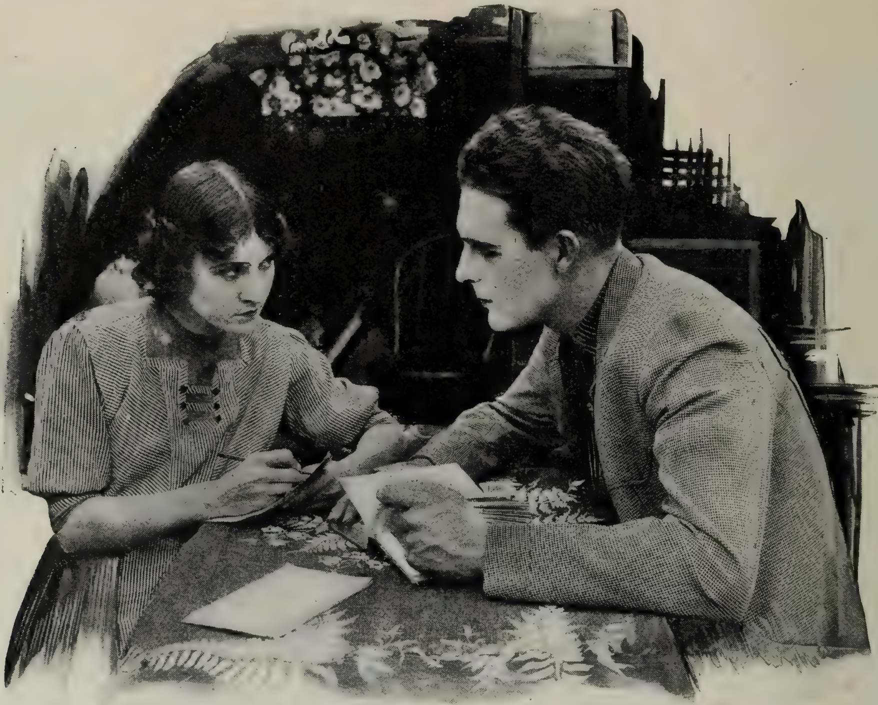
The face in the dark grimaced with fury, and the arm rose again. McInarrie spoke on:

"I'm old and broken now, Wallace, and even the iron will is drooling frae me." His hard eyes wrestled with his son's. "The mills are yours; do wi' them as ye see fit. Marry the besom if ye want to and be——"

McInarrie's final words were throttled in Wallace's huge hug.

"She's a woman, dad—the good, sweet Scotch kind, clean and bonny, like the heather in flower. Together we'll run the mill. And you and Archie shall be pals." Such is youth.

Wallace fairly sang with the promise of the morrow, and McInarrie's face twisted into a smile. Outside the window a white-haired being softly stole away.



PLANNING TO SAVE THE OLD WEAVER

KEEPERS OF THE FLOCK

BY NORMAN BRUCE

From a Photodrama of the English Countryside by BANNISTER MERWIN
(Pictures made in England)

THE open downs stretched toward the valleys and waved softly into the uplands again, dotted with barrows, crisscrossed with hawthorn hedges, a-shimmer with goldening gorse and low furze-bushes. Old Luke stood at the top of one of the slopes, a strange, inevitable, stark figure, in broad hat and fustians, looming against the infinite background of the sky. His eyes, beneath the white thatch of brows, were on the far, fragrant landscape in slow pondering. Life on Cornwall downs is not a foster-parent of dreams or visions; yet the slow years that had wandered the pastures, with Old Luke behind his white flock, had taught him many things—the neighboring farmers said he was a "queer 'un as 'adn't a notion o' butterin' 'is luck!" Of pence and pounds, indeed, Old Luke Welden knew little and had little. Yet he was the richest-souled man in Widden Wold.

From where he stood he could glimpse the straw-thatched roof of his cottage, beyond the turn of the lane, and hear, distance-softened, the high piping of his daughter Ellen above her housewifely round—a snug cottage, a buxom daughter. Yet Old Luke thought rather of the tidy yew hedge before his place, the resting-ground of a dozen yellow-hammers who filched the straw for their home-building from the roof, and filled the air with colorful wings and shrill, sweet, mating cries. He thought of the fuchsia bush by his door; the tangle of old roses over the wicket gate; the pots of blue flax and yellow myrtle, and the glory of coming happiness in Ellen's eyes.

"Aye, aye! she be i' the marnin' o' livin', an' I i' the dimpsey light," the old man nodded aloud to himself, in the friendly intimacy of the open day. The sheep-bells tinkled a serene undertone to his musings, as for fifty years they had set the tune to his life. Old Luke's eyes grew younger, looking vaguely backward adown the past; a chuckle curved his lips. "Ah, well! ah, well! dostn't 'ee mind the kirk wi' the gude folks gleekin', an' the lass wi' the blue-harebell 'een? Lang syne, Luke, lad, lang syne! You'm an old man naow; the parson 'at married 'ee, save 'im, is kirkyard dust these forty-fi' years, an' the lass—twenty years agone! But theer's Ellen bidin' her happiness, an' the gorse as greenery an' yallery an' the sky as blue—— Ess fay! 'Tis a mazin' world, an' as flam-new today as yester-e'en, by the blessing o' God!"

His lass had had eyes like the sun on the harebells, and they had misted with shyness and burned with womanhood when they had rested on him. So Ellen's eyes dimmed and dawned now when Thomas was by. The essence of young love, distilled and redistilled thru the generations from mother to daughter and daughter's daughter; an old, old essence, eternally new. Yet Luke's heart was vaguely troubled. The thought of his strapping son-to-be was strangely sore in his faithful breast. For Thomas' eyes held no hint of a dream. Old Luke did not know this was the reason; yet he felt it. They were bold, lusty eyes, those of Thomas, that loved to look on fat rye-fields, comfortable ale and beef and cheese, and round girl-forms and ripe lips, but spent no profitless time musing on red sunset glamor or the haze of dew across the green, green fields.

"'A ban't a steadier lad i' the parish," Old Luke reassured himself stoutly. "I be chitterin' like a guinea-fowl ower nothin' at all. Thomas 'll make my li'l lass happy. I ban't called 'pon to trouble."

Yet it was day after tomorrow that they were to be married, and he sighed at the thought. Change in an old life is always distressing and terrorsome. So many peaceful years he had spent on the downs, watching the flock for the master yonder in the big house, and later for the young master. The outer world had flowed by as silently as the river beyond the alder fringe, and now his little girl was suddenly a woman and husband-high. Old Luke sighed again, shaking his head.

THE BETROTHAL

"Daze me if I ban't growin' old!" he smiled ruefully. "When Thomas cooms to 'e cottage, mayhap I'll go 'long down to 'e master an' ask 'im to gie the lad the flock. Ess fay! I be thicky old 'a watch sheep, I reckon—thicky old——"

But the terror grew in his eyes. Give up his sheep? Sit all day by the fireside, smoking and nodding, or fill a warm chimney-corner at the Mug o' Cider Inn with the doddering old grandsires, whose children no longer needed them? That is the sharpest sting of the adder, old age—to be no longer needed. Yet Thomas—what of him—and Ellen? He was a thatcher by trade, but with brick nogging houses coming to be so common, with their slate roofs or tiled ones, there was little work for thatchers nowadays. No, he would give Thomas his flock. There was nothing else to be done; yet emptiness of heart filled him. His worn old hands clutched his shepherd crook feverishly.

"Till day after tomorrow," he said aloud. "I'll bide heer on 'e downs till then."

OLD LUKE GIVES HIS CONSENT

The dreaded day dawned in happy shimmer of sunshine and dew. Ellen was radiant. Was not the blue chest in the corner full of fine, new linen—jumps and nightrails enough to last for years, fashioned by herself, with many a girlish dream stitched into their seams, and many a happy, shy thought of this very day? Was not her gown beautiful, with its embroidered bodice and full skirt? Was there not to be sherry wine and dancing on the common, and a feast with plum-cakes and a whole roast calf? Were there not at least five girls whose hearts would envy her as she and her tall, broad-shouldered Thomas stood, hand in hand, before the parson? The spice of their envy flavored her joy to perfection.

"Aye, feyther!" she cried, luminous-eyed, as she stood a-tiptoe to kiss Old Luke's cheek, clean shaven in honor of the day. "It's a wonnerful, coorious world. Did 'e ever see aught like 'un? All fu' o' sunshine an' goodness, an' flam-new an' bright!"

"Aye, lass"—his lips smiled as he kist her, but his eyes brooded—"but 'tis time t' gaw t' the kirk naow; us 'll be late f'r all the doin's an' doggery. Heer, bide a wee!" He went across the room to the loft, climbed the ladder and disappeared. When he returned, he bore a red handkerchief, tied by the corners and heavy with something that clanked and jingled. " 'Tis a bit o' siller I've saved f'r 'ee, lass," he whispered awkwardly. "It ban't as much as I'd wish for—some hunnerd pun's or so, but 'twill be a start i' life f'r 'ee—Ess fay! a bit o' a start. An' later on, mayhap——"

He stooped and kist her. She returned it, and the bright color warmed her cheeks——

"Oh, feyther, feyther!" she whispered against his fustian sleeve.

True to his resolve, the old shepherd went, with his new son-in-law, to the master in the big house on the upland, the day after the wedding. Both men went reluctantly. Old Luke's feet dragged as tho weighed by his heaviness of heart; Thomas', from another cause. The prospect of long days on the downs, with only a pack of silly sheep for company, instead of his jolly companions of yore, was not one to lend speed to sluggish limbs. Yet Ellen's fond eyes were on him, glamorous with their new-born sweetness, and he could not refuse. The master listened to the shepherd's long-windedness patiently.

"An' so, zur," finished Old Luke, humbly, " 'tis a better bargain f'r 'ee. I be but a poor twauking body, what wi' my rheumatiz an' years, an' Thomas ha'e strength, an' youth, an' spirit. Take 'en in my stead, please 'ee, Muster Kedgers, please 'ee."

No one could guess the wounded pride that underlay the words, the effort each cost. The matter was soon settled, and the old man and the young one turned back home, the one sulkily to his new and distasteful labor, the other to a gray and empty nothingness stretching before his patient old eyes as far as he could see.

But the bitterest was to come. To sit, silent, in his forgotten corner and watch the pink drain slowly away from his lass's cheeks, the light from her eyes—to hear his son-in-law's surly tones, his unkind words, that grew steadily unkinder as the newness wore from his marriage vows. Old Luke's heart was empty of dreaming nowadays. He pottered drearily, like an old ghost, about the downs, and always the sad refrain of his thoughts followed him: "I was afeared—afeared!"

At last, one day, the blow that had been hovering over the cottage fell sickeningly. Thomas tramped in from the sheep-fold, hot and hungry, his muck-stained boots wreaking havoc among the careful ranks of Canterbury-bells and larkspur in the garden, and found dinner late.

OLD LUKE GIVES THE BRIDE HIS LIFE'S SAVINGS

"I've been 'avin' a fair leery spell, Tom," cried Ellen, pleadingly, shrivelling under the man's black looks. " 'Ee knaow how 'tis, bye—I ban't so strong-like these days. Sit doon theer, an' I'll ha'e the meat afore 'ee in the wink o' a cock's 'een."

Thomas brought his fist down on the deal-table with a crash like domestic peace breaking. His heavy, handsome face was congested and thick with aggrieved blood.

"Dang 'ee, wumman!" he roared. "I'll not bide your dawdlin'. 'Tis naught 'ee ha'e t' do froom marnin' t' dusk, whilest I be toilin' an' woikin' t' fill 'ee wi' food. I'm gormed if I'll stand f'r it. If I doant get my meals at huome, I'll gaw wheer I can!"

The cottage shook beneath the angry slamming of the door. In the wreckage of her home Ellen stood, white as the chalk cliffs beyond the downs, her body, piteous in its hint of coming motherhood, shaking in the shock of the bitter words.

"Doant 'ee fret, lass." Old Luke was at her side, fluttering distressfully, like an old, broken-winged bird over an injured nestling. " 'Ee's in a huff, but 'ee doant mean it—'ee'll coom raound."

" 'Ee'll fey break my heart, feyther," she sobbed out desolately. "When us walked out together I never thought o' this, God pity me!"

God pity her! She was weak, languid, anxious to please him, tremulous at his displeasure, humble, meek—in other words, a wife, a mother-to-be.

Bess, the pretty barmaid at the Load o' Mischief Inn, was none of these things.

Her eyes sparkled with mischief, her cheeks glowed with health. She laughed till the old, blackened rafters of the public-room shouted with mirth and the glasses rattled cheerily on the bare tables. Thomas looked at her once; then again; then he spoke. She answered as life had taught her, coarsely, jovially and broadly. He found her amusing—a good, round, armful of a woman, not all bones and aches. At the end of an hour the new-made husband was leaning across the oak bar, pinching a round cheek that had forgotten—if it ever knew—the art of blushing.

"You'm a bonnie lass, be jowned if 'ee ban't!" he crowed, flushed with the strong ale she had served him, his bold eyes hot on the girl's face. "What do 'ee say t' a kiss, eh, dearie——"

THE WEDDING

Bess giggled consciously, with a coquettish box on the ear from a big, red fist adorned with a silver bangle.

"An' what do 'a gie f'r kisses, Muster Smooth Tongue?" she asked greedily. "I doant hand 'en out free-f'r-naught, Od sieze it, no!"

Thomas' face darkened. He jingled the lonely twopence in his breeches' pocket disconsolately, shaking his bushy head.

"'Tis a rackety world wheer a man ha'e no shillings an' 's wife wi' a chest fu'," he complained bitterly. "'Ee tulls as theer's a hunnerd pun's hid sommers, but never a smell o' it do I get—only wark, wark, wark froam risin' to dusk, till my poor, dumb brain gets as dead as a clot afore I've said my scrags o' prayers."

"You'm a poor, twauking sort o' a man," jeered Bess, scornfully, "to take a scantling o' bread 'n' cheese 'n' a stingy ha'-penny froom any 'ooman. Why doant 'ee get the savings? Ask ver it—then *take* it! Then coom back here, if 'ee like. But I've nought to do wi' a ha'-man-ha'-'ooman body, afeared o' 'is wife!"

She watched him go, smiling broadly. "Twa crowns t' a ha'-pence he's back tomorrow," she nodded, wise with unwomanly knowledge. And she was right. The next afternoon Thomas strode into the Load o' Mischief and tossed a wallet, with a great jingling, to the black wood of the bar.

"I telled 'um 'twas f'r a new gownd," he laughed, in the pride of his own cleverness, "but it ban't—'tis f'r another silver bangle, Bess, to gaw wi' the one on you'm arm."

The money lasted two weeks; the favor bought by the bracelet scarcely longer. One day the brown tankard ceased to foam, and Bess to smile. He was wrung dry; the wallet was lean, yet there were other wallets and other stout fellows in Cornwall. She told him so in round terms, seasoned with ploughman's oaths.

"Gaw huome, ye larrupsy blaggard, ye!" she jeered. "Wi'out a silver shillin' t' 'ee gullet! I doant wish 'ee heer, day after day, stripped as bare as a skillington hung froom a gibbet. You'm a poor show o' a man, you'm be!"

His rage carried him far along the lane toward home. At every turn of the way he cursed, not himself for his heartless folly, not Bess, even, for her sharpish tongue, but Ellen for the tears that she would shed and the reproaches she would speak when she knew. It is always that way—the guilty angry with the innocent for their very innocence. By the time he reached the cottage Thomas was a very ill-used man indeed. Old Luke, being the first to speak, was the first to feel his anger.

"Doant 'ee ha'e a bit o' 'baccy, Tom, in 'ee breeches?" quavered the old shepherd, timidly. "Happen I've smoked all o' mine."

"Dang 'ee, will 'ee be still hectorin' a man!" exploded Thomas, violently. "Mayhap if I'd nought t' do but sit i' the chimbly whilest better men warked, I'd ha'e a pipefu' myself 'tween Candlemas an' Whitsuntide. I ban't a red ha'-pence, I ban't!"

"Oh, aye, Tom!" Ellen's voice quivered with fear, but she spoke out courageously. "'Ee got the hunnerd pun's 'a give 'ee a for'night by."

"Nay—that's gone."

There was a sodden silence in the cottage. Then Old Luke rose from his settee with a dreadful cry.

"Gone? Wheer is it gone?" he shouted, the tremble of old age disappearing for a moment from his wild voice. "My silver 'at I spent a lifetime t' lay by! My silver I give my lass on 'un marriage-day—'at was t' give t' 'um's chillen. Gone! Naow, by Heaven! 'ee 'll gaw, too! 'Twas a cust day 'at bringed 'ee t' Widden Wold. Away, ye lammiger—ye rogue!"

A shadow darkened the doorway, a shambling, shamed thing—footsteps down the gravel path—the click of the wicket. Old Luke, his moment's fire flickering down to ashes, crept across to his daughter, sobbing by the casement.

"Doant 'ee grieve," he crooned tenderly. He straightened his bent old shoulders pridefully. "I'll gaw back t' the sheep—Ess fay!" he cried.

Cornwall winters are early comers. The days grew shorter as they slid down the wane of the year, sending the yew-leaves whistling over wold and down, blackening the gorse. Old Luke, tending the sheep on the windy uplands, felt the winter in every aching old bone and in his heart. Daily his task grew more difficult—feeding, salting, folding—but he defied the twinges in his worn joints, the grim threat of old age. With all his pain was mingled shame at his own feebleness, hatred for the rusty, useless old body that was no longer at his command.

Then there was Ellen.

She spoke brightly, baked and brewed, mended and swept, sang and smiled—and the shadow grew in her bluebell eyes. Sometimes he surprised her sitting looking vaguely out between the diamond-panes, watching the ruin of her garden bend to the wind; watching, by the look of her, a sadder ruin—that of life and hopes and happiness. Yet even Old Luke did not suspect the true grief of her. Then, one evening, it was out on a wild tide of tears.

"Oh, feyther, feyther! 'Ee'll ha'e t' bring me Tom back or I'll die!"

Old Luke lifted the heavy sheep-trough waveringly—staggered and swayed. A strong arm was around him; a husky voice panted in his ear.

BESS, THE BARMAID, SETS HER CAP FOR THOMAS

"Bide a bit—I'll take 'en. So-oo—theer 'ee be!"

The old man turned. "Thomas!" His voice grew stern. "Why's 'ee heer?"

"Doant!" A strange, new Something rang in the younger man's voice, a Something whose name was Shame. "Wont 'ee forgi'e me—I'm fair broken wi' grievin'. Theer ban't a day syne I left 'ee 'at I've not repented—bitter as gall! I've been warkin' yender on the next downs wheer I could see 'ee—an' the cottage—— My God! I been in hell——"

His voice broke. He covered his

OLD LUKE BRINGS THE LOVERS TOGETHER AGAIN

heavy, worn young face with shaking hands and burst into uncouth sobbing that startled the sheep into flight. An old hand clutched his arm, trembling.

"Doant 'ee fret, lad," quavered Old Luke. "Byes 'll be byes, I reckon—till they's men. You'm a man naow, you'm a man, and I'm fey old. Coom huome wi' me—lad—t' Ellen."

"Wi' all my heart!" cried Thomas.

Across the crumbling glory of the gorse-stems, by the hedge and the withered rose-vine—then two glad cries that were yet one——

"Ellen, Ellen, my lass, forgi'e me!"

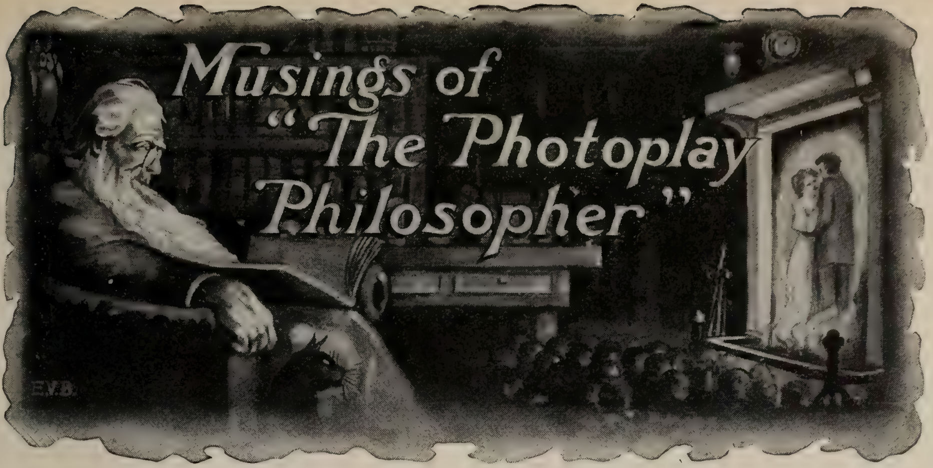
"Oh, Tom-bye, ha'e ye coom back t' me? Oh, Tom! Tom! Tom!"

* * *

Thru Rose-Tinted Glasses

By ROBERT W. FISHER

The Motion Picture show to me
Is not a school where I may be
Shown a man, a beast, a bird,
Of which I've very seldom heard.
I dont deny that others do
Learn of much that's odd and new;
But as for me it's a place to go
And forget care—bask in the glow
Of Make-Believe, where all ends right:
The villain the hero puts to flight;
The orphan lad finds jewels rare,
Rescues a girl; where women fair
Are powers for good; where men are brave
And tender, too; where kids behave,
Obey their elders. Of course, when I
Step out under the workaday sky
It's different, but the memory stays
Of a pleasant hour—it my time repays:
I think life's made on a better plan,
And all because I'm a picture fan.



Musings of "The Photoplay Philosopher"

A WRITER in the *Exhibitors' Times* says: "Scenario writing cannot be taught. Anybody who asserts to the contrary either does not know what he is talking about, or is preying upon the ignorant or credulous. All that schools and the various scenario editors can do is to outline a formula. They tell *how* your scenario should be laid out, typed, paged off, the sheets pinned together, and so forth."

I know not what motive prompted that paragraph, if, indeed, there were any save the anxiety to have something to say about something of which the writer knew but little. I, for one, can prove by my own experience that the statement is erroneous. The art of scenario writing is certainly an art as well as a science, and not one person in a hundred can pick it up by simply learning a "formula." There are schools, books and instructors who teach drawing, painting, story-writing, play-writing, mechanics, shipbuilding, designing, architecture, and so on, and any studious person who has a natural aptitude in that direction can learn any one of these things in that way. And so with photoplay writing. Some can never learn it, however much instruction they might receive, simply because they lack some of the faculties that a successful photoplaywright must have. Schools do not pretend to supply brains to their pupils, nor talent, nor genius, nor aptitude. I wonder if the writer just quoted would say that a natural-born artist would not profit by a thoro course of instruction in draughtsmanship, perspective, the cardinal principles of ornamentation, etc.? And if he thinks that even a born novelist should not first have an education in grammar, rhetoric, composition and general literature? And if a born photoplaywright (if there be such) should not first master the rudiments of dramatic construction? If the aforesaid writer will go to the nearest library and ask for their ten best books on the art of play-writing and dramatic construction and history of the drama, he will probably find that there are a few things that he does not yet know. The trouble with most of these critics of photoplay schools is that they imagine that all playwrights are born; that none are made, and that none are helped by studying the art. Again, they seem to think that photoplay writing is child's play; that anybody can do it by simply following a given formula, provided they have the brains. They think that there is nothing to learn; that it is merely a question of thinking out a good theme and of putting it in scenario form. I wonder if they would say the same of those who are striving to learn the art of drama writing for the speaking stage. If so, they will wonder why our great universities have regular courses of instruction in play-writing. They must know that it is quite impossible for a man to sit down and write a successful drama without previous study and instruction; and that, even if he could, his art would be vastly improved by a college course on the subject.

Of course, there are photoplays and photoplays; some are good, some are not worthy the name. And not everybody can tell a good scenario from a poor one. We spectators usually judge a play by the effect it has on our emotions; whether it entertains us; whether it leaves a pleasant flavor in the mouth; but let a man like Sardou or Augustus Thomas see a photoplay, and he will know at once whether the writer is a master of the art or merely the accidental discoverer of a good idea. A good dramatist knows something of the long hours, perhaps weeks, that the writer or director spent in constructing his scenes and welding them together, and he can see at once the master hand or the novice, as the case may be. In short, play-writing is a great art, and there cannot be too many schools, books and instructors in that art. And, no doubt, it will not be long before the great universities provide two- or three-year courses in the art. Anybody who says that these statements are not true, simply does not understand the ABC of the art of dramatic construction. And these courses will teach, as many schools do now, not only the technique of photoplay writing, but the art of dramatic construction, and this is something that cannot be learnt in a day.

⁂

Maud Powell, the famous violinist, is in favor of censorship of popular songs. Have we not too much censorship already? The tendency should be toward less censorship. The "I am holier than thou" crowd would like to censor everything, but the great mass of people want to live as they please, and they see no reason why they should live as certain other people think they should live. The Lord knows that our popular songs are bad enough, and that some of the words in them, if spoken on the street, would make the speaker liable to arrest. And the music, too, is abominable. But the way to drive out bad music is to put good music in, and, at the same time, to educate the people to enjoy the latter. If the man who wrote the classic lines, "Let me write the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws," could hear our present popular music, he would probably throw nineteen fits and die of heart failure.

⁂

High-grade films require high-grade publicity. THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE is the only publication in the wide world that reaches the great Motion Picture public, and it is the public who now tells the exhibitor what the exhibitor must show on the screen. Reach the ear of the public, and the exhibitors will listen!

⁂

And now comes the delicious season for grapes. Grapes are a fine fruit, healthful and health-giving, pleasant to the taste and easy to procure. So beneficial to the human system are grapes that there is a popular remedy known as the "Grape Cure." Yet grapes are a much-abused fruit. They are called grapes when fresh, raisins when dried, plums when in puddings, juice when crushed, wine when fermented, grape-fruit when they bear no resemblance to grapes, shot when they are nothing like grapes, and grape-nuts when they are not grapes or nuts at all.

MUSINGS OF "THE PHOTOPLAY PHILOSOPHER"

Pray, is there no end of books, magazines, weeklies, trade journals and papers devoted to the Motion Picture business? It seems not. A new one comes to my table every week. When we started this magazine there were just three that I felt in duty bound to read; now there are no less than thirty. In one month they make a pile two feet high; and were I to read them all, it would take no less than one hundred hours. It is wise to keep abreast of the times and well informed on all branches of the business in which one is engaged, but, unfortunately, the days are only twenty-four hours long, and there are other things to do than to read. Such are the troubles of an editor.

⁂

Not least among the troubles of an editor is the arduous task of reading the thousands of letters, verses, articles and suggestions of his readers, particularly when most of them are written with a pen in illegible writing. It may not be generally known that, in these days of numerous labor-saving devices, most novelists, editors and reporters use their own typewriting machines. Not only is it a great saving of time, but it makes it much easier for the person at the other end. Many society ladies have adopted the typewriter for their correspondence. While some prefer to have a secretary do their typewriting, not a few do it themselves and enjoy it. Some writers find it difficult to learn to compose readily on the typewriter, but they soon get the knack, and the knack becomes a habit. If the various contributors knew how much they would lighten the task of the editor were they to typewrite their contributions, and how much better would be the chances of acceptance, they might be tempted to try the experiment. All manufacturers of confections, perfumes, stationery, cereals, and in fact all merchandise, know that the salability of the article is improved by the beauty of the package, and there is doubtless some truth in the statement that a neatly done manuscript has a better chance with an editor than has a poorly written one. Perhaps this should not be, for it is the matter itself and not the form or wrapper that should count, but such is human nature.

⁂

A writer in the *Scenario Critic* begins an article entitled ''The Cinematograph'' in this eloquent style: ''On the morning of time, when there formed a crust o'er the surface of a fleeting meteor, glowing resplendent in the galaxy of the firmament, the climax of earth's first drama was attained. Then the Infinite drew the curtain of obliteration across the unimaginable, and the scene shifted for the inception and appearance of life. Man followed! His companions were Reason and Thought, great characters and boon fellows when rightly directed. His guide was Conscience; trustworthier none could be. Thereat the world became a stage whereon, down thru the myriads of ages, compared to which the period of historical events is infinitesimal, has constantly since been portrayed the universal playlet entitled 'The Farce of Life'; a melodramatic production in which we all have figured, more or less, but one wherein one-half the cast never saw the workings of the other half until—— Well, who is there who is unacquainted with animated photography?'' All of which is very pretty, but the argument loses force, because, perchance, Adam and his predecessors did not possess a camera. The cinematograph helped to introduce our race to their brothers, but it, unfortunately, does not accurately picture their ancestors.

Occasionally look over your habits, but dont overlook your superstitions. Being not yet fully civilized, we are all more or less superstitious, and a superstition is an obstacle to progress. Primitive man was a slave to superstition, and savages everywhere are even today afflicted likewise. Superstition is akin to ignorance. There is no such thing as the supernatural. The so-called supernatural is only the natural not yet understood.

⁂

Among the good books that have come to my reading-table are "Old Age Deferred," by Dr. Arnold Lorand, published by F. A. Davis Company, Philadelphia, price $2.50 net, and "Art in Short Story Narration," by Henry Albert Phillips, published by the Stanhope-Dodge Publishing Company, Larchmont, N. Y. Dr. Lorand's book is a masterful treatise on the causes of old age and its postponement by hygienic and therapeutic measures, and it is written in popular language that all can understand. An appropriate quotation on the title page, from Seneca, is, "Man does not die; he kills himself." This book should be read by young and old: by the former to preserve their youth; by the latter to regain it. Mr. Phillips' book will prove of great value to all short story and photoplay writers, and its value is enhanced by an introduction by Rex Beach. Mr. Beach has written two stories for THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, and Mr. Phillips writes one every month, and our readers are familiar with their scholarly work, even had they not read numerous other stories by these great writers in various other publications. Mr. Phillips' new book is quite the equal, if not the superior, of his previous one, "The Plot of the Story," and it is with pleasure and confidence that we recommend it. It is a handy little book, printed in large type, and the reader will not be troubled as was Macaulay, who read Plato in a ponderous folio sixteen inches long by ten broad, which weighed twelve pounds, and which was printed in antique Greek type on 1,400 closely printed pages. Mr. Phillips has that rare faculty of saying a whole lot in few words and of putting it up in neat packages.

⁂

We all have big ears for that which favors our vanity, and small ears for that which discredits us. It should be just the reverse, for, if we are to improve, we must correct our faults rather than gloat over our virtues. As the Spanish maxim runs, "When you hear anything favorable, keep a tight rein on your credulity; if unfavorable, give it the spur."

⁂

The anti-suffragists are complaining that the hand that rules the world is no longer rocking the cradle; that the women who want to vote are not giving the same attention to the duties of home and maternity that they used to give. If the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world, there seems to be no pressing necessity for votes for women; yet, on the other hand, if the ladies really want to vote, perhaps they have just as much right to do so as have the men. If the world is to be ruled, it should be ruled by all—provided they are competent to rule, and who dare say who is and who is not competent? Themistocles maintained that his infant son ruled the whole world, and proved it thus: "My infant son rules its mother; its mother rules me; I rule the Athenians; the Athenians rule the Greeks; the Greeks rule Europe, and Europe rules the world."

POPULAR PLAYER CONTEST

HAS YOUR FAVORITE WON?

THE ELECTION IS OVER AND HERE IS THE FINAL RESULT

THE great Popular Player Contest, that was conducted by this magazine, closed on July 23d, and part of the result was announced in the September issue just before going to press. At that time all of the votes had not been counted, and it was stated that the final count would doubtless make many changes in the list. Over seven million votes were cast, and it was no easy matter for a large staff of clerks and inspectors to tabulate and count this colossal mass of ballots. The work was finally finished, however, and verified, and the result is as follows:

FIRST PRIZE—ROMAINE FIELDING (LUBIN)	1,311,018
SECOND PRIZE—Earle Williams (*Vitagraph*)	739,895
THIRD PRIZE—J. Warren Kerrigan (*American*)	531,966
FOURTH PRIZE—Carlyle Blackwell (*Kalem*)	296,684
FIFTH PRIZE—Francis X. Bushman (*Essanay*)	252,750
SIXTH PRIZE—G. M. Anderson (*Essanay*)	217,069
SEVENTH PRIZE—Arthur Johnson (*Lubin*)	209,800
FIRST PRIZE FOR LADIES—ALICE JOYCE (KALEM)	462,380
SECOND PRIZE FOR LADIES—Muriel Ostriche (*Thanhouser*)	212,276

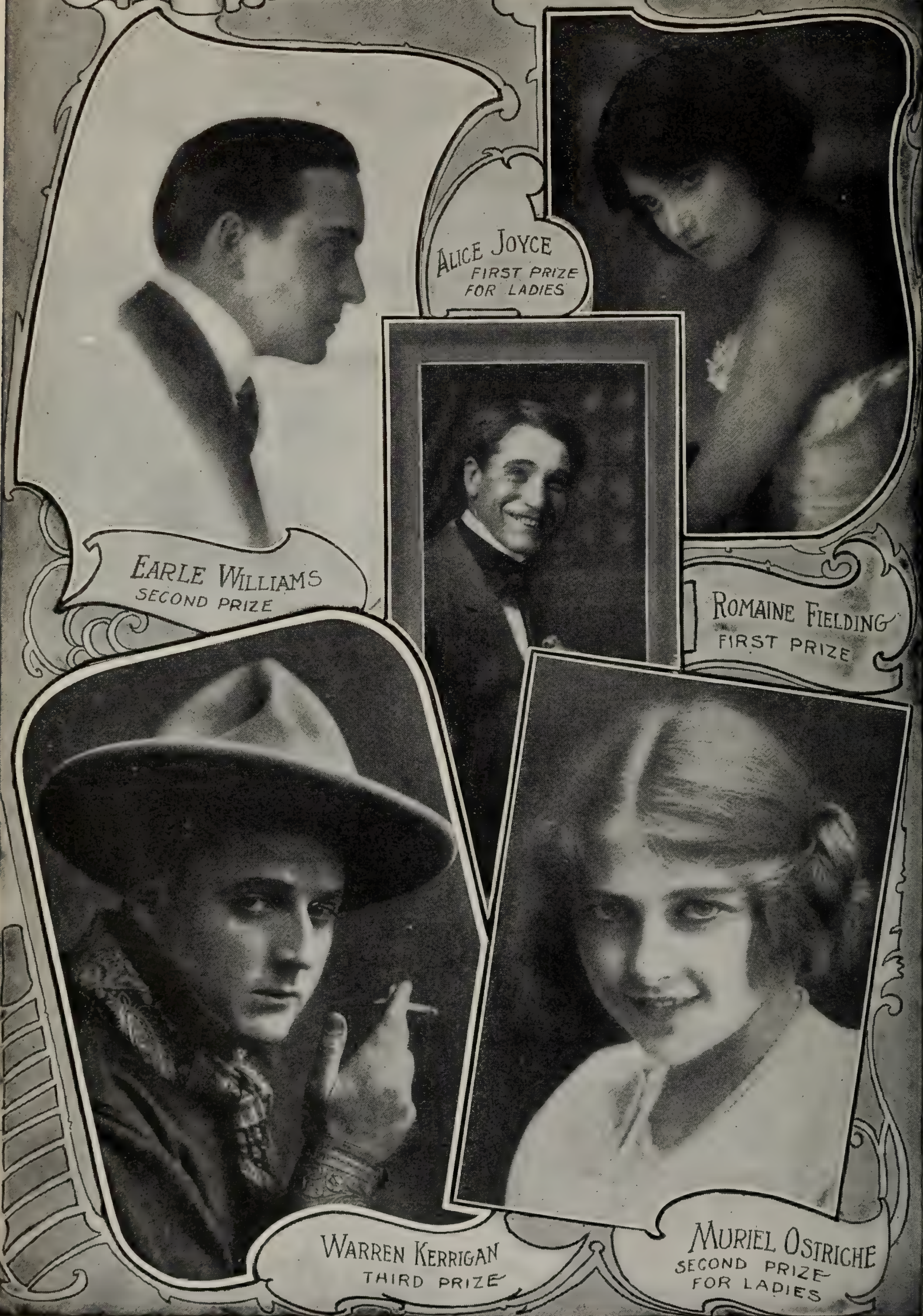
THE OTHER PRIZE WINNERS:

FINAL RESULTS IN THE POPULAR PLAYER CONTEST FOR 1913

Romaine Fielding (*Lubin*)	1,311,018
Earle Williams (*Vitagraph*)	739,895
Warren Kerrigan (*American*)	531,966
Alice Joyce (*Kalem*)	462,380
Carlyle Blackwell (*Kalem*)	296,684
Francis X. Bushman (*Essanay*)	252,750
G. M. Anderson (*Essanay*)	217,069
Muriel Ostriche (*Thanhouser*)	212,276
Arthur Johnson (*Lubin*)	209,800
Mary Fuller (*Edison*)	191,759
Edith Storey (*Vitagraph*)	188,161
Crane Wilbur (*Pathé Frères*)	186,854
Maurice Costello (*Vitagraph*)	183,422
Ormi Hawley (*Lubin*)	152,327
Mary Pickford (*Famous Players*)	130,592
Florence LaBadie (*Thanhouser*)	108,641
Clara K. Young (*Vitagraph*)	108,615
Marguerite Snow (*Thanhouser*)	106,518
Dolores Cassinelli (*Essanay*)	87,782
Lillian Walker (*Vitagraph*)	87,397
Blanche Sweet (*Biograph*)	86,791
E. K. Lincoln (*Vitagraph*)	86,001
Florence Turner (*F. T. Co.*)	84,184
Pearl White (*Crystal*)	82,209
Edwin August (*Powers*)	81,471
Guy Coombs (*Kalem*)	70,032
Betty Gray (*Pathé Frères*)	68,489
Jack Hopkins (*Ramo*)	67,345
Whitney Raymond (*Reliance*)	67,258
Florence Lawrence (*Victor*)	64,316
Ruth Roland (*Kalem*)	61,780
James Cruze (*Thanhouser*)	51,598
Edna Payne (*Lubin*)	51,243
Leah Baird (*Imp*)	49,739
A. E. Garcia (*Selig*)	49,120
Harry Myers (*Lubin*)	46,731
Adele De Garde (*Vitagraph*)	46,567
Gene Gauntier (*G. G. P. Co.*)	43,118
Wallace Reid (*Rex*)	43,117
Pauline Bush (*Rex*)	41,153
Anna Nilsson (*Kalem*)	34,519
Helen Costello (*Vitagraph*)	30,930
Norma Talmadge (*Vitagraph*)	30,381
Leo Delaney (*Vitagraph*)	29,874
Thomas Moore (*Kalem*)	29,784
Gwendoline Pates (*Pathé Frères*)	29,574
Gertrude Robinson (*Biograph*)	28,687
James Morrison	27,004
Paul Panzer (*Pathé Frères*)	26,588
King Baggot (*Imp*)	25,888

(*Continued on page* 112)

THE WINNERS IN THE GREAT



EARLE WILLIAMS
SECOND PRIZE

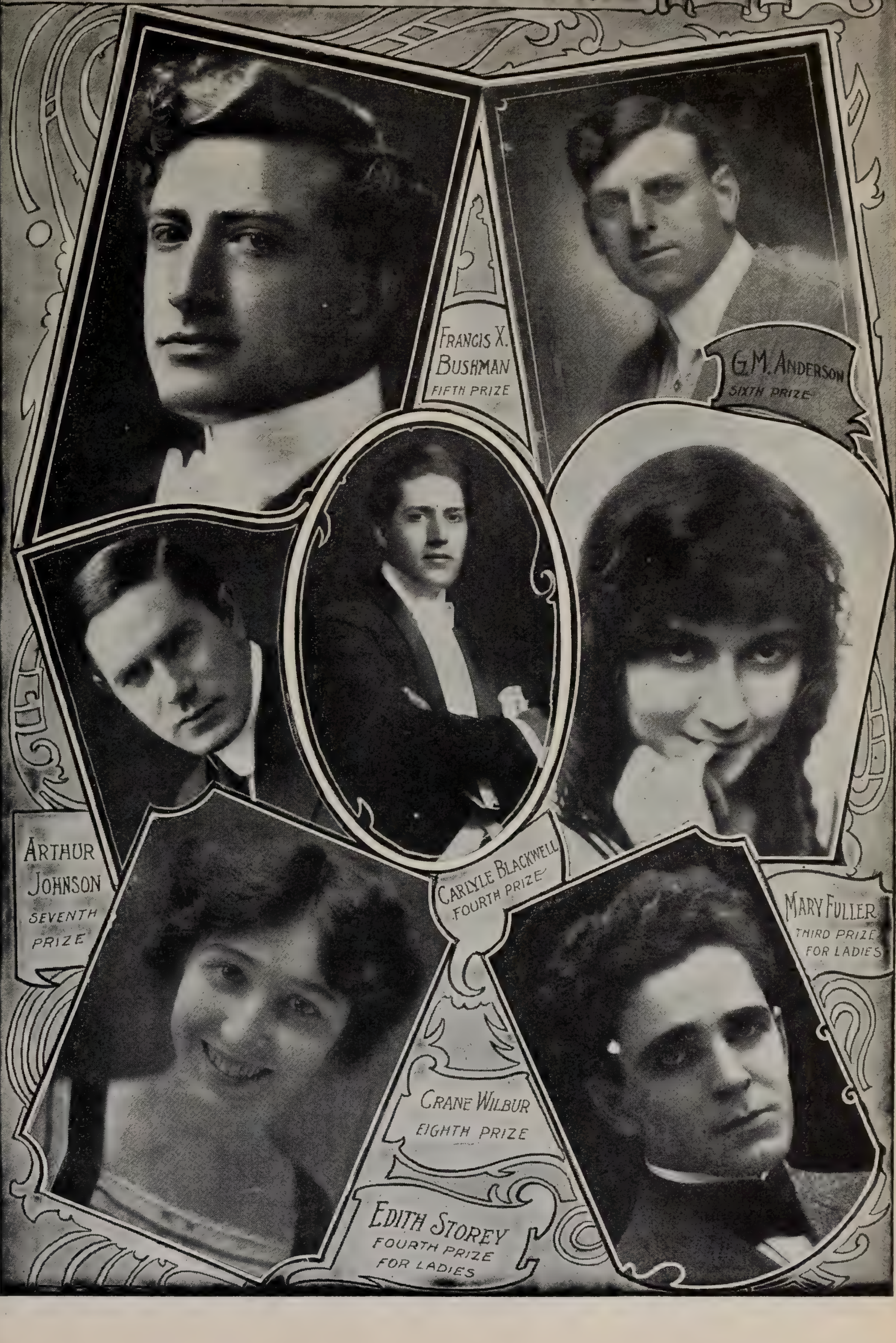
ALICE JOYCE
FIRST PRIZE
FOR LADIES

ROMAINE FIELDING
FIRST PRIZE

WARREN KERRIGAN
THIRD PRIZE

MURIEL OSTRICHE
SECOND PRIZE
FOR LADIES

POPULAR PLAYER CONTEST



FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN
FIFTH PRIZE

G. M. ANDERSON
SIXTH PRIZE

ARTHUR JOHNSON
SEVENTH PRIZE

CARLYLE BLACKWELL
FOURTH PRIZE

MARY FULLER
THIRD PRIZE FOR LADIES

CRANE WILBUR
EIGHTH PRIZE

EDITH STOREY
FOURTH PRIZE FOR LADIES

(*Continued from page* 109)

Mabel Normand (*Keystone*)	25,527
Lottie Briscoe (*Lubin*)	24,989
Frederick Church (*Essanay*)	24,808
Marc MacDermott (*Edison*)	23,646
George Gebhardt (*Pathé Frères*)	20,581
Julia Swayne Gordon (*Vita*)	19,802
Robert Gaillord (*Vitagraph*)	19,560
Eleanor Blanchard	16,291
Marie Eline (*Thanhouser*)	16,174
John Bunny (*Vitagraph*)	15,596
Courtenay Foote (*Vitagraph*)	15,483
Thomas Santschi (*Selig*)	14,763
Harold Lockwood (*Universal*)	14,673
Augustus Phillips (*Edison*)	13,101
Francis Ford (*Universal*)	12,973
J. J. Clark (*G. G. P. Co.*)	12,516
Ray Myers (*Broncho*)	12,283
Kathlyn Williams (*Selig*)	12,156
Jane Wolfe (*Kalem*)	12,045
Tom Powers	10,937
Earle Metcalf (*Lubin*)	10,597
J. B. Budworth (*Majestic*)	10,592
William Mason (*Essanay*)	10,580
Howard Mitchell (*Lubin*)	10,259
Beverly Bayne (*Essanay*)	10,124
Jack Richardson (*Universal*)	9,055
Benjamin Wilson (*Edison*)	8,924
Robert Vignola (*Kalem*)	8,669
Marion Leonard (*Monopol*)	8,520
Harry Beaumont (*Edison*)	8,262
Mary Charleson (*Vitagraph*)	8,262
George Melford (*Kalem*)	7,891
Kenneth Casey (*Vitagraph*)	7,273
Helen Gardner (*H. G. Co.*)	7,090
Mabel Trunnelle (*Edison*)	6,812
Jessalyn Van Trump (*Rex*)	6,689
Robert Burns (*Vitagraph*)	6,675
Miriam Nesbitt (*Edison*)	6,671
Janet Salisbury (*Gem*)	6,614
Bessie Learn (*Edison*)	6,556
William Russell (*Thanhouser*)	6,438
Vivian Prescott (*Reliance*)	6,426
Dorothy Kelly (*Vitagraph*)	6,268
Charles Arthur (*Edison*)	6,214
Ethel Clayton (*Lubin*)	6,189
Irving Cummings (*Reliance*)	5,660
Mignon Anderson (*Thanhouser*)	5,335
Owen Moore (*Famous Players*)	5,260
Hazel Buckham (*Broncho*)	5,125
True Boardman (*Essanay*)	4,982

Each of these popular players has received a handsome, engraved certificate as a memento of the greatest photoplayer contest ever held. The first twelve have received, in addition, their prizes, as previously announced, and their acknowledgments indicate that they are pleased. Mr. Fielding's prizes were forwarded to him in a handsome wardrobe-trunk that is valued at $150, and the contents are priceless, because they include immense bundles of verses and prose appreciations, together with the most exquisitely bound set of Motion Picture books, pictures, essays and treatises in existence, approached in excellence only by those that were sent to Miss Joyce and to the other leaders in the contest. All the winners have been requested to place their prizes on exhibition, so that the nearby public may inspect them. To the winners of the contest we offer our congratulations, with the earnest hope that in the years to come they will gradually add to their popularity by still finer work on the screen. The future will see great improvements and advancement in every branch of Motion Pictures, and much will be expected of the players. To those who have not won prizes in this contest we may say that failure does not necessarily mean inferiority. There are many things that tend to produce popularity besides clever acting, beauty and a pleasing personality. The contest did not call for the *best* player, nor the *handsomest*, nor the *best known*, but for the *most popular* one. This narrowed it down to a limited few who, after years of experience and publicity, had won the hearts of the public. Many players were at a disadvantage in this contest. Some were almost unknown to the public, due perhaps to the policy of the company with whom they have been playing, or a short career in photoplay, while others have had the benefit of extensive advertising by their companies. Again, some have been unfortunate in being cast for thankless parts, while others have been assigned to play the heroic lover, or brave soldier, or gallant prince. Villains and comedians usually have small chance to be prominent in contests like this, as also have those who play inferior rôles. Perhaps a fairer contest would have been one in which our readers were asked to vote for the cleverest player and the handsomest and the most versatile, and so on; or, the best villain, the best comedian, the best old man, young man, juvenile, child, etc. Perhaps, next year, something of this kind will be attempted.

Another thing that should be considered: many players withdrew from the contest, or tried to, among them being Mr. Anderson and Miss Mae Hotely. Mr. Anderson wired us at an early hour, asking us to advise his friends that he was not a contestant, and Miss Hotely tried to throw her support to a relative, Jack Hopkins, and to other friends, rather than promote her own interests. Other players were indifferent, and still others did considerable electioneering among their friends. However, the general result seems to be entirely satisfactory to us and to the majority of the public, all things considered.

And now for a few verses and comments by our readers in praise or criticism of the players.

Miss Ethel M. Kelly, of New York City, is an admirer of Mr. Anderson:

TO "BRONCHO."

How often at the "movies," you'll see thrown upon the screen,
The most ludicrous cowboys the world has ever seen,
With big sombreros flaring up, with chaps that flap and rattle,
It's one safe bet that few of them have ever herded cattle.
But there is one right up to date, in Western photoplays,
In all the big productions featured by the Essanay,
He is the cowboy true to nature, never crude or silly—
Long life to G. M. Anderson, the famous "Broncho Billy."

Miss Margaret Cronin, of 5407 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, writes:

Enclosed find a poem which took me ten minutes to make up. If you dont print it I'll never read your magazine again. It is "My Kalem Queen," as follows:

I'm just crazy about the "movies" and a special little girl,
That every time I see her my heart is in a whirl;
Her name is Anna Nilsson, and she is a Kalem Queen,
I like her in 'most every play, but in some she is a dream.
She is so very pretty and her big, round eyes they gleam—
And I'll always love her dearly, my pretty Picture Queen.
P. S.—Remember, if that poem isn't printed!

We certainly would not like to lose Miss Cronin as a reader, and now we know we wont.

''E. L. W.,'' of St. Louis, sends some verses ''To Henry Walthall (Biograph), from one who admires his acting above all the rest,'' and adds:

I like Henry Walthall because, no matter what character he takes, he portrays that person so clearly that you dont think of him as the actor, Henry Walthall, but as the person he is representing, and I think that is real talent.

So many verses and favorable comments concerning Alice Joyce are at hand that it is hard to make a choice. Two young ladies, who call themselves ''Bobsy and Nobsy,'' write that they are very glad Tom Moore is Alice's permanent leading man, and they threaten us with such dire consequences if they dont see their verses in print, that we have decided to take no chances, so here they are:

My dearest darling, Alice Joyce,
Above them all you are our choice;
There never was such a lovely queen
Equal to you on the picture screen.
Your charming partner, Tommy Moore,
Loves you as all do, we are sure,
So it will never be a great surprise
When you become sweet Tommy's bride.

Mr. H. Ellsworth, of Weehawken, N. J., writes an interesting letter, in which he proposes another Bloomer Girl baseball team. Here is his letter:

> I have an idea which you might take up if you wish. I have seen in July's magazine a number of actors with whom you have made a baseball team.
>
> Now, I have taken some *actresses* and made a team of them. Now, my idea is that you print both teams in your magazine, just like you did the men's in July's magazine. I have given the women's team the name of "Beauts," and the men's, "Heroes."
>
> Under the team in July's issue, you had the words, "If the Motion Picture 'fans' were umpires, would this team win?" Now, under the two teams, you could write: "As the Motion Picture 'fans' are umpires, which of these teams will win?" To find out which team will win, have a voting contest, like the one you had.
>
> If you know any actresses who are more popular and better liked by the people, I wish you would change the names I have put in, and put the others in their place—that is, if you are going to put this thing thru. I have here a list of the names:

"THE BEAUTS."

Alice Joyce	Pitcher	Ruth Stonehouse	2d Base
Ormi Hawley	Catcher	Florence Lawrence	3d Base
Mary Pickford	Short-Stop	Martha Russell	Right Field
Mary Fuller	1st Base	Mae Hotely	Center Field
Edith Storey	Left Field		

Mr. J. Webb Gaynor, of Grand Rapids, drinks a toast to Mary Fuller, in which many readers will doubtless join:

This is a reproduction of a clever drawing of Mary Fuller, by George H. Matthews, Jr., of 48 Campfield Street, Hartford, Conn. Accompanying the sketch were 761 votes for Miss Fuller.

Saw your picture on the screen,
Sweetest girl I've ever seen,
In our hearts you reign as queen;
Mary, here's to you!

Just can't help but like your style,
Made me cry and made me smile,
Showed me life is worth the while;
Mary, here's to you!

City waif or rustic maid,
Subtly are by thee displayed;
By just such we're thrilled and swayed;
Mary, here's to you!

Every type and mood in zest,
New charms hereto unexpressed;
As yourself I love you best;
Mary, here's to you!

Praise I could forever on,
Joy and pride of Edison;
But, when all is said and done,
Mary, here's to you!

Should you wish to try your fate
And go looking for a mate,
Put me in as candidate,
Mary, here's to you!

L'ENVOI

Simple guise or more complex,
Dimple, eyes, and elfish grace,
Slender form and fair of face,
Gentle acme of your sex,
Merry Mary, here's to you!

Miss "Q. St. C.," of San Francisco, has a good word for nearly everybody, but Crane Wilbur comes first, altho he comes last:

On Sunday when the weather's fine, off to the beach I go
With Motion Picture Story Book, to read about the show.
My favorites are quite a host—are other fans as bad?
I love them all, there seems no choice, if any choice I had.
Of handsome men there seems no lack; bewildered all the time,
I want to meet them, every one. Is such a wish a crime?
In fancy, when I'm at the show, I am the heroine
In every photoplay I see upon the picture screen.
How sweet to play the opposite to Warren Kerrigan,
Or else to be protected by that Harry Benham man!
If Harry Pollard could be mine, what happiness 'twould bring,
And yet King Baggot, of them all, is every inch a king!
But what's the use, if I could pick, I dont know which I'd take;
I want them all, for if I lost just one my heart would break.
There's L. Delaney, he is good, and Glenwood White is fine,
While Francis Bushman is a charm, Phil Smalley is divine.
Earle Williams, Irving Cummings, dont you think they're hard to beat?
With either one of two such men my joy would be complete.
But how I envy Robert Gray his pretty curly hair;
I wish that mine was black like his, for mine is much too fair.
Charles Bartlett as a rider is a pleasure to the eye,
A handsome man, an actor too, and clever by-the-bye.
And William Garwood he is great, and Edward Coxen, too;
It is too bad I cannot choose, I'm really feeling blue.
With Richard Stanton I could flirt; I never miss a day
When he is on the screen—I vow I cannot stay away.
There's Wallace Reid and Sidney Ayers, both men of perfect grace,
And stern James Cruze, an actor good, with serious classic face.
I love them all, my picture friends, altho unknown to them;
I wonder if they'd care for me—would they my love condemn?
Joe King, the Broncho leading man, is almost my ideal,
For he shows what a man should be and makes me think it real.
But there is one above all these, who makes them take back place,
An actor true and handsome too, who's bound to win the race.
For he has got my heart of hearts, the best one kept till last
To finish off my list of loves, the leader in the cast.
Of each expression's fleeting change, a master of his art,
His wondrous eyes flash every thought and make me feel the part.
I humbly worship at his shrine, I cannot hope to be
Even a passing thought of him—he was not meant for me.
I love them all as I have said, I feel my heart will burst—
For 'way above them, every one, I place Crane Wilbur first.

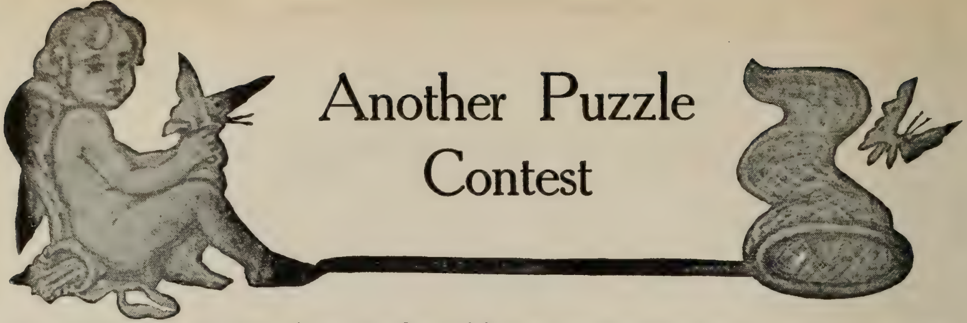
Mr. John E. Sykes, of 1718 West Twenty-fifth Street, Cleveland, Ohio, writes entertainingly and wisely to cheer the losers in the contest:

TO THE LOSERS.

Now let us all be honest,
  Now the voting is all done,
And grant the one who "got the votes"
  Undoubtedly has won.
Just because, for lack of stringent rules,
  Some modest ones lost out,
I cannot find it in my heart
  These modest ones to flout.

I scan the list, all down the line,
  And there I find a name
That shines like burnished gold,
  Who's surely known to fame;
And then another farther down,
  And still one near the head,
And yet another in between—
  The outcome need not dread.

It's what you are, and how you play,
  That determines where you stand;
Not chasing round to get more votes,
  To see how many you can land.
But let us all be honest,
  Now the voting is all done,
And grant the one who "got the votes"
  Undoubtedly has won.



Another Puzzle Contest

Our last puzzle proved so popular with our readers that it deserves an encore. Concealed in the following sentences are more than fifty names of Moving Picture companies and Moving Picture players, correctly spelled. The neatest answer, containing the greatest number of correct names, received before October 20, 1913, will be awarded a handsome leather-bound book of Popular Players, and the next two in merit will each receive a year's subscription to The Motion Picture Story Magazine. The winners and correct solution will appear in the December issue. Address all answers to "Puzzle Editor, The Motion Picture Story Magazine, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y." No further information than the foregoing will be given, because all that we wish you to know is plainly stated above.

1. Come to the garden, Maud, where the flowers are all in bloom.
2. Across the bay, near the house, a gale was blowing o'er the snowy sea.
3. I place no reliance on the medicine sent to the patient.
4. The Republican Party is all its name implies.
5. "It's your turn, Eric," she cried. "You're the youngest."
6. These apples, Eli Grant raised on his farm.
7. Give the suit-case keys to Nellie; the trunk keys to John.
8. Fred is on the police force now, and winning a reputation.
9. There is need for excellent policemen, the present ones are so lax.
10. "You are idiotic," she cried, growing wilder and fuller of hatred.
11. Miss Lulu Binns received a few callers yesterday evening.
12. The handsome Italian let the girl have a monopoly of his attention.
13. Franklin's Autobiography is an American classic.
14. Up the steep path, every day, he toiled, and his game bag got heavier every trip.
15. The Nathan House rates are reasonable enough for a large city.
16. "Is this, Sam, a Jest?" I cried. 17. The address is Aubun, N. Y.
18. Mr. Alec Lipse answered the bell immediately.
19. Rome lies east of this country, on her seven hills.
20. The angels sing of joy celestial, as they tell the old, old story.
21. We live and learn, and the by-ways of knowledge are ours.
22. I made some nut fudge, and Pop ate some.
23. She gave a terrible sob; I, son of Luther, heard her.
24. The omnibus halted. 25. In Cecilia's heart throbbed a new joy.
26. She eloped with George Montmorency.
27. The Federals were victorious in the war.
28. The *edition de luxe*, of the Popular Players, is a prize worth having.
29. The Czar used his power so well that he was conqueror at last.
30. The baby birds must be in the nest, or on the tree.
31. Lataka lemons are the best in the market.
32. Shipwrecked, they were forced to spend Christmas on the lonely island.
33. He was a great walker, and found the Moor ever full of interest.
34. Out on the frontier, he daily rode on his broncho.
35. "Hurry, Ned, a huge frog, let's catch him."
36. This is Joe's place; this, John's. On the other side is Ray's.
37. "And who wouldn't cry, stalled in the mud, miles from home?"
38. The mother hen goes into her coop ere darkness falls.
39. They saw a shark's fin chasing thru the brine toward corro land.
40. Clinging to the davit, a graphic account he gave, of storm and stress.
41. His suit he continued to press. A nay was all the maiden would give.
42. "Oh, Helen," cried Amy, "you look grand in blue velvet."
43. She says he is black. Well, a man's a man for a' that.
44. From the limestone house I saw the red August sun setting in the West.
45. We were pursued into the bush. Man after man fell.
46. In poker, four queens is a hand worth holding.
47. In case you lose your present job, I'll introduce you to my boss.
48. Thru field and lane he pursued her flying feet. 49. I went to the store yesterday.

Literature and Filmland

By WILLIAM LORD WRIGHT

I have been making it a habit to visit public libraries during my travels, and I find a rapidly increasing demand, on behalf of patrons of those libraries, for works of history and for the world's best fiction.

Now, I think this is an important finding. It means that juveniles are turning from "Harry Castleman," "Captain Mayne Reid" and "Oliver Optic" to other and maybe more uplifting paths of literature. It means that the young lady is foregoing the temptations of the "six best sellers" for classic authors. It means that a majority of readers have become interested in world history, and wish to read up on Hannibal, Napoleon, Mary Stuart and Queen Elizabeth.

No, it is not unaccountable, after all. There is a reason.

Librarians tell me that the reason the dust has been brushed off standard works of poetry, history and fiction is traced by Boards of Library Trustees directly to the Moving Pictures. "After the Odyssey was shown at the picture theaters, we had to purchase extra copies of Bullfinch's Greek Mythology in English," asserted one librarian. Another says he has a constant run on Scott, Dickens and Thackeray, not counting Stevenson and others. He says also that the Dickens vogue in Moving Pictures has popularized Dickens among many thousands of new readers. And so it goes. First the literature is filmed in the Moving Picture theater, and then comes the call at the public libraries for that literature.

Doesn't this prove that Cinematography is doing an important work?

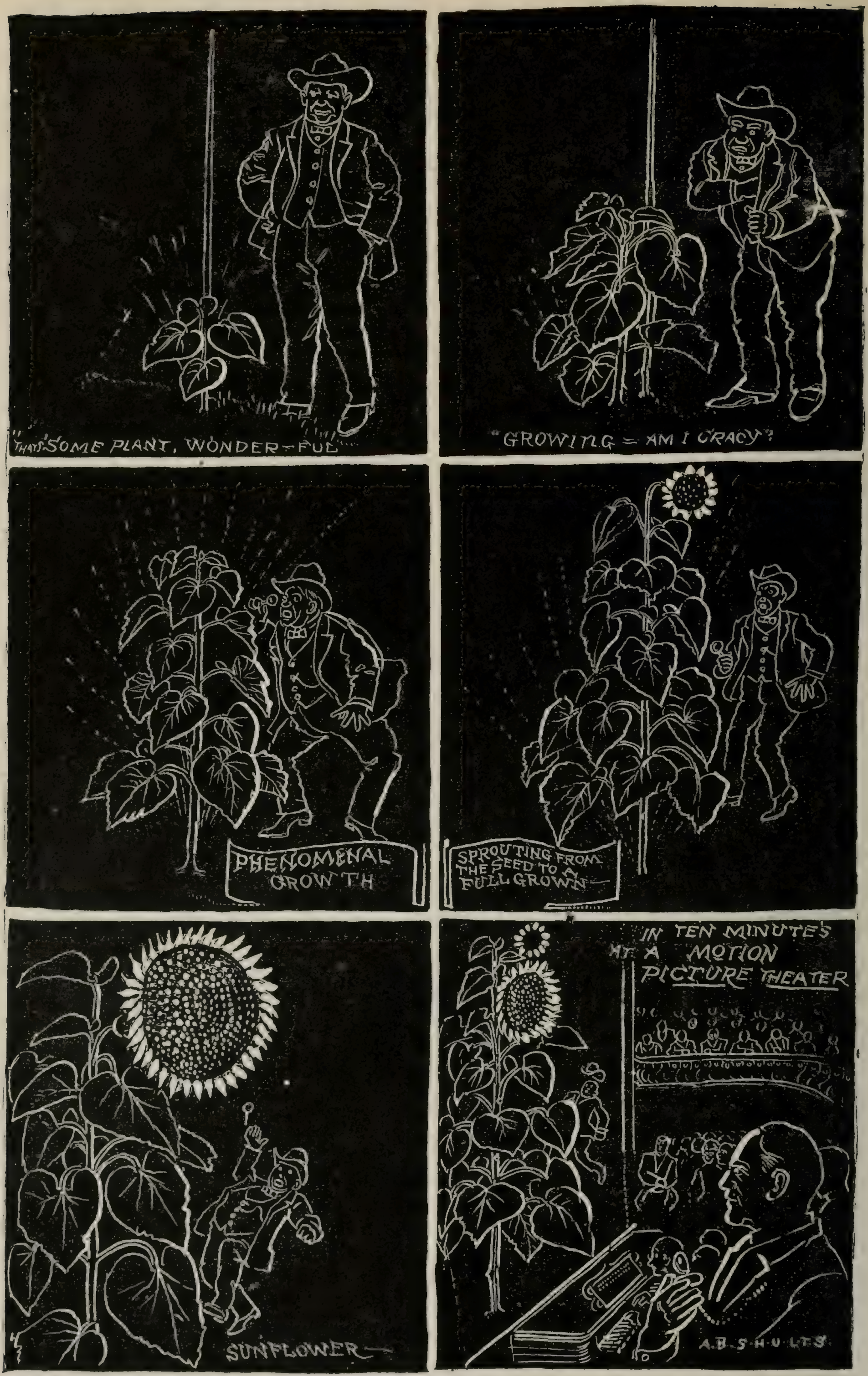
I read a cleverly worded article the other day in which the writer scored "the present-day tendency to resort to the literature and drama of the Darker Ages for inspiration." He urged the Moving Picture producer to "turn to present-day problems and not be forever rattling the skeleton of the past." I agree with the writer in his advocacy of visualizing present-day problems, but I assert that the present-day tendency to resort to the production of standard and classic literature is a good tendency. There is not enough of this "literature of the Dark Ages" correctly depicted.

Present-day problems should be presented convincingly, particularly the problems of the every-day sort of people. Present-day problems, however, do not include the adventures of "fascinating criminals," and the deadly triangle is surely a problem of the past as well as of the present.

The works of Thackeray, Collins, Dickens and Scott, when filmed, lead those never having access to these books to turn to the public libraries, and thus unconsciously study that which has character and worth. Poe, Washington Irving, Longfellow, Whittier, James Fenimore Cooper, and other American authors of that period, did not deal with the then "present-day problems" so ably described by Chambers, Glynn, McGrath, and the rest, but they wrote good, enduring stories, and stories that will live when some of the writers of present problems are forgotten.

One thing I have admired, and that is the policy of The Motion Picture Story Magazine in urging the filming of the world's best literature. There cannot be too much of it. The books of the masters of the past have been only lightly touched. Cinematography will be known—is known—by its output. Who shall say that the filming of classic literature has not tended to elevate and to dignify the Moving Pictures which have so much to contend with? Who shall assert that hundreds of thousands who never have had an opportunity to read the poems of Dante, or the works of Shakespeare, are not benefited by the depiction on the screen of the works of these and other authors?

FROM THE SMALLEST SEED TO THE TALLEST


"THAT'S SOME PLANT, WONDER-FUL"
"GROWING — AM I CRACY?"
PHENOMENAL GROWTH
SPROUTING FROM THE SEED TO A FULL GROWN—
SUNFLOWER—
IN TEN MINUTES AT A MOTION PICTURE THEATER
A.B.SHULTS.

TREE, YOU CAN SEE THEM GROW—AT THE PHOTOSHOW

CARNEY

MYERS

GWENDOLINE PATES

MURIEL I-ER- I MEAN MISS OSTRICHE. DO NOT MOVE SO MUCH. P-L-E-A-S-E!
Leslie Elton

MURIEL OSTRICHE

LILLIAN WALKER

HEAVY WEIGHTS NOT ALLOWED ON THIS BRIDGE
P. HIRSCHBAUM

HUGHEY MACK

A PRETTY BUSH

MONA DARKFEATHER

COURTENAY FOOTE, OF THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY

"MY word, old man, only two yeahs ovah, y'know, from old Lunnon, y'know, and a photostar! 'Pon honah! that's going somewhat, as you Americans say. Funny thing, that, eh?"

I speak of Courtenay Foote, once Shakespearian and old English comedy star with Sir Herbert Tree; more recently in American productions with Frohman, Brady, Belasco and Liebler Company, and still more up-to-dately with Vitagraph, where he has successfully weathered twenty-five or thirty parts, and seems to be shooting the chute to stardom with real American rapidity. Bah Jove! really, y'know, it's a jolly thing altogether.

"And which do you prefer, Mr. Foote?"

The Yorkshireman (and proud of it, too, oh, deah, yes!) crossed one foot over the other to reflect more comfortably.

"Well," said he, after a judicial interval, "one naturally misses the audience and their applause, and often craves the use of verbal expression—in photoplay only the director says just what he wants to, you know—but I do believe that one can train the face and body to express as much as words. On the whole I believe I like the photoplay the best. Take such plays as 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic' and 'Auld Lang Syne,' and such players as Florence Turner and Arthur Johnson—the legitimate stage has offered none finer. I spend many a red-letter evening at the photoshow."

"Your profession is inherited, I hear."

Mr. Foote looked slightly pleased. After all, in what can one take more legitimate pride than in one's ancestors, pray, tell?

"On my family tree hangs the name of one Samuel Foote, actor, playwright and wit," said he, "who died in 1777, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Yes, I suppose it's the same instinct for the buskin and hose that has strained thru the generations into my spirit. I love my work, and better, I'm proud of it. Influences? Pooh, pooh! the influences of both the stage and the studio are often better than you'll find in many a refined home!

"Parts I prefer? Character, comedy leads, such as my Horatio Sparkins in 'Up and Down the Ladder,' and the varied assortments of parts I took in 'He Waited.' Yes, of course I could suggest improvements in Moving Pictures, but I am too busy trying to better myself in pictures; perhaps this will improve the Courtenay Foote-Vitagraph pictures at least."

"Now, just a bit about the self of you that you dont take to the studio."

Mr. Foote laughed genially, shaking his head. "My ambition is to achieve the best results in whatever I undertake," he said, "and that *cant* be done without putting the whole of me into everything I do. Life's an obstacle race; you have to overcome the obstacles by walking round them, jumping over them, or plunging head first thru them, and it keeps a man in jolly good form to do any of these."

"Well, what do you do when you're not posing?" I put it.

"I take pictures myself—snap-shots and so on," he cried, the camera fiend's light oozing into his gray eyes, "real autobiographies of famous people, and write children's stories and picture plays. My particular little fad is to study types of people and their mannerisms. Then, for a real muscle-twister, there's golf and gardening; nothing like 'em. It gives a man self-respect to raise a batch of cauliflowers and to make a hard hole on the green.

"You American chaps seem to be very keen on politics, and I cant see why, myself. Like the Irish railroad porter, who, when asked what time the next train for Dublin was due, replied, 'Shure, sir, ye missed it—it lift foive minutes ago,' I say of statesmen, 'The last real one died some time ago.' "

"Ever been in the paper, Mr. Foote?"

The actor laughed. "Yes, in a Pittsburgh sheet," he confessed, "for wearing a straw hat and a tweed coat at the first ball-game of the season. And, by the way, if you want a jolly joke on me, here's one: Two friends of mine went to a picture-house one evening for the first time. A picture with myself as lead was shown, and one of my friends exclaimed, 'Why, there's dear old Foote!' 'Why, so it is,' said the other; 'let's go round to his dressing-room after the show.' "

As a peroration, Mr. Foote is almost six feet tall, has dark brown hair and fair complexion, an Oxford education, a London accent, and—oh, hush!—he is single, unmarried and a bachelor!

AUGUSTUS CARNEY, OF THE ESSANAY COMPANY

Directly he opened his mouth to talk, I knew that "Gus" Carney was a son of the owld sod, yet the fact that Ireland was his birthplace constituted his first confession. "And where may ye have been born in th' owld counthree?" sez I. "I'm not tellin' ye," sez he; "nayther will I admit th' date av me birrth." Maybe it was somewhere in Tipp'rary," sez I. "And maybe it was not," sez he. "Say nothin'," sez he, "for 'twas not me fault, annyway."

Well, that was all there was to that, so we dropped dialect and got down to hard tacks. Carney wasn't at all anxious to play up the Erin color, and as he is today an out-and-out Western cowboy, what's the use? He is a little chap, with a merry twinkle in his eye—where else should it be, bedad?—and when he's reading, with a dapper pair of pince-nez adorning the bridge of his nose, nobody would swear he was the only and original Alkali Ike of screenic fame. Nevertheless he was, is and expects to be for some period that is, at present, remotely indefinite.

"For," he opined, "it must be confessed that it grows monotonous at times, and one cant help wishing to do something else in between. As it is, am I Gus Carney, or am I Alkali Ike?"

It wasn't the easiest thing in the world to get from Carney the story of his life, tho I employed all the brow-beating tactics of a district attorney cross-examining a recalcitrant witness. At first, it was clear as mud to me that some years back G. M. Anderson, while Broncho Billying in a wild and uncharted bit of country, espied on the outskirts of his field of operations a queer bit of a chap who was subsequently identified as Alkali Ike. He looked too sheepish at the time to be mistaken for a cowboy, but appearances are ever deceptive, and there were no sheep in sight. Anderson grabbed him and made him an actor in the movies, and with the Western Essanay people he thereafter and from that moment threw in his lot. He was a real acquisition, too.

This was the story as I first gathered it, and maybe it is true. Nevertheless, Alkali Ike must have a dual existence, for it would also appear that in times gone by Augustus Carney played for many and many a week a certain part, that of a tailor, to wit, with one Mort Singer, in the days when "A Goddess of Liberty" was cavorting around to the strains of merry music. This was but one of his secrets, now forever locked in his manly bosom, to be uncovered only when the day shall arrive when Alkali shall have faded from the screen, to appear no more.

The figure of Carney, effectively disguised as Alkali, is not familiar only on the sheet, for in just the same duds he has been observed by many unknown admirers to stalk in at the portals of sundry Eastern Motion Picture houses, and subsequently to appear in cold blood and the spotlight on the stages thereof, there to recount to an open-mouthed audience of the terrors of life with the gun, and the shocking outlandishness of the per-rarrie in the great and mysterious West from which he had hiked to deliver orations on this and on points connected with the making of a Motion Picture, more particularly under circumstances of intrepid daring, on held-up stages, and bottomless precipices, and in giddy, gurgling gulches. None ever suspected this wasn't Alkali Ike whose talk held them enraptured, for it was; but it was also Gus Carney. He was never seen in "undress uniform," his regard for the proprieties and consistencies of the new business with which he was associated precluding the possibility of so great a *faux pas*.

"Yes, of course, I like comedy," he said, "but the comedy work in the pictures is hard. It's extraordinary," he mused, "how the public is on to any inconsistencies in this work. It was hard enough to make it convincing in the old regular business, but in front of the camera, conditions make it more exacting than ever."

Augustus Carney seemed to be just a little bit worried about it, but I hastened to reassure him that as Alkali Ike he need have no fear about any hypercritical attitude on the part of his myriad admirers. "And, after all," I concluded, "you're more Alkali than Carney, no matter how your mail may be addressed."

He admitted the justice of this, and, with a wild whoop, he mounted his fiery mustang and sped like an arrow up the ferocious fastnesses of an adjacent canyon.

A. A. P.

* * *

EDGAR JONES, OF THE WESTERN LUBIN COMPANY

When I was asked to get a chat with Edgar Jones, who was 'way out West, what was I to do, except to get him on the long distance telephone, and that is just what I did.

"Quickly, Mr. Jones," I said, "give me a history of your life in five minutes."

Naturally he remonstrated, but he finally consented, and here is the result:

"I was born in Steubenville, Ohio, and after leaving school, embarked in the business of frame-making with my brother. Desiring to broaden my horizon, I went to New York and secured employment in the art department of Siegel, Cooper & Co. The work was confining, and when, one day, I was told that night work was expected at intervals, I resigned.

"Thru an actor acquaintance I heard 'supers' were needed for 'Arizona,' then playing at the Academy of Music with Dustin Farnum. I made application and was engaged for the munificent sum of one dollar per night.

"Strange to say, my first appearance was as a cowboy. I went to Mr. Edgar Selwyn, the stage manager, and asked permission to buy and wear my own shirt, as the one furnished by the company was none too clean. He smiled and granted permission. I think it attracted his attention toward me, for on the third night after my opening, he came to me and said he was going to join Kyrle Bellew in 'A Gentleman of France,' and asked if I cared to go also. Of course, I jumped at the chance. I did not collect my salary for those three nights in 'Arizona,' so I can never say I have lost no money in the theatrical profession.

"Mr. Selwyn made me his assistant and gave me a small part. This was at Wallack's Theater, under the management of Liebler & Co. Mr. Selwyn being called to London, Oscar Eagle took charge of the stage, and under him I was again advanced.

"Mr. John Flood, who was playing 'Henry of Navarre,' took an interest in me and advised me to join a stock company for the sake of the experience. I did so, and while playing in Pennsylvania met Clarence Bennett, author of 'The Holy City,' and was engaged to play Marius. I played the part four seasons from coast to coast. The next year found me in 'stock' in San Antonio, Texas. The following season I was engaged for Henry Miller's part in the 'Great Divide.'

"Last season I signed again with Liebler & Co. for Miss Viola Allen's production of 'The Herfords.' After a run in Boston, we toured the South. After the company closed, I was brought in touch with Mr. Lubin and accepted an offer to pose in pictures. The odd part of my stage career is that it began and ended with Liebler & Co. The 'Silent Drama' appeals to me and has wonderful possibilities, and I hope to be seen, doing the best that there is in me, by the Moving Picture fans for many years to come."

Just as Mr. Jones was saying the last word, the operator interrupted with a sharp "Time's up!" and I just had time to say "Thanks!" when I was cut off.

MISS FLORENCE LAWRENCE, OF THE VICTOR COMPANY

When I came upon Miss Lawrence, quite unexpectedly, in the lobby of her hotel, she reminded me of one of those fascinating, little, brown Teddy-bears, deliciously furry and ferocious, right out of Peter Pan's woods, whose bright, merry eyes and fresh, rosy cheeks gave the lie to all attempts to be fearful and awe-inspiring. But when she was divested of her furry raiment, and emerged a dainty little lady of parts, I do not know whether she was the more winning in her appeal to the imagination or in the charm of her personality. At any rate, I quite forgot the brown "Teddy" until afterwards.

Now, right here, let me give you a point—never, *never*, as you love Miss Lawrence, wound her sensitive nature by exclaiming as you meet her: "Why, I thought you were tall!" or "I thought you were dark!" or some similar expression, accompanied by a reproachful look and a downward inflection, because she cannot *bear* to disappoint people, as indeed who can? Not that I made that mistake myself and so learnt its effect—I was too busy thinking of the encounter in Peter Pan's woods, and hoping that Peter himself would not come along and drive her away before I got thru with her, by his mysteriously magic way of looking between his legs. No, happily, not so! I was told not to. And so I tell you. Remember, she is short and light and slight *and* sensitive.

But she is a lady of spirit withal. My, yes! And a suffragist! An ardent suffragist! A banner-bearing, street-parading suffragist! One of Mrs. Belmont's particular clan. And she believes that the cause she has espoused will be of mighty benefit to the theatrical profession, and secure for actresses courteous and humane treatment on the part of stage managers and theatrical agents.

Indeed, it was disgust and indignation at the treatment she received in theatrical offices which drove Miss Lawrence into Motion Pictures. For she, too, like most Motion Picture artists of renown, received her early training on the stage. From the time she was three, when she did a little song and dance, "The Shady Dell," and was known as "Baby Florence, the Child Wonder," the stage laid its claims upon her. So heavy and so arduous were those claims, and so great a strain upon her sensitive nature, that a nervous breakdown was imminent, when a kindly friend suggested Motion Pictures. And so it happened that Miss Lawrence was one of the first to step from the stage to the screen. The art then was not what it has become of late, and Miss Lawrence was among the pioneers in the crusade for improvement, of which the end is not yet.

Imagine, if you can, a manager who would not allow his players to see the finished pictures! Imagine how that would go against the grain with a young, ambitious player. And then picture Miss Lawrence slipping downstairs, persuading the operator to run the film off for her, and then being caught in the act. Dont try to imagine the scolding she got, tho, but just remember that she won her point, and convinced the man that he never could expect his players to improve unless he allowed them to profit by the mistakes the finished picture revealed, in gesture, expression and make-up.

And now, in spite of the hardships, strenuous work, and even dangers, which Motion Picture acting entails, Miss Lawrence could not be persuaded to go back to the stage for —well, I wont mention the sum, because I dont like to discourage even a theatrical manager, but it would be quite out of the reach of the most successful.

"I like the people I meet and work with in Motion Pictures," Miss Lawrence declared. "They're frank and honest and sincere. I like the work, too, for there are no stage tricks about it: everything must be done absolutely naturally. There is less talking in the pictures now, which is a great improvement. The players must think and convey their thoughts by facial expression. It is wonderful training. Then I love the outdoor life, the long rides, the scenery, the pleasant companionships, and we have our easy times while the poor director is hunting around for suitable scenery."

Miss Lawrence says that she does not miss her audience at all, for the camera serves the same purpose, and, in fact, makes her much more nervous, for one can go on the stage and give a bad performance, knowing that only that one audience sees it, and that there will be innumerable other chances, whereas, "Ready, lights up, go," is the call to a performance, which is the one and only chance, with the accompanying buzz of the camera as a reminder that every move and expression is being taken down ineffaceably, and will be seen all over the world—an appalling fact, when one comes to think of it. But there is a certain gratification withal, when hardly a day passes without some friendly tribute to one's efforts. Miss Lawrence likes honest, helpful criticism, but, like most mortals, she also appreciates a word of praise now and then, and the tokens of interest and affection that fill her mails and bedeck her rooms are a constant source of surprise and delight to her.

The greatest surprise and ovation she ever had, however, was when she was traveling thru the West. All unbeknown to her, the report had circulated in some inexplicable way that she had died, and, while she was enjoying the trip, Motion Picture artists and devotees were bemoaning her loss. Before she reached St. Louis, however, the report had been contradicted, and Miss Lawrence's prospective arrival in that city made known. As a result, her train drew into a station packed with hundreds of cheering people, and it took some time to convince the little lady that any one less than the President of the United States was the object thereof, least of all her humble self. During her stay in the city, she could not enter a public place without receiving a demonstration, and in the theaters this became so insistent that she was forced to make as many as twenty-four speeches, while people deluged her with flowers—so glad were they to welcome her back.

It was an equally happy day for Motion Pictures when she returned from a much-needed rest, into her chosen field of work, and took up once more the euphonious "Florence Lawrence," which, during private life, receives the added savor of "Salter."

Gladys Roosevelt.

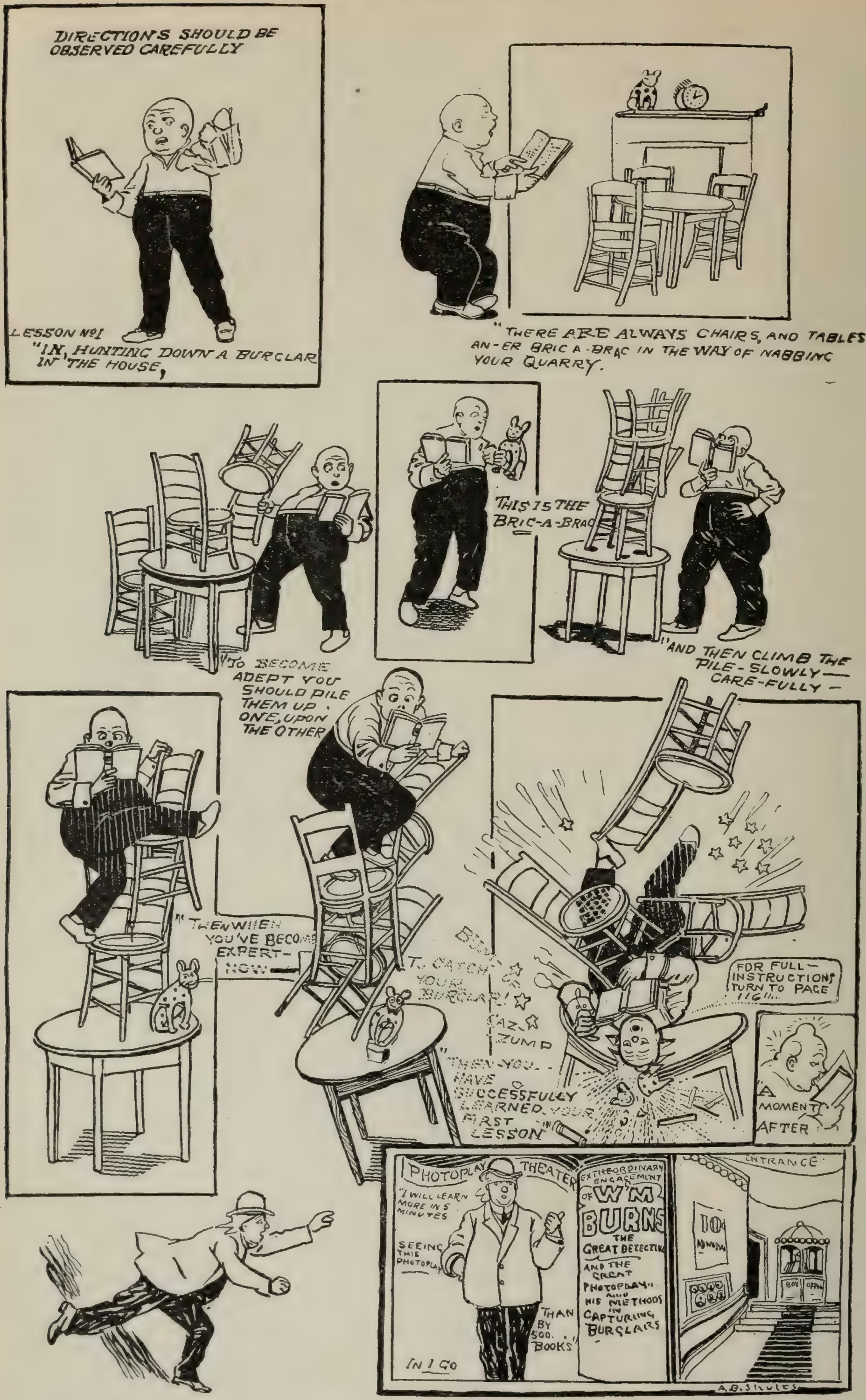
* * *

VIOLET HORNER, OF THE SOLAX COMPANY

Violet's "history" would indicate that her path has not always been a flowery one, and while Violet has not been raised on thorns like her sister Rose, her career branched in many directions, and her aspirations were, as are the aspirations of many excellent artists, frozen in the bud, only to be thawed out by an infusion of renewed courage in the springtime of her ambitions. She was born in a little town called Obidos, near the mouth of the Amazon River, and much of her youth she spent with her father, dodging Brazilian lions and exhibiting heels to recalcitrant reptiles. Her "dad," who is a civil engineer, came to New York in 1909, after he had completed several public works in Brazil. He met here with many reverses. The beauty of his daughter Violet attracted attention, which resulted in her appearance in big Broadway musical comedies and legitimate dramas under some of the most prominent theatrical managers.

Miss Horner is enthusiastic about picture work and has turned down many offers to return to the legitimate. The Moving Picture fan misses considerable pleasure by not hearing her soothing and liquid tones on the screen, but her captivating exuberances make up for the loss.

HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE, LIKE


DIRECTIONS SHOULD BE OBSERVED CAREFULLY
LESSON Nº I
"IN, HUNTING DOWN A BURGLAR IN THE HOUSE,
"THERE ARE ALWAYS CHAIRS, AND TABLES AN-ER BRIC A-BRAC IN THE WAY OF NABBING YOUR QUARRY.
"TO BECOME ADEPT YOU SHOULD PILE THEM UP. ONE, UPON THE OTHER
THIS IS THE BRIC-A-BRAC
"AND THEN CLIMB THE PILE - SLOWLY — CARE-FULLY —
"THEN WHEN YOU'VE BECOME EXPERT - NOW —
TO CATCH YOUR BURGLAR!
BUM
CAZ ZUMP
"THEN YOU HAVE SUCCESSFULLY LEARNED YOUR FIRST LESSON"
FOR FULL — INSTRUCTIONS TURN TO PAGE 116!!...
A MOMENT AFTER
PHOTOPLAY THEATER
"I WILL LEARN MORE IN 5 MINUTES
SEEING THIS PHOTOPLAY
THAN BY 500. BOOKS"
IN I GO
~~EXTRA~~ EXTRAORDINARY ENGAGEMENT OF WM BURNS THE GREAT DETECTIVE AND THE GREAT PHOTOPLAY.. AND HIS METHODS IN CAPTURING BURGLARS
ENTRANCE
10 ADMISSION
BOX OFFICE
A.B. Shults

MOST OTHER THINGS, IS BEST LEARNT AT THE PHOTOSHOW

ALTHO Alice Joyce's mail is of sizeable proportions ordinarily, her mail since the announcement of her victory in the recent popularity contest held by this magazine has assumed extraordinary proportions. Seems as tho every one of the voters who helped her to win had determined to send their personal congratulations.

James Morrison has returned to Vitagraph. Ladies will please remove their hats and salute.

Essanay News is the latest newspaper out, published weekly. These film-makers seem to think that half the world is type, and the other half only readers.

Florence Roberts is doing "Sapho" for the Majestic Company.

Herbert Prior spends all his time, when not engaged in one of his clever characterizations, in piloting Mabel Trunnelle around in his benzine buggy.

Obituary Notice: Lottie Briscoe's lamb departed this life August 13th. The Lubin chef had for weeks cast sheep's eyes on Lottie's pet, and one dark night found his opportunity and did the deed.

Carlyle Blackwell's animal collection has been increased by an admirer who presented the Kalem star with a Spitz dog.

The picture on page 73 is of Jane Marie Laurent, the famous "child leading lady" of the Gaumont Company.

Immediately upon her return from her honeymoon, Bessie Learn surprised the Edison players by driving up to the studio in her own automobile.

G. M. Anderson has temporarily deserted Broncho Billy and produced "The Physician of Silver Gulch," an exciting melodrama.

We were late in getting out the votes and prizes for the winners of the Popular Player Contest, and hence delayed in getting together the letters of appreciation from the players. We shall print them in the next number.

Edgar Jones, Harry Myers and John Ince, well-known Lubin leading men, are now directing their own productions.

Hobart Bosworth has "struck out" for himself, but it may yet prove to be a home run. He is now doing Jack London's "The Sea Wolf."

His Holiness the Pope has selected the Kinemacolor Company to film the Vatican and a variety of cognate subjects, including the Papal Benediction to the people.

Alice Hollister is at the Kalem studios, at Cliffside, N. J., where she is cast for some splendid emotional rôles. Anna Nilsson has gone to Canada, where she will take part in some special Kalem pictures.

The latest stage robbery is by Thomas A. Edison, Inc., and this time the stage was robbed of Dan Mason, the well-known character comedian. At about the same time, the stage robbed the screen and took off Eleanor Blanchard to play with Rose Stahl.

Bessie Sankey has left the Essanay Western company, and Evelyn Selbie is playing the leads not only for Mr. Anderson, but for the other sections of the company.

William Dunn, after a year's absence, has returned to Vitagraph.

Henry Gaell, formerly leading man for the Jersey Lily, is now playing in Crystal plays.

While Mary Fuller and company were in Maine, recently, a play required that she learn to sail a boat. When it became known, every male on the coast from the age of fifteen to fifty volunteered their crafts and services, and now Mary is quite a skipper.

Ruth Roland, the irrepressible Kalem comedienne, gets in some especially funny work in "One Best Bet." Fat persons should not see this play.

Now's the time to get at Horace Plimpton and the Edison studio—Bessie Bannon is on her vacation.

Laura Sawyer, always famous, has now become a "Famous Player."

George Kleine (Cines) announces "Antony and Cleopatra," in seven reels, and "Last Days of Pompeii," with 4,000 people, taken on the original site.

Captain Lambart, one of the later directors of the Vitagraph staff, has taken a company of the Vitagraph players to Niagara Falls for some necessary outdoor scenes. Earle Williams, Rose Tapley, Mlle. Ideal, the celebrated water queen, and Gladys Dupell, are among those who were selected for the trip.

The Thanhouser twins are back from the stage, at New Rochelle.

Mabel Trunnelle loves those "hair down and short skirt" parts which she plays so well. This charming little lady with the eyes that speak volumes plays the coquette in "Dolly Varden" in a way that wins her audience as well as Joe Willets.

Doris Mitchell, formerly with Sothern and Marlowe, is the new star at the Essanay Eastern studio, and Marguerite Clayton, announced as a "Combination of Youth, Beauty and Intelligence," at the Western.

Little Mary Pickford adds a new feather in her now well-feathered cap by the delicate charm that she is putting into her work in "In the Bishop's Carriage."

Paul Hurst is nursing a severe case of sunburn, the result of a rôle for which he was cast in a recent Kalem production, staged on Catalina Island. The sunburn is of the "all over" kind—the pictures will show why.

Richard C. Travers, who has a good stage pedigree, is now an Essanay leading man at Chicago.

Automobiles are plentiful in the Edison garage. Bessie Learn, Herbert Prior, Ben Wilson, Augustus Phillips, Chas. M. Seay, Jay Williams, and George Lessey all have speed demons.

And now Henry E. Dixey, famous Broadway star, comes to the pictures. Laura Sawyer opposite. Verily, we shall soon have them all.

Helen Holmes is the latest at Kalem's Glendale studio.

Anna Stuart, the pretty Vitagraph star, has spent most of her summer with her sister, Mrs. Ralph Ince, at Brightwaters, L. I., N. Y. Everybody loves them down there, and everywhere else.

Marion Leonard has opened a studio in Brooklyn at Classon and Gates avenues.

Gene Gauntier, Jack Clarke, Sidney Olcott and company are again in old Ireland making pictures. "Warner Features" is their password, also Marion Leonard's.

Versatility is Ben Wilson's middle name. One of his latest feats is the portrayal of five rôles in Edison's two-reel drama, "The Awakening of a Man."

Alice Joyce's latest is the part of a female detective

Alas! alack! Jack Warren Kerrigan has left Vivian Rich and the American Company and joined the Universal forces; but where thousands will weep, other thousands will not mourn.

"West Drunk for Two Weeks" is the scandalous caption of an Edison announcement, but it refers only to Mr. West's part in "Caste," which is that of a notorious drunkard.

Nobody will mourn the death of summer and the birth of autumn more than Zena Keefe (Vitagraph), who spends all her spare time breasting the angry waves at Long Beach, N. Y.

Gertrude Robinson has joined the Biograph Company.

C. Rhys Pryce is mourning the loss of his much-beloved mustache, which his rôle in the recent Kalem production, "The Invaders," compelled him to sacrifice.

The Vitagraph people are saying that their new feature, "The Call," is so good that it excels even "The Vengeance of Durand" and "The Mills of the Gods."

One of the last pictures in which Jack Kerrigan and Vivian Rich will probably ever play in together is "For the Crown," a French costume piece.

Handsome Francis Bushman has selected Beverly Bayne for his leading woman at the Ithaca studio, with Juanita Dalmorez next.

Florence LaBadie is called "The Accident Kid" at the Thanhouser studio, because of the number of mishaps that the pretty miss runs into.

Vivian Rich is just tickled to death because she is to do some fairy tales "to please the little folks—bless their hearts!"

This is a crool, crool world. Our Answer Man organized a Correspondence Club, and now they have turned around and started a publication of their own, called *The Correspondence News*, consisting of two pages, and are running a Popularity Contest.

Kathlyn Williams is called the Sister Superior of the Selig studio.

John E. Brennan, the popular Kalem comedian, had a painful experience out Santa Cruz way, recently. According to the other members of the Kalem forces at the Santa Monica studios, John mistook a healthy cactus-bush for a morris-chair. He knows the difference now.

Talk about realism—Thanhouser recently had a real lawyer play the part of a lawyer. Next they will be getting real angels, ghosts, pickpockets, etc.

While Maurice Costello was in midocean, on his world-tour last winter, he put his card in a bottle and threw it overboard. On August 12th he received a letter from John F. Collins, of Newport, R. I., stating that the bottle and card had been picked up by him on the beach there.

The only way to get Julia Stuart (Eclair) to work during the baseball season is to keep an up-to-the-minute score-card posted in the studio.

Arthur Mackley called at our office on August 22d, on his way to the Western Essanay studio. Mr. and Mrs. Mackley have been spending the summer in Scotland, Ireland, England and France.

The "Lubin Twins," George Reehm and Walter Stull, have recently joined forces with Reliance. They expect to pass a new comedy, "The Lead Nickel," on unsuspecting Yonkers, the new Reliance home.

George Cooper has deserted the Eastern for the Western Vitagraph.

Elmer Grandon, formerly of the Imp Company, has gone to Selig, taking with him Guy Oliver, Stella Rosetta, Betty Shade and several others.

Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, of the Vitagraph Company, won the point trophy for "Q" class sloops with his yacht *Virginia*, during Larchmont Week, which is about the hundred-and-oneth prize he has won this summer.

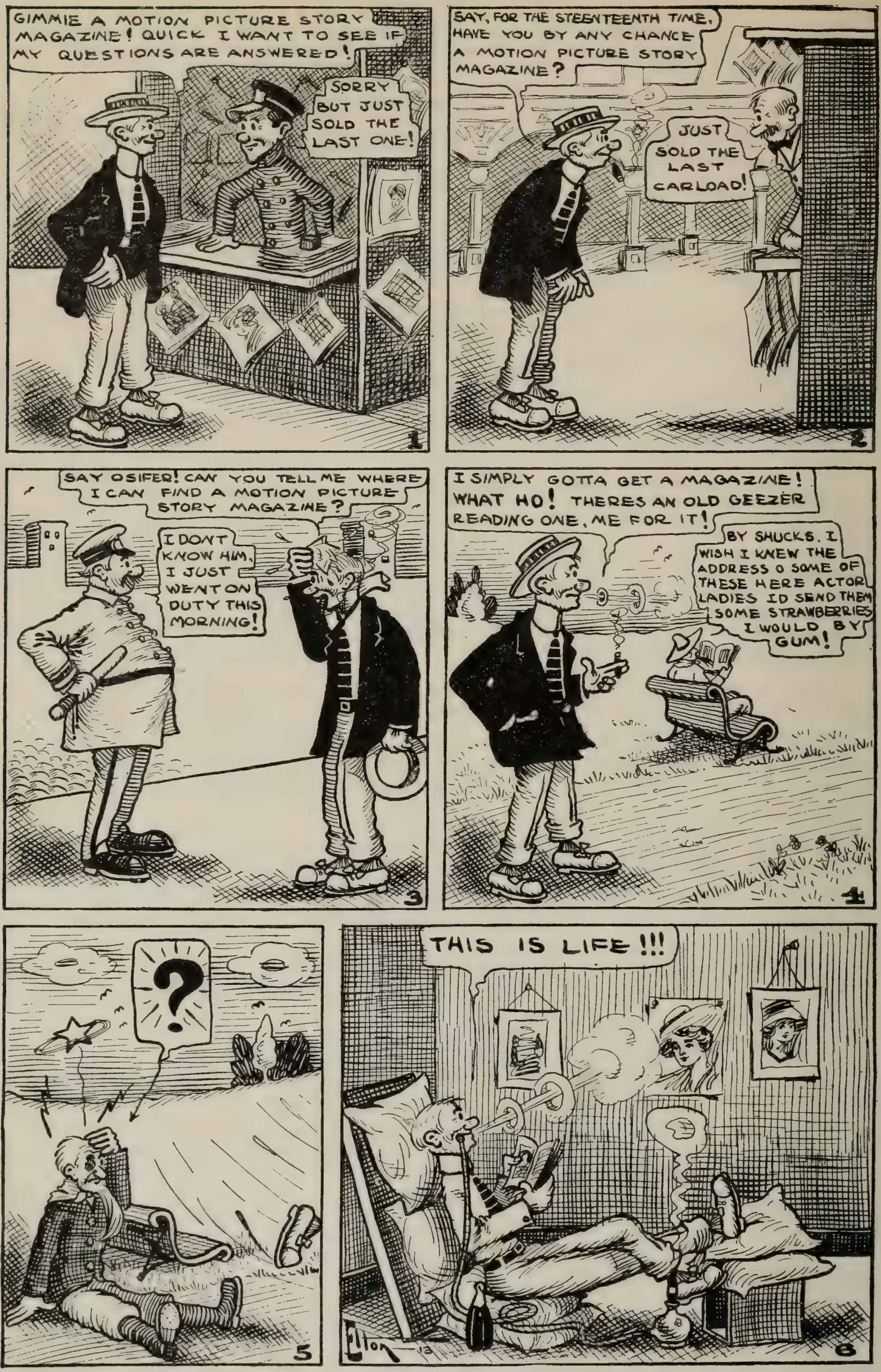
A giant python, thirty-five feet long, is the latest addition to the 101 Bison Company. The Bunny Hug goes, but when it comes to a python—step up, girls!

Florence Lawrence, who has just left her rose-gardened home in New Jersey to star with the Victor Company, has this to say: "I do hope that the public will be pleased with my work again, and I shall make an effort to bring a rose-garden to the door of every one of them, by virtue of renewed zeal and my fondness for the art."

Glen White has been engaged to play opposite Fritzi Brunnette, the new Gem leading woman, formerly with Victor and Powers.

Laura Oakley has been appointed chief of police of Universal City. She has the honor of being the only woman in the world holding down such a position.

VERY SCARCE, THESE DAYS, VERY SCARCE


GIMMIE A MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE! QUICK I WANT TO SEE IF MY QUESTIONS ARE ANSWERED!
SORRY BUT JUST SOLD THE LAST ONE!
1
SAY, FOR THE STEENTEENTH TIME, HAVE YOU BY ANY CHANCE A MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE?
JUST SOLD THE LAST CARLOAD!
2
SAY OSIFER! CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND A MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE?
I DONT KNOW HIM, I JUST WENT ON DUTY THIS MORNING!
3
I SIMPLY GOTTA GET A MAGAZINE! WHAT HO! THERES AN OLD GEEZER READING ONE, ME FOR IT!
BY SHUCKS, I WISH I KNEW THE ADDRESS O SOME OF THESE HERE ACTOR LADIES ID SEND THEM SOME STRAWBERRIES I WOULD, BY GUM!
4
?
5
THIS IS LIFE!!!
Elton —13
6

AND NO SUBSTITUTE WILL SATISFY

Answers to Inquiries

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire early answers by mail, or a list of the names and addresses of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and use separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer, but these will not be printed. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

Jewell No. 2.—Robert Brower was the physician in "With the Eyes of the Blind" (Edison). Julia Swayne Gordon in that Vitagraph, also Robert Gaillord.

L. J. M.—Ruth Stonehouse in "The Spy's Defeat." Edwin Carewe in "Women of the Desert" (Lubin). Gertrude Robinson in "Duty and the Man" (Reliance). Irving Cummings was Steel.

Alabam.—You are too intolerant. Let us be universal, loving the rich as well as the poor, and the ignorant as well as the educated. You must have a pain somewhere.

A Blonde.—I know of no Gene St. Claire with Pathé. Perhaps you didn't get his right name. Florence Lawrence has just signed up with Victor.

Josephine S.—Thanks for all those casts. Jennie Lee was the mother in "Her Mother's Oath" (Biograph). Yes, it was a beautiful piece of acting. She showed her sorrow by facial expression, and not by wringing her hands, falling in a heap, etc.

Turtle Dove.—Princess Mona Darkfeather is her correct name. She is not a real Indian, but she understands the Indian language; born in Los Angeles, Spanish descent.

Vi.—Henry King was James, Carl Von Schiller was the son in "Love and War in Mexico" (Lubin). Haven't that Pathé. Jack Standing and Isabelle Lamon in "A Father's Love" (Lubin). Robert Drouet and Peggy O'Neil were Maurice and Nell in "The Penalty of Crime" (Lubin). Florence Hackett has played in "A Matter of Business" and "His Better Self." Thanks.

F. H. R.—You say "Let me add my plea to that of C. D., of Binghamton. Some actors shoot their arms out like a poker in the direction they are going." That's the director's fault, mostly. You dont catch Alice Joyce doing anything like that.

Anthony.—Ruth Roland is a long way from you—Santa Monica, Cal. Jack Standing was the father. Haven't that Faust play. No. Thanks.

V. V., New Orleans.—Lucile Young was the girl in "Big Eagle Mine." Thanks.

Amelia and M.—Guy Coombs was Van Dorn, Hal Clements was Frost, and Anna Nilsson was Charlotte in "The Siege of Petersburg" (Kalem). Adele Ray was Mabel in "The Saving Lie" (Pathé). Ethel Clayton was the girl in "The Faith of a Girl" (Lubin). Mary Ryan in "The Accusing Hand" (Lubin). Also Romaine Fielding. Mildred Hutchinson was the child in "In the Days of War" (Pathé).

"FOR THE PLEASURE OF THE PUBLIC"

Marie H.—Juanita Sponsler is the fair girl whom you refer to in the Kalem. Frances Mason was Joan, and Ruth Stonehouse was Martha in "The Good in the Worst of Us" (Essanay). Yes; Peggy O'Neil and Robert Drouet are two new leading people for Lubin, but they have just left.

Dede B.—You can reach Herbert Barry and Harry Northrup at Vitagraph studio. So you got the first copy of the magazine that was sold in your town?

Florence C. E.—Louise Lester was the mother in "Tom Blake's Redemption" (American). Yes, she is the notorious Calamity Anne. His brother is Wallace Kerrigan. Dot Bernard is now on the stage, not playing in Moving Pictures. Thanks.

A. Brewer.—Dont know one correspondent from the other. No way of obtaining that address. Your wit is good, but it is pretty dry.

Baldman.—Your exhibitor evidently tries to give the greatest happiness to the greatest number. You seem to think that the greatest number is Number One, which doesn't add up, at all. He cant please everybody.

M. H., Bellevue.—Yes; Marguerite Snow in "The Woman Who Did Not Care" (Thanhouser). Three Marguerites in the gallery last month. Haven't Lillian Christy's present address. Gertrude Robinson has left Victor to favor Biograph.

Marie, 18.—If the company asked you to send your photograph, they are probably holding it for consideration. You'll hear from them. Darwin Karr has left Solax.

Trixie, 19.—Clara Williams was the girl in "The Greed for Gold" (Lubin). Marshall Neilan was the "grand-looking young man." Tom Mix in that Selig. Mary Fuller is playing right along. Yes, she has had stage experience. Edith Halleran was Nina when grown up in "The Tiger-Lily" (Vitagraph).

Quiz.—Stephen Purdee was Douglas in "When Fate Decrees" (Kalem). Harry Carey in the Biograph. Ethel Phillips was Louise in "The Attorney for the Defense" (Kalem). Gwendoline Pates in "Dynamited Love" (Pathé). Mae Hotely was Kate. Marshall Neilan and Ruth Roland in "Cupid's Lariat" (Kalem).

Mattie J. L.—James Kirkwood has gone to Biograph. No, no! you are wrong. According to Appleton's Encyclopædia, James Rumsey exhibited on the Potomac in September, 1784, *in the presence of George Washington,* a boat which worked against the stream by means of mechanism, and this might be called a steamboat.

Jack R.—Your questions have been answered before, so look above, please.

Olga, 17.—Do not get the casts for Kinemacolor. Sorry, but will try to have them next month. Ethel Phillips was the stenographer. Yes, it is better this way.

The Spring Maid.—William Garwood and Harry Benham are two different persons. Blanche Sweet in that Biograph. Yes, I think the foreign players more graceful than the American, but they are not so good-looking.

F. R., Terre H.—Guy Coombs was in "A War-time Siren" (Kalem). Harold Lockwood was leading man in "The Grand Old Flag" (Bison). At Lubin's.

Melva St. Claire.—Yes we agree with you. You want us to print a little booklet about etiquette in Moving Picture shows. Yes, it is disgusting to have some one sitting back of you explaining the picture. No cast for the Gaumont.

Marion A.—Yes, "The first of a pair of authors" puzzled most people, also "A thing that is impossible." Some answered, "See the Answer Man."

Geraldine.—George Reehm and Helen Martin in "Revenge" (Lubin). Lucile Young in "The Cheyenne Massacre" (Kalem). Dollie Larkin.

Russell, No. 99.—Myrtle Stedman was the girl in "Sallie's Sure Shot" (Selig).

HE THOUGHT THERE WAS A FIRE, BUT—

Stella C.—Crane Wilbur and Octavia Handworth in "A Nation's Peril" (Pathe-play). You have shifted your affections from Crane to Earle. Why is this thus? You girls are so wicked thus to trifle with a man's heart.

Winoma.—Glad you liked "Quo Vadis?" and we all think it a wonderful play. Yes.

Carmen A. B.—Ormi Hawley is playing in Jacksonville, and we dont know where Lily Branscombe is located. Edward Dillon came East.

Flower E. G.—James Vincent was Dick, and James Ross was Chadwick in "Out of the Jaws of Death" (Kalem). Yes; Irene Boyle. Yes, those eyes! I met them at the exposition.

Agnes L.—Perhaps you refer to Jack Standing, when he played opposite Cleo Ridgely in Lubin. Afraid there isn't much chance for you.

Gwinevere.—Walter Miller was the husband. Guy Coombs' photograph for sale at Kalem's. Mr. Bushman's "X" stands for Xavier.

Dolly Dimples.—Earle Williams not ardent enough? Oh, yes, and he's dignified and manly. Ah, you have yet to learn the language of the kiss. There are 57 varieties, you know. According to the Bible, there are the following kinds: Salutation (Samuel xx:41); Valediction (Ruth ii:9); Reconciliation (2 Samuel xiv:33); Subjection (Psalms ii:12); Approbation (Proverbs ii:4); Adoration (1 Kings xix:18); Treachery (Matthew xxvi:15), and Affection (Genesis xiv:16).

Eleanor M.—Yes; Mabel Normand. Gertrude Bambrick in "Near to Earth" (Biograph). The cognomen or appellation received.

Francis B.—George Liegmann was 'Frisco Pete in "Half a Chance" (Reliance). Muriel Ostriche in "The Big Boss" (Reliance). Have nothing to say about marriages, etc., unless, perchance, a great many others are as inquisitive as you.

Maude Muller.—John Ince was Stephen in "Retribution" (Lubin). Edwin Carewe was the banker, and Ernestine Morley was the wife. Did not see the play, but no doubt it was a dummy.

M. L. S.—Tom Moore was the lucky fellow in "The Streak of Yellow" (Kalem). Earle Foxe was James in "The Pursuit of the Smugglers" (Kalem). Charles Arling.

G. S., Berkeley.—My! but you wrote a long letter. Alice Joyce was Elsie, Tom Moore her lover, and Jack Pickford her brother in "The Sneak" (Kalem). William Russell was the father in "The Little Girl Next Door" (Thanhouser). Lillian Gish in "Just Gold." Alice Joyce was Alice Stewart in "The Heart of an Actress."

Olga P.—Frank Dayton was the count, and Lillian Drew the girl in "The Spy's Defeat." In Chicago. You would never get along. A perfect friendship requires equality, even in virtue.

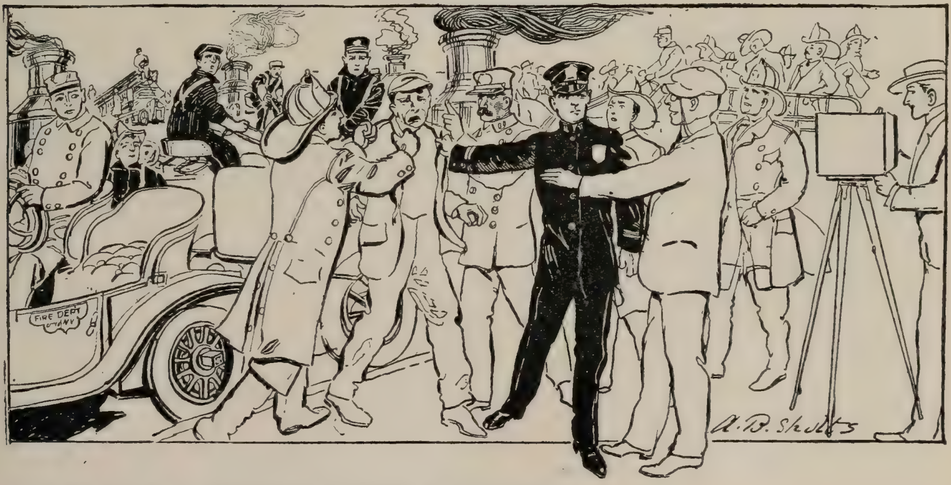
Florence M. W.—Henry Walthall in "The Little Tease" (Biograph). Dorothy Gish in "Her Mother's Oath" (Biograph). Edwin Carewe in that Lubin. Earle Metcalf was Paul in "From Ignorance to Light" (Lubin).

Bertha, N. Y.—Your letter indicated that you are short-witted and long-winded. Remember that brevity is the soul of wit. Rest!

Naomi, of St. Louis.—Dollie Larkin was the girl in "Rustic Hearts." Thanks.

H. C. B., Morristown.—Irving Cummings was the clown, and Irene Hawley was the girl in "The Love of Columbine" (Reliance). Herbert Barry was Lord Rintoul.

Mary Ann.—Dorothy Phillips was the girl in "The Unburied Past" (Essanay). Ruth Hennessy was Pauline in "The Star" (Essanay).



IT WAS ONLY A COMPANY TAKING A PICTURE

Miss M. E.—We get all our material from the manufacturers for our stories.

Pansy Thomas.—Tom Powers was the pal in "Cutey Plays Detective" (Vitagraph). No, no! Franklin did not discover electricity. The first idea of electricity was given by two globes of brimstone, in 1467, and the electric stroke was discovered at Leyden, in 1756. Franklin drew electricity from the clouds in 1769.

Olga, 17.—Of course, keep on writing. James Morrison is not located as yet, unless he is with Florence Turner. Your verses have gone to Crane Wilbur and Carlyle Blackwell, along with all the votes.

The Triplets.—Dont understand why Earle Williams kisses Edith Storey as you say he did in "Two Portraits." Of course that's his business—and hers, not ours.

O. H. R.—Dont understand why Pathé wont tell us who the mother was in "Mother." Still trying to find out.

Baby Mine.—Robyn Adair was Adams in "The Penalty of Jealousy" (Lubin). Harold Lockwood was the brother in "Before Ten" (Selig).

Jessica.—Empty minds, like paper kites, are prone to soar above their proper sphere. Come back to earth and be reasonable. Most of the companies want two-reel pictures. Kinemacolor expect to buy in the fall again, but they are not in the market now for scripts.

Anita L. D.—Lubin Western studio is under the direction of Wilbert Melville, at Los Angeles. Méliès are now back at their Pacific Coast studio.

Anthony.—Pearl White is touring England, appearing at all the photoshows, and after her tour she will return to Crystal.

Mildred.—Roy Clarke and Lillian Wade in "The Little Hero" (Selig). George Gebhardt had the lead in "The Thwarted Plot" (Pathé). Thanks for the letter.

Elizabeth, Troy.—Florence Turner and Claire McDowell are different persons.

Dirigo.—Francis Bushman was Paul, and William Walters was the Russian in "The Spy's Defeat." Harry Myers had the lead in "Memories of His Youth" (Lubin).

E. M. M. C.—Earle Foxe in "A Sawmill Hazard" (Kalem). Augustus Phillips was Henry in "The New Pupil" (Edison). Cannot tell the name of that Essanay.

Frances, 16.—Non Christy and Constance Johnson in "Their One Good Suit" (Biograph). Gertrude Bambrick was the sweetheart in "The Horse on Bill" (Biograph). Each company is going to produce one feature a week now.

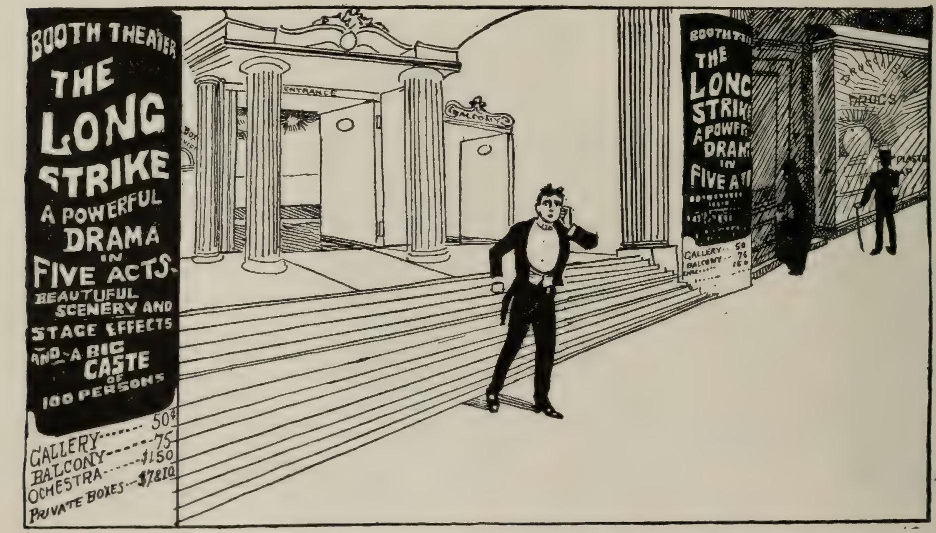
Naomi, of St. Louis.—Jack Nelson was Bob in "The Suwanee River" (Selig). Clarence Burton was Jim in "Lonedog, the Faithful" (Lubin). Thanks.

Flossie C.—Since you say your "upper story is neither a water-tank nor a hot-water pipe and has, therefore, no use for a plumber," we would suggest that you consult an osteopath. Know nothing about John Bunny and the soul-kiss. What is it? Yes, he is a brother. Marie Weirman in "The Old, Oaken Bucket" (Lubin).

Girlie O. K.—Peggy Reid was Mercedes in "Carmen" (Thanhouser). Clarence Elmer in "Nearly in Mourning."

Gussie.—Yes; Tom Moore in that Kalem. Will see about that picture for you. Several pages of my answers were crowded out last month.

F. J. M.—Walter Miller leading man for Biograph, Mildred Bracken with Kay-Bee.



YOU CAN ALWAYS TELL THE DIFFERENCE

Carlotta.—Yes; Ernestine Morley. So you saw Joseph Graybill with Pathé? Winnifred Lucas was with Rex last. Have noticed Richard Stanton's work.

W. T. H.—Your letters are always sparkling, and I like to receive them. Will look that up. Thanks for Florence Turner's address, but I have it now. Wish we could publish all you say. No, the Diamond Mystery was not like the scenario in the magazine; the director took liberties with the script.

R. L. B., Pittsburg.—I appreciate everything that is sent to me, and the way it is given—like the minister who received a jar of brandied peaches from one of his church members. He said: "I dont care much for the peaches, but I appreciate the *spirit* in which they were sent." Verse is fine.

Mrs. W. S. W.—May Abbey was Mrs. Graves in "Two Little Kittens" (Edison). Ormi Hawley and Mrs. George Nichols were the women in "Women of the Desert."

Buff, 15.—Francelia Billington and Carlyle Blackwell in "The Pride of Angry Bear" (Kalem). Marguerite Ne Moyer in "Suitors and Suit-cases" (Lubin). Franklin Hayes was Owen, and Harriet Kenton was Gladys in "The Belle of North Wales." Mary Charleson was Una in "Una of the Sierras." She also played in "Uatoosa."

Peggy.—Would like the present, but I have nothing to do about selecting the chats. Courtenay Foote's turn will come soon. Glad you liked the cover.

Hilda.—Dont happen to have those plays you ask about; cant get all Rex casts.

Bernice N.—Thomas Santschi and Bessie Eyton had the leads in "When Men Forget" (Selig). Jack Standing and Isabelle Lamon in "Longing for a Mother."

Dot, Red Wing.—Leah Baird was chatted in September, 1912. Gertrude Robinson was Mabel in "Fires of Conscience" (Reliance). Yes, she and James Kirkwood, both of Victor, have joined Biograph.

Bunny.—Your mother is right. Moving Pictures are only in their infancy. Yes; Pathé's Weekly is released twice a week now. That picture was taken long before Clara Young sailed for abroad. E. H. Calvert and Dorothy Phillips had the leads in "The Final Judgment."

Erminie C.—E. H. Calvert and Beverly Bayne had the leads in "The Forbidden Way" (Essanay). Lillian Drew was Cora. That was the city of Ghent, Belgium. It stands on twenty-six islands. Amsterdam, Holland, is built upon piles driven into the ground. These educationals are doing lots of good.

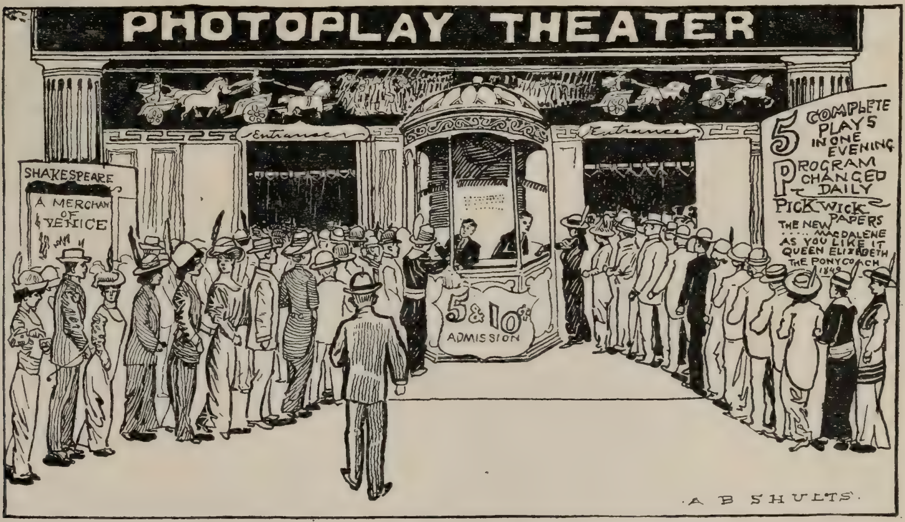
M. J. S.—Guy Hedlund was Constant in "The Trail of the Hanging Rock" (Eclair). No, he is not. Biograph have moved uptown to 807 East 175th Street.

A. E. M.—Dollie Larkin was Sylvia in "Rustic Hearts" (Lubin). That was a mistake. Tobacco was not introduced into England till the reign of Elizabeth, about 1586, by Captain Greenfield and Sir Francis Drake.

Gertie.—So you do like war pictures, with Anna Nilsson in them? Henry Otto was the artist in "Two Men and a Woman" (Selig). We will chat Anna Nilsson soon.

Burlington.—So you want us to start a criticism department of the different plays, by our readers? We dont want to start any more departments just now.

Flossie C. P.—Al E. Garcia is still playing for the Western Selig. Of course he is "darling." Why, Edna Fisher is now Mrs. Rollin Sturgeon, director of the Western Vitagraph. Ray Gallagher is with Western Lubin. All right, Flossie.



BETWEEN A REGULAR THEATER AND A PICTURE THEATER

Susan.—Yes, there are two Robert Burns; one with Vitagraph, and one with Lubin. You mean the one with Vitagraph. No; Augustus Carney came to Chicago to play for a short time; then he returned West again. Yes; Claire McDowell is a fine actress. Gertrude Bambrick was the girl in "Brothers" (Biograph), and Robert Harron was the son in "Fate" (Biograph). Cuttica Bidoui was Parker in "He Needed the Money" (Cines). Adrienne Kroell was the girl in "A Lucky Mistake" (Selig). No; Dorothy Donnell is not my wife.

Pilgrim Ply.—Arthur Mackley was the sheriff in "The Sheriff's Child" (Essanay). Edwin August and Ormi Hawley had the leads in " 'Twixt Love and Ambition."

Emma S. W.—William Mason in "An Adamless Eden" (Essanay). Al Garcia was the artist in "With the Eyes of Love" (Selig). Harold Lockwood was the fireman. Frank Bennett was Dick in "That College Life" (Vitagraph).

Beatrice W.—Get pictures of Yale Boss at Edison studio. He plays right along.

Mrs. C. L.—Alice Hollister had the lead in "The Peril of the Dance-hall." Guy Coombs played opposite her.

Doe-Doe.—Lillian Drew was Cora in "The Forbidden Way" (Essanay). E. H. Calvert was the burglar.

Anna N. D.—That was Vivian Rich and Warren Kerrigan.

P. & D. Co.—Lucile Lee and Anna Stewart were the girls in that Vitagraph. Naomi Childers was the girl in "The Heart of an Actress" (Kalem). Yes; Gertrude Bambrick.

Pinky, 16.—That's nice. Dolly Larkin and J. Holland leads in "A Perilous Ride."

The Pest.—You see, you didn't send in enough votes for your favorite, or he would have won. We feel sorry for you.

Dorothy F.—Harry Carey was the butler, and Claire McDowell was the rich lady in "The Stolen Loaf" (American).

Viola S.—Sorry, indeed, your questions were not answered, but as they come in they are answered. Jack Nelson was Bob in "The Man Who Might Have Been" (Selig).

Unanswered.—But you must always give your name and address. Bigelow Cooper was the minister in "Shower of Slippers" (Edison). Adelaide Lawrence was the little girl in "The Sneak" (Kalem). Lillian Leighton was the sweetheart in "The Collection of Pearls" (Selig). Mrs. Lawrence Marston was the wife in "The Militant Suffragette."

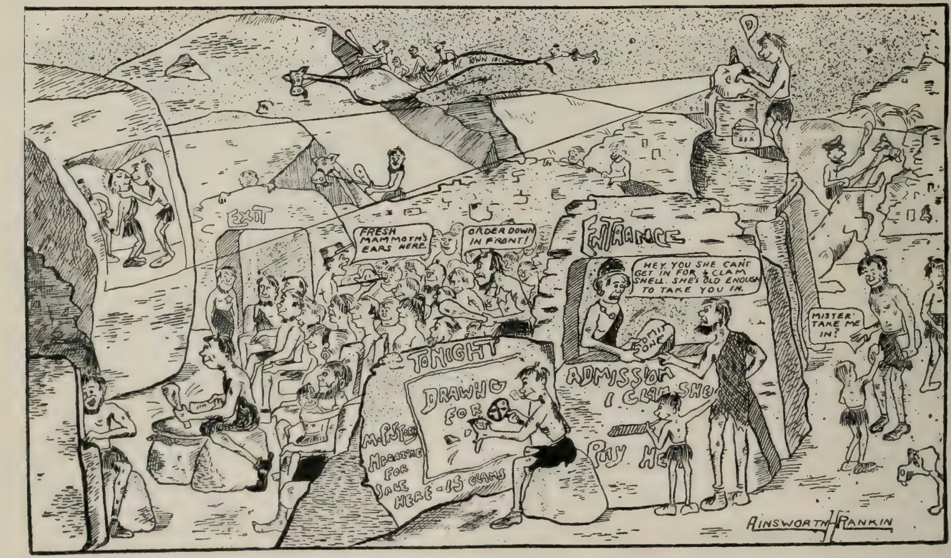
Hildred H.—The picture resembles Claire McDowell, but it looks more like a Harrison Fisher. Myrtle Stedman in "The Law and the Outlaw."

Carl Huff.—Dont know where Mildred Weston is. Norma Talmadge is the girl.

Ada, the First.—Romaine Fielding and Mary Ryan in "The Unknown" (Lubin). Thomas Santschi and Bessie Eyton in "Alone in the Jungle" (Selig).

Helen K.—Yes; Gwendoline Pates in "A Modern Garrick" (Pathé). Yes, send along your photo.

Flower E. G.—Yes; Mr. Harrington told me all about it. I was there part of the time. We haven't a card for "What do they do with the earth that they dig from the Panama Canal?" They probably bury it.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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Florence, 15.—William Duncan and Myrtle Stedman in that Selig. Venice was built on eighty islets, connected by nearly four hundred bridges. Canals serve for streets and gondolas for carriages. That picture made in Italy, on the original sites.

Josie G. N. L.—Kathlyn Williams in "A Little Child Shall Lead Them," and Myrtle Stedman in "Roderick's Ride" (Selig).

Edith B. B.—Yes; Edith Storey had the lead in "The Vengeance of Durand," but Florence Klotz was the child.

Agnes E.—Lucile Young was Sally in "The Wayward Son" (Kalem). Bessie Sankey the girl in "The Express Rider." Ruth Roland can be had by writing Kalem.

R. R., Box 67.—You can write to both parties at 2826 Decatur Avenue, New York City. Thomas A. Edison, Inc., is the official title for the Edison Co.

Grace H.—Bessie Eyton was the girl in "Alone in the Jungle" (Selig).

S. P. V.—You want us to get out an edition of small books with stamp pictures of all the players, with their names under them, and have them for sale at the box-offices? Will consider this. Not a bad idea.

G. G.—Thomas Santschi in the Selig. We dont know for sure which was the largest diamond. The Great Mogul weighed 900 carats originally, 861 grains when cut. It was about half as big as an egg. The Pitt or Regent diamond weighed 419 grains. Kohinoor weighed 186 carats, but was reduced one-third by recutting.

Frances K.—Henry King was Tom in "A Perilous Ride" (Lubin). Carlyle Blackwell has had stage experience. Vitagraph are releasing a two-reel feature every Saturday. They bought many of them from our Clearing House.

H. H. W.—Leah Baird played with Julia S. Gordon in "Red and White Roses."

Emma W.—Edna Payne is not playing at present. Never printed Jessie McAllister's picture. Dont remember seeing you.

Marjorie M.—Cleo Ridgely and Mr. Lewis had the lead in "Beauty and the Beast" (Rex). William Brunton and Helen Holmes in "The Treachery of a Scar" (Kalem).

Thomas K.—Afraid there are no hopes, but communicate with the companies.

Sophomore.—As I have said before, Bennie of Lubinville is the charming little switchboard operator at Lubinville, and he can tell you everything about the Lubin players. Haven't that Thanhouser.

Gladys.—Anna Stewart had the lead in "A Regiment of Two" (Vitagraph). Glad you liked the play; everybody does.

Edith E. C.—Jack Hopkins is leading man for Ramo films. Write them direct for his picture. He left Lubin a couple of months ago.

Portia.—Lottie Briscoe was the girl in "The School Principal" (Lubin). Yes, we have noticed that. President Neff's address is Cincinnati, Ohio.

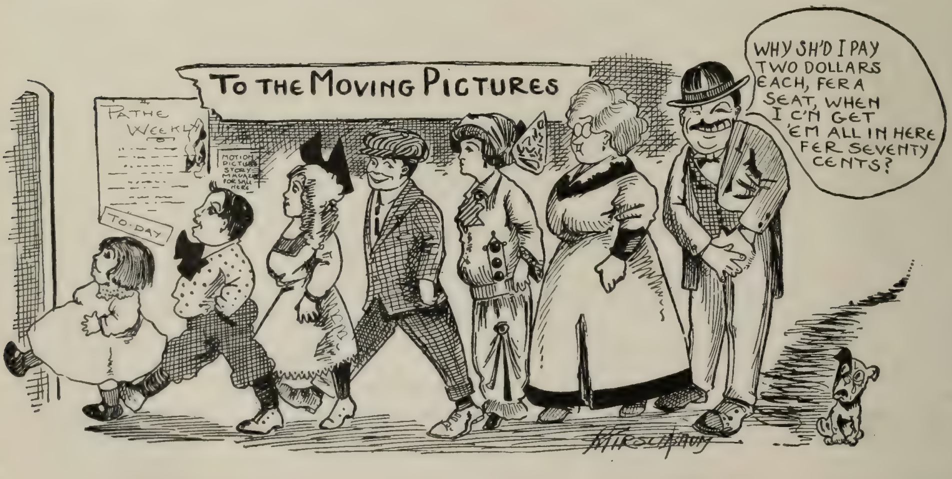
Mrs. C. D. P.—Lillian Gish was the girl in "The Mothering Heart," and Blanche Sweet in "Oil and Water."

Mary C.—Fritzi Brunnette was the girl in "Annie Laurie" (Reliance).

Courtenay.—Clarence Elmer and Frankie Mann in "Nearly in Mourning" (Lubin). Ethel Phillips was the stenographer. Ray McKee was Ray in "Silence for Silence."

Barbara, 16.—As you know, we dont get the casts for those Bronchos and Kay-Bees. That's why your other letters were not answered. Cant understand why Broncho doesn't wake up.

Miss A. M.—Lillian Logan was the girl in "The Ferrets" (Selig). Ernestine Morley was the wife in "Dolores' Decision" (Lubin). Mildred Manning was the wife in "A Chance Deception" (Biograph).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THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., 144 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.

Joseph L.—George Le Guere was Lord Percy in "High and Low" (American). Some of the companies write most of those plays themselves.

Tweedle D.—Your letter was all right. Neither do I understand how John Bunny keeps cool; perhaps he doesn't. Who *couldn't* discover the North Pole, weather like this? Ambrosio has only Italian players.

Edythe.—Charles Arling had the lead in "A Modern Garrick" (Pathé). Biograph are quite slow in answering our questions, and we shall have to wait until they do. "Forbidden ground" is right. E. K. Lincoln was Mr. Anderson in "The Moulding" (Vitagraph). Tom Moore was the thief in "A Thief in the Night" (Kalem). Yes, he makes a splendid thief.

Smiles.—No sarcasm, but are you a nose specialist? You dont like Blanche Sweet's nose nor Lillian Walker's nose, but you do like Mae Marsh's. Mary Pickford is not back with Biograph. She is still with Famous Players.

Dolores.—Gladys Field was the daughter in "The Sheriff's Son" (Essanay). Carl Von Schiller was Jack, and Irene Hunt was Helen in "A Lucky Chance" (Lubin). Thanks for the taffy. Décolleté is pronounced *day-kol-e-tay*, and means cut low.

Peg o' My Heart.—Henry King was Jim in "Jim's Reward" (Lubin). Harry Millarde was the detective in "The Smuggler." Marshall Wilder is at Atlantic City. He is not playing in the pictures.

Mary P.—Yes, that was a real house that they built for the occasion. Mary Pickford, Owen Moore, Howard Missimer and John Steppling will all be seen in "Caprice" (Famous Players).

Lottie A. P.—David Thompson was the father in "The Spoiled Darling's Doll" (Thanhouser). Edgar Lewis was the sheriff in "The Sheriff" (Reliance). Yes; Wallace Reid. No, the Answer Man is not William Lord Wright. Not right, my lord.

Mrs. H. R. B.—Mae Costello was the daughter in "The Spirit of the Orient" (Vitagraph). I have never observed how that player wears her hat on the street. I'll lie in wait for her some night and find out for you.

Margaret.—Cant recognize the player from the small picture you enclose. What plays did he play in? It is neither of the players you mention.

Olga, 17.—Sorry, but I haven't the cast for that Lubin. It must be an old one. No, I have no beard. I had it sawed off during the first hot spell. Fritzi Brunnette and Glen White are Gem leads now.

J. G. T.—So you would like to see Warren Kerrigan and Florence LaBadie play together? Perhaps, some day. Dont know what has happened to Evebelle Prout.

Rosemary.—Wallace Reid was leading man in "A Foreign Spy." Thanks.

Violette E. L.—No, scenarios are not copyrighted. Thanks for the invitation, also for the Sen-Sen. Yes, I saw the Mystery Play, also that Pathé.

Melva St. Clare.—Are you sure of that title? Will try to find out the company, but must have the correct title. Did not see that play. Think it was a Ramo, and if so, Jack Hopkins had the lead.

Helen A.—Dont understand what you mean about William Dillon. Thanks.

Irene.—E. H. Calvert was the lead in "The Forbidden Way" (Essanay). Lillian Drew in the same play.

Olive C.—Sorry, but there never was a cast made for "A Woman's Heart," and Lubin cannot tell us.

Stoddart.—Woof, woof!—not so much of that. A little goes a long way. Yes, that was Crane Wilbur in that Pathé. Charles Arling's picture will appear soon.

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"Downfall of Mr. Snoop"	Powers
"A Motorcycle Elopement"	Biograph
"Insanity"	Lubin
"Miss Prue's Waterloo"	Lubin
"Sally Ann's Strategy"	Edison
"Ma's Apron Strings"	Vitagraph
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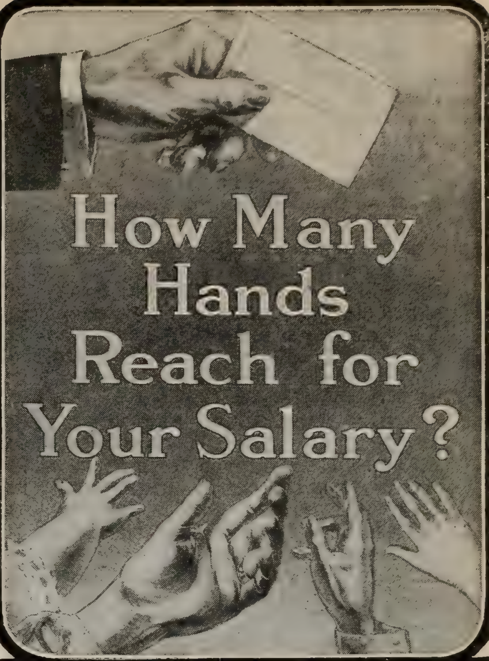
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Lily C. C.—Yes, we have had a Mr. Bell lecture for us, at the different theaters. We will print a picture of King Baggot. Of course I like marshmallows; I like everything except grass. Ever try toasted marshmallows on the beach?

Anthony.—Pearl White has gone abroad. Perhaps if you wrote to Crystal they would send you one of her pictures. Maurice Costello and James Young are not exactly pals. Yes, thanks, I enjoyed my vacation immensely.

Idaho Ike.—Thanhouser is at New Rochelle, N. Y. Florence Lawrence was chatted in December, 1911, and Florence LaBadie in January, 1913. Florence Lawrence was in March, August and December, 1911, and June and December, 1912. Florence LaBadie was in December, 1912, and June, 1913.

Leon K.—Edwin August and Ormi Hawley had the leads in "The End of the Quest." Isabelle Lamon and Richard Travers in "Thru Many Trials" (Lubin). Gladys Field is not playing. When a pretty girl like that is not playing—*you* know!

Florence, 15.—True Boardman was the brother in "Broncho Billy's Brother" (Essanay), and Bessie Sankey was the girl. Isabelle Lamon and Jack Standing had the leads in "The Other Woman" (Lubin). Beverly Bayne was Mrs. Balse in "A Divided House" (Essanay). No information about "In the Fire of Vengeance."

Lady Jack Rose.—Anna Stewart was the stenographer in "The Fighting Chance" (Vitagraph). Ormi Hawley was Marie in "'Twixt Love and Ambition" (Lubin). Florence Hackett was Rose in "The District Attorney's Conscience" (Lubin). Ormi Hawley was the girl in "Kidnapping Father." Not Romaine Fielding, but Irving White was the husband. Phyllis Gordon was Edith, and Charles Bartlett was Barrett in "In the Secret Service" (Bison 101). Richard Tucker was Frank Armor.

Dale D.—Richard Stanton had the lead in "The Seal of Silence" (Kay-Bee). Norman Fowler was Robert Hale, and Vera Hamilton was his mother in "Robert Hale's Ambition" (Selig).

John E.—Ormi Hawley in that Lubin. Thanks for that clipping. Quite surprising.

Edward H.—Myrtle Stedman and William Duncan had the leads in "The Suffragette" (Selig). Howard Mitchell was Lieutenant Mitchell in "Kitty and the Bandits" (Lubin). Yes; Bud Fisher.

Josephine W.—John Ince was the manager in "The Veil of Sleep" (Lubin). Ruth Stonehouse has not been chatted as yet.

Berta.—Lillian Wade the child. Arthur Johnson was chatted in February, 1912.

Josephine R.—Of course Brinsley Shaw is a fine villain. Dont know where he is at present. Will see about a chat as soon as he gets located.

Frank G. S.—Guess that was his religion. Didn't see it. Sidney Drew played opposite Anna Stewart in "A Sweet Deception" (Vitagraph). That's what our cast says. Thanks for the clipping.

Naomi, of St. Louis.—Yes, he was there with Anna Stewart. Thanks for letter.

The Quizzer.—Earle Williams was Henry in "The Tiger-Lily" (Vitagraph). Haven't that Biograph.

Mary A. R.—Marin Sais was the girl in "The Fight at Grizzly Gulch" (Kalem). Thanks for the card. It is now in my Scrap-book No. 14.

September Morn.—Wallie Van was Jim Wilson in "One Good Joke Deserves Another" (Vitagraph). Yes; G. M. Anderson is one of the partners in the Essanay Company. *Essanay* comes from "S. & A."—Spoor and Anderson.

Irma W. K.—Joe King was the husband in "The Will-o'-the-Wisp" (Kay-Bee). From Essanay. No, not Edwin M. La Roche. Guess once more. One fine, large gooseberry if you hit it right.

Ruth P.—Thanks for the sweet-peas. Lillian Gish in that Biograph. Viola Barry was the idle woman in the restaurant. Yes; Carlyle Blackwell. Guy Coombs in that play. Anna Nilsson was the girl.

Jessie P.—Mary Fuller was chatted in July, 1912. Mrs. Costello is with Vitagraph. Alice Joyce at the New York Kalem studio.

Lillas St. C.—Your letter was very bright. You gave the woman a good answer. Crane Wilbur is all right just as he is, and he is very popular. It's Lottie Briscoe who has the lamb, but it ought to be Mary Fuller.

W. J. R.—That Pathé was probably taken in the Adirondacks, and the Edison in their Bronx studio.

Moarilander.—Gene Gauntier, Jack Clark and Sidney Olcott in "Arrah-na-Pogue" (Kalem). That's an old one. Mrs. Clark was the mother in "His Mother" (Kalem). Alice Joyce and Carlyle Blackwell in "Freed from Suspicion." Another old one.

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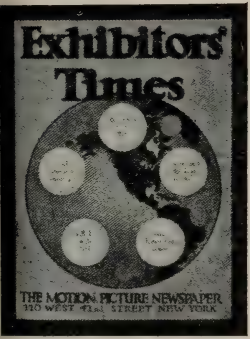

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Primrose.—Irene Hawley was the girl opposite Irving Cummings in "Her Rosary" (Reliance). Alan Hale and Edgena de Lespine had the leads in "The House of Pretense" (Reliance). Yes, that was a real fire in "A Hero Among Men" (Lubin). Saw them take the fire scene myself.

Dutch W.—Ed Genung was David as a man in "David Copperfield" (Thanhouser).

Syd. H. H., N. Z.—Mary Fuller could not have been seen in New Zealand lately. She is hard at work in the Bronx Edison studio.

Evelyn S.—Jack Standing played in "The Other Woman" (Lubin). Jack Pickford played in "The Sneak" (Kalem). Mary Ryan was Bob's sister. William Garwood was the inventor in "The Race" (Thanhouser). Harry Benham in that last Thanhouser.

Plain Ann.—Ernestine Morley was Florence in "A Florida Romance" (Lubin). John Steppling was the fat man, and Beverly Bayne was his sweetheart in "Will-Be-Weds." Margarita Loveridge was leading woman in "The Woodsman's Daughter."

Bert Stfd.—Darwin Karr was the confederate officer, and Mrs. Foy was the mother in "The Equine Spy" (Solax). Darwin Karr is not located at this writing.

Janie B.—So it was Frank Bennett who played opposite Miss Stewart in "Love Laughs at Locksmiths" (Vitagraph).

John M. L.—Peggy O'Neil was Mary in "When Mary Married" (Lubin). Dolly Larkin was the girl in "The Apache Kind" (Lubin). Octavia Handworth had the lead in "The Secret Formula" (Patheplay), and she did it well. Marguerite Gibson was the stenographer, and not Mary Charleson, in "The Yellow Streak" (Vitagraph).

H. M. B.—Thanks very much for supplying us with that cast. Very nice of you.

Mary P. starts off in the following manner:

Oh, please do not think me bad or bold.
When I ask questions you've already told;
I s'pose impatience makes you scold,
But do not be toward me so cold,
Or I will surely think you're old—
With a wife and children (a dozen all told).

Yours till Niagara Falls.

No, it doesn't make my tongue *long* for a rest, but it does my fingers, after typewriting all these pages. Probably Vitagraph; Ralph Ince had a camera man down around Fire Island in July. He lives at Brightwaters, L. I., which is near by.

C. G. G.—Richard Travers and Jack Standing leads in "Diamond Cut Diamond."

Henry A. O.—Florence Turner is playing in her own company. Yes, to No. 3. Also yes, to No. 4. Alcohol is the only thing to wash off fresh poison-ivy.

Carl Huff, 15.—Charles West and Viola Barry were the flirts. Louise Beaudet was the mother in "The Snare of Fate" (Vitagraph). Warren Kerrigan and Vivian Rich in "The Song of the Soup" (American), also in "Finer Things" (American), and J. Richardson and Charlotte Burton in "A Husband's Mistake." Laura Sawyer is the girl detective in "Kate Kirby Cases."

F. E. G.—Helen Holmes was the girl in "The Treachery of a Scar" (Kalem). Tom Forman was the crook in the same. Joseph Baker was Bob in "O'Hara as a Guardian Angel" (Vitagraph). Typewriting is good.

Marie Mc.—"Vanity Fair" was produced by Vitagraph, and Helen Gardner was Becky Sharp. She left Vitagraph, and her office is on Fulton Street, near ours.

Florentine H.—The verse is very good. Believe Edgar Jones has left Lubin.

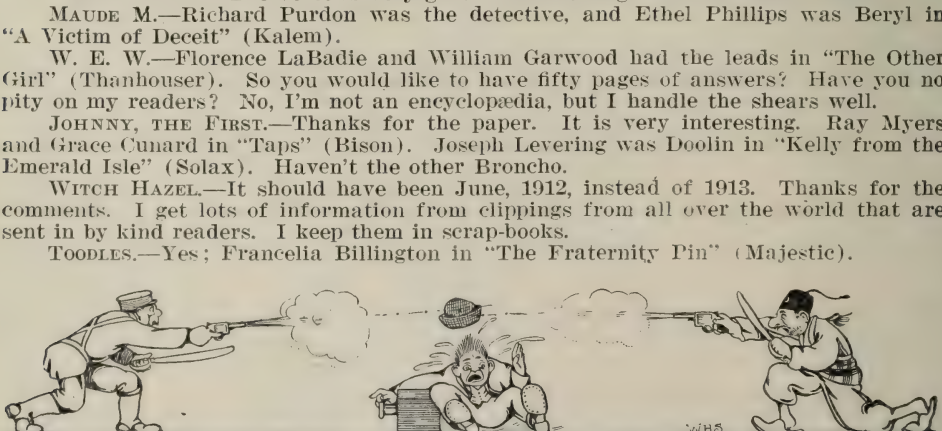
Maude M.—Richard Purdon was the detective, and Ethel Phillips was Beryl in "A Victim of Deceit" (Kalem).

W. E. W.—Florence LaBadie and William Garwood had the leads in "The Other Girl" (Thanhouser). So you would like to have fifty pages of answers? Have you no pity on my readers? No, I'm not an encyclopædia, but I handle the shears well.

Johnny, the First.—Thanks for the paper. It is very interesting. Ray Myers and Grace Cunard in "Taps" (Bison). Joseph Levering was Doolin in "Kelly from the Emerald Isle" (Solax). Haven't the other Broncho.

Witch Hazel.—It should have been June, 1912, instead of 1913. Thanks for the comments. I get lots of information from clippings from all over the world that are sent in by kind readers. I keep them in scrap-books.

Toodles.—Yes; Francelia Billington in "The Fraternity Pin" (Majestic).



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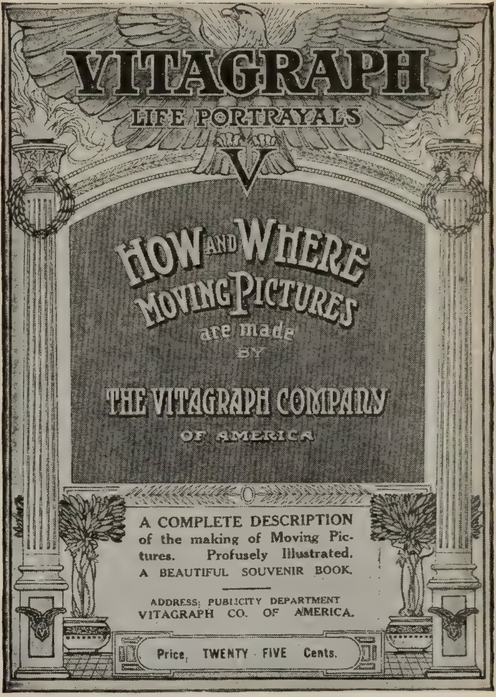

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E. H., Minnesota.—Margarite Snow was Isabelle, Florence LaBadie was Barbara, William Russell was Lewiston, and James Cruze was Carlyle in "East Lynne." Florence Lawrence in "The Life-saver." Whitney Raymond in "The Pathway of Years."

Allen S. F.—Sorry, but cannot answer you about "Gettysburg," nor the Eclipse.

Birdie Charmeuese.—That must have been Alice Joyce you saw. The studio is on Twenty-third Street. Yes, for Harrison Fischer.

Norma L. G.—Myrtle Stedman and William Duncan had the leads in "The Señorita's Repentance" (Selig). She wore a dark wig in that play. Julia Calhoun was Mrs. Ray, Walter Stull was John, Frances Ne Moyer was the girl, and Earle Metcalf was Tom in "Beating Mother to It" (Lubin).

Dorothy D.—Just write to her in care of Selig. Vitagraph must have over one hundred players on their payroll.

Mona G.—Mona Darkfeather was the Indian girl in "The Song of the Telegraph." Thanks for the pretty picture. The word *actorine* is slang for "actress."

Lizzie W.—Wallace Reid and Marshall Neilan both played in that Bison.

Miss M. A. D.—Your writing is all right, but you want to shift the color attachment. *The Pictures* is a London weekly devoted to photoplay stories and Moving Picture news. It calls the men players "Gents." Isn't that funny?

Ray B.—Eleanor Mason was Beth, and Robyn Adair was Bob in "The Weaker Mind." Edgena de Lespine is called the Lillian Russell of the Moving Pictures; not because she resembles the fair Lillian, but because she is altogether a pretty creature.

Kitty, Cleveland.—Walter Stull was Beaut in "The Beaut from Butte" (Lubin). Rura Hodges was the little girl in "Faithful Shep" (Reliance). William Garwood in "Beautiful Bismark" (Majestic).

H. S. J.—No, pictures are not taken under water. It is pronounced Cor-toe′. Yes; Marguerite Courtot. She called at our office today with her mother. She is a little beauty and not yet sixteen.

Marjorie and H.—Warren Kerrigan and Jack Richardson in "The Story of the Wager" (American). Marshall Neilan also played in this.

Maurice M. M.—Louise Beaudet was Mme. du Bluff in "Count Barber" (Vitagraph). Harry Lonsdale was the ex-convict in "God's Way" (Selig).

Wilhelmina.—Yes, that's Tom Moore that always plays opposite Alice Joyce.

Beatrice D.—Adele Ray was the girl in "The Saving Lie" (Patheplay). Just write to players at studio. Send stamped, addressed envelope for list of film manufacturers.

Leah C.—Florence Turner and Tom Powers in "Let 'Em Quarrel" (Vitagraph). Jack Standing and Isabelle Lamon in that Lubin. Richard Travis, not Harry Myers.

Florence G.—Haven't Great Northern. Will see about chat with Marguerite Snow.

Buff, 15.—Juanita Sponsler and Marshall Neilan in "Sally's Guardian" (Kalem). Winnifred Greenwood was the understudy in "The Understudy" (Selig). Bessie Eyton had the lead in "The Shuttle of Fate" (Selig).

Anna E.—Adelaide Lawrence is the child. Dolores Costello plays just the same.

John, 53.—Vivian Rich was the girl in "Tom Blake's Redemption" (American). Yes, that was a fine story. You refer to Jack Richardson? Keystone is in Los Angeles.

California Poppy.—Thanks for the pretty pose. Like to receive pictures from the questioners. Better communicate with our Circulation Manager about the Ridgelys. They are still on their way.

Martha.—Thanks for the clipping. Always glad to get such news, but sometimes we already have it.

Little J. S.—So you think Ray Gallagher is the best actor. Three cheers for Ray!

Mary F.—Marguerite Loveridge was the wife in "Seeds of Silver" (Selig). Margaret Steppling was the child in that Essanay. Marshall Neilan was the husband in "The Cat and the Bonnet." Gwendoline Pates was the wife in "The Frozen Trail."

Bella F.—Irene Boyle and James Vincent in "The Detective's Trap" (Kalem). You will bring down the thunderbolts of Jove on my head if you keep on asking me to name the best company. Of course I know, but wont tell.

The Four Royals.—Henry Walthall was Jack, and E. H. Mailes was the husband in "The Mistake" (Biograph). There is a George Cooper now with Western Vitagraph.

Naomi, of St. Louis.—Peggy O'Neil was the girl in "The Penalty of Crime" (Lubin). William Brunton. Clarence Elmer was Billy in "The Angel of the Slums."

Elmer B.—Thanks for Carlyle Blackwell's telephone number. Florence Foley was the little girl in "The Carpenter" (Vitagraph). It looked very much like a dummy, but it was done cleverly.

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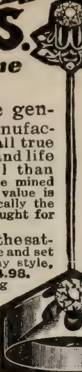

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Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right," and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now, this set me thinking.

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And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

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Hazel R. E.—Stephen Purdee was the husband in "The Thief in the Night." Harold Lockwood was leading man in "The Lipton Cup." That was Robyn Adair.

Betty R.—Dorothy Phillips played opposite William Mason in "Value of Mothers-in-law" (Essanay). Myrtle Stedman was the girl in "The Marshal's Capture" (Selig). Audrey Ingraham was the girl, and William Bowman her opposite in "Two Souls" (Thanhouser). Peggy O'Neil and Billy Emerson. Edwin Carewe in that Lubin. Harry Mainhall was James in "Fear." Yes; Allen Holubar in "Two Social Calls."

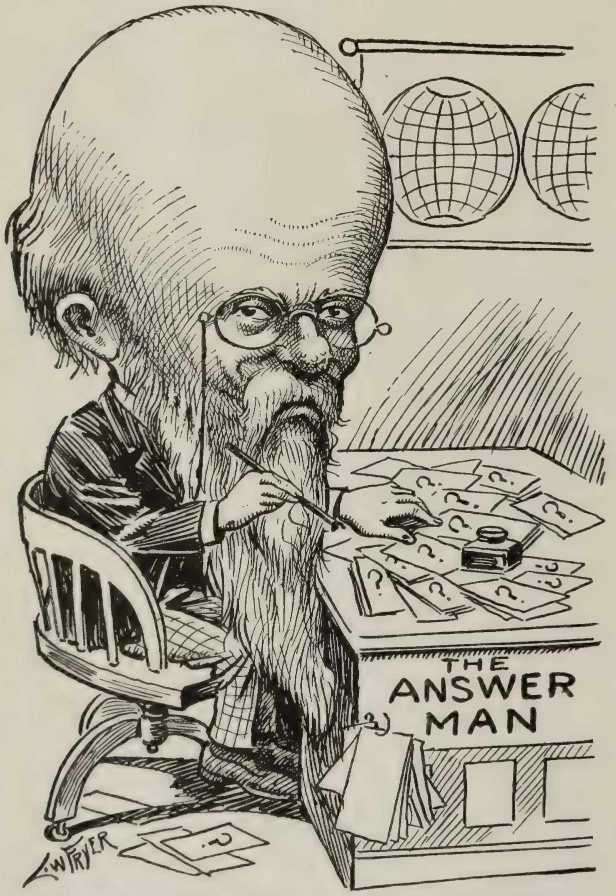
Harry L. M.—Thanks for the chamois. That Costello car was a Cadillac? Dont remember the article you refer to.

Bill Mattoon.—Frances Ne Moyer and Julia Calhoun were Daisy and Aunty in "Doing Like Daisy" (Lubin). Alice Hollister and Harry Millarde had the leads in "The Wheel of Death" (Kalem). That was Edgar Jones and Clarence Burton in "Lonedog, the Faithful" (Lubin). Julia Stuart and Barbara Tennant were Julia and the little mother in "The Little Mother of Black Pine" (Eclair). William Brunton and Eileen Paul were the bandit and child in "The Bandit's Child" (Kalem). Lester Cuneo was Monte Ray in that Selig. Thank you.

Scaredy-Cat.—I agree with you on the religion question. Your letter is very interesting. Jack Richardson has not as yet left American. Wallace Reid was Bill Wayne in "Her Innocent Marriage" (American). Helen Armstrong was the youngster in "The Husband's Mistake" (American).

Rhodisha.—Your suggestion about putting the questioners' names in order is a good one, but we go to press in sections, and besides, it would take much more time. Carlyle Blackwell is still in Glendale, California.

Kathern.—Mignon Anderson in "When Darkness Came" (Thanhouser). Her picture was used in July, 1912. The title was underneath the picture when you cut it out. It is Mabel Trunnelle.



DRAWN BY OUR STAFF ARTIST, AND HE OUGHT TO KNOW

Alice Van T.—Cines produced "The Queen of Spades." Diomira Jacobini had the lead. Your verse is very good. My principal hobby? Well, if you must know, farming. I raise blisters, mostly.

Dale D.—Thanks for the news. If Charlotte Burton is poor, is Vivian Rich? If Edwin Carewe is clever, is Kempton Green exceedingly bright! Wonderful! Haven't the name of that funny fat man. The players you mention must be on the stage.

Lydia B.—Thanks muchly for all the clippings. Kate Bruce was the mother, and W. Chrystie Miller was the father in "The Little Tease" (Biograph). Yes, everybody loves W. Chrystie Miller. Mabel Normand was leading woman in "Barney Oldfield's Race for a Life" (Keystone). Mack Sennett played opposite, and Ford Sterling was the villain. M. Lugnet had the lead in "Mixed Pickles."

Betty, Springfield.—Vivian Rich was the girl opposite Warren Kerrigan in "The Scapegoat" (American). Yes; Octavia Handworth. So you think the Answer Man old and crusty? Ah! thank you, kind madam.

Johnnie, the First.—Thanks for the printed news. Very thoughtful of you. Will be glad to receive the Correspondence Club paper.

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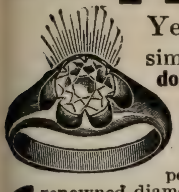

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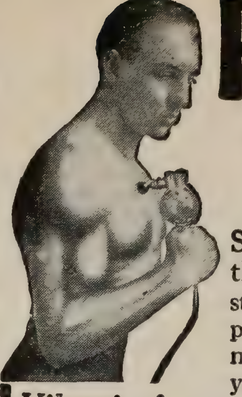

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Bess, of Chicago.—Of course you deserve a photo. You will, no doubt, get it.

Maxine.—Julia S. Gordon opposite Leah Baird in "Red and White Roses" (Vitagraph). You must get the right titles and the right companies. Oh, yes, I have my critics. Some say I am too sarcastic; some that I am too fresh. But in spite of it all, I do not bear them "any mosity." I cant please everybody.

Walter C.—Jack Standing had the lead in "The Wiles of Cupid" (Lubin). Harrish Ingraham was the count's rival in "The Count's Will" (Patheplay). Ernestine Morley and Edwin Carewe in "The Wine of Madness" (Lubin). Nothing doing on the Broncho.

Cute Cutie from Cuteville.—Wallace Reid was leading man in "Pride of Lonesome" (American). Photoplayers have three kinds of salaries: what they say they get, what they think they ought to get, and what they actually get.

Anthony.—So you spent your vacation in Chicago. Nice little place, that. Guy Coombs and Anna Nilsson had the leads in "The Toll-gate Raiders" (Kalem). No cast for "A Woman's Heart" (Lubin).

M. F., St. Louis.—Your idea is good about my identity. Biograph wont tell us who the actress was in "Two Eyes." Bessie Eyton and Thomas Santschi had the leads in "When Men Forget" (Selig). Vitagraph are building a new plant in Europe.

J. L., New York.—I wish to state, for your benefit and others, that Joseph Levering had the lead in "The Country Boy," and not J. W. Johnston, as we have said. Mr. Levering also played in "The Great Steeplechase," "The Beach-Combers," "Single Life," "The Bachelor's Thanksgiving Dinner," "The Lass from Glouster" and "Saved at the Altar," all Patheplays. Mr. Levering is now playing for Solax.

J. G. G.—Mabel Trunnelle is still with Edison. Yes, come right ahead. There is no way of getting a permit to visit Kalem studio. Kempton Green is back with Lubin, after a two-months' absence.

Jack N. C.—Dolly Larkin was Helen in "Breed of the West." Biograph wont tell who the sweetheart was in "A Dangerous Foe." Look back for Alice Joyce's picture.

Louise L.—Owen Moore and Walter Miller are two different persons. We answer Kay-Bee questions when we can. Against my religious principles to answer whether Guy Coombs is married or not.

Helen D.—Corinne Lesser was the maid in "He and Himself." Ruth Hennessy was Millie in "Cinderella's Gloves" (Essanay). Yes; Marin Sais.

Schwanzello.—Lillian Gish was the mother in "The Mothering Heart" (Biograph), Walter Miller was the husband, Kate Bruce was the wife's mother, A. Lestina was the doctor, and Viola Barry was the idle woman. Charles West. Gertrude Bambrick and Charles Murray were the dancers. You think the Edison pictures look gray? Yes, trifles make perfection.

Mary P.—Gertrude McCoy is still with Edison. Yes, I had just one week's vacation, and a pleasant one, thank you.

Grace, 16.—Thanks for the beautiful picture of yourself. I have a fine collection now. I am sure Florence Turner would be pleased to write to you. Never printed a chat with Pauline Bush. Will see about one for you.

Gladys.—William West was the Indian chief, Marin Sais his daughter, and Carlyle Blackwell the trader in "The Fight at Grizzly Gulch" (Kalem). Crane Wilbur and Octavia Handworth had leads in "The Secret Formula" (Patheplay). Yes, very well done. Thanhouser is Independent. Yes; thanks.

Olga, 17.—Why didn't you stop in, as long as you passed the building? I dont bite, tho I sometimes bark. John Adolphi and Peggy Reid were the city couple in "When Dreams Come True" (Thanhouser). Anna Drew was the maid, and Marguerite Snow the wife. Just "1 Congress Street, Jersey City, N.J.," will reach Pathé. Do you know that I am getting much attached to you, as the man said who was trying to separate himself from a porous plaster?

Peg o' My Heart.—It is called the Florence Turner Co. Harry Myers has had several years' stage experience. He was chatted in July, 1913, and Earle Williams in September, 1913. So you would like to have the gallery enlarged?

Mary, N. Y. C.—Mildred Manning was Harry Carey's wife in "A Chance Deception" (Biograph). Joe King was Kelly in "Texas Kelly at Bay" (Kay-Bee). Helen Holmes was the wife in "Birds of Prey" (Kalem). Of course The Motion Picture Story Magazine is sold in Europe, and about 1,500 copies are sold each month in New Zealand. We had several nice-looking men in our booth—which one? Clara Williams with Universal. Frederick Church the sweetheart. That was Robert Fischer.

M. M. S. T., 1st.—Henry King was Pedro in "The Actor's Strategy" (Lubin). Your letter is encouraging. Hope that each set will be better than the last.

G. H. B. sends in a quotation from Milton, and wants to know who can name the player to whom it best applies: "Grace was in her steps, Heaven in her eyes; in every gesture dignity and love." I have G. H. B.'s answer here, and the first one who guesses it will be rewarded by having his or her name printed in black letters. What more can I offer? Who is she?

Curly.—That's quite a picture of you. Thanks. Wouldn't mind taking that trip myself. Yes, the last scene in Vitagraph's "Father and Son" was powerful.

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Albert H.—Congratulations! Thanks for the picture. Many happy married days!

Marie St. C. W.—Yes, I had to give up the club, as it was getting too large. Some one will take charge of the names; "Pansy" has been elected president.

Bess, of Chicago.—Haven't heard anything about that wreck, unless it was Vitagraph's. Carmen Sabranes was the country girl in "The Lesson" (American). You will get the pins.

Rusty.—I dont know the "squint-jawed, flat-eyed fellow" you refer to. If he reads this, will he please send in his name and address? Your letter fairly glistens with good sense. Will send your clever verses to Pearl White and Anthony.

Walter C.—Peggy O'Neil was Nell in "The Penalty of Crime" (Lubin). John Ince was Watson. Pathé wont tell the leading man in "The Broken Idol." Bison 101 wont answer. Irene Boyle was the daughter in "The River Pirates" (Kalem). Thanks.

Miss P. W.—Thanks for the clipping about Gwendoline Pates; we all wish her luck.

Johnnie Jones.—No maid on the cast for "The Silver Cigaret-Case" (Vitagraph). Yes; Flora Finch has posed for artists. Alice Joyce for Harrison Fisher, yes. Whitney Raymond was the Lemon in "The Lemon" (Essanay). Earle Talbot was Bruce in "The Higher Justice." Yes, his son. Edwin Carewe was Bruce in "Her Husband's Picture."

Jason.—Warren Kerrigan and Vivian Rich had the leads in "A Husband's Mistake" (American). Muriel Ostriche played in "Miss Mischief" (Thanhouser). Kinemacolor pictures are now shown in Licensed houses.

Beckmesveld.—No information on "Oliver Twist" (General Pub. & Sales). Mabel Normand was the Belle in that Keystone. Biograph wont tell who the daughter was in "Just Kids." Lucile Young was the wife in "The Tragedy of Big Eagle Mine" (Kalem). Lois Weber had the lead in that Rex. Ethel Phillips was Louise in "The Attorney for the Defense" (Kalem). Rolinda Bambridge and Jessie Cummings were the wife and merry widow in "The Old Melody" (Imp). Dolly Larkin was the sweetheart in "The Apache's Kind" (Lubin).

Lillian T.—Robert Grey and Billie West were Robert and Gracia in "She Will Never Know" (American). They are a good team. Nancy Avril, formerly of Pathé, is now with Eclair. Yes; Harry Benham. That was Mildred Weston.

Paul B.—Your club must be great. Glad you suggested the magazine. Will be glad to hear from you again.

Melva St. C.—Haven't heard the whereabouts of Lily Branscombe. You say: "Dad is in love with Alice Joyce; mother with Maurice Costello; grandma with John Bunny, and you with Warren Kerrigan." Your family all show good taste.

Mrs. W. F. T.—Dorothy Kelly was June, and Earle Williams was Carter in "The Modern Psyche" (Vitagraph). Dolly Larkin and Louise Glaum are now with Nestor.

C. A. Collins.—You say Frank Bennett played opposite Anita Stuart in "Love Laughs at Locksmiths" (Vitagraph). That Blanche Sweet was the wife, Henry Walthall the husband, and Walter Miller the friend in "Death's Marathon" (Biograph). Thanks.

Walter C.—Why, I met you about five minutes ago. Lester Cuneo was the tenderfoot in "Taming a Tenderfoot" (Selig). No answer from Frontier. Most Cines players are Italians or French. Haven't "The Rival Engineers" (Cines). Sorry. Now dont get mad. You know what Biglow says: "The one that fust gits mad's most allers wrong." That means you.

Rough, 19.—Alice Joyce was Evelyn in "A Streak of Yellow" (Kalem). Yes; Ethel Clayton is still with Lubin. Your kindness is exceeded only by your frankness. My foresight is not always as good as my hindsight.

C. R. H.—Josephine Rector was the daughter, Arthur Mackley the ranchman, and Evelyn Selbie his wife in "The Two Ranchmen." G. M. Anderson and Bessie Sankey in "Broncho Billy and the Schoolma'am's Sweetheart" (Essanay).

Gertrude H.—You can preserve the films if they are not used. Biograph believe in vivacity. You are right. Better acting will soon be required in the pictures than on the stage. Stage actors we know to be only actors; picture actors, in the midst of real scenery, give the impression of reality. Painted sailors, fishermen, mountaineers, etc., would look out of place in the pictures, but they would "go," on the stage.

Lillian A.—David Thompson was Dr. Greene in "When Darkness Came" (Thanhouser). Alice Hollister and James Vincent had the leads in "Virginia Feud" (Kalem). Irving Cummings and George Siegman in "The Big Boss" (Reliance). Richard Tucker was the duke in "Who Will Marry Mary?" (Edison). Thanks.

The Twins.—Helen Holmes and William Brunton were Mary and Jim in "Brought to Bay" (Kalem). Jack Conway was Steve. Dorothy Phillips was Edna in "The Final Judgment" (Essanay). Virginia Ames in that Western Pathé. Earle Metcalf was the rival in "The Great Pearl." Lorimer Johnston is a director with the Flying A.

Aurora P.—So you voted for Thomas Moore. Dont know about George Field's stage experience, but understand that he has been on the stage. Anna Little was the girl in "From the Shadows" (Broncho). Thanks for the fee, also for the nice letter.

Roqua.—That was George Grimma who left the safe open in "The Lost Combination" (Thanhouser). Dont remember your answer now. Never complain about the weather; learn to enjoy all kinds.

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Olga, 17.—Jack Nelson was James, and Mabel Emerson was Pauline in "Geronimo's Last Raid." Cant obtain that Keystone information. Crane Wilbur. Thanks for fee.

Jean T.—Harry Carey was Giuseppe in "The Well" (Biograph). Lester Cuneo was the tall crook in "His Father's Deputy" (Selig). Edna Maison was the Spanish girl in "El Camino Real" (Nestor). Herbert Rawlinson was the son in "The Girl and the Judge" (Selig). Viola Alberti was the gipsy girl. Earle Fox was James in "The Pursuit of the Smugglers" (Kalem). George Gebhardt is back with Pathé Frères. He was much missed. Brinsley Shaw is not playing at present.

Herman.—Yes, a few players voted for themselves and got others to do so, but not many. The final results, as published in this issue, are pretty accurate as to popularity, but not entirely so. Remember that players like Bunny, Carney, Richardson and Flora Finch are none the less excellent, even if they are not the kind to get votes.

D. M. S.—Barney Sherry was the minister in "The Sea-Dog" (Broncho). Sorry, but we cant obtain the name of the little boy in that Broncho. Hazel Buckham and Charles Ray had the leads. Guy Hedlund was the clubman, and Barbara Tennant was the girl in "Fortune's Pet" (Eclair). Louise Lester is the famous "Calamity Anne."

Helen A. H.—Powers wont tell us the cast for "On the Trail." We cannot help you.

The Twins.—Carl Von Schiller was Ned, and Dolly Larkin was Edna in "Rustic Hearts" (Lubin). Clarence Elmer and Jennie Nelson in "Over the Phone" (Lubin). Walter Stull was Brown in "The Zulu King" (Lubin). Juanita Dalmorez was Tom's wife, and Dolores Cassinelli was Harry's wife in "The Divided House" (Essanay).

Florence M. B.—Jean Darnell was the sister in "The Other Girl" (Thanhouser). William Garwood was the fellow. That was Peggy Reid in "Carmen." Riley Chamberlin in "Rosa's Revenge" (Thanhouser). Thanks.

Cutie Cucumber.—Jack Hoxie was Big Eagle, and Lucile Young was the bride in "The Tragedy at Big Eagle Mine" (Kalem). Lionel Barrymore and Claire McDowell in "The Ranchero's Revenge" (Biograph). Robert Harron was Strong Heart, and Jennie Lee was the Indian woman in "A Yaqui Cur" (Biograph). Lillian Wade and Audrey Littlefield were the children.

Faustina.—That Biograph is too old for the company to answer. "Snow White" (Powers) was taken at Hollywood, Cal. The scenario was written by our L. Case Russell. Ada Gifford is with Vitagraph.

Doris, 18.—Haven't heard whether Kathleen Kerrigan is going to play in pictures or not. Sorry he did not win. Doris Mitchell is from the stage, having played with Marlowe stock company, in Chicago, for several seasons. Richard Travers is her leading man, both with Essanay.

Helen A. H.—Yes, but Rex wont answer our questions. Yes, that's Alice Joyce.

Willie N.—You give wrong titles and wrong company. Send corrected questions.

Olga, 17.—Yes, I would be delighted to have your picture. William Duncan and Myrtle Stedman had the leads in "The Señorita's Repentance" (Selig). You mean Louise Beaudet, with Vitagraph. Josephine Rector in the Essanay. Jack Standing was the husband in "The Other Woman." You are very kind, Olga.

M. E. S.—Muriel Ostriche in that Thanhouser. Virginia Westbrook was the other girl in "Annie Laurie" (Reliance). Marguerite Snow is with Thanhouser.

Lincoln C. P.—Francis Ford was the father, and Edith Storey's brother was one of the children in "Out for Mischief" (Méliès). That play is as old as Methuselah.

Carl H., 15, writes as follows: "I went into a picture show last night, and I was so mad, because between each film they would put slides on the screen such as 'Buy Your Groceries Here' and 'Special Sale Tomorrow in Dry Goods,' and then five minutes to the hour they let a curtain down, with ads. on it, leaving it for five minutes, and it took over one hour and a half to show four reels. The people dont like it." Well, I shouldn't think they would! Harry Benham and Mignon Anderson in "A Victim of Circumstances" (Thanhouser). Lois Weber wrote "The King Can Do No Wrong."

Selma C.—Sorry, but we cannot answer your questions now; perhaps next month.

Birdie Charmeuese.—Gus Pixley was the wild man in "Almost a Wild Man" (Biograph). Dorothy Gish was the girl. Charles Murray was McDoo, and Katherine Butler and Florence Lee were the two girls in "The Rise and Fall of McDoo" (Biograph). Joseph De Grasse in "The Pioneer's Recompense" (Pathé). Madge Orlamond was the cranky aunt in "A Little Family Affair" (Lubin).

Johnnie, the First.—Dorothy Gish was the girl, Henry Walthall the lover, and Jennie Lee the mother in "Her Mother's Oath." Yes, that was a beautiful play.

A. S., Boston.—Dont know where Tom Powers is. James Morrison is with Vitagraph. You refer to Joseph Graybill. He was stricken temporarily blind, due to a nervous disorder of the optic nerve, and died Sunday, August 3d.

Dolly J. C.—William Garwood is now with Majestic. Jack Richardson is still with American.

Gussie.—Dont think there is much chance for you with Kalem; all you can do is to correspond with them. Send along the picture.

Eleanor F. R.—E. H. Calvert was the detective in "Every Thief Leaves a Clew" (Essanay.) No more interest in the "Dodgers."

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E. L. W.—In time you will be able to see the picture two nights in succession. Your complaint is just, and we would like to print your letter.

Bernice M.—Flossie is giving us a rest. Florence Lawrence is now with Victor. Haven't the cast for that Bison.

Spring Maid.—Eddie Lyons was the clerk in "Aladdin's Awakening" (Nestor).

Edie J. S.—Yes, that was Blanche Sweet. We will print pictures of Adele De Garde and Kenneth Casey.

Daisy M. P.—E. H. Calvert was the detective in "A Brother's Loyalty" (Essanay). He is Essanay's champion detective now. He also played in "The Forbidden Way." Maurice Costello and Clara Young had leads in "Spirit of the Orient" (Vitagraph). Evelyn Selbie was the wife in "Broncho Billy and the Sheriff's Kid."

G. M. T. U., New York.—So you want to hear more about Baby Rosanna Logan?

Wireless, 18.—Mrs. W. V. Ranous was Betty's mother in "The Taming of Betty."

Jack M.—What do you mean by "How great is Carlyle Blackwell?" "The Spoilers" (Selig) was taken at San Fernando, Cal.

Carmia.—You refer to Harold Lockwood, and he is now with Universal. Will see about a picture.

Etchie W.—Harry Carey was the Mexican husband, and Charles West was the groom in "The Stolen Bride." C. Mailes was the husband, and H. Walthall was the friend in "His Mistake" (Biograph).

Florence P.—Carl Winterhoff was the detective in "Ferrets" (Selig). Lillian Logan was the girl. Earle Metcalf was Paul in that Lubin.

Yvon F.—Crane Wilbur lives in Jersey City, N. J. That was Peter Lang in that Lubin. Yes, the same Ruth Stonehouse, of Essanay.

Doe-Doe.—Mrs. Costello was Mrs. Cutler in "The Taming of Betty" (Vitagraph). Marin Sais was the Indian girl in "The Fight at Grizzly Gulch" (Kalem).

Quizzer.—Louise Lester. Warren Kerrigan was interviewed May, 1913. American.

Violet H.—Perhaps you could obtain the information if you wrote to Mr. Williams.

Francis, 17.—That was a trick picture, and Irving Cummings took both parts. Talbot's book, "How Moving Pictures Are Made and Worked," will tell you all about that. Leo Delaney was the clown in "Just Show People" (Vitagraph). Jane Wolfe in that Kalem. Ralph Ince and James Morrison in "The Heart of Esmeralda" (Vitagraph). Mignon Anderson in the Thanhouser.

D. H. G., Reading.—Haven't the lead in that Victor, but it was either Florence Lawrence, Fritzi Brunnette or Gertrude Robinson. Thanks.

Della.—But where's your address? Henry King the brother in "Jim's Reward."

Lillian T.—You have the leads correct in "A Modern Psyche.". Marie Weirman and Clarence Elmer had the leads in "Auntie's Affinity" (Lubin). Send your letters to the players in care of the company.

L. B. B., Springfield.—Florence Hackett was the laborer's wife in "The District Attorney's Conscience" (Lubin). Lottie Briscoe had the lead in "The Power of the Cross" (Lubin). Jane Wolfe was Jean in "The Plot That Failed" (Kalem).

Dorothy K., Ind.—Marshall Neilan was the husband in "Curing Her Extravagance" (Kalem). Jack Standing was the father in "Longing for a Mother" (Lubin). So you think it's a "pity that a man like Earle Williams has to grow old and die"? Sorry I cant arrange to have him live forever. Will speak to him about it.

C. J. Z.—Blanche Cornwall was leading woman in "Hopes of Belinda" (Solax). Haven't those two Thanhousers.

Lovesick, New York.—The "pretty boy" is Howard Mitchell. He is still with Lubin.

Ronald L.—Marshall Neilan is now with Biograph. Lottie Briscoe has not joined Victor. She is still with Lubin.

Leone C.—Lillian Gish and Walter Miller had the leads. Marshall Neilan never played opposite Alice Joyce, but he did play with Ruth Roland.

Grace, 15.—You refer to Charles Murray in "The Rise and Fall of McDugal" (Biograph). He is a very funny character, and often has the house roaring. E. K. Lincoln still plays for Vitagraph.

Goldi-Locks.—Mr. Salter is Florence Lawrence's director. Yes, he always directs her plays. Her picture was among the first twelve colored portraits.

D. R. H., Rochester.—Jack Standing usually played opposite Isabelle Lamon in the Lubin plays. As I said before, Mr. Anderson gets his temporary leading women from the stage to play in certain plays.

Kitty, Cleveland.—Eleanor Kahn was the little girl in "The Crossing-Policeman" (Essanay). Gwendoline Pates had the lead in "The Makeup Family's Bluff" (Pathé Frères). Virginia Ames was the show-girl in "Two Western Paths" (Essanay). Henry Alrich was Pedro, and Mary Ryan the girl in "Pedro's Treachery" (Lubin).

Fred D.—Tom Mix was Dakota in "The Law and the Outlaw" (Selig). Myrtle Stedman was the girl. See June, 1913, for G. M. Anderson.

Coralie.—Now you want Crane Wilbur and Blanche Sweet to play opposite. Pauline Bush and Wallace Reid had the leads in "The Spirit of the Flag" (Bison). You refer to Anna Stewart in that Vitagraph.

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Louise C. G.—Robert Frazer and Helen Bright had the leads in "The Witch" (Eclair). So you have organized a "Kerrigan Club," your password being W-a-r? Why not join the Motion Picture Club of America? See ad.

Sparks.—Glad to hear from you. The battle of San Juan has been done in pictures.

Grace W.—The picture is of Florence Turner. Of course I like ice-cream.

Beatrice D.—Yes, that tiger that was used in "The Tiger-Lily" belongs to the Vitagraph Co. Perhaps some day the editor will be kind enough to print my picture.

Dot.—Dont remember the plays, but quite sure you mean Marion Leonard.

E. R. C., Palestine.—So you want an interview with James Cruze and Marguerite Snow? We will have it all in one now, as they are one. Yes, write the letter. Thanks.

C. E. C. Harding.—Ray Gallagher was with the Western Lubin last. The players you mention will be chatted in time. Write Lubin Co.

K. E. G.—Wallace Reid is with Rex now. Get your photographs direct from the manufacturers. We dont sell the photographs that have appeared in our gallery.

Kitty, Cleveland.—Carlyle Blackwell and Marin Sais had leads in "The Honor System" (Kalem). Lafayette McKee was Federal captain, and Winnifred Greenwood was Belle in "Dixie Land." That was Wallie Van, Harry Lambert, Richard Leslie and E. K. Lincoln in "The Fortune" (Vitagraph). Yes; Mary Fuller really climbed down that building.

Mrs. C. J. P.—Haven't the woman lead in "A Japanese Courtship" (Reliance).

Irene K.—E. K. Lincoln was Mr. Anderson in "The Moulding" (Vitagraph). Dolly Larkin was the girl.

Ellaye Phan.—Henry Walthall was the self-centered one in "Death's Marathon" (Biograph). Walter Miller was the sensitive one. Yes.

Mrs. R. G. M.—Not able to trace the play you mention.

Edith H.—Irene Boyle and James Vincent the leads in "Out of the Jaws of Death."

Clayton MacN.—Isabelle Lamon was Ruth in "Quarantined" (Lubin). Myrtle Stedman in that Selig. Clara Williams was the girl in "Red Saunders' Sacrifice."

Buff, 15.—Yes; Billy Mason was the husband in "Teaching Hicksville to Sing." Richard Stanton was the lead in "The Kiss of Salvation" (Méliès). Yes.

Russel W. B.—Ruth Roland and Francis Newburg had the leads in "The Raiders from the Double L Ranch" (Kalem). Dont know what Alice Joyce's father does.

Doris F.—The picture you enclose is of Irving Cummings. Dorothy Davenport was with Selig last. Jean Darnell was the mother in "The Poor Relation."

S. L., San Francisco.—Your letter was very interesting and newsy. What about his reputation? No, I am not Felix Dodge.

Lily I.—You dont have to pay to ask questions. See beginning of this department.

Diana D.—Ormi Hawley is still with Lubin. Dot Bernard is the one formerly with Biograph. The Thanhouser Kidlet is a girl—Helen Badgely.

A Well-wisher.—So Harry Myers had the whole house in tears in "By the Sea"? He's quite sentimental. Harold Shaw is with King Baggot, with the Imp. Perhaps you refer to Romaine Fielding.

Dan Cupid.—Jack Standing and Vivian Prescott had the leads in "The Wiles of Cupid" (Lubin). Edgar Jones and Clara Williams had the leads in "The Love-test" (Lubin). Franklyn Hall was the doctor.

Clarence.—Ethel Clayton was the girl in "A Hero Among Men" (Lubin). Ethel Phillips was the girl in that Kalem. Yes; Courtenay Foote can play almost any part. Thanks for the picture of John Bunny.

Spooks.—Edith Storey was chatted in November, 1912. Her picture appeared in June and November, 1911, and May and November, 1912. Dolly Larkin and Carl Von Schiller had the leads in "Rustic Hearts" (Lubin).

Daisy Jones.—Please dont write such letters.

Summertime.—Since the only objection to Crane Wilbur is that his hair is too long, it isn't fatal. He can still have it cut. Some of your criticisms are good.

Rita.—Why not read the chat with Earle Williams? Yes, he played in "The Love of John Ruskin" (Vitagraph). Another interview with Arthur Johnson soon.

Gaby Y.—Mary Pickford was the mender in "The Mender of Nets" (Biograph). Mary Pickford also was Lena in "Lena's Geese" (Biograph). Mabel Normand was the tomboy in "Tomboy Bessie" (Biograph). Mabel Normand is the diving girl.

J. R. B., Lockland.—Fred Truesdell was the Black Sheep in "The Black Sheep" (Eclair). Larmar Johnson is still with Majestic.

Bess and Marie.—Marshall Neilan is now with Biograph; picture soon.

Karl E.—Richard Stanton was Richard in "A Dixie Mother" (Broncho). Murdock McQuarrie played both parts in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (Kinemacolor). Linda Griffith was Hester, and Charles Perley was the minister in "The Scarlet Letter" (Kinemacolor). George Cooper and E. Phillips were the robbers in "The Scull" (Vitagraph). Go away with that; you want fifty pages of inquiries? Zounds!

Theresa.—So none of your friends agree with you in your criticisms. Perhaps you are a dyspeptic. Does your food agree with you? No offense, child, but the chances are that you are more often wrong than they. No, he did not play in that.

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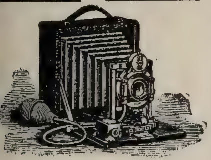

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Buff, 15.—Yes; Kathlyn Williams. Haven't that Essanay. Wrong title.

Marjorie M.—Warren Kerrigan and Vivian Rich had the leads in "The Longing for Soup" (American). Do I sing? Oh, yes. I sing like a tea-kettle filled with water.

Peggy.—Isabelle Lamon was the girl, and Richard Travers played opposite her in "Videt Dare" (Lubin).

Annie H. F.—Anita Murray played opposite G. M. Anderson in "Ranch Feud" (Essanay). True Boardman was the doctor.

Olga, 17 (Fifth Edition).—That was "Beautiful Bismark" (Majestic). Haven't the wife. Victory Bateman was the mother in "For Her Boy's Sake" (Thanhouser). Yes; Marguerite Snow. So you think me brave? Oh, no, it isn't brave to face what we cant dodge.

Birdie Charmeuese.—Thelma Slater was the little girl in "The Seal of Silence" (Kay-Bee). Mignon Anderson was the manicure girl in "Her Two Jewels" (Thanhouser). Why, Mary Smith was Mrs. Reeves, and Ormi Hawley was Lois in "A Mother's Strategy" (Lubin). Dont recall the accident. Winnifred Greenwood the girl. Joe King was the minister, Dorothy Davenport the widow, and Thelma Slater the girl in "The Failure of Success" (Kay-Bee).

Dorothy M.—Yes; Dwight Mead played with Essanay for a time. Thanks.

Evol N.—Harry Carey was the butler, Miss Johnson the girl, Charles West the lover, Harry Hyde the foreign spy, Walter Miller the reporter, J. Dillon the detective in "Diplomatic Circles" (Biograph), and it was taken at Pasadena.

Karl B. E.—Julia S. Gordon was Carmina, and George Cooper was the thief in "A Drop of Blood" (Vitagraph). Kathlyn Williams was Mrs. Hilton in "Mrs. Hilton's Jewels" (Selig). That was Gus Pixley. Harry Benham was the father, Mrs. Lawrence Marston was the adventuress in "The Changeling" (Thanhouser). Fred Mace was the Mexican in "Twelve o'Clock" (Keystone). Lillie Branscombe was the doctor, and Mildred Weston her sister in "The Quarantine" (Essanay).

Cora M. C.—James Ross was the father and Boyd Clark was Tom in "Captured by Strategy" (Kalem). Alice Joyce and Jane Wolfe. No, I'm not a politician, but my other habits are good. I absolutely refuse to run for President.

Tom.—Harry Benham was the reporter in "A Victim of Circumstances" (Thanhouser). Yes; William Garwood. Mignon Anderson was the girl.

Emilie N.—Harry Kimball and Jerry Gill had the leads in "The Message in the Cocoanut" (Majestic).

C. L. M.—Vivian Rich and Wallace Reid in the American, and Brinsley Shaw and Evelyn Selbie in the Essanay.

Mrs. C. D.—You are altogether too critical. Put a little common sense into your judgment. The conspicuous thing about common sense is that it isn't common. If you cant see anything good at the photoshow, why do you attend?

Margaret J. A.—Charlotte Burton was the girl in "Her Big Story" (American). Bessie Eyton in that Selig. Justus Barnes was the father.

Harold C. D.—Nancy Avril was the mother in "The Price of Silence" (Pathé Frères). Haven't the name of that colored player, but she is good. Vivian Prescott is now with Reliance. True Boardman was in "Broncho Billy's Brother" (Essanay). Juanita Sponsler is the blonde girl.

E. J. G., Conn.—M. Guido Serena was Dr. Pierie, and Josephine Scotti the girl in "A Doctor's Love Affair" (Cines). Yes; Georgia Maurice. Henry King was the father in that Lubin. Irene Hunt and Carl Von Schiller had the leads.

Jean Ralph.—Arthur Finn was leading man in "The Man from the City" (Majestic). Just New Rochelle, N. Y., for Thanhouser and their players.

Bess, of Chicago.—Isabelle Lamon was the wife in "Thru Many Trials" (Lubin). Mabel Normand was the bride in "His Wedding Day" (Keystone). Vivian Prescott, Irene Hunt and Irving Cummings all played in "Success" (Reliance). Mae Marsh in "Love in an Apartment Hotel" (Biograph).

R. A. G.—I understand they were two different photoplays, but had the same title. Cant find out where "The Final Judgment" was taken.

Beatrice S.—Gus Pixley was the prisoner in "The Hicksville Epicure" (Biograph). Robert Burns, George Reehm and Walter Stull all played in "The Lead Nickel."

Marjorie.—Ernestine Morley was the sister in "The Supreme Sacrifice" (Lubin). Dixie Compton was the daughter in "A Woman Scorned" (Patheplay). Marguerite Courtot was the girl in "The Fire-Fighting Zouaves" (Kalem).

Geraldine M. F.—Dorothy Gish was the girl. Marguerite Snow was the wife in "When Dreams Come True" (Thanhouser). The player you mention has lost her good name, but she got a better one—she has married.

Mary Ellen.—Florence Dye and Lester Cuneo in "The Jealousy of Miguel" (Selig). Not A. E. Garcia, but William Duncan. That was Paul Hurst you refer to in the Kalem.

Helen R., Hoquiam.—Congratulations on your bright and breezy letter. Thanks.

Florence C. E.—Louise Lester was the mother in "Tom Blake's Redemption" (American). Yes. No, Warren Kerrigan's sister does not play in photoplay. Very kind of you. Write again; your letter is refreshing.

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Mary O.—Mae Marsh was the girl in "The Sands of Dee" (Biograph). Robert Harron was her lover. Marion Emmon played the part of the little boy in "The Switch Tower" (Biograph). Mrs. Benham told me personally that her daughter resembled the "Thanhouser Kidlet," so how can she be the Kidlet?

Babe S.—Robert Frazer was Sam in "When Light Came" (Eclair). Edwin Carewe was Bruce in "Her Husband's Picture" (Lubin). Conceited? Ah, no, dont say that; for Macaulay says that conceit is the art of making much show with little substance. Conceit may puff a man up, but never prop him up. I venture to say that you dont know half my shortcomings that I know.

Fern L. D.—Miss Van Buren was Mae, Frank Livingston was Frank, and Murdock McQuarrie was the hero in "Matter of Honor" (Kinemacolor). Mort Martini was the father in "Mary's Romance" (Crystal). Lottie Pickford was Betty, George Morgan was her sweetheart, and Louise Vale was Louise in "When a Girl Loves" (Pilot).

Chester, Chicago.—Marian Swayne was the wife in "His Wife's Affinity" (Solax). Emma Butler was the guard of honor in "The Caged Bird" (Thanhouser).

Leonie W.—Richard Stanton and Anna Little had the leads in "From the Shadow" (Broncho). Kenean Buel was John Burns in "John Burns of Gettysburg" (Kalem). In "The Soul of a Thief" (American), Lillian Logan and William Bauman lead.

Miss L. M.—C. Barr was the book-agent in "Highbrow Love." Santa Barbara, Cal.

Ellaye Phan.—Well, Fred Mace appears to be with Majestic now. No information on that Imp. Yes, Romaine Fielding is versatile, but I would not like to say that he is the most versatile of all players. You people are always trying to get me into trouble. We all have favorites, but all of us wont tell.

Edna M.—Belle Bennett was the daughter in "The Little Peacemaker" (Nestor). Watch out for Kathlyn Williams in "A Mansion of Misery" (Selig). Gertrude Coghlan is now with Selig in Chicago.

Mrs. F. A. W.—That was Edwin August and Mary Pickford in "A Beast at Bay" (Biograph). Rosemary Theby and Irving Cummings will be seen in "The Fight for Right," written by James Oppenheim.

C. E. P.—Blanche Cornwall was the leading woman in "His Wife's Affinity" (Solax). Fannie Fraunholz was the other player in "The Bachelor's Housekeeper."

Grace S.—There is some dispute as to who is the father of Motion Pictures. Some say that it is Edward Muybridge who, in 1872, arranged 24 cameras so as to take 24 pictures of a running horse, the horse snapping the lens of each camera, by means of a thread, as he passed. When these pictures were held in the hand and pulled back quickly, they gave the impression of motion, but it was Thomas A. Edison who secured the flexible film and invented what we now call Moving Pictures. Other inventors have also made improvements. Yes; Claire McDowell.

L. S. B.—That film was taken in Chicago. Dorothy Phillips was the wife and Norman Fowler was the son.

Chauncey.—Kempton Green was the son in "The Waiter's Strategy" (Lubin). Frankie Mann was Mabel. Fred Church was the lead in "The Lariat's End." Ruth Hennessy in "The Drummer's Umbrella."

The Twins.—That was Irene Boyle, the pretty girl. Little George Hollister, Jr., was the boy in "The Gypsy's Brand" (Kalem). Yes, he is very clever. Sidney Cummings was Cupid in "A Modern Psyche" (Vitagraph). Guy Oliver and Francis Newburg are now with the Edendale studio, of Selig, under the direction of Elmer Grandon, formerly of Imp.

Dolly C.—Mrs. Lawrence Masten was the business woman, and Mignon Anderson was her daughter in "A Business Woman" (Thanhouser). William Russell in "Extravagance" (Thanhouser).

Dawn F.—Well, it's Walter Miller that you're after. Frequently Kay-Bee and Broncho change players.

Belle D., Niagara Falls.—Mary Fuller is the Mary. She is getting very well known. Yes, I have been to Niagara, but would not like to live there all the time; who wants a cataract always in his eye? The falls have often been done in pictures.

Witch Hazel.—You want the June, 1912, issue, for Earle Williams' chat. Thank you for the compliment.

Gertrude L.—Ford Sterling was the bandit in "A Bandit" (Keystone). Marian Ferel was the girl in "Saved by an Aeroplane" (Reliance). The only explanation is that there is a new fool born every minute.

Marie J.—George Siegmann was "Frisco Pete" in "Half a Chance" (Reliance). Irene Howley played for him.

Little Colonel.—You refer to Lillian Christy in "The Greater Love," and the child in the Kay-Bee is Thelma Slater.

Babe S.—Yes, Tom Moore played in "The Artist's Sacrifice," and Harold Lockwood was the lieutenant in "The Fighting Lieutenant." A wins. 101 Bison releases under the Universal banner.

Norine J. S.—Mabel Van Buren was the girl in "The House on the Plains" (Kinemacolor). Mary Pickford has played with Imp. Write direct to the company.

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Their trip has attracted wide interest, curiosity and attention, and we are constantly in receipt of many letters from the readers of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE inquiring about the Ridgelys. When will they reach San Francisco? What will they do when the trip is finished? What company will they join, etc., are asked.

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These letters must not contain more than 100 words each, and they should be sent to us not later than November 1st. Mr. and Mrs. Ridgely themselves will act as judges of the contest. Address your letters to

THE RIDGELY CONTEST, The Motion Picture Story Magazine
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MARJORIE H. R.—Norma Talmadge and not Dorothy Kelly in "A Youthful Prodigal" (Vitagraph). J. Kelly was the youthful prodigal. Little Clara Horton was twelve years old recently, when she gave a little celebration.

HELEN L.—Yes, he is a child. James Cruze is still with Thanhouser. I cant always get the full casts for Western Majestics. Fred Mace has a habit of going to the Los Angeles theaters and getting star vaudeville performers for a day or two, and these new names are not always given out.

MICI G.—Dell Henderson was Jenks in "Jenks Becomes a Desperate Character" (Biograph). Mary Ryan and Romaine Fielding had the leads in "The Penalty of Jealousy" (Lubin).

W. J. K.—Peggy Reid was the wife in "Forgive Us Our Trespasses" (Thanhouser.) Marshall Neilan left Kalem for Bison 101, and now he is with Biograph.

NORMA G.—Guy Coombs and Alice Hollister had the leads in "The Wartime Siren" (Kalem). Dolores Cassinelli was the daughter in "Cinderella's Gloves" (Essanay). Lucile Young was the bride in "Big Eagle Mine."

AURELIA.—Wallace Reid and Vivian Rich had the leads in "When Luck Changes."

GRACE S.—William Brunton was the bandit in "The Bandit's Child" (Kalem). Ray McKee was Ray in "Silence for Silence" (Lubin). Henry Hallam was the gypsy in "The Gypsy's Band" (Kalem). Ruth Roland was the girl in "The Hash-house Count" (Kalem). Richard Tucker was the American in "An Almond-Eyed Maid."

ROSALIE.—Theodore Gamble was the accused nephew in "The Midnight Bell" (Selig). Come again.

R. K.—Chat with Tom Moore is on the way. Harry Myers is playing right along, opposite Ethel Clayton. Now dont ask what brand collars William Mason wears.

DOLLY D.—The Q. is for Quirentia, and the X is for Xavier. You must be great on middle names. You think Dorothy Gish makes up her lips too much. Yes, a little bit. So do many others—looks as if they had been eating blackberry jam.

1ST JANICE.—Olga lives in New York. Mabel Normand is still with Keystone, and Walter Miller and Henry Walthall had the leads in "Death's Marathon" (Biograph). Harry Hyde was the other player.

BUDDY.—Cines are going to do "Julius Cæsar" at Rome, "Cleopatra" in Egypt, "Hamlet" in Denmark, and "The Merchant of Venice" at Venice. Some local color!

EMMESTY.—The article is very good indeed. Dorothy Gish was the girl in "Almost a Wild Man" (Biograph). Lillian Gish and Walter Miller in "The Musketeers of Pig Alley" (Biograph).

BILLY L.—We dont know where the different companies are taking pictures from day to day. William Duncan and Myrtle Stedman in "Sallie's Sure Shot" (Selig).

HERMAN.—Octavia Handworth getting thin? She will be glad to hear that. Dont know her present weight—did not have my scales with me when last we met.

TRIXY R.—Ethel Phillips was the girl in "The Victim of Deceit" (Kalem). Sorry, I cant undertake to answer love problems. Consult your mother.

CARL H., 16.—Whitney Raymond still with Reliance. Send $1.50 in 1-cent stamps.

WILLIAM R. L.—Thanks for the clipping. Father Foley is one of those noble, broad-minded priests, of which there are many now; more later, I hope. He is not prejudiced against Motion Pictures as are many divines.

MILDRED W.—No, I never leave any of my answers in the refrigerator overnight. They keep cool otherwise, and so does the Answer Man. That was Sidney Drew, a Broadway star. Glad to hear from you again.

GRACE, 16.—Our Circulation Department looked after the magazine. Florence LaBadie was the younger sister in "Her Sister's Secret' (Thanhouser). Vivian Rich was the girl in "Her Innocent Marriage" (American). Never heard of the child.

HELEN L., IND.—Everybody knows Rogers Lytton, and that's why you dont hear about him in the inquiries. Glad you like the magazine. Letter is interesting.

CAROLYN T. H.—Lottie Briscoe played in the play you name, but I dont know about the stage. Clara Kimball Young has no regular leading player. It is up to you to decide who is the leading lady at Vitagraph. Thanks.

30, FLOSSIE.—Robert Grey was leading man in "His Sister Lucia" (American). Why, Crane Wilbur is still with Pathé. William Garwood in Majestic. Billie West plays opposite Robert Grey. Richard Stanton was leading man in "Past Redemption."

BEATRICE C.—Henry Hallam was Thomas, Anna Nilsson was the daughter, Harry Millarde was Howard, and Guy Coombs was the valet in "Shipwrecked" (Kalem). Lois Weber and Phillips Smalley had the leads in "In the Blood" (Rex). Thanks.

J. L. Y.—Thanks for your nice letter about the staff on our magazine. Much appreciated. The man who gets the gallery together, the several who write the stories, the artists, the greenroom jotter, the chatter, the puzzle editor, the philosopher, and even the poor Answer Man, all appreciate it.

DOE-DOE.—Yes, that's a nice collection of autographs you have. Rosemary Theby was opposite Courtenay Foote in "The Master Painter" (Vitagraph). You would be just the one for "The Motion Picture Club of America."

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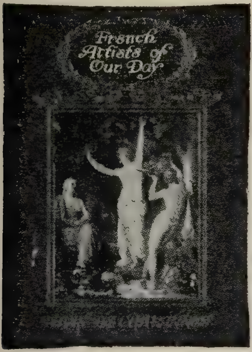

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ADDRESS DEPARTMENT B

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY PUBLISHERS PHILADELPHIA

Mary P.—Raymond Bloomer was the detective in "A Bolt from the Sky" (Kalem). Helen Costello is back from Europe. Famous Players' plays are released by Licensed.

G. M. B., 16.—Mae Marsh was the girl, Robert Harron her brother, and Walter Miller the lover in "The Reformers" (Biograph). C. H. Mailes and Jennie Lee were the leaders. Charles Murray was the farmer in the theater, and Gertrude Bambrick was the dancer on the stage. Thanks for the coin.

Walter C.—That was Herbert Rawlinson in the Selig. He also was Mr. Bewell in "In God We Trust" (Selig). Edwin August is with Powers, and Robert Grey with American. Frank Clarke was Jack, and Thomas Santschi was Bob in "Alone in the Jungle" (Selig). See above for Correspondence Club.

W. D. G.—It is pronounced "Than" and not "Tan" in Thanhouser. No cast for "In the Nick of Time" (Thanhouser). You must send a stamped, addressed envelope, and not just a stamp, for replies.

Billy Boy, Brooklyn.—We're all glad that Florence Lawrence is back again, charming Billy. Dont know why she did not return to Lubin.

Bess, of Chicago.—Maidel Turner was Helen, and Francis Carlyle was the governor in "The Governor" (Lubin). Ethel Clayton was Rose in "The Price Demanded" (Lubin).. Are you sure about that Selig title?

Doe-Doe.—Marin Sais was the girl in "Intemperance" (Kalem). Paul Hurst was her husband. Robyn Adair was the bank president in "A Dash for Liberty" (Lubin).

G. M., Chicago.—Dont get the casts for the Pyramid films. Veronica Larkin was Maggie in "The Old Melody" (Imp).

Charles E. G.—Yes, Marguerite Snow had stage experience before joining Thanhouser. We expect to chat her soon. Thanks for the pretty postal.

Marguerite C.—Clara Kimball Young was the girl in "White Slave" (Vitagraph). So you are another of Carlyle Blackwell's admirers. You think he is graceful? Well, that comes of frequent fancy dancing.

Clarence S.—Bessie Sankey was the schoolma'am in "Broncho Billy and the Schoolma'am's Sweetheart" (Essanay). F. Burns and Lillian Gish were foreman and leading woman in "During the Roundup" (Biograph). Isabelle Lamon was leading woman in "The Exile" (Lubin).

Snookie Ookums.—I wont take your bet—a dollar to a doughnut that you like Earle Williams better than Flossie likes Crane Wilbur. Why, Helen of Troy is one of my regular customers. She is now at Asbury Park. Yes; Frances Ne Moyer.

Taku, 16.—Dont understand why Florence LaBadie did not answer you. Did you have your address on the letter?

Elsie M. L.—Yes, Guy Coombs was Van Dorn in "The Siege of Petersburg" (Kalem). We have never printed the story. Anna Nilsson's picture appeared in April, 1912; July, 1912; Dec., 1912; Feb., 1913, and June 1913. Your letter is refreshing.

Anthony.—Harry Millarde was Mr. Myers in "The Smuggler." Ben Walker was the successful suitor in "The Widow's Wiles"(Lubin). D. Morris was Pa in "Pa Says."

Helen L. R.—Did you know that Christmas comes on Thursday, and New Year's Day on Wednesday, this year? No, I did not see that game. Mae Marsh was the girl in "The Reformer" (Biograph). Edwin Carewe was Dave in "Into the Light" (Lubin). No cast for "On the Edge of Things."

Elaine Volkers, St. Louis, says she is an ardent admirer, and then asks one or two questions, as follows: "O, tell me, tell me, Answer Man, how much salary do you get? And aren't you married yet? What brand of collars do you wear? What color is your hair? Is it red or is it black? And are you fat like Hughey Mack? Have you a Roman or a Grecian nose? Why dont you ever for a picture pose? Say, are your eyes green, or are they blue? And where can a person ever gaze on you? O, tell me, does Crane Wilbur use hair-dye? And does Benny of Lubinville ever tell a lie? And dont you like Maurice Costello? Who's that cute Lubin fellow? How much powder does Lillian Walker buy? And what's the name of that funny little guy? What's the matter with Earle Williams' toe? And why do all the girls adore him so? Did you ever see John Bunny? And, tell me, is he very funny? Oh, say, how many autos do you own? And have you got a telephone? If there's anything I forgot to write, I'll send it on a postal tomorrow night."

Evadne.—Leo Delaney is not Maurice Costello's brother. Harry Carey was the husband in "A Cry for Help" (Biograph). He has not yet been chatted, but will soon.

Little Woman.—Kathlyn Williams and Harold Lockwood in "Two Men and a Woman" (Selig). Yes, the Globe Trotters have returned. Of course they will erect a monument to me when I die. But, if they do, I would feel like Cato, who said that he would rather men ask why his statue was *not* set up than why it *is*.

Beck, 19.—Haven't heard of a Moving Picture company by Jack Johnson. Guess most of the players make up as negroes.

Olga, 17.—Arthur Johnson and Lottie Briscoe had the leads in "His Better Self" (Lubin). Dont you know them yet?

E. P.—I mailed the letter for you. Your verse is quite good; we may use it.

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Miss F. M.—Thanks for the coin. No, no, the club did not fail. There are about two hundred members in it now who correspond.

Doris, 18.—Dont recognize the player on the picture. Alan Hale was the city artist in "Heart Lights" (Reliance). Reliance has a new studio in Yonkers now. Muriel Ostriche was the girl in "The Big Boss" (Reliance). Warren Kerrigan has left American and joined the Universal. It is rumored that he will play in Nestor.

D. H., L. R. and S. F.—Thanks very much. Your verses are quite good. Just a little more experience.

Helen L. R.—Have received the third edition of the club paper. Your letter made me laugh like a horse. You are a regular Pinkerton. I'll say no more. Romantic maidens, beware! If you persist in sending in love-letters, you must take the consequences. Beware the fury of an unromantic Answer Man!

Anthony.—Lillian Gish was the girl in "During the Round-Up" (Biograph). Yes; Florence Lawrence will play in Victor films. Now, dont wear your welcome out.

Mary P.—Cant tell you where Mrs. Otis Skinner resides. She is the author of "Ne'er to Return Road" (Selig). I believe her husband is a director for Rex. You say "Wouldn't it be 'scrumptious' if I could truly say: 'Always, when I buy ice-cream, I scream for a bunny dip.' " Is it as funny as all that?

Walter C.—That's not so; I answered your questions correctly. Ethel Grandin was the girl in "The Toll of War" (Bison), and Victoria Forde was the girl spy in "Stars and Stripes Forever" (Bison). Haven't the name of the man opposite William Clifford. The players you mention are now with Rex. There are several reasons why we use the photographs we do in the gallery; the editor is the one who decides.

Adawee.—Herbert Rawlinson was the lover in "The Girl and the Judge" (Selig). Yes, if John Bunny should write a book on how to get fat it would sell. And if Flora Finch should write one of the other kind, that would sell just as well. It takes all kinds of people to make a world, and very few of them are satisfied.

V. C., Muskegon.—Please state hereafter when you send money whether you want your answer by mail, by magazine, or parcel post. Bessie Eyton and Thomas Santschi had the leads in "Alone in the Jungle" (Selig). It was taken in California. Thanks.

Mamie E. V. B.—That was Ormi Hawley and Edwin Carewe in "Into the Light" (Lubin). See our list of manufacturers for Universal branches. You may see Kerrigan and Van Trump playing opposite.

J. B., Kansas.—Isabelle Lamon in that Lubin. Mary Ryan and Romaine Fielding had the leads in "A Dash for Liberty" (Lubin).

Agnes, Westerly.—Thomas Flynn was Danny in "A Counterfeit Santa Claus" (Selig). Yes, beauty and grace command the world of photoplay.

Herman.—Yes, send along your puzzle. We want to start something. If it is good we will pay you for the idea and give you credit for it—for the idea, not for the pay.

Gertrude T.—Lillian Drew and E. H. Calvert had the leads in "The Forbidden Way" (Essanay). Thanks muchly for your generous fee. September has an "r," and that means oysters.

Rae S. N.—Looks very much like Crane Wilbur. Alice Hollister was Bernice in "The Hidden Witness" (Kalem). Avast! No love-letters, please. Look at my picture on another page and perhaps you will get over it. Mr. Fryer has made a speaking likeness of me when my beard is on.

Queenie N. C.—It was Jack Standing, and not Guy D'Ennery, in "Longing for a Mother" (Lubin). Isabelle Lamon was the girl. The old gentleman was Francis Bushman. Yes, he is a good character, and his make-up was perfect. Thanks for your kind words. Your letter is as sparkling as a glass of champagne, and more wholesome.

M. A. D., Bronx.—Florence Hackett was Grace in "His Better Self" (Lubin). The verse is quite good. Yes, he seems to be dropping out of the public eye. It is easier to slide than to climb.

Helen L. R.—Carlyle will send his photo. Harry Lambert was Willie in "The Line-Up" (Vitagraph). Paul Jones was Wolfe's son in "The Curse of the Golden Land" (Vitagraph). If I have amused you as much as you say, I have not lived in vain. I would much rather live in Brooklyn than in vain.

Kitty, Cleveland.—No, I am not angry. Clarence Elmer was Clarence in "A Slight Mistake" (Lubin). Frances Ne Moyer was Sunshine Sue in that play. Marian Cooper and Boyd Clark had the leads in 'Captured by Strategy" (Kalem).

Martha Y.—You refer to Bryant Washburn. Thanks for the clippings. Ruth Stonehouse did not get married.

Johnie the First.—I want to compliment you on the paper you are printing for the Correspondence Club. The third edition is great. I have just read every word.

Flossie C. P.—Walter Miller is now in the New York Biograph studio. What, another one of your admirees? You want another picture of Betty Gray. All right. I dont know why G. M. Anderson wont answer you. Send Helen Gardner's letter to 472 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y. They all want to hear from you oftener.

Fern, 15.—Your poem is good. Walter Stull and Frances Ne Moyer in that Lubin.

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(*Continued from page* 30)

her, if necessary, she gave a frightened, cornered look; then scurried up the stoop.

In another instant she had whipped a key from her clothing, thrust it into the door, and vanished within.

The girl fairly scrambled up the creaking stairs. It was May, and the fear of a seeming detective had driven her into one of her former haunts. She ran along the unlit passageway and entered a large, back room.

The sight of another girl—her very self in face and figure—gagged and bound to a printing press, caused the blood to leap terrifiedly to her startled heart.

The look of haunted pain in the bound woman's eyes gave place to one of joyful recognition. The sight of her long-lost sister, her other self, had succeeded in restoring her memory and reasoning power, where science had dismally failed.

Marion struggled impotently at her bonds as the weaker sister untied the gag from her mouth.

"Quick!" she panted; "dont stare so—I'm your sister, your fortunate sister, of whom you have never heard. I have come to find you." Steps sounded on the telltale stairs. "Quick, quick; get me free—you do not understand!"

The footfalls came faltering along the hall, and the door opened, to disclose the determined doctor. He was struck dumb with doubt and bewilderment, and succeeded only in staring from one girl to another.

"Ah! this is a gentleman," said Marion. "I know that he means us no harm."

"None in the world, Miss Marion, but please tell me who the woman is that I followed here, how you came into such a predicament, and what it all means."

With the flood of memory surging about her, Marion held her weak sister's hand and poured out the story of her singular life to the breathless young doctor.

"And now," she said, turning to May, "please tell us both all about yourself, dear."

Again steps sounded on the stairs, cat-footed, stealthy steps, inaudible to the little group in the room.

The girl told her story, her miserable life and temptations, and to the music of her words the gliding steps in the hall came nearer.

There came a rush in the doorway, a leveled revolver, and the fishy-faced man sneered across it at the doctor.

"You're inches too late," he said; "dont move."

May's pitiable story had set the doctor's blood to boiling, and this interruption but added fuel to the heat.

With a savage spring and a roar of hate, he hurled himself at the intruder.

May saw what was coming, and, with the bark of the weapon, her slender body interposed.

As a police-whistle sounded in the street and heavy feet pounded on the stairs, she swayed like a broken rose-stem; then sank to the floor with a sigh.

Marion couched her sister's tired head in her lap, and, with Dr. Hill, sought for the bullet that was meant for him.

They found the tiny hole in her breast, with a little, babbling well of blood telling its fatal story to all the world.

The deep, tired eyes opened. A smile flickered across her face.

"It's too late, dear—you've found me; that's all you can do." The eyes caressed those twin ones looking into hers. "I was always a hunted thing, dear sister, and would never have been any use."

The weaker girl's words began to stumble like a toddler's steps. Marion bent close, and their lips met for the first time.

"It's good—a kiss—it wipes off the——" The eyes had closed, and the stain that she tried to claim had remained behind.

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(*Continued from page* 23)

me something, and I believe in Joe's promise, daddy."

"Yes, Jean; that is all I was going to say."

"And may I marry him, daddy?"

"I should be the last to forbid it."

The event was quickly arranged. Joe Bailey had come to the Gulch in the morning and taken her away for the day. He had invited the Hermit to accompany them, which he had refused to do. He had stood watching them as far as he could see. At nightfall she returned.

"Tomorrow Joe and I are going to be married," she told him.

"Yes, Jean," he returned, in that tone that forbade further discussion.

In the morning he carried her little trunk to the hollow tree for her. "I shall be here until I die," he said brokenly, holding her in his arms for the last time.

Jean could not speak for sobs.

Jim came along with the stagecoach, and Jean was helped up beside him. They started off, but drew up again after going a few yards. Jean held a newspaper in her hand. The Hermit hurried forward. "I meant to give you this yesterday, daddy. "You'll understand what I mean when you read it. Good-by, dear daddy; I'm coming to see you soon!"

The Hermit scanned the paper dubiously. At length his eye fell upon a paragraph marked with a pencil. He staggered back with a half-groan as he read it:

PERSONAL—Frank Rodgers, come home. The man who killed John Hatton has confessed on his death-bed. This proves your innocence. A pardon awaits you; you are free!

The black shadows of evening were burdened with the low mumbling of a man who stumbled thru their depth to a pile of stones, upon which flowers had been fresh laid that day.

Autumn was still in its youth when Jean returned to Lonely Gulch. The marks on her soul could be seen in the news of her eyes. The Hermit met her at the door. "Jean," he said simply. "Yes, Jean."

That was all that was ever spoken of the matter. He had, however, later that afternoon, on discovering the marks of the beast on her pretty wrists, taken up his gun for a moment. But Jean took it gently from his hands, and they began their life in Lonely Gulch alone.

A new feeling of fondness sprang up between Jean and the Hermit, which the shy, broken girl was at a loss to understand.

The first snow found them happy in the approach of a season when each would have to depend more and more upon the other. It was at this stage that bad, tho not distressing, news reached them thru the medium of faithful Jim.

Joe Bailey was shot thru the heart in a drunken brawl.

That night Jean and the Hermit sat silently eloquent beside their fire.

"Jean!" spoke the Hermit later. She looked up, startled at the vibrance in the word that rocked her soul. "Tomorrow I shall try to right a great wrong I have done you."

In the morning he took her hand, and they walked to the grave Jean had found. "Wait here for me, Jean —and pray for your—father."

It must have been an hour before she heard a step approaching. She turned: a handsome, clean-shaven man under forty stood before her.

"Jean," he said pleadingly, "there is much to forgive."

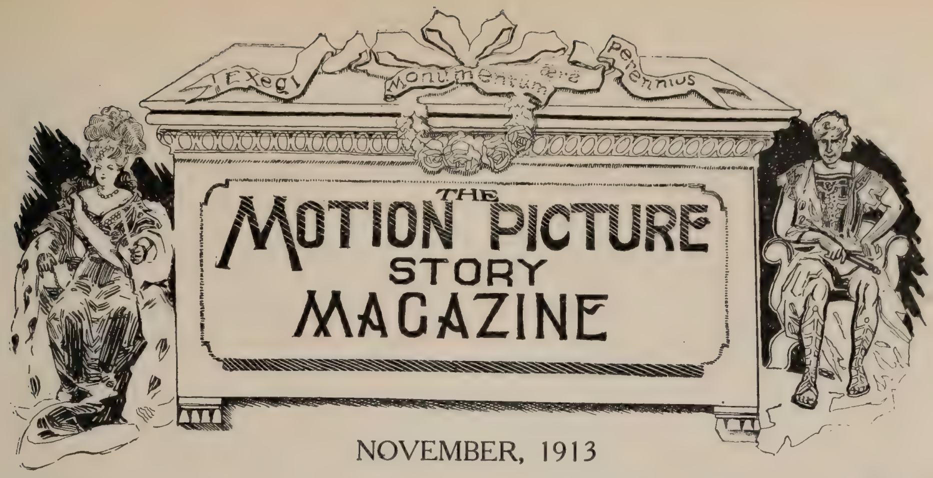
"I have known something of the kind for a long, long time—here." She laid her hand on her breast.

"I was the convict who came here, Jean," he said humbly.

"And father lies here," she said, casting her eyes on the grave.

"When I came he was very sick. I kept him alive that whole winter." She caught his eyes, as tho asking a vital question. "Yes, Jean," he said softly. Then she nestled in his arms.

That night the stars alone were the tenants of Lonely Gulch for the first time in fifteen years. •



THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1913

Vol. VI No. 10

Memories

(Rex)

By GLADYS BALL

The Lady of Many Years was tired—the picture-gallery was long, and the works of the great masters wearied, instead of cheering. For an instant the face of a man, looking from his surrounding frame with brave, gray eyes, caught her gaze, and her mind went back, perhaps, to other eyes as brave and gray in the vanished yesteryear.

And then, after all, it was a simple little picture that arrested her tired eyes and halted her faltering step—a picture all sunshine and roses and verdure and blue skies. She paused and read the title, "The Garden of Innocence," and then sank to a low bench before it and leaned her snow-sprayed head against the frame. Her sad eyes closed, and her mouth curved gently—the many, many years, with their endless burdens, slipped away—and lo! the picture sprang to life. Perhaps it was God's gift.

The sun danced on a myriad flower-faces; the sky was dimpled with the rosiest baby-clouds; the air fairly thrilled with the ineffable sweetness of a new-born Spring, and, poised on one white, slim foot—the radiant center of a radiant scene—was Youth. A butterfly flirted the air around her sunny head, and she raised her lithe, young body in a vain attempt to capture its frail beauty.

In every line of her was God-given grace and a strange, virginal elusiveness: the clear blue of her cloudless eyes; the sweet innocence of her laughing mouth, and the sudden unrestraint of her chase of the escaping butterfly. Surely, surely she was Youth—the heavenly Youth of all the worlds.

The tiny, winged creature was fleet, and, after all, Youth was wingless, and, at the end of the pursuit, she found herself clutching the bars of the huge, wrought gate—the mysterious gate that led into the wide, unexplored Garden of Womanhood, where dwelt Love, Experience—and Life. Youth had heard of this wonderful place, vague hints of it only, and, occasionally, she and her young companions had speculated on its probable allure; but, as a rule, there had been floods of sunshine, cloth-of-gold fields and butterflies—rare jewels of the air—and with these things Youth had been content.

Now she stood at the Gate of Womanhood, with hands that strained a little in their clutch of the unyielding bars, and eyes shaded with the faint ghost of wistfulness.

As she waited, hesitant, expectant of she knew not what, a woman approached the Gate on the other side—and all the years were in her face. She held an hour-glass aloft, and her voice, as she addressed Youth, was fraught with a minor note.

"What would you?" she asked. Youth trembled, and a great daring came with her desire.

"Oh!" she gasped eagerly, "please throw open the Gate to me. I am so tired of my garden—and the flowers and the field. I want to seek for myself—to feel new things—to think new thoughts. They tell me Love is in the Garden of Womanhood, beyond the Gate—and Experience—and—and—Life. And that there are strange sights and rare jewels and—" she halted, breathless, for the woman in the flowing, gray-hued robes was smiling, and Youth thought no sob had ever been so sad.

"I am Experience, my child," she said, "and the search for me is not worth the tiniest baby-bud of all your flowers.

"There are many who seek—and find—me, and all turn away, sick of soul. Love will seek you in your Garden of Innocence, my child, and you will know him as you will not know him here. And Life—ah! hear me and let Life alone. In his toils he has many a flower—and all their perfume is drained out, and they are cast aside, things to mock and jeer at, while in Life's place a cynic fiend is found. Turn back, my child, before it is too late."

Youth trembled a little, like some young aspen in a breeze, but a tinge of obstinacy mingled with her desire.

"No—no!" she cried, and her hands fluttered impatiently at the restraining bars; "perhaps these things are so, Experience, but they will not be so with *me*. I will be different. I shall seek Love and know him true. I shall take Life and hold him captive, and you, Experience, shall be my nearest friend."

There was a moment's pause—Youth poised on one foot and drew a long breath, Experience swung wide the Gate, and Youth gained the Garden of Womanhood, with a laugh.

Experience turned away, a bitter pain scarring her heart. It never failed to hurt—this invasion of Youth into Womanhood—this wilful forsaking of the Arcadia of Innocence.

Youth ran, joyously—her heart sang with a strange, new triumph. Here, at last, was freedom—spaces to conquer—new friends to greet.

And then—Love came. Ah, how Love comes to Youth!—all radiant and smiling and clad in the snowy samite of perfect idealism.

He was young, too, this Love that came to her—from the jetty curls on his proud, young head to the sweep of his lean, bronzed limbs—and when he saw her he knelt, and a man's reverence shadowed his brow. With all his unstained heart in his eyes, he offered her a flower, and her laughing lips quivered a moment as she took it. It was white—whiter than moonlight on lilies in the Garden of Innocence—and its heart was a petal of glowing, throbbing crimson.

"It is my heart's blood," he told her, and she kist him with the lips of a child. As he rose he saw Experience, and a shudder convulsed him as he grasped Youth's hand and waved Experience back. He, too, was young, you see—and he could not know that Experience must follow.

Together they wandered—Youth and Love—they caught their laughing images in little, secret pools—and she played with him as Youth can play but once, eluding his eager hand, leading him will-o'-the-wisp chases thru tangled flowers and sunken garden closes—and they were joyously happy and unafraid.

Suddenly Youth halted—her rose-tinted face paled and her eyes dilated. A man was coming along the garden path—a man and a woman. Love seemed to vanish, to pale into insignificance—and only the man occupied the horizon, and the sparkle of the gems on the woman's silken robes.

As she looked she *knew*—knew beyond all questioning, all doubt. This man was Life—and oh! she wanted him—she wanted him.

A strange fire burned in her heart—unlike the warm thrill of Love—she felt her breath come in quick gasps, and her white breast rose and fell tumultuously. This, then, was Life—this man with eyes that seemed to see thru and thru her—eyes that made her blush for her white robe and flowers, while they held promises too marvelous to credit—this man whose cynic smile seemed, to her heated imagination, to tear every flower from her abandoned Garden of Innocence and proclaim its futility, as he stood and looked. For Life had stopped, as he walked with the jeweled woman, his Mistress, and he had seen Youth. And, as he had seen so many, many times before, he desired, and his desire fired his eyes with their old, old greed, and the lust of long ages thrilled in his jaded heart.

Experience tried, vainly, to intercept the girl's fixed gaze, but Life was all-powerful. He laughed and took from the woman near him a jeweled necklet of glowing blood-rubies and held it aloft before the girl's dazzled eyes. They lighted—and, for the first time, she turned to Love, who stood back of her, pleading with his eyes—with his mute, white lips—with his hungry arms.

"TOGETHER THEY WANDERED—YOUTH AND LOVE"

"I see now," she said, and her voice had lost its joyous, spontaneous note; "please take your flower, Love—it is not enough. You are old-fashioned, Love; you cannot understand."

Then she turned, and into her face crept the woman-greed as Life moved on before her, dangling the jewels before her fascinated eyes.

And so it was done again, as it has been done these many, many times—

Love, left broken, in the dry dust of his dreams—Youth, blind with desire of Life—Experience, with her inevitable hour-glass—and Life's equally inevitable Mistress, following Youth.

"Ah, give me the jewels," she was pleading. "In all my life I have had only flowers—and, see, am I not beautiful? Should I not be strung with radiant gems—ah! give them to me—they are my due."

Life turned and looked at her—and smiled as he took her hand, while Experience raised an unheeded, forbidding hand.

"'AH! GIVE THEM TO ME—THEY ARE MY DUE'"

"You are right," he said, "they are your due—and you are mine. Come to my house and you shall have silks and precious furs—and golden sandals for your feet. I shall load you with jewels till your white flesh is crusted. You shall drink rare wines and eat strange fruits—and all the stores of Knowledge shall be yours."

"Forever?" breathed Youth.

"Forever!" Life laughed a little—"forever is a long word, my child, and few of us live to its length—but forever, this I promise, you shall bear some part of me with you."

As Life led the way to his turreted, gleaming mansion, Experience stood aloft and lifted her hour-glass on high. Her eyes closed in pain, and the end of all things was on her marble lips.

The House of Life was velvet-hung and lit with low, jeweled lights and redolent of Far Eastern perfumes escaping from carven censers. Life rang a mellow chime, and handmaids led Youth away.

Before a long mirror, clear as a pool of still water, she saw her slim beauty divested of the simple linen robe and sheathed in costly silks, fur-edged. Her golden wealth of hair was piled high and crowned with gems—her white neck and tender arms were encircled and braceleted—and her slim waist was fettered with wrought metal, studded and interstudded with dull, vari-colored stones.

She was beautiful, and, for the first

time, she knew it. Knew it, and, alas! wanted Life to know it, too.

"You are beautiful!" the handmaids told her, with smiles that were leers.

"You are beautiful!" echoed the draped walls, and only Experience was silent and bowed her cowled head in silent sorrow.

Life was waiting for her, with the light she had wanted to see burning in his eyes.

He led her into an anteroom more costly than any of the others—a great couch was there—and she sank among the cushions that seemed to caress every tender curve.

Life laughed with her and offered her grapes to eat—grapes of a strange deliciousness she had not known before—and lastly, under Experience's wistful gaze, he held aloft a golden goblet in which shimmered a ruby liquid, iridescent with strange lights.

"This is the wine of Life," he told her; "drink, for you are fair beyond all knowledge—and when you drink, the secret of all hidden things shall be yours. Come—drink!"

Youth laughed and raised her white arms to grasp the goblet held aloft. As she drained it and cast it aside, Life lifted her—fiercely, irresistibly—and she was in his arms.

All thru the years that followed that moment lived—palpitant—vital—alive. He took her lips and held them—and then—the blinding scales fell low. She raised swift, startled eyes—and it was the face of Mephistopheles grinning down at her—a terrible face—lined and scarred with all the sordidness of a world of sins.

Thru all the turrets of the House of Life, Youth's scream echoed and reechoed with a horrible, pain-stricken vibrance. And then she flew—brokenly, haltingly, with the pitiful haste of a maimed doe.

As she flew, the sardonic laughter of Life and his reinstated Mistress reached her ears, and she shivered with a great dread. His kiss was on her lips—he had said something of himself should go with her always—this was it, then, this kiss that seemed to permeate her being with shame.

Breathless at last, she sank by a lily-pool—then rose, aghast. The jewels and rich apparel were gone, and she was clad in the gown of Experience, even to the hood hiding her golden head. Sobbing, she yielded to Experience, whose hand seemed sisterly now and long familiar.

"IT WAS THE FACE OF MEPHISTOPHELES"

"Lead me," she sighed brokenly. "ah! lead me back to Love. I have been so foolish—I dreamed so many dreams—and I am so tired. I want Love now—I want his white flower—and the splendid faith he gave."

Experience was silent. What could she say? She had spoken ere she swung wide the Gate; and now the country was to be explored—every dark corner, every stony pass—and not until the last bruise had been given—the final tear wrung—could Youth find rest again.

And then they came to Love. Perhaps Youth's last tear fell then—perhaps the last thorn to the crown of Womanhood was placed in that moment—certainly, the heart of Youth broke, and the soul of her went out over the dead body of Love, with an arrow in his brave, true heart and a faded flower in his hand.

"AN ARROW IN HIS BRAVE, TRUE HEART"

"This is the end," Youth said, and lo! with the garment of Experience she had taken her voice, with its curious minor note.

She laid her gray-clad head on the stilled breast one little moment—then rose and turned to Experience.

"Lead me back," she said, "to my Garden of Innocence again—perhaps there I shall find peace—and the flowers shall be my memories of Love. I said the truth—you are my nearest friend."

She leaned on Experience now as she walked, and her step was tired.

The gate was closed, as always, and the golden key hung on its chain. Eagerly Youth grasped it—a moment only—and it was gone.

Then she knew. Outside was the World where she must labor—where, scarred by memories and lonely beyond despair, she must live—always and forever. With this in her heart, she went out into the World.

"Madam!" said a gruff voice. "Madam, it's closin' time—and you're apt to get locked in."

The Lady of Many Years started—in a vision she had lived her life again—and the lives of a myriad of other women. Slowly she left the gallery—into the world where, scarred by memories and lonely beyond despair, she must live—always and forever.

The guard drew a silken cord and curtained the picture.

The Girl Across The Way

(BIOGRAPH)

BY EDWIN M. LA ROCHE

Burnt Mills was a place never intended for city folks. It was inland, unfashionable, a litter of ancient trees and unpainted houses sprawling almost on the street. What of society there was revolved around the prim rectory and its apostolic neighbor, the square, white church.

Events were set months in advance in Burnt Mills, and "talked out" of most of the joy of realization long before their time. Lester Lewis had kept the hardware store for fifty years, and up to the time of the city invasion had never set eyes on a real, live urbanite outside of the yearly drummers of hinges and roof-paint.

But a big manufacturing town had sprung up farther down the railroad, and, needing a summer resort for its fashionables, had whimsically picked out Burnt Mills. Unheard-of things began to happen, and Burnt Mills sat on its narrow porches and wondered at the recklessness of the strange breed of invaders. With the rearing of the first half-dozen of imposing summer homes, the values of town lots on Main Street took a gymnastic spring upwards. At first their owners had been difficult to find, and the suggestion of parting with the land had been met with silence, succeeded by innumerable family conclaves.

But in spite of such conservatism, Burnt Mills continued to grow as a haunt of the rich. Velvet lawns, plashing fountains, nursery-maids and wine-colored limousines took the places under the trees of the old people and older houses. A brick-fronted garage winked an army of big, brass eyes, from behind its glass windows, at the old store, with its array of stoves, wheelbarrows, oil-cans, and the cosy, obsolete things dustily hanging from its rafters.

"Th' Mills is goin' to th' dogs, tarnation fast," prophesied Lester to the last gathering around his cannon-stove; "next month I'm agoin' to close up an' quit tendin' store."

And with the coming of May and the consequent opening up of the show-places, he was true to his word. One evening the invaders noticed him humped over his desk, with the single-wick lamp burning far into the night. The next morning the old-fashioned rim-lock on the store-door remained locked. Lester Lewis had turned its formidable key in it for the last time.

His house lay up the street a spell, in a tangle of trumpet-creeper and low-hanging trees. Directly across the way was the new and rakish summer place of Mrs. Lamont, an aristocratic "furriner," who had torn down two or three of the old places to lay out a lawn-front.

To Mrs. Lamont, from the seclusion of her striped-awning verandas, the little, drab-painted house across the way was even a perpetual eyesore. When the news mounted to her that Lester had retired, she sent her butler across to find out the old man's price.

"The old fellah conducted hisself something hawful," that worthy man reported, "an' 'e says as money cawnt buy 'im out. An' beggin' your pardon, 'e says as 'ow his father had pastured his cows on this estate when yours was a naked Irishman."

"That will do, James—the man is demented. And I thank you for your trouble."

James felt an irrepressible smile stealing featureward and turned to adjust the awnings. A canary-colored car swept up the serpentine and stopped under the *porte-cochère.* Mrs. Lamont's face cast off its scowl when a youth, with a necktie hat-band and painfully sloping shoulders, clambered from the tonneau. "Mater," he commented, kissing her, "how well you look—with absolutely nothing on your mind!"

"Sit down, Clarkson—you're all springs." Her round, youngish face wrinkled nervously. "Now that you're out of college, you may as well understand things. You're to be a man from now on."

"Always was old," he admitted; "oldest man in the world when it comes to settling down."

"I've an important piece of business for you to attend to. James has just miserably bungled it." Clarkson leaned forward, interested. "Across the street lives an old man with a daughter or something by his third or fourth wife. I want you to get acquainted with them, and to use your head if you inherited one."

"I'm strictly at attention," encouraged Clarkson. Mrs. Lamont's eyes grew hard, also her words. "It is necessary to my peace of mind that I get his lot and tear down that miserable little house." Her eyes narrowed covetously. "And now the old curmudgeon has openly defied me—said that your grandfather Lamont was once a naked Irishman."

Clarkson sniggered. "He's on—there's no sidestepping the honest-to-God truth."

"Clarkson! remember where you are and try to leave your barroom expressions behind you."

The young man studied his mother amusedly.

"All right. Where do I come in?"

"You're a man; play a man's part with him."

"Why, I'd be a child in his hands," burst out Clarkson. "What do I know about the wiles of the old or the price of fertilizer?"

Mrs. Lamont gathered herself up. "I'm going for an airing with Grace. I am leaving you to taste the first-fruits of your manhood."

Clarkson crossed his pumps on the railing and eyed them dejectedly. It was a dull old place at best, and here he was about to lock horns with one of its oldest inhabitants.

As he gazed across the smug lawns, the door of the unfriendly house opened and a young girl stepped out. A perfect fright, he thought, with brown hair sleeked back like a stage orphan, and her body pinched into a tight-sleeved waist.

She walked coltishly down the street. Clarkson unclasped his restful feet. Beneath the turned-up cuffs of his trousers, a span of light-blue silk stocking signaled that they matched his scarf and hatband to perfection.

"I suppose I've got to begin with the girl." Clarkson's ideas about girls were not at all vague. He felt that they trembled and clucked like barnyard fowls as he sailed hawkwise by them.

A half-hour later he saw her again as she left the grocery store, homeward bound.

"Ah, Miss Lewis!" said Clarkson, coming up back of her. "Please let me carry your stuff home; I live across the way, you know."

The girl half-faced about and clutched the bundle to her, like the young mother with the baby in melodrama. Clarkson's masterful hands gently slid it beneath her arms. She eyed him, fascinated.

"I was going up to pay my respects to your father," he said; "lucky I met you, wasn't it?"

"No, sir—I dunno—yes, sir," panicked the girl.

Clarkson thought her pretty, but hardly equal to the ambling heifer in intelligence. He measured his words carefully to her intellect.

"Do you go to the store every day when the weather is good?"

It was a momentous question, and she hesitated a long while in answering it. He could feel the kinks unwinding in her brain.

"The sugar an' flour lasts us for a week—sometimes th' coffee runs out——"

Clarkson felt that he was being rebuked by a literal mind.

"It's a habit of coffee," he assured; "I've often noticed it. Do you permit it to run out alone?"

The girl laughed, and he was surprised to hear the sounds so easy and low.

"Speaking of coffee," the youth resumed, "I suppose your father is fighting it hard now that he's closed the store."

Her mind was working with less labor.

"He does drink a heap of it," she acknowledged.

"And it makes him peevish." Clarkson hesitated, with his hands on the gate. "To tell you the truth," he went on, "I dont know your father, but I'd like very much to meet him."

A warm blue welcome gleamed in the girl's eyes. Clarkson read it instantly and followed her up the dirt path. The little hall that she admitted him to was dark, with white woodwork standing out from its brownish paper. "Paw," she called, "there's a gentleman come to see you," and in another instant the intruder found himself ushered into the parlor and before the presence of a very old-looking and very diminutive man with twinkling, knowing eyes.

Clarkson felt that there was no easy conquest here. A cavalier manner nor dainty conversation did not apply.

"I helped your daughter bring the things up from the store," he began; "it reminded me of the days when I ran errands for my father."

"What kind of errands?" asked Lester, eagerly.

Clarkson stared hard at the parlor-organ, conjuring up a satisfactory one. Lester Lewis drank in the newest fashions in hatbands and hosiery.

"If you cant think of an errand," he chuckled disconcertingly, "tell me where you laid in them togs."

Clarkson turned, to find the fearsome old man sighting his beautiful stockings over a leveled finger. His pale face flushed.

"Is it raining, Nancy?" her father asked, with his beady eyes goggling the cuffs of Clarkson's trousers. "If so, hitch up an' driv' him home."

CLARKSON CALLS ON THE SIMPLE MAID

"I have it straight that it wont rain for a month," the youth blurted out, "and the cows will all dry up, or whatever else they do."

"And, good-day to you, Mr. Lester," he said, making for the door. "I hope you like my socks, by now."

"Dont wear 'em, so don't know," confessed the old man simply.

Clarkson slammed the door rudely. His bucolic diplomacy was a rank failure, but the light of welcome that had loomed like a lamp in a cabin window from Nancy's eyes set him to thinking, and on the morrow he decided to get better acquainted with her.

He saw that she was pretty; felt

that she was pliable, once she had begun to trust him; and he meant to use her as a bow to bring down that tough old owl, her father.

Clarkson could think quickly and smoothly in his proper environment, and he contrived by various little artifices to put himself across the path of the girl. Once, as he sped by in the canary-colored car, he passed her plodding down a by-road, and he made a point of it to pick the dazed girl up and to whirl her on her way.

TAKES HER FOR AN AUTO RIDE

Then, too, a stroke of luck came to him, for old Lester took to sitting on the hotel porch of evenings, the oracle in him not quite burned out.

Nancy was left to herself in the brown parlor, with the swinging lamp. They two were out of place in this tomb of haircloth and faded worsted-work of dead-and-gone fingers. The lamp, with its row of vari-colored pendants, spoke of life — night-life, with its color and light and lureful glow; and beneath it crouched young womanhood, clear-cheeked, bright-eyed, ready to leap each gorge that yawned in the path of her heart.

The canary-colored car drew up in front of ''The Red Mill,'' a none too enviable roadhouse, some hour's run from the village. It was a place in the soiled outskirts of a manufacturing town, where brothers never took sisters, and sisters dared not go without brothers. The dancers on its slippery floor, surrounded by tables, were mostly bold, blonde, good-looking, and dressed in the height of fashion at its worst.

Clarkson steered Nancy thru the maze of dancers to a little room with tables and bentwood chairs. The close lure of sensuous music, the lights, the hissing of delicate, tight-drawn silk held her as still as a mouse.

''We're going to see life—town life, Nancy,'' he said, with his arm protectingly on the back of her chair; ''and the first thing due is a drink.''

Nancy sat so stark upright on the edge of her chair that he wondered how the thing balanced. A waiter with a horse's face appeared, bringing glasses filled with a clear, bluish fluid.

Clarkson's eyes gloated. ''They're 'Blue Moons,' Nancy,'' he educated, sipping the stuff—''the very latest thirst-quencher.''

The girl from Burnt Mills gently, but firmly, pushed the glass away, and her fingers caught at each other in dismay.

''I c-couldn't,'' she stammered; ''I just couldn't.''

''Down it, girl,'' he urged, looking at her strangely; ''it's a regular corpse-reviver.''

Nancy rose up wildly, groping for the door. He seized her, and she gave a frightened call. Steps fumbled on the floor outside. Clarkson forced his hand over her mouth and laughed reassuringly. The steps receded.

''You silly calf!'' he warned in low-breathed tones. ''Are you framing a scene? What's the matter, anyway—have I been too decent with you?''

"I want to go home," came forth in quaking tones from the woman of her.

"All right; fix your face pleasant, and I'll steer you out to the car."

With panicky eyes staring straight before her, Nancy fled down the row of tables in the outer room. Clarkson pushed her into the car and slammed its door.

"Go home," he admonished from the curb; "it's early, and the air will buck you up. When you get over being a simp, I'll come 'round again."

Nancy listened into space. She felt that something was terribly wrong with the night's adventure, but for the life of her couldn't say what. Her heart was hurt, tho, and she turned away from him with quivering lips.

Clarkson stood on the curb — debonair, stockinged and scarfed in delicate blue. "Too Much Mustard" seeped its strains thru the open windows back of him.

"Too much unleavened bread," revised Clarkson, mounting the steps. "She needs an awful dose of proper training."

Nancy sat in the parlor, under the lamp with gay pendants. Against Lester's return, she read her cheap Sunday-school Bible, knowing that she should tell him all, and quite resigned to his stinging wrath.

She felt ashamed, tainted—a fear of self that quivered in her eyes and breath at each slow step on the street. For Clarkson's actions she had only the intangible sense of a bitter dream, scarce believable in him.

And when Lester came, bright-eyed, out of the night, she clasped her hands in her lap and, without gesture, without self-pity, arraigned herself before him in simple words.

The morning came, unfolding hot and drowsy over the village. Along toward eleven o'clock, Clarkson awoke with a start, and as he fumbled with his clothes, his eyes glanced thru his window at the little, drab house across the way. Its shutters were open, and its inmates had already lived the half of a day.

There was something sweet and clean about its tangle of bloom and vine, its simple white doorway, that cut thru the cloying fog in Clarkson's brain. He felt his way downstairs and out upon the deserted veranda.

HIS MOTHER SERIOUSLY OBJECTS

"It's a h— of a time to figure out whether I'm a man or not," he mused, "after a night like that, and I'm not equal to the statistics."

His unwilling feet led him out to the sun-drenched sweep of the serpentine road. "What's come over me? I believe I'm going across the way!"

His steps softened to a burglar's tread as he mounted the three steps of Nancy's house. His knock brought no reply. Nancy sat in the darkened parlor, within a quick bound of the warning sound, but she made no move. All night thru she had sat where Lester's anger had pinioned her, and her soul was quite dead in its humility.

The knock repeated itself—this

time with a man's insistency. And then strange, glorious, Satan-stained words filtered thru its panels:

"I'm sorry, little girl—earnestly, honestly sorry." Her heart wrenched at its prison of outgrown waist. "I've nothing decent left but you, and I want you to marry me. Will you answer me?"

Her finger slipped along the passage in the book on her lap: *I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.*

GRACE PROCEEDS TO BREAK OFF THE MATCH

"Go away, now," her words leaped out; "I want to believe you, oh, *so* much!"

And in the newer silence, Clarkson, the boy, half-vicious, half-good, turned away to count the feeble beginning of his statistics.

And then came a later day, after quiet, delicious nights that added to his score, when Mrs. Lamont looked across the lawns and saw him take the old man's daughter into his arms.

It was a most shocking, most revolting sight to her unattuned nerves.

"Grace, dear," she said, throttling her emotion under a smile, "I want you to turn a little trick for me." Mrs. Lamont leaned impressively forward. "Clarkson has gone clean off his hooks—he's been seriously making love to that unutterable chit across the road. Either she's deep or Clarkson's a fool."

"Clarkson's a fool," decided Grace, with conviction.

"I want you to lead him on—a bit of easy finessing in his groggy condition—and I'll show the girl the result of your work."

Grace bit her lips. "This isn't pretty work, is it?—but I'll carry it thru to save Clarkson."

"Good! He's walking over here as bold as brass. Lead him to slaughter in the garage shrubbery, and I'll promise you an interested audience."

Fifteen minutes later, Mrs. Lamont did an unheard-of thing. She knocked at the portals of Lester's house. Nancy stood in flushed-faced confusion before her imposing caller.

"I want you to stroll over to my grounds," burst out Mrs. Lamont, discarding her excess of manner, "and have a chat with me. It's about my boy, you know."

It was along toward the chill of autumn, and Nancy folded her grandmother's shawl about her slight shoulders, as tho fending herself from harm.

They walked in silence thru the grounds of Old Oaks. Suddenly, in a clearing, its owner saw something that fetched a touch of Simon-pure color to her artistic cheeks. Clarkson stood in the vista, with his hands on Grace's shoulder, for all the world like a Coney Island tintype.

"Gracious!" she exclaimed, confused, "let's keep clear of here."

Nancy followed the lady's eyes, and she stood stock-still, like a deer at his first sight of man. Then the nasty truth dawned, and she fled, cleaving a straight path homeward.

Mrs. Lamont held her startled pose till the girl was well on her way. "There, that settles her—now for the reformation of Clarkson."

But night came, and with it no Clarkson. As a matter of cold fact, he had gone dinnerless, and, with Lester wending to the hotel, had neared the cottage of his heart's-ease.

Nancy came to the door. Her eyes gleamed in the young moon with the hate-love of a mother tigress.

"You dont belong to me!" she cried, with the finality of a broken heart. "Whatever you may say, I can never believe in you any more."

With the door shut and the wrench of distant sobs working thru it, Clarkson sat on the steps, with his head in his hands.

Why wasn't Grace here, he thought, to receive his comfortless words as a gasoline tank does its oil? And, with the thought, he caught the gleam of her skirts on the veranda across the way.

Grace heard the rambling words of Clarkson, as he stood in the veranda's shadow, and, in the candid moonlight, the boy's ecstasy of distraction, his threats, his imprecation, his pure despair, caught and fastened on the woman-heart beneath her superficial nature.

"I'll help you," she whispered, reaching over and taking his moist hand. "Poor boy, I'm the guilty one! A girl's heart is set to rights quicker than you know."

Like midnight prowlers in the closures of Old Oaks, the pair fled across the telltale patches of moonlight to the house across the way. To the insistent sister-call in Grace's voice, Nancy unbarred the door. Grace spoke long and honestly; and under the spell of her words the little girl stole up to her and took her hand. It was like the licking tongue of a pup, Grace thought, so grateful and so soft.

With the home-coming of Lester Lewis a silence fell, and Clarkson was the first to stand to his guns.

"I'm going to marry her, socks or no socks," he announced, with challenging eyes, "and get to work."

"There's a grub-hoe out in the woodshed," said Lester, dryly. "I wish you'd clear up the yard so's your ma cud git more of a view."

And Clarkson did. Under the horrified eyes of his parent, the following day he set to work. The cruel oak of the hoe's handle blistered his hands to bleeding rawness, and his thin shoulders rocked with fatigue.

EVEN HIS MOTHER IS RECONCILED

Lester sat stolidly on the porch. Nancy crimsoned and paled like the petals of autumn cosmos. Clarkson's blows in the wilderness feebled and grew savage in turn. Once he leaned upon the hoe-handle and appeared to address an invisible spirit.

"Merciful and renowned Grandfather Lamont," he apostrophized, "please hasten the process of squeezing all the unholy dampness from me, also take heed of the blisters and sores—and, when I'm married, tell me the secret of clothing a naked Irishman."

Tony The Fiddler

BY JANE FAIRE

(ESSANAY—GEN'L FILM CO.)

"BIG BILL" had, for some time, by bank robberies and hold-ups, been terrorizing all the towns along the border, and every sheriff and deputy in the country had been making strenuous efforts to capture him. A large shipment of silver was coming by stage to Valleyfield. One day he held up the coach and got possession of the sacks of bullion. Among the passengers on the stage was a young Italian musician, who, when the bandit saw him with a violin, was ordered to remain behind and entertain him. After playing, at the point of a gun, for some time, he was allowed to go on his way, and finally arrived at Valleyfield, footsore and hungry, where he was befriended by Sue, the daughter of the sheriff.

In the meantime, when the sheriff heard of the outrageous hold-up, he offered a large reward for the capture.

Tony had fallen in love with Sue, and, in order to be near her, applied to the sheriff for a job as deputy. Sue, however, did not return his affection, but the optimistic young musician attributed her failure to respond to his attentions to the fact that he was poor, and, remembering "Big Bill's" fondness for music, he conceived an idea for capturing the bandit, thereby winning the thousand dollars and, incidentally, Sue. He found his way to the cave where "Big Bill" was known to be in hiding and, with his enchanting music, lulled his victim to sleep. After getting possession of his revolver, he awakened the man, tied his arms and brought him back to town. He received the reward, which, along with his heart, he proudly offered to Sue, and keen was his disappointment when he learnt the girl was already engaged. Taking his beloved violin, Tony wandered off by himself, and the soul of the musician soon found relief and solace in his music.

THE DEATH WEIGHT

(Essanay)

By

COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

From the Scenario of

FRANK HOWARD CLARK

In the old room, with its old-time furnishings, its old haircloth sofa and its pictures of a day long past, there sat a man who fitted perfectly his surroundings. He wrote at an old-fashioned secretary—a man as old-fashioned as the room itself, a man with white hair and a face indicative of kindness, yet of eccentricities. Slowly he reached into the ancient, dusty pigeon-holes. He drew forth a crinkling bit of parchment. He dipped his pen into the ink with palsied hand and wrote:

——and upon my death, I do hereby will and bequeath to my ward, Alice Fisher, all my estate, which I have secreted——

And there the addition to the will, written, thru the eccentricities of Silas Pegg, by piecemeal, ceased suddenly. He turned—dropped his pen—smiled. For, hurrying thru the doorway of the old-fashioned room, with its incongruous additions of telephone and electricity, there had come the one bright spot in the dulled, almost hermit life of Silas Pegg.

He turned and smiled, for there was happiness in the sight of her standing there in the doorway, a bit of a smile upon her cherry lips, the tint of the rose in her cheeks, the velvet softness of the violet in her eyes; standing there smiling at him, timid, yet unafraid; smiling and waiting for his greeting. A second, and she hurried forward. Her soft little hands touched his hair. Her lips went to his.

"Daddy!" she crooned, and there was a wonderfully happy something in her voice, "Daddy, I'm *so* happy!"

The old man smiled.

"Bothering me again, eh?" he asked, with a woefully poor attempt at gruffness; "always bothering me, just when I'm busy."

"But, Daddy"—and the ward of Silas Pegg pouted—"you'd want to hear it. You know you would. Now guess—just guess what's happened."

Silas Pegg turned to his ancient secretary, and his palsied hand moved to cover the paper on which he had been writing. Then he smiled into the face of his ward again.

"Care if I got married?" The words came slowly and haltingly. There was a moment of silence. Slowly Silas

Pegg turned to his desk again. He picked somewhat aimlessly at the papers there, and his head bent low for just a minute.

"No——" he answered at last. "I wont care. Tom's a good boy. I wish"—and his voice trailed off—"I wish there were others like him."

"You mean Will and Joe?" Alice's question came quickly. "You mustn't worry over them, Daddy. They're going to be all right after a while—I know they will. They——"

"All right?" The old man had turned quickly, and the expression of his face had suddenly changed. "All right?" he asked again. "Alice, there's nothing good going to come to me thru those boys. They're bad—bad thru and thru. Bad in the heart, I tell you." His fist banged the table. "And to think that they're the flesh and blood of my sister. They're bad in the heart—bad in the heart!" he muttered as he turned to the desk again. "Bad thru and thru!"

He stared long before him. He lifted the will at which he had been writing; then dropped it to his desk again. There came the honking sound of a motor-car from without—the call of Tom to Alice—but the old man did not notice as the little girl of his heart flushed, then hurried from the room. There came the sound of voices, and the playful little girl hurried thru the hallway, elusive, laughing, avoiding the outstretched arms of the man she loved; but Silas Pegg did not seem to hear. His hands clenched.

"They're bad in the heart," he muttered again; "bad in the heart!" And there he stopped his revery, to swing suddenly in his chair, to rise. Two men stood before him—or, rather, two boys—two boys of sullen countenance—two boys who frowned. Silas Pegg grasped at the back of his chair. Anger flared in his eyes.

"Well?" he asked shortly. One of the men before him stepped forward.

"Uncle!" he began, and there was little of deference in his tone, "Will and me's broke, and we've got to—"

"No!" the voice of the old man was storming. "No—you hear me? No! You want money again, eh? Well, you wont have it. I——"

"We wont, huh?" The voice had come from the secretary, where Joe Sanders had picked up the fragment of his uncle's will. "Of course we cant have anything, me and Will. You've got to give everything to that ward of yours. We dont get anything. We come to you for a little mite of money, and you——"

"A mite?" The voice of Silas Pegg rose high and shrill. "A mite? And I suppose it's been a mite ever since you can remember? I've stood all I'm going to stand, and you know it. You've come to me just as often as you're going to come—you've bled me all you're going to bleed me, and now it's going to stop. Do you hear me? It's going to stop! If you want money, get out and earn it. I'm thru with you both, and——"

His words ceased chokingly. His palsied hands rose and struggled with those of Will Sanders, which had clutched about his throat.

"Dont try that game," came roughly. "You've got money, plenty of it, and you're going to take care of us, see? Aint we your nephews? Joe, look in that secretary and see if they aint some money hidden in there. He's got it around here somewhere. It aint in any bank, I know that."

"Make him tell where it is," came gruffly from the other.

"Where's that money—huh?" Will's fingers clamped tighter about the throat of the old man. "Where's that money you've got hidden here? Goin' to tell me? Goin'——"

A rush from the doorway—a struggle. The crunching sound of fist-blows against the faces of two cursing, fighting men; the weaving forms of rushing bodies; the crackling impact as the struggle went here, there, everywhere about the old-fashioned room; the scream of a girl—then quiet came again. Will and Joe had retreated. Tom Christy bent over the form of Silas Pegg and gently raised him to a chair.

"He'll be all right in a minute, dear," he said softly to the anxious little girl at his side. "I'm glad we got here when we did. Look, his eyes are opening now."

But, outside the big, rambling old house, there were two other persons who did not share the joy of Tom Christy and his bride-to-be. They were men who frowned and cursed and clenched their hands as they looked thru the window. They were men who plotted long; who talked, their heads close together; then who hurried away. Quickly, cautiously, they made their way down the quiet little outskirts street; silently they ascended the stairs of the old boarding-house at which Tom had made his home ever since he had moved to the quiet little suburb; just as silently they opened the door of his room. A moment of whispering, of opening of drawers—then they were gone again, gone with the weapons of their revenge.

It was late that night when Alice Fisher stood beneath the chandelier of the old sitting-room and kist her guardian good-night.

She called good-night again to him as she ascended the stairs and paused to look once more below, to where he sat in his big chair, puffing contentedly at his old pipe, scanning the headlines of the paper before him. She smiled a bit.

"Good old Daddy!" she murmured, as she sought her room; "good old Daddy——"

A sound from below which made her tremble—the sound of a choking cry—the sound of a falling body—the sound of scuffling and of muffled curses. Alice whirled. Almost leaping, she descended the stairs; wildly she called the name of the man she had seen a moment before, peaceful with his pipe and his paper—but no answer came. The light had turned to darkness now—darkness and silence. Gropingly, Alice hurried forward. Tremblingly, she snapped on the lights—only to recoil and scream. The chair where Silas Pegg had sat a moment before was empty. Alice stepped forward; then cringed. Before her on the floor lay a dagger and a handkerchief. And both were stained with blood, but Silas Pegg was gone.

THE PLOTTERS GAIN ENTRANCE

And, an hour later, the mystery of it all had grown; the tragedy had become more intense—horror had fastened its gripping fingers upon the heart of Alice Fisher with deadening force. It had been Will and Joe Sanders who had crept past the portières, snapped out the light and attacked Silas Pegg as he groped in the darkness, but the police, who had hurried from the city, five miles away, did not know that. It had been Will and Joe Sanders who, with revenge in their hearts, had dropped Tom Christy's hunting-knife and his handkerchief, which they had stolen from his room, at the side of Silas Pegg's chair, but the police could go only by appearances. They had asked their questions, and Tom Christy had not denied the ownership. They had drawn forth their handcuffs, and now Alice Fisher, sobbing, broken-hearted, sat alone in the great house, murmuring, over and over and over again, to the picture she held before her, her faith and her love and her intuitive knowledge that Tom had not committed the crime. And as she sobbed, as she spoke her faith and her trust to his picture, Tom Christy was on the way to jail, to be charged with abduction—possibly murder.

Nor did the mystery clear the next day, nor the next, nor the next. Down in the city jail a police captain frowned and clenched his hands as they led Tom Christy back and forth from the sweatbox and its gruelling questions. Down at police headquarters the detectives gathered in little groups to discuss the attitude of the man they had arrested as a murderer, yet who denied his guilt in spite of the circumstantial evidence against him. Down at police headquarters, too, old hunters of crime shook their heads and drove question after question at the pale young man, attempting to drag forth from him his motives, his method of the attack, his confession—but to everything Tom could answer only the one question that was in his heart and in his mind: that he was innocent. And while he answered, there were those who sneered, those who threatened or cajoled, that they might gain their purpose of a confession. The world had turned black for Tom Christy; the world had turned to one of suspicions and doubt and lack of faith—the whole world, except one being. And that person was Alice Fisher.

Day after day she visited the grim station, five miles from the great, rambling home of the tragedy, seeking to speak to the man she loved; seeking to assure him of the fact that she, at least, believed in him, that she knew in her heart of hearts that he was innocent. But it was in vain. Night after night she sat alone in the great house, sinking, now and then, to her knees, to beg and pray that the man she loved be freed. But the station still held its prisoner; the old house still held its mystery.

And so it came about that one morning, after Alice Fisher had watched the stars of night fade, one by one, into daylight, she rose from her seat by the window and, half-dazed by the suffering, the doubts and the anguish of nearly a week, wandered forth into the garden. Why she went, she did not know. Why she lingered, why she should walk toward the window of the room of tragedy, she could not tell. Once or twice she lifted the bloom of a fragrant flower and breathed its incense, almost unknowingly. Now and then she stood silent, looking into the faraway, her eyes anguished, her hands tightly clasped before her. Then, suddenly, she started—whirled—crept close to the window of the room of mystery.

There had come voices from within —the voices of men. Alice flattened herself against the wall of the house and crept closer. She listened. She heard the door of the old secretary cheep open—a thrill went thru her, for she recognized the voices of the men within. They were Will and Joe.

Five minutes more, and Alice whirled as she skirted the house and hurried within for the telephone. She had overheard it all—the story told in casual conversation as the men searched the house—the story of the attack; the search for the money which the youths knew the old man had secreted somewhere; the fact that now he was being kept a prisoner in the old barn, within a hundred yards of the house—kept a prisoner until he should confess the hiding-place of his money. Frantically, Alice rushed for the telephone. Wildly she told her story to the captain of police by long-distance. A great thrill of happiness shot thru her as she heard the order of release given from the telephone by the captain. She half-reeled from the telephone; within an hour, the police, bearing Tom—her Tom—with them, would be at the old house. The mystery would be cleared.

But an hour is a long time to wait. A minute dragged by—two—three. It seemed a century. Trembling with the anxiety of it all, Alice watched the old clock tick away the seconds, and each seemed a year. Ten minutes were gone. Fifty more must elapse before assistance could arrive. The strain was growing too great. There flared a temptation into the mind of the girl—a temptation which burned, which could not be withstood. Hurriedly she opened the drawer of the old secretary and brought forth a revolver. Then, cautiously, she started toward the old barn.

There sounded voices, threatening voices, from within as she approached. Perhaps——

She raised the revolver. She sought the door of the barn. She threw it open and leaped within as she leveled the revolver.

"You—Joe and Will—throw up your hands!" she called as she rushed forward. There whirled the forms of two men from beside that of a third, tied across a table. The nerve-strained finger of Alice Fisher jerked at the trigger. She screamed, whirled and attempted to leap out the door as the figures came closer. The revolver had failed to explode. They were hurrying toward her.

A frantic leap, but it was useless. A struggle, but it was vain. Joe Sanders had closed in from one side; Will had seized her from the other. There came the clutching touch of a hand against her throat.

"Try that, will you?" came hoarsely. "Well, you'll get just what the old man's going to get. Get some rope, Will. We'll put her under the weight, too."

"The weight?" The voice was that of Joe Sanders. "Think it'll kill 'em both?"

"Get that rope and shut up," came the answering voice of Will. "Think I'm going to hold this girl all day?"

But there was little need for strength now. Alice Fisher had gone weak and resistless at the sight before her. Stretched upon a great table, gagged, his arms and legs bound securely, lay Silas Pegg; while above him there hung, suspended to a rope, a great weight, straining to fall with its crushing weight of death. It was a modern torture-chamber—a torture-chamber, with money as its object, with death as its result. Dazedly, Alice felt the touch of the ropes upon her arms as the two men bound her and laid her beneath the table. She felt the binding of the gag, yet she could not resist. She heard Joe Sanders address the man above her.

"THEY WERE WILL AND JOE"

"We've got the other one now. We're going to kill her, too, with the same weight that kills you—unless you tell. Where's that money, huh? Where's that money?"

"What's the use of asking? He wont tell you." It was the voice of Will, rough with anger. "I'm thru. I'm going to finish it, and finish it right now!"

A knife gleamed forth toward the rope—then clattered to the floor as Will lost his hold. Angrily he stooped to recover it; then his face lighted as his hands scraped at the floor. Beneath the rough-strewn hay there showed the crevices of a trap-door. The hiding-place of Silas Pegg's savings had been found.

"Wouldn't tell us, huh? Well, we git it, anyway—see? Now—as for you——"

A candle was brought forth, and its taper lighted. The straining eyes of Alice Fisher saw them place it against the rope and leave the barn. Sooner or later the flame would touch the rope. And, sooner or later, the rope must part, a great weight must crash downward, and then——

Alice struggled on the floor against the bonds which held her.

Somewhere on the road, between the old barn and the city, a motor-car was hurrying, rushing on toward her—but it would come too late. The candle flickered. There came a bit of a splutter—a tiny wisp of smoke started from the rope. The flame had reached its goal. Its work had begun.

The muscles of Alice Fisher strained again. Her teeth clamped uselessly against the gag—her fingers outstretched to reach the knots which held her. The rope was afire for a foot now. Two minutes more, and—

Frantically, the straining form of Alice Fisher turned here and there beneath the table. The ropes loosened the least little bit. Once she managed to raise herself almost to her knees; then fell back again. There came the odor of burning hay—and Alice knew that the chances were lessening. The barn had caught fire now. A moment more—and death!

Again she sought to rise and failed. Again — again — again the candle spluttered and flared. Another strand parted — another — another. Then every muscle seemed to gather a desperation born of death-fear, giving the girl an ape-like strength—the knots loosened the least bit more. Swaying, struggling, panting, she found her way to her knees; she raised herself; she pressed her shoulder against the table and, with one great effort, tipped it far to one side and flung herself safe beyond the danger-line. A second more, and there came the swishing sound of a great something as it shot thru the air. There sounded the smiting crash as the great weight of death struck the floor and tore its way thru to the earth below. Alice sought to drag herself toward the unconscious form of Silas Pegg, where he had fallen. From the distance there came the hurried throbbing of a rushing motor-car. A flame shot toward Alice, and the puffing, whirling smoke of burning hay enveloped her. There came a shout from without; the sound of hurrying men. Alice rose to her knees—a cry of happiness struggled against the binding gag. She flinched from the burst of a flaring tongue of flame; then fell unconscious as the doors of the barn swung open.

It was an hour later that Tom Christy sat by the bedside of a still little girl, watching and waiting, waiting and watching. Long he had sat thus, hardly moving, his eyes intent upon the features of the little girl he loved, waiting for the first sign of the awakening from the sleep which had followed unconsciousness. Suddenly he leaned forward, and his eyes brightened. There had come a movement of the prettily crowned little head—a flicker of the eyelashes. Tom Christy sank from the chair to his knees.

"Honey!" he said softly, and there was a wonderful something in his voice. "Honey——"

"Tommy-boy," came falteringly from the pillow, "I'm—I'm—so—happy!"

The She Wolf

(101 BISON)

BY MARJORIE GILMORE

FORD had gone out in search of happiness the day he met her. So, of course, he accepted it as an additional piece of luck.

It was a bright Sunday afternoon, and, after putting in a good morning's work, he had lit his pipe and struck out across the hills for Ore City, which had sprung up a shanty mushroom since pay-dirt had been discovered early in the spring. His mind trailed, triumphantly, back thru those terrible days of gigantic labor and gruelling uncertainty, when he had groveled deep into the gritty bowels of the mountain. Oh! the glory of that streak of gold-ore, glowing in the early morning's sun! Since then the work had been like play. Hope was rewarded with a plenitude beyond his dreams. Spring, decked with flowers, marched, to the music of bird-song, into the fairest summer he had ever known. Wilderness was transformed into a fairyland and his hut into a woodland palace.

Yet, with riches waiting for the movement of his strong arm, that itched impatiently under the vivid call of his health and youth, something was missing. Something in the mating birds' duets; in the warm, spring air; in the scent of hillside flowers, and in the vast, starlit spaces, seemed to mock his joy. His happiness was incomplete.

The moment he saw the girl he knew what would fill the void and make him the happiest man in the world.

He thought nothing of it when she left her handbag on the wooden steps of the closed grocery store, where she had been sitting, and wandered demurely away, under the scrutiny of his rapt gaze. In his eyes, there was a certain heavenly innocence in the action.

There he stood, stock-still in the center of the road, and felt a sensation equal to that of a bullet each of the several times she turned and peeped shyly back at him. The beauty, the coquetry, the woman made him do just the opposite to what was deepest in his desire. He actually waited until she turned the corner before he realized what a fool he had been. Then he rushed forward and seized the handbag, which seemed still the key to his happiness. Tremblingly, he hurried to the corner. She had disappeared.

John Ford shoved the little, leather bag deep into the great pocket of his mackinaw and strode swiftly out among his original confidants—the wooded hills.

In the seclusion of a shaded dell he drew the handbag from his pocket. As he lifted it, a card fell from it. In bold letters it bore the inscription:

MISS GRACE STANWIX

"At Home" 472 Water Street

It is but natural that John should have developed a burning fever to meet and consummate the object of his happiness, that would permit neither sleep nor food to ameliorate it; so, contrary to his custom for the past eight years, John betook his way to Ore City the next morning, instead of shouldering his pick and shovel and entering the golden grotto he had made.

He hung around the single street, sullenly addressing any who saw fit to comment on his presence at this hour of the day. He had no plan of action, and the pent-up mountain of energy within him rolled him up into a state of unprecedented viciousness.

To make matters worse, an irritating drizzle had descended, and John sat in the midst of it, watching the moisture gather into great beads and drip from the eaves of the illy constructed shacks. He didn't even turn his head at first when he heard a rough, drunken voice bellowing in an alley near-by. But, suddenly, a woman's voice rose, with a cry of pain that made him spring up and grasp the handle of his gun. He hurried to the entrance of the alley, and then the dynamite mood exploded.

"Handsome Bill" Evers was the offender, and he was abusing a slip of a woman, who had turned her face appealingly as John appeared. It was the woman who had set his soul on fire the day before.

After that moment he remembered nothing, except what she told him a couple of days later, after they had been married.

"Let's go out and look over that bonanza of yours again and talk over what we're going to do with it—if we should decide to go to the city," she said to him one day.

"So yeh be achin' t' git back t' th' city already, be yeh?" he said tenderly, but there was a tone of anxiety in his voice.

God knows, as the months were stained by the breath of autumn chill and gave his life the orgy of its foliage, he did everything to please her. The cabin was replaced by a house that was palatial for those parts. Every mail-coach brought her some new luxury from the city. He made untold efforts to satisfy her least whim. He filled her little handbag with gold every evening.

But all were as withered leaves in her grasp. She pined and sighed the day long and often wept thruout the night. And the ideas that spelled Future to him—and her—he could not help but think—were waved aside as irritants. She hated the trees, the vast valleys, the glory of the evening with him under the starlight and their snug homelife beside the roaring fire.

"Oh, John, John, I want Life!" she cried frantically.

And he would look at her, amazed, for here was Life supernal right within their grasp. What she called life, he had always thought of as idle action. But even in this he intended to gratify her.

"But, Gracie, yeh must wait—wait'll I git my grip here, an' then we'll go anywhere in th' world yeh wish. But I've got to stick t' it least a year yit."

One whose eyes were screened with less tenderness than John Ford's could have discerned a growing rancor in his bride, that rose in mists to her beautiful eyes, tinting them with green. This same tint had been in her eyes the day she met him, had he had eyes to see. Something purifying in their relationship had wiped it out for a season and made her life a seething torrent of futile regrets. She felt herself a moral leper, nestling on his manly breast. Reaction came, and she hated him for these miserable hours.

One morning her rebellion took the form of unconcealed taunts, and, for an instant, she stood before John Ford for what she was. For a moment it seemed as tho a terrible storm of anger were about to rise, and the woman welcomed it as a possible cause for a break. To John a break was impossible—*they were husband and wife!*

He rose like a thundercloud, crushing the back of the chair as he did so, but all that he actually did was to say, in a very low voice:

"Here we'll stay 'til our affairs is settled." Then he turned quickly and went out, giving no sign as to what might be the effect upon him of the jarring peal of laughter that jangled thru the doorway.

But once in the lonely cavern of his wealth, those gold-lined walls bore witness to a strange display from their consort. John Ford sat down and wept, emitting great sobs that shook his broad shoulders. Today he seemed, for the first time, to have plumbed the depth of his beautiful bride, and what he found had mocked his dearest and last hope.

He resolved to return to her that night, contrite, beseeching, and to take her in his arms the way he had done that first night and to press her so tightly that she would cry out laughingly that he was hurting her—that is what he would do. Then he would tell her he was sorry; that he did not understand; that he would do anything to please her—if she would but promise never again to——

So, with his mind doubting and grasping at straws, and even planning to leave the region with his task but half-finished, just that he might please her and cause her to smile at him and caress him with her eyes again, he set about the day's work.

GRACIE SIGHS FOR "LIFE"

The day's work at this particular time consisted of a very important and equally dangerous bit of blasting that would open up the unworked side of his claim and disclose the full magnificence and extent of his mineral wealth. For the purpose it had been necessary to bore for months and to charge the borings with many pounds of dynamite. To place them had been a delicate task, which had been hampered, from time to time, by the falling of fragments of loose rock from a point higher than John could reach.

At length the fuses were all set, and John was just looking about the interior for the last time before blowing it to bits. He was suddenly startled by the rush from above of a tiny sluice of sand. He held his candle high to see the extent of the slide. His eyes finally discerned several great boulders slipping from their places as the running sand undermined their support. The falling rock was suspended directly over his heaviest charge of dynamite. He fled for the opening, with a little cry of horror on his lips.

When John Ford left his wife, she seemed undecided as to just what course to pursue. She had become tired of him, to be sure; but his gold held within it untold dreams of the life she yearned for. She was wandering about aimlessly, when she saw a group of men gathered around a broken grub-wagon. She gave a little scream to attract their notice, and they at once came to offer their assistance, but she declined and made for her shack, being careful that one of the men followed, when she turned and met the frank, inquiring eyes of a man of middle age.

"Sorry to bother you," he apologized, in accents that Grace recognized joyfully as being from the city, "but one of our grub-wagons has broken down just a half-mile below here, and I thought maybe you could give us some help in the way of repair tools."

The woman turned the full, daring beauty of her eyes upon the man in a way that lighted something in his eyes.

"My brother," she faltered, in an alluring way, "is not home. But maybe I can help you. I hope I can." Her final accent was soft with shyness.

It seemed a minute before the man could detach himself from her wonderful beauty enough to reply. "I hope you can," he acquiesced simply.

They hurried to the shed John had built and searched thru all of his things in vain. As they were emerging, unsuccessful, Grace turned her ankle slightly; how, the man never knew, for his eyes were continually on her glorious features. But be that as it may, the man found her suddenly clinging to him and moaning softly, so that he was obliged to clasp her firmly about the waist with one arm and support her to the house.

Her look of gratitude was so grateful that it made his weak lower lip tremble at the sight of it. He, too, was making-believe now, for there was really no reason for supporting her by the side of a comfortable armchair.

It must have been fully an hour later that the two seemed surprised at the sudden advent of a fresh, pretty young girl who suddenly appeared in the doorway. The man was holding Grace's hand and soothing her, while she moaned softly and accepted his little attentions. The girl was gazing at the two, when they looked up and saw her. The man gave a startled twinge and drew away from Grace, rubbing his eyes as tho just waking from a sweet dream to a terrible reality. One hand of the girl without had clutched her slight breast, which was throbbing painfully. The man rose and approached her, but she turned haughtily and moved away. He made a sorry figure, following with outstretched hands.

Grace had not moved, except to straighten out her supposedly injured foot. A contemptuous smile played about the corners of her lovely mouth. Fate seemed to have stepped both in and away very quickly. It had been her policy never to interfere when "the other woman" appeared. Men had a way of turning against the interference in defense of some one whom they had not valued at all before, while, if left alone with their woman, they had but the single matter of defending their course of action—and, incidentally, their paramour. Besides that, she had many things to think about.

"SHE GAVE A LITTLE SCREAM TO ATTRACT THEIR NOTICE"

She sat with her eyes closed, considering how she would treat her husband if he should appear at that moment, when a footstep sounded on the threshold, and a man approached her. She did not open her eyes, feeling sure that it was John returned, with something crucial to say.

"I have come back," said a voice that, up to a few hours ago, had been strange to her. Her heart leaped high in joyous conquest as she opened her eyes, filled with promise, upon the man who had left her an hour ago.

"Where is your——" Grace gave an eloquent wave of her hand toward the door.

"She became impossible—after I saw you," he confessed lamely and helplessly.

"But what was she to you?" persisted Grace, determined to know the exact status of things.

"Nothing—except a promise," said the man.

"And I—you know nothing of me," continued Grace, sharpening her gaze for a moment.

"You are not a wife?" he asked in alarm, as the thought occurred to him for the first time.

"And if I were, are you so ready to leave me?"

"No, I cant explain it," he faltered. "But I cant leave you—and wont."

"That is better," Grace agreed, giving him her hand. "You see, I have no sprained ankle, merely an affection of the heart."

Her gay little laugh was interrupted by a powerful effort at demonstration from her admirer.

"Wait!" she coquetted. "I have a terrible brother who would shoot you in your tracks if he saw you do anything like that. You must keep out of his way—for a while."

"I have practically nowhere to go. They have left me—or, at least, I have left them," he corrected.

"Good!" cried Grace, without concealing her admiration. "And you would go anywhere in the world for me, or with me?"

"To hell!" he vowed.

"This is splendid! Come, you may have a kiss for that, and then we will talk over a few things, if you can be prevented from wanting to make love all the time."

In his previous, impetuous way, the

"THEY BECAME FREQUENTERS OF THE DANCE-HALLS AND SALOONS"

man was about to claim his reward, when the little house was fairly lifted by the force of a terrific explosion.

Grace jumped to her feet in dismay.

"Something has happened," she half-whispered. "Come with me—but keep out of sight."

They hurried up the mountainside for nearly a half-mile. Grace knew where the grotto was located. Her anger rose to hot denunciation when she arrived at the spot and found that the terrific force of the explosion had blown the grotto off the face of the earth entirely. Gold-dust had been scattered to the winds, and fragments of the lode had been thrown across the valley for the space of a mile.

She thought he did it on purpose, until she came upon his mangled body, cast aside in a sheltering niche. He was groveling about, out of his mind, with one eye blown out and the other a staring blank.

It is hard to believe that Ford's wife nursed him back to life and to a fair state of convalescence again, just to impress upon his tortured mind the fact that she meant to leave him and how she meant to do it. Events point to the contrary.

All this while Molter, the man whom she had enticed to desert his own, had come to visit her clandestinely, thinking Ford her brother, whom she did not want to annoy in his present condition. Every night they would sit out in a little arbor and whisper their plans in low tones.

Ford had mended much the same as a battered smokestack mends after its fall. He was crooked and scarred, and, in place of his two clear, frank, blue eyes, there was a socket and a dull gray ball that looked pitifully into space. The local doctor said that the sun would never shine again for John Ford.

And she taunted him with the viciousness of a she-wolf torturing a helpless ewe lamb. With an infinite patience, he listened as tho she were telling him something that was of great importance and necessary moment. Seldom did he speak. Only once did he ever call her name, and that was while he slept. He had dozed off, and she sat thinking in her chair, when he half-raised himself and called out, with great tenderness and pathos: "Gracie!" But, the next moment, he opened his eyes, and the contrast made him cast himself back upon his pillow, and she could see his shoulders twitching.

Bit by bit she told him how she had been a woman of the streets; how she had set the trap of a handbag and run into the saloon to tell the boys, who had, that day, made of him, Ford, a laughing-stock.

He begged her not to tell him more, but she only laughed and went on. She had married him for his money. She could love men only for their money. Now that his money was gone and he had become a human wreck, it was about time that she, too, went, which she intended doing very soon—since he was in a position to appreciate things.

She went out of the room and left him with his face drawn and white and his jaws set tight. Outside was Molter, waiting.

Ford's mental agony was so great that he resolved to make some effort to move and rise. He was surprised and delighted when he found himself able to raise his body and could half-stand on his legs, tho with great pain. With delight he groped here and there about the room. Thence he went into the kitchen, and here he heard voices. He listened.

Thereupon, Ford heard their plan of immediate elopement. Soon they passed by the window for a stroll up the mountainside. Ford wrapped some bedclothes around him, preparatory to leaving the house, which had become a pest-hole to him. In feeling about he knocked the chimney off the lighted lamp she had left. A few minutes later, there was an odor of burning curtains, and Ford knew that he had set fire to the house. Not knowing nor caring whither he went, he found the doorway and hurried out, taking the down-trail path.

A half-hour later, he slipped and fell from a ledge of rock. This is the last thing he remembered.

Molter and Grace ran back to the house in time to see the roof fall in. It was too late to rescue anything or any one.

"You are free to go now," he said.

"Yes, and make it some place where there is plenty of life and pleasure—that's all I care," she assented wearily.

He looked at her disappointedly. He did not know that she was tired of him already.

Grace Ford discovered that Molter was weak, and that was the chief reason for her being tired of him. But it was no easy matter to rid herself of him. There was but one course to pursue, and she pursued it as tho the devil were after them.

They became frequenters of the dance-halls and saloons in the small town they first struck, and Molter became an easy mark for dissipation. Other men supplied the necessary funds to render him constantly *hors du combat.* At length the eligible man came along in the person of a noted gambler on his way to the gold-fields, and she left Molter in the town lock-up on a charge of petty larceny and accompanied her lover to richer and gayer fields.

It would have been a difficult thing to have found a finer man than Howard Kellar, the miner who found Ford lying unconscious in his path. His heart opened to the injured man, and he put him in his schooner and waited over a day that he might not be further wearied by travel. He was making for the gold-fields, and risked his chances of staking a good claim by this delay, but before being a gold-hunter he was a man.

And the heart of him went out to Ford, who had been a man of the same stamp once—Ford, who was sightless, and ugly to look upon, and who sought dark corners like an owl, and wept like an orphaned child. Kellar played and laughed and sang to him, and on the sly dropped more than one silent sympathetic tear. And so they reached the great mining-field with thousands of other gold-seekers.

Kellar staked a good claim, and then proceeded to get hold of a doctor friend of his, who had come out to seek gold, too. Three months later, John Ford again saw the light of day, tho it was but a feeble ray that outlined the world in a deep mist.

Thru the happy eyes of Howard Kellar, John began to take an interest in life once more, and existence might once again have opened up a vista worthy of the painful struggle and gaunt reminiscences, had not Fate stepped in.

Five months of brotherhood and deepening affection had ripened sweet fruit in the lives of the two men, when the great change came into Kellar's life. He had met a woman—the loveliest being in all the world!

Then Kellar, little by little, began to depart from the clean life he had been living. Once or twice he came home under the influence of liquor, and nightly he seemed to be losing large sums at play. John Ford had now turned his friend's keeper, and forgot his own misfortunes to lighten those of Kellar.

''THE WOMAN WAS HIS WIFE!''

''It's a woman,'' he confessed one night to John, when he had come home a nervous wreck. ''She has been playing the devil with me. To-night I caught her and her confederate, a gambling sharp, in the act of fleecing me. I drove him out of the place at the point of my gun.''

''I want you to take me to the place tomorrow night. I want to see that woman,'' said John.

The next night they went and mingled in the crowd of miners that frequented the place night after night.

''Come,'' urged John, in a voice so hoarse and bitter that his friend could scarcely recognize it; ''I have seen enough.''

The woman was his wife!

TWO MOTHERS

PATHEPLAY

By

KARL SCHILLER

A LITTLE girl of three cannot remember very many things. Betty was only half-past three when the End of Her World came, so the chiefest thing she knew at that dark, dreadful time was that they forgot to get her her bedtime bread and milk, and that a great many people stood suddenly around in the sitting-room, and that Papa-Tom's face looked all asleep and strange and Mama-Jessie cried like a pin-in-her-finger, or even louder. It was all very puzzling and queer, of course, but, when the Whole Wide World is still queer and a puzzle, a little girl of three is more astonished because supper-time and cuddle-time, and even tucking-in-bed-time, go by without a blue-dragon bowl full of milk and bread. She heard one old woman say to another, as they stood so sadly in the sitting-room and tried to make Mama-Jessie stop crying: "She's fair out o' her head, poor lass." And the other had said back: "Yis, shure an' her man was as straight-steady 'un as ye cu'd wish f'r, th' Saints save us all!"

But all the time, as she sat very still and nicely behaved on a stool behind the table and looked out among the legs at the puzzling things happening, Betty thought of the bread and milk and waited, hungrily and patiently, for the lots of folks to go away and Papa-Tom to open his eyes and call her "daughterkins" and Mama-Jessie to stop crying and say: "Come, Betsy-Bet, it's Blue Bowl time!" And while she was waiting so patiently, she fell asleep and rolled, in a little heap, off the stool under the table, where, a little later, some of the women found her, drew her out and put her to bed. Only they forgot to say Now-I-Lay-Me over her as Mama-Jessie did, or even to kiss her fifty-'leven times, so, asleep as she was, Betty cried a little and dreamed a great, big Something was chasing her.

"Poor baby!" said one of the women, kindly, looking down at Betty. "They say the mother is clean crazy. Well, I'm glad my Jake's a conductor, instead of a bricklayer like poor Tom Emerson."

"Shure she's a foine, pretty choild," said the other, sadly. "'Twill be th' Society thot takes care av her, I'm thinkin'. If Oi hadn't tin, I'd take her mesilf."

When Betty opened her eyes on the queer, gray, scary morning and felt for Mama-Jessie beside her, she was not there. She and Papa-Tom had disappeared out of the world. Betty trailed lonesomely around for a whole

“PAPA-TOM’S FACE LOOKED ALL ASLEEP AND STRANGE”

day, looking into closets and behind doors for them; then she found Sally-Ann, her doll, and was a little comforted. And that was the day a strange thing happened. A new life began for Betty. Suddenly she was no longer “daughterkins” or “Betsy-Bet”; she was Elizabeth Emerson, aged three and a half. And she was something else, too, that she was sure she had never been before in that dear, long-ago time of Papas and Mamas and Blue Bowls. She was an orphan.

There was, first of all, a high fence, with a great iron gate in it and a tall, tall house behind it, very bare and empty-looking and soap-and-watery smelling. The two ladies who had put her to bed brought Betty here, between them, dressed in Sunday clothes, altho yesterday, when Papa-Tom had started off to his bricklaying, it had been Tuesday. Inside the big house was one of the queerest-looking ladies Betty had ever seen. She wore a long, black dress and black veil around her face and made the little girl think, somehow, of saying her prayers. She was not a kiss-person. In Betty’s world people were either kiss-people or other people. This was an Other Person, and the ladies called her a Nun.

“You say the father was killed by falling from a scaffolding?” asked the Nun, in a very still, even sort of voice. “The mother? Oh! taken to an asylum?” She wrote something in a big, black book on the table and held out her hand to Betty.

“Come here, Elizabeth,” said the Nun.

At first Betty did not know she meant *her*, but the ladies pushed her forward, and she went and stood by the Nun’s side and took her hand. It was a cold, still hand, and suddenly Betty felt a sob coming ’way back in her throat. But she swallowed it and stood very still.

“Elizabeth, you are coming to live here now,” said the Nun. “There are many other little girls, and you will be happy, I hope.”

The sob hammered at Betty’s throat

and filled it so full that she could not say a single word around it, even if she had thought of anything to say. The two ladies who had come with her kist her good-by and went away, and, when they had closed the door, Yesterday was shut out forever, and only a cruel, strange Today and a forlorn little three-year-old left in the new, bare, clean-smelling room.

After that, Betty forgot about what was on the other side of the door. There were a hundred and twenty other little girls of almost one hundred and twenty different shapes and sizes for her to play with. They all wore checked dresses like the one Betty put on, and they ate at long, wooden tables and studied in long, prim ranks and played in a big, bare playground and went to bed in long rows of small, white beds at night. And, of course—there were so many of them—nobody said Now-I-Lay-Me over them or kist them fifty-'leven times. Once in a while Betty had a queer feeling as tho she had lost something. And, in the gray, scary morning light, she sometimes put out a hand and felt for some one who was never there. But mostly she ate and studied and played and slept and went on growing up until she bumped into five years old. Then another thing happened.

One day a lady came to the big house, which by this time Betty knew was named "Orphan 'Sylum"; she was a soft, sweet-smelling lady, with a kiss-mouth and skirts that rustled like leaves when you scuffle in them. Sister Ann was with her, and, when they came out into the playground, where the little girls were dancing Ring-around-the-Rosies, Betty's heart began to pound under the brown checks, and her cheeks to grow redder and redder. For, suddenly and strangely, she felt exactly like "daughterkins" and "Betsy-Bet," instead of Elizabeth.

"You have no idea," the lady was saying to Sister Ann, "how empty life is when there are no children about one."

"No," answered Sister Ann, with a little smile. "You see, *I* have a hundred and twenty-one."

"Then you can spare me one," the lady said, and looked about the yard, straight at a brown-checked pinafore, topped by curls and two round, wistful eyes. "Who is that little girl?" she asked, pointing.

"Elizabeth Emerson." Sister Ann beckoned to Betty. "She is five years old, and a good, quiet child."

Betty came across the stubbed-out turf very slowly, because she was afraid. Then, when she reached the lady's side and felt her soft mother-hand on her cheek and saw her smile, she forgot to be afraid any longer and, instead, cuddled up in the rustly skirt and held the warm hand very tight indeed. It was as tho she had reached out of bed suddenly into the dearness of yesterday and found a hand——

"I will take her," said the lady, suddenly. "If I had ever had a little girl of my very own, I think she would have been like this one."

Sister Ann and the lady and Betty went into the 'Sylum and stood once again in the big, bare, clean-smelling room where Betty had become an Orphan more than a year ago. The Nun opened the black book again, and she and the lady talked, while Betty stood by, holding tight to the soft hand—very tight, because she was afraid, if she let it go, it would vanish like other dreams and she would wake up in a long row of little, white beds, with a feeling as tho she had lost something. But this time it was not a dream.

Sister Ann was writing something in the book—"Mrs. J. F. Blake, Tarrytown, adopts Elizabeth Emerson, July 10th—" "Yes, Mrs. Blake, the references are quite correct. Yes, yes—I hope you will be satisfied with Elizabeth."

The lady bent and gathered Betty close in her arms.

"Would you like to come home with me, dear?" she whispered against Betty's cheeks. "You shall be my little girl—I've been so lonely waiting for you, Baby. But Elizabeth is too long a name for such a short little girl. How would you like to be Betty Blake, dear, and have three dolls and a china tea-set and a great, green lawn to play on——''

Betty drew a long breath. A vague dream filled her eyes with yearning. She looked close up into the lady's shining face, quivering with the pangs of ever-so-long-ago memory.

"'TAN I HAVE MY BLUE-DWAGON BOWL?'"

"An' a blue-dwagon bowl?" whispered Betty. "Tan I have my blue-dwagon bowl?"

The sunshine after the grayness almost terrified her—the whir and stir of life after her fifteen years' death. She had caught a glimpse of her new self in the mirror over the superintendent's desk and had wondered, idly, who the faded, feeble, frightened, little old woman could be that reminded her faintly of some one—back there before the fog came in around her and she had forgotten everything. Even now shreds of the fog floated about her. She could have cried when the great, grim door rasped shut and she knew that she was free and alone at last. To her new-opened senses, the trees were too tall, the grass too green, the people in the streets too many. Her wrinkled hands clutched weakly above her rusty alpaca heart.

"Tom!" she cried aloud, desolately, "why did you leave me, my man! my man!"

Drifting out of the asylum grounds, she found herself elbow to elbow with Life, and it jostled her and cared nothing for her. Her troubled footsteps threaded a way among the passers, seeking a goal. She did not know, herself, where she went, but she walked assuredly, with desperate eagerness, as tho to a refuge. New buildings leered at her peering gaze—strange streets, unfamiliar landmarks; yet on she went, like a sleep-walker whose sixth sense leads him dangerous ways. And, at last, she stood before a house that, even in its new trickery of paint and prosperity, was like an old friend holding out welcoming hands of greeting to her sick and seeking soul. In that room yonder she had sat by the window, darning Tom's socks and watching for his home-coming. Above, behind the dormer window, her baby had been born——

"Betsy-Bet!" crooned the mother, softly, and joy burned suddenly in the embers of her eyes. Then doubt quenched it. After all, that had been a long time ago. Fifteen years, they had told her at the asylum. What becomes of a little, little girl in fifteen years?

"Elizabeth Emerson?" The young man's voice was puzzled. "Never heard of her, ma'am, I'm sure." He was closing the door slowly. Betsy-Bet's mother took a shaking step forward. Beneath the absurdly out-of-date bonnet, her small, white face quivered like a piteous child demanding its lost way home.

"But I left her here, my baby—"

"Here?" His frown deepened. "Impossible! We've lived in this house, my wife and I, for eight years. "You're mistaken, madam——" The suspicion of his voice added, "or drunk."

She buried her colorless face in her hands. The bony shoulders heaved.

"It was fifteen years ago, they tell me," she said brokenly. "My man was killed sudden-like, and I went queer in my head. And now she's gone. Oh, God in Heaven! what'll I do, what'll I do?"

The man's wife had come to the door to see what kept him. Now her arms went around the shaking, black figure comfortingly in the sisterhood of woman's woe.

"Jimmie, you go call Mis' Doolan," she directed capably. "She's been in these parts 'most twenty years. There, there, dearie, dont you fret none. We'll find the baby for you——"

"She has curls, and dimples in her knees," sobbed the mother, forgetful of the years, "an' she's afraid o' the dark, poor honey! I always hold her hand when she wakes up in the night——"

Mrs. Doolan had to look twice before she recognized her. There was more than the years' change in the woman. It was as tho the young mother-wife mind had stayed behind while the body grew shriveled and sere about it. But, in spite of time-colored hair and the drab, lifeless skin, there was enough left of the pretty, gay young neighbor of fifteen years back to name her now.

"Mis' Emerson, 'tis niver you!" The fat, Irish hands went out cordially. "Shure 'tis mesilf am glad th' day, wummun dear!"

The tremulous figure caught at her skirt. "Betty—my baby—where—"

Consciousness of duty well performed beamed honestly in the broad, red face above her.

"Why, shure, an' me an' Mis' O'Hara was afther takin' th' childer to th' Orphan 'Sylum the day afther ye wint. Ye'll foind her safe an' hearty as iver, I'm thinkin', th' Saints be praised!"

She, too, had forgotten, for the instant, that little girls grow to big ones in fifteen years.

The serene, passionless face of Sister Ann, framed in the unaging black, denied the mother even before she spoke.

"I am sorry," said the Nun, "but we never give the addresses of adopted children. It is one of our strictest rules."

Mrs. Emerson stared wildly. "No, no!" she cried. "Why, you couldn't be so cruel. Nobody could be. I'm her mother—Betsy-Bet's *mother*. Maybe you didn't hear me say I was her mother."

"I am afraid"—the Nun's voice was undisturbed by humanness—"I am afraid that, in the eyes of the law, you are not, Mrs. Emerson.''

''Not her mother!'' The resurrected woman laughed out wildly. ''What has your law to do with it? I who have carried her next my heart—I who bore and nursed her! Can the law undo what God did? Can the law make my girl flesh and bone and breath of any other woman in the world beside me?''

''It is a rule,'' repeated Sister Ann, monotonously. She stood straight, austere, by the table, waiting. The granite walls of the building were not more pitiless. Weakly the other woman sank into a chair, giving way to childish, impotent tears. Behind the veil of her grief she heard, dimly, some one call the Nun from the hall, heard her footsteps going out, knew that she was alone.

What should she do? Somewhere in the world her baby, hers and Tom's, was living, loving another mother, and here she sat helpless. Her filmy eyes, wandering desolately about the room, paused at a row of black ledgers gathering dust in the bookcase beside her. Labels pasted along the back bore dates——. With a sudden cunning, hunted glance at the doorway, the mother stood upon her chair, dragging a volume from its place. Her fingers trembled across the leaves—a jagged sound of tearing. The volume was in its place again, and Mrs. Emerson, white-lipped and defiant, turned to the door, facing the returning Nun.

''Well, since I cannot get the information I want here, I—I shall have to try elsewhere,'' she said faintly. One hand crushed something into the bosom of her dress as she moved to the door. Sister Ann bowed.

''I am sorry we could not help you, madam,'' she regretted complacently, ''but it is one of our rules, you see.''

In all its wideness and vividness the lawn was outflung like a costly velvet carpet unrolled for admiration by a canny salesman. Behind the tall, bronze fence the mother gazed with awed, seeking eyes. Exotic roses, adrift on slender, costly garlands of stems, clung and clustered, wreathing over a Queen Ann arbor, beneath whose greenery sprawled lazy-chairs and a table spread with the paraphernalia for tea. The house itself was a palace—and it was Betty's home! The mother searched the scene jealously, unconsciously seeking a tiny baby figure with tossing curls and a too-well-beloved doll dragging from one hand. Instead, across the sun-patterned greensward strolled a tall figure of radiant girlhood, arms piled with a prodigality of blossom, hair wind-loosened like a bright, sweet watercolor of Spring. Yet the mother saw her baby and held out her longing, denied arms.

The girl looked curiously at the strange, shabby figure before her. A certain pleasant friendliness was in her glance, but nothing more. The woman's arms dropped listlessly—it had not occurred to her that Betty would not know.

''What would you like?'' asked the tall girl who was yet the child of Long Ago. She separated a glorious golden globe of fringed poppy from her radiant spoils and held it out. ''A flower?''

''No, thank you,'' answered Mrs. Emerson, slowly. ''I would like to speak to Mrs. Blake, if this is where she lives.''

''Come in,'' smiled the girl, swinging open the great gate. ''I will take you to my mother. I am Elizabeth Blake.''

In the soul of her, the mother caught the wonderful flower-maiden to her hungry heart, crying again and again: ''My little baby—my little, little girl!'' In reality, she walked quietly at her side across the lawn, thru a white-paneled hallway of splendid spaces and into a green-and-gold room full of sunshine and daffodils.

''Mother,'' said Betty, as a slender figure rose up from the divan to meet them, ''this lady would like to speak to you.''

Mrs. Blake cast one well-bred look of question at the shabby little

THE TWO MOTHERS

stranger; then a twinge of pained intuition flashed into her fine eyes.

"Betty, dearest, I think Charles will be waiting for you," she said hurriedly. "Run along, child, with your posies like a Queen o' the May, to find your King."

The girl nodded shyly over the purple-and-rosy petals and was gone. The two women faced each other in a breathless pause.

"Well?" The word forced itself at last from the wealthy woman's haggard lips. "What can I do for you?"

The other held out a crumpled leaf of a ledger between rigid fingertips.

"If you are the Mrs. Blake that this refers to," she answered slowly, "you can give me back my daughter, I hope."

"No!" The savage syllable tore the air in an ugly hiss of sound. For an instant the beautiful rose-and-gray tea-gown clothed a primitive cave-woman. Then the veil of breeding swept down.

"Dear me, how remarkable!" drawled Mrs. Blake, languidly. "Do you realize, madam, that Betty is my own legally adopted child and has been for almost fourteen years? Besides that, what proof have I of your—your claims?"

"Look at me!" The mother-pain in the older woman's voice was proof itself, and the other knew it, with sinking heart. "Oh, madam, you are wealthy—you have home and family—friends and happiness. I have nothing. You've had Betty a long time; I've missed so much. But she is mine, after all—give her to me!"

Mrs. Blake crushed her delicate lace handkerchief against her breast. "Would you be selfish enough to rob her of the advantages of my home?" she asked coldly. "A poor love, that."

The shabby mother drew a deep breath. "I dont know's I can say it as I mean," she cried, "but there's something better than money and clothes and such—something that you haven't got to give her. God only makes one mother for a child, and there's no substitute for that—none.

MEANTIME, BETTY ENTERTAINS HER "KING"

That's why I ask my own back—cant you see?"

"No, I cannot," panted the wealthy mother, fiercely. "Dont you suppose *I* am Betty's mother, too? Dont kisses count? Dont daily thoughts and nightly prayers? Doesn't love count? Dont these years I've had her make her mine? I am Betty's mother more than you, whose only mothering was over before she could know of it."

The two women, in their excitement, had moved out of the room into the great hall. The flight of polished stairs, winding down to the entrance floor, passed unnoted by the shabby figure fighting for her happiness. Now, as she stepped back, crying wildly: "No, no—God gave Betty to me!" she slipped, swayed and crashed down—down——

A pair of warm arms were around her, lifting her gently. "Are you hurt?" cried the girl, anxiously. "I will go get a doctor——"

"Wait!" The faint voice drew her back to meet a glance of unspeakable yearning. "Look at me—dont you remember—Betsy-Bet?"

"Betsy-Bet!" The girl spoke the words like one hypnotized. Her eyes groped—waifs of memory caught her brain—a stool and strange men and women—some one was crying—it was bread-and-milk time, but they had forgotten——

"Mama-Jessie!" she cried aloud, suddenly, and caught the trembling, bruised little figure in her arms. "Yes, yes, I remember, dear—the dragon bowl, the cuddle-hour, Sally-Ann—oh! I remember it all now. I wanted you so, but you never came, and I thought I had dreamed you——Mother, mother, dear!"

Forgetful of her fall, the frail little woman clung to the tall, sweet girl, and her starved lips took their fill.

A voice behind them drew them, at last, apart, a voice a-quiver with grieving.

"And what of me, Betty?" cried the foster-mother, desolately. "Do I count for nothing, nothing at all?"

AND BETTY, CHOOSING BETWEEN THREE, CHOSE ALL

"No, no!" The girl looked at her wistfully. "But I've loved you so long and she—my other mother—needs my loving so. If I begin this instant, I can never make up for all the lost years."

"And you're—going—you're leaving me?" Mrs. Blake asked slowly. "Stay with me, Betty. At least she, your real mother, has known what it was to have a child. I've never known, yet you made up for the ache, almost. Stay with me, Betty-child."

"Oh, it's hard—hard!" wailed the girl. "I love you both so—— Why!" —radiance broke thru her clouds—"why, I'll keep you both! Mama-Jessie shall stay here, and we'll all be happy together."

"Yes!" Mrs. Blake took the frail hand in her own warmly. "Yes, Betty is right. You shall stay. I think there is a Prince waiting near to urge his claim to our girl, but, perhaps—"

"Princes can wait," laughed Betty, an arm about each older woman's neck, drawing them close until the three cheeks touched. "They are nothing in the world but men. And what does a girl want of men, pray, when she can have two mothers all of her ownty own?"

WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME

BY JANE FAIRE

"WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME"—the Reverend Elijah Spotts stood in front of the opera-house billboard and read the words with horror. His clear duty lay fastened upon him: To witness this dire performance, this concoction of the Evil One, and to warn his flock against it.

That evening, in the fortress of his study, his courage wobbled to the point of spilling. There was grave danger of misconstruction being put upon his daring act. Suppose one of his flock should see him at the show?

Meanwhile, under his very roof, two other more worldly hearts throbbed in equal expectancy. His girl, Claire, and the family cook, Delia, had decided to risk his wrath and to take in the show, strictly *sub rosa.* Their escorts waited in the shrubbery. And in another home, the minister's secretary, Mary Prime, was preparing to brave the self-same adventure.

Elijah Spotts entered the unhallowed precincts, with his coat-collar masking all but his curious eyes. As the curtain rolled slowly up, he coiled himself into an inconspicuous seat.

"Why Girls Leave Home" was a real yellowdrama, full of emotion.

The hero was poor but honest. He had a kind face like that of an affectionate cow. He loved the heroine. And the villain with the waxed mustachio held a mortgage over the old homestead and, too, loved the honest farmer's beautiful daughter.

But why go on? It was so new, so stirring—an emotional bomb, a mental banquet! And when the heroine came back home in time to see the villain die, everybody was happy—except Elijah Spotts. His unhappiness increased to panic when he arrived home and found the various limbs of his house discussing the play.

Try as they might, they could not deceive him, and Elijah's wrath rose to the glorious heights of his namesake. And as they all stood cowering before him, the opera-house watchman arrived with the minister's overcoat which he had left in his seat. The mantle of the prophet, in the shape of a black overcoat, had descended upon him. Words fail to cover the nakedness of his perplexity.

The Taking of Rattlesnake Bill

(LUBIN)

BY NORMAN BRUCE

This story was written from the Photoplay of EMMETT CAMPBELL HALL

THE man who stood waiting in the shadow of the redwoods bent his head suddenly to the breeze—sweet-breathed from the flower-fringed foothills, husky with fine summer sunlight, drugged with stillness; yet his over-sharpened ear had sensed the flavor of an alien sound somewhere back there adown the trail, and he harkened tensely, his fingers stealing to his hip, his dark eyes sardonic. Yes, it was as he thought. The stage was coming, far away, but rolling in a twitter of loosened pebbles about the bend of the canyon side. His whole figure seemed to tighten, and a look not good to see fell over his face, shutting out the humanness of the smile which, a moment ago, he had been bending on the kittenish antics of two squirrels frolicking in the mesqua bushes. So a man's face changes as he turns from his babies to his business, to his law, his bank—even his thievery. For that was this man's business. And in all the Sierras no man knew his trade better than Rattlesnake Bill.

It was said that Sheriff Granger, yonder in Little Silver, had been hot-foot on his elusive trail for the better part of a year. Yet still he fared forth jauntily in the free sunshine; still the stage rolled periodically into the town, rag-limp with terror, lean of purse and whining for vengeance. No one could say just what the outlaw's secret of success was, yet it was absurdly simple. Rattlesnake Bill won because he was reckless, daring beyond the stolid imaginations of his legal peers, whimsical in method and with a bloated reputation for shooting the center from a silver dollar at an incredible number of yards. That was why he stood here today. Was it not only last week that the stage had been spoiled? Who would even conceive such an idea as that of the thief's return, when, by all rules of reasoning, it was the discreet time for him to "lay as low as possible"? Rattlesnake Bill laughed aloud.

"Sure 's these air my leags I'm standin' on," he chortled, "I got th' hull blamed pack a-guessin'. They'll never lay hand on me till mebbe I choose." A sullen look settled in his eyes, and, quite unconsciously, he sighed. His was a lonely life, as falls to the lot of thieves. Sometimes he would have given all of that pilfered gold of his, in the hunted dugout he concealed so slickly and called home, to have some one to speak to—to feel human hands and eyes upon him, even if in enmity. But now, away with such mournful reflections, for lo! the stage.

Half an hour later, that same, much-beplucked vehicle drew up in front of Fat Jenks' Superior Saloon with a dismal shrieking of rheumatic brakes and slumped back disconsolately on its hinges, while a melancholy driver opened the doors and let out his hysterical passengers. A group lined up along the porch of the saloon, "waitin' f'r th' doggone luck t' turn," regarded him sarcastically.

"Say, Dan, this is gittin' t' be in th' nater ov a cont'nool performance, aint it?" drawled Shortie from his six-foot vantage-point. "S'pose t' th' last minute, now, ye plumb forgot which end ov th' Winchester t' fire. Wal, he's sure got one powerful persuadin' way with him, hes Bill."

"Why, —— his —— eyes," began Bill, truculently.

"Tut, tut! pard, y'u're shockin' us ladies',' smirked another, shielding his face modestly with several yards of bandana handkerchief. "Can th' langwidge an' break it t' us gently. I s'pose, in course, it waren't our old friend——"

"Rattlesnake Bill!" howled the driver. "Peart an' smilin' ez y'u please, an' on'y larst week. Dang my skin! y'u're a purty gang ov loafers, *y'u* be, settin' hyar like sons of guns an' lettin' that thar c'yote range on th' loose, robbin' hones' folks——"

"Aw, dry up, Dan," cried Shortie, disgustedly. "He'll not rob *y'u* then, anyhow. Aint we been a-huntin' his hole f'r two solid months, I arsk y'u? An' what hev we seen ov him? Jest nothin'! He's th' slickest job we sure ever tackled, aint he, sheriff?"

A tall, grave-faced man, humped over an open letter, had just joined the group, a fatuous, childlike smile playing over his weather-scarred features as he read, oblivious to the tumult about him.

"Bless her heart!" he muttered. "So she's comin' West to her daddy. My purty little baby-gal!"

A six-shooter inserted into his side pricked the bubble of his absorption. He thrust the paper hastily into his pocket, shame-faced red bricking over his domestic lapse.

"Huh? What's that?" His startled gaze embraced the group before him, gathering deductions. "Not 'nother one?"

"Yep!" Dan panted feebly, worn with the much recounting of his woes. "It's that thar Bill ag'in, darned ef if aint."

The sheriff's bushy eyebrows drew together. His hand fumbled at his hip tentatively, then fell limply down. He looked mournfully at the fly-tracked pasteboard sign flapping from the porch: "Gents Is Rekwested No Gun Play Durring Drinks," spat upon it helplessly and rocked his head feebly upon his shoulders.

"Wal, I'm durned!" said he.

"Put it thar!" required Shortie. "We're with y'u, sheriff."

"He's got th' hull crowd beat with a lone hand." The sheriff brought down his fist ringingly into the leather palm of his other hand. "I'd give one hundred dollars t' lay eyes on that Rattlesnake Bill f'r a minute."

"A hundred dollars, is it?" Bill smiled. He half-closed his eyes a moment, as tho savoring the words. "Wal, I'm wu'th more'n I thought, Pete—looks like."

The man beside him sniggered delightedly, his weak face cackling into mirth childishly. "Haw, haw!" he agreed. "Y'u be, sure, Bill. I heerd him say it myself t' the saloon. I cu'd 'a' died laffin', thinkin' what he'd say ef he knowed me 'n' y'u was pals."

His thin shoulders shook under the flannel shirt. A proselyte he, this Pete, weak of body, unstable of mind, the shambling, blinking admirer of the older, bolder man. He was useful, too, to the outlaw, as a reporter of the enemy's movements, and a scorned and contemptible but necessary medium between outer respectability and inner darkness. His master surveyed him now grimly.

"Y'u'd better look out, Pete," he said. "Mebbe I'll begin t' ask admission, and y'u'll git left 'less y'u got long green in yure breeches. One hundred dollars!" his tone purred. "I mought oblige him—I shouldn't be surprised at myself."

Pete stared, fascinated, at his idol. "Naw!" Awe caught his breath. "Y'u wouldn't dare. Lord! Bill, they're layin' f'r y'u——"

"I aint afeard ov th' *layin'* sort." The outlaw whistled in a prudently modified undertone, squinting away at the few feeble lights on the floor of the valley that located Little Silver. A new zest of adventure tickled his bored palate. The awful sameness of his days and nights was a torch to recklessness. At the last he expected to sell his life cheaply enough some day, and, young as he was, he knew, too, that months, not years, lay before him. A boyish delight sparkled in his somber eyes. He clapped Pete ringingly on the shoulder, pointing.

"Y'u be round th' saloon tomorrer," he admonished. "I aint sayin' nothin'—but just y'u be around."

WHILE THE DRIVER IS AT THE SALOON, A LITTLE GIRL STRAYS FROM THE COACH

"Han's zup!"

The reaction was instantaneous. With one concerted, well-drilled, reflex movement, a forest of palms waved in the warm, whisky-scented air of Jenks' Superior Saloon. Below them, still in neat, methodical movements, a dozen or more heads turned slowly toward the doorway. Surprise and amazement expressed itself unmistakably in a dozen facial contortions, while the combined breath of the group exploded into four alcoholic syllables:

"Rattlesnake Bill!"

The man in the doorway bowed gracefully, the level of the two blue-black persuasive barrels undisturbed by the motion.

"At yure service, gentlemen."

At the back, a weak titter wavered across the paralyzed air. "Hee-hee-tee-hee!" quavered Pete. "Oh-ho-o-ho!"

"Shet [illegible] mouth, y'u blamed fool," whispered his neighbor, viciously. 'Y'u might fergit 'n' step in it accidental-like. Wot y'u think this is—a—sewin' sassiety?"

The outlaw surveyed his audience pleasantly, sifting the faces until he found the one he wished. "Sheriff Granger, I b'lieve?" he said smoothly. "I hear y'u offer a hundred dollars f'r a minute's look at me." One revolver lowered, while the hand holding it fumbled at his belt. A fat, gold watch appeared, dangling.

"Look away!" quoth Rattlesnake Bill.

Wrath smouldered in a dozen bronzed faces—impotent wrath that told of itching pistols panting in their holsters, as much out of reach as tho beneath the pillows in their bunks. But the pistol was an argument that admitted no answer. Not a finger quivered. A slow, derisive minute ticked itself sneeringly into the past before any one spoke. Then Bill, bowing, thrust the watch into his belt and backed toward the door.

"In course, legally, I cu'd c'lect th' hundred," he remarked, "but I aint a-goin' to be hard on y'u. I'll leave it, an' y'u c'n set up th' moisture on me. S'long, gents!"

As suddenly as he had appeared, he was gone. One instant they hesitated, arms still foolishly aloof; then black rage was upon them. But the psychological moment was gone. Their stiffened, tingling fingers fumbled, slithered. The feeble patter of shots that followed the vanishing horseman sounded like a mockery. Speechless, they gazed inquiringly at one another. Speechless, they faded away. Only the sheriff stood glaring down the dusty ribbon of roadway after the outlaw. "Wal, I'll be——" began the sheriff, feelingly. "I'll be—I'll be *blessed!*" Which, for him, was a vague, unusual and sinister oath indeed.

It was much the same remark that Rattlesnake Bill found himself making an hour later as he galloped down the steep mountain trail, that wound among chaparral and mesqua, to his hidden lair. The moonlight lay fair as a milder, gentler daylight across the scrub pines and the great, ragged white-and-crimson petals of the shrubs. It painted the ugly hillside with romance and sprinkled the path with showers of shadows.

Filmed with the impalpable tracery of twig and leaf, she lay, a wee little body, a scrap of feminine babyhood, sprawled across the turf. His horse snorted, apprehensive at this intrusion of the unknown, and at the sound she opened bewildered eyes. Bill dismounted and knelt awkwardly.

"Say, who in Hades air y'u?" he blurted out. "Lord! but y'u skairt me. I thought I was seein' things f'r sure. Whar'd y'u come from, missy, hey?"

The child's eyes, fever-bright, rolled and blinked. Two hot and tiny claws clutched Bill's shirt-sleeve wildly. He looked down, embarrassed; then touched one gingerly with a great thumb.

"Why, y'u pore kid—y'u!" he breathed slowly. "Y'u aint sick, air y'u, baby? Lord! here's a purty mess." He bent over the limp little body, lifting it. Its laxness struck his heart with a strange, sharp, new pain.

"Tell yure Uncle Bill wot's up," he begged her. "Gee! but this air a rum go."

His pistols cramped him uncomfortably, and he tossed them recklessly aside, tho for years he had slept with one in his hand. The mite moaned and twisted uneasily, dragging at his sleeve. Suddenly the weak, tiny clutch seemed to strike strangely deeper, twining among his rusty heart-strings. He could have brushed it from him like the tendrils of a vine. He caught the child, instead, to the breast of his gray shirt, his hard jaw softening. A light grew in his bold, reckless eyes. Fumbling, he groped upon his horse, the rescued pistols dangling uselessly from the pommel, and took the reins in one hand.

"We'll go home, gal," he mumbled comfortingly. "We'll go home. Y'u

"A LIGHT GREW IN HIS BOLD, RECKLESS EYES"

jest trust yure Uncle Bill, kid. He'll fix y'u up all right—thar—thar——"

An outlaw's shack contains few provisions for infantile illness. Bill, laying his infinitesimal burden upon his bunk, gazed about him slackly, seeking suggestion—bacon, flour, molasses, corn-meal, a bottle of horse-liniment, a jug of more than dubious whisky. He hesitated between the liniment and the whiskey; then discarded both for a tin dipper of water. But the purple flush on the child's cheeks seemed to deepen, and a low, little, animal murmur of pain and unease filled the room.

Bill looked down helplessly. At the moment he did not know himself. He felt a strange, womanish desire to cry, to wring his hands. Then his heart leapt at a word flung out in a hoarse little voice: "Daddy—daddy!"

If every woman, bad or good, is at heart a mother, it is even truer that every man, at some moment of his life, feels his potential fatherhood throbbing in his soul. The denied thief, standing here in the broken shack, beside a sick waif, dropped, for one hard, hot instant, his face into his hands. Inarticulate emotions, shreds of far boyhood dreaming, world-yearnings, the awful need of human love and home-sweetness, swept, in a clean, bitter torrent, over the arid places of his soul. To go to town for a doctor meant almost certain discovery and capture. It was his life, or the child's, perhaps. Should he make the sacrifice? Yes! what mattered? Then he lifted his head and bent swiftly over the tossing child.

"Thar—thar, little pard," he said. "Y'u stay right hyar, 'n' I'll fetch a doctor. He'll fix y'u up. Lord knows this air beyond *me!*"

The beat of hoofs across the secret night, and all was very still. The child lay in a half-stupor, her face ghastly in the blue-and-green of the moon-rays. A night-bird shrieked once or twice outside on the hill, and the slow bats wheeled like bad dreams, or black thoughts, down the tide of the mountain wind. Later, hoof-beats again.

"'LORD KNOWS, THIS AIR BEYOND *ME*'"

"That's her, doc," said Bill. "D'y'u reckon she's goin'—to pass in her checks?"

"Fever—h-m!" The doctor bent professionally above the bunk, his vague glimmer of interest in this unusual visit replaced, in a breath, by impersonal matter-of-factness. "Exposure, I judge—you say you found her on the trail? Wandered from some team probably. Heat some water, will you?"

For an hour the dim, silent fight went on, while doctor and outlaw joined the forces of good and evil. The great fingers of Rattlesnake Bill trembled as they hovered above the child, and, all unconsciously, his seamed face softened, gentled into the face of a father agonizing above the suffering soul he has conjured from the Infinite. Then the doctor straightened stiffly.

"She'll do," he said briefly. Bill caught his breath.

"Y'u mean t' say th' little gal's goin' t' git well?"

The other nodded, shuffling into his top-coat and snapping the clasp on his bag. "If she sleeps like this for a couple of hours or so, she will," he answered. "But be careful not to wake her. Any sudden noise or shock would be fatal."

For a long time, reckoning by heart-beats and resurrected memories, Bill squatted in the silver square of his doorway, looking away into the plaintive night. He was thinking of what he had meant to make of his life when, boywise, he had crept from his bed to watch the midsummer moon, so many, many wasted years ago that it seemed like another life now to look back upon. Ah! how memories hurt! He quivered in the lash of them; then a new wistfulness stole on him. What if—he was still young—if he should go away, back to the Eastern home country, taking with him the child, to begin again, to live simply and sweetly as man was meant to live——

Too late! Almost twenty years too late! Into his dulled gaze sprang

FOR DAYS THEY NURSED THE LITTLE CHILD BACK TO STRENGTH

the sudden menace of figures. The moon struck cold, bright fire from the barrels of rifles. The sheriff and his posse had discovered his shack and were approaching.

Bill seized his own gun. So they had found him at last. Very well; life was none too joyous, yet he would sell his dear. He raised the pistol. His finger trembled over the trigger. Then his face flashed with realization. What words had the doctor uttered a year—or an hour ago? "A sudden noise or shock——" Yet even then he hesitated. She was only a stray—a bit of driftwood. She was none of his. A man would be a softy to yield up his freedom for a beggarly brat picked up by the wayside. It was her fault he was in straits now. They must have followed the doctor. And ahead lay prison. Death he could face, but the breathing death of stone cells, sunless—and he was so young——

"Daddy — daddy — daddy ——" The word whispered thru his soul.

"Dont shoot! I surrender!" The outlaw tossed his revolver into a clump of sumach-bushes and walked straight out into the moonlight, hands above his head. One instant hesitation, suspicion, bewilderment. Then they were upon him.

"Hush!" was all the man said impassively, as they snapped the clammy jaws of bracelets around his wrists. "Dont y'u wake her—th' baby yander. She's been powerful sick."

Sheriff Granger stared at Bill in bewilderment. "She—th' baby—what in hell?" he muttered. "Say, y'u fellers keep yure eyes on him whilest I look inter this." He disappeared into the cabin, reappearing, wild and white, an instant later.

"My Gawd! It's my little gal—how—where——"

Bill pointed, clumsy with his chains. "I reckon she fell outer th'

"'YOU MUSTN'T GO, DADDY, YOU MUSTN'T'"

stage an' wandered off," he said simply. "I come on her 'bout moon-up, burnin' with fever. Th' doc, he says she's all O K now if she gits her sleep out. 'Twould 'a' woked her if I'd 'a' shot off my gun, y'u see."

The sheriff gazed at the outlaw for a moment, then hung his head in doubt as to what course to pursue. His own child's life must be saved at any cost. Should he send the outlaw away to jail after he had been so good to the child—a total stranger to him? Could he trust him further? Yes——

"I aint got th' heart, boys," he said slowly. "I'll take care of him—you go back—I'll let you know."

There was not a murmur of disapproval, and they slowly left the shack.

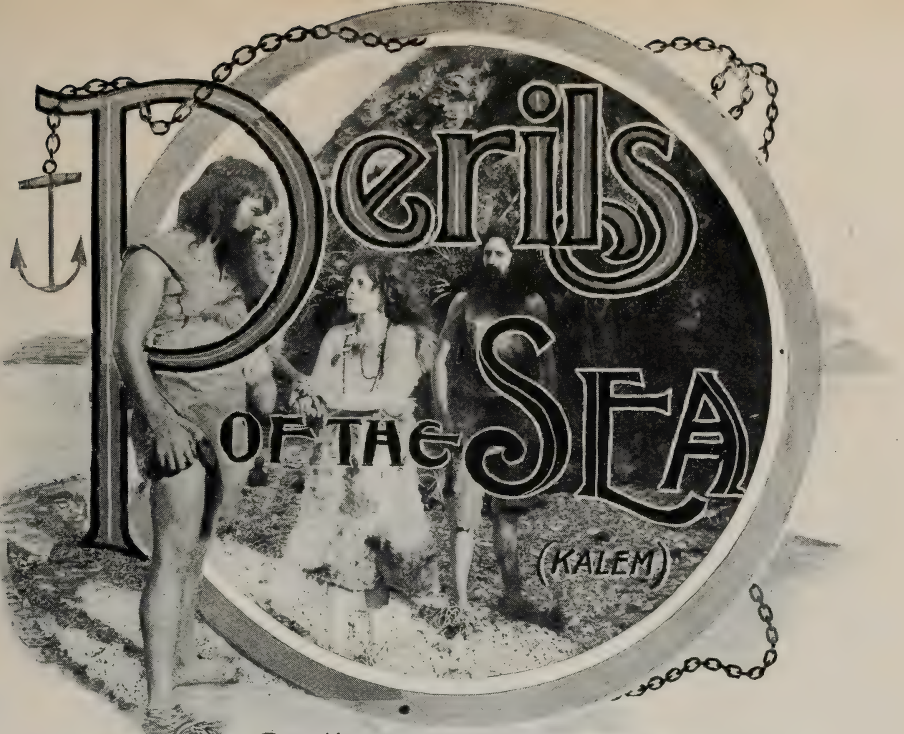
For days Bill and the sheriff carefully nursed the child back to strength. Not once did Bill try to break away. He had been placed on his honor, and Bill proved that there is "honor among thieves," sometimes. In his rough, clumsy way, he was a mother to the little one, who had touched the very depths of his soul. The sheriff saw it all and appreciated it, yet he could not forget his duty; so, one day, he told Bill that he had sent for his men to come and take him.

Bill nodded assent, and there was not a line of resentment in his face. That night the men came. The child had not been informed of her father's intentions until the posse arrived.

"Going to leave me, daddy?" she cried. "No, you mustn't—you mustn't—I wont let you go, daddy."

The men gathered about in the moonlight were silent, awed and vaguely embarrassed. The father's head was bent to hide the shame of his tears. Of all of them, Bill himself was most unconcerned. Gray days loomed ahead of him to the brim of his life—the long, dreary, gray days and gray years. Yet sudden light lay across them as he faced the posse—the light of a memory that he would carry with him into the sunless Place of Stripes, warm and sacred in the father-places of his soul.

"She called me daddy!" cried Rattlesnake Bill.



Perils of the Sea

(KALEM)

By Henry Albert Phillips

It is true—the story of Edward Langdon's career did appear in print a little more than five years ago. You may have read it yourself in the columns of the daily press. Everybody read it, because of the shock that it gave the community-at-large.

In case you dont remember the details, let us review them briefly.

John Taylor Langdon was then at the head of the smelting trust—a matter of controlling four hundred million or so dollars. Last year you will recall that he died in a sanitarium, after several years of confinement. What follows will throw some light on the causes that led to this mental and executive Colossus becoming a mental weakling within the year. The newspapers did *not* have the story straight. Money arranged that. To be more accurate, the papers never knew.

The *Ledger,* for instance, had it that David Langdon, the younger son, was a thrifty and model young man, and that Edward was a shiftless ne'er-do-well. Any one who knew the boys at all could tell you that the very reverse was true. The fact that Edward was with his father at the time he had placed ten thousand dollars in his private safe at home, and that Edward was found bewilderedly fumbling with the empty safe that evening, was all that his obdurate father cared to know. When Edward offered no explanation, scarcely a denial, the matter was conclusive. John Taylor Langdon was a man of few words, and he merely told Edward to get out. No matter how much he may or may not have loved his son, old man Langdon's nature could permit him to say nothing more or less. And Edward did get out, as you will remember.

But the public, the newspapers and old John Taylor Langdon did not know that that same night of the robbery David Langdon lost heavily at the gaming-table and paid up old and new gambling debts amounting to nearly five thousand dollars. Even Edward, who shouldered his weaker brother's sin with the mistaken notion of saving him, did not know this. David himself confessed it to his mother and father the day that the news came that the *Columbia,* the vessel upon which Edward had shipped as a sailor, had caught fire and sunk in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. There was no wireless in those days to bring succor thru a thousand-mile mist. The boats and bodies and the charred hulk told an even more vivid tale.

Now you may guess why old John Taylor was taken to the sanitarium the next day. It may give you a clew to the reason why young David Langdon suffered a broken thigh that has made him a cripple for life. But, if the truth were told, the heart of Edward's sweet mother was broken by the cold farewell kiss he had pressed against her cheek six weeks before.

But, as sure as there is balm in Gilead for those unjustly bereaved, so there is solder for broken hearts in the sight of the beloved dead come to life again. Ere this record shall meet another human eye, Edward Langdon shall be holding his mother tight in his strong, living arms.

Thus, in Edward Langdon's departure, isolation and remarkable experience, we have a not uncomforting analogy for Death itself. We call those dead who have passed out of our lives, away from our earthly contact, and simply because they do not return at our wailing summons; we say that life has passed out of them, when, as a matter of fact, they may have actually passed into Life.

Edward Langdon had passed thru the horrors of death, at least, to encounter life as few men in our day and generation shall ever know it.

No one could tell that tale but himself.

My first impulse in telling this tale to intelligent men and women is to raise my right hand and swear, by all that is holy, that it is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

I, Edward Langdon, feel like a citizen of three distinct worlds, a participator in three separate existences.

Up till five years ago I was a man with an even tenor of existence, eating, drinking—living the normal life. Then I became an outcast. What the reasons were is immaterial; the gall and balm of life broke like an egg within my breast and robbed me of all feeling save bitterness.

Thinking, for the moment, that my difference lay only in the bosom of my family, I sought my best friend and the aid that he could surely give me in my trouble. He received me coldly, and thru his action I saw that society had already walled me out. Two days later, I shipped as a deckhand aboard the steamship *Columbia.* Bruised and bleeding within, it mattered little to me whither the ship was sailing. A typhoon or an iceberg were neither more nor less welcome than the Oriental port for which we were bound. I had the misfortune of being an outcast, without the blot on my soul that would have made me see justice in it all.

The voyage would have been one upon which my heart was altogether tortured with curdled memories had I not had the good fortune to save a very pretty young woman from a vicious fall down the aft companion-ladder one blustery afternoon. Anything to puncture the maddening taunts of my day-dreams. Forthwith I was entertained by two sources of poignant experience. A daily visit came from the young lady in question, who wandered to a point near my lonely nest in a corrugated coil of hawsers and did everything within the scope of her gratitude to dispel my melancholy.

The second benign influence to raise my spirit was the abuse of the ship's second officer, who, I learnt later, was head-over-heels in love with my little, young ladyship. I welcomed one of these ennui-breakers as much as the other. I seemed to possess a capacity for neither love nor hate; I was devoid of the power of giving forth emotion. I little dreamed of the day when we three should meet on a ground of common emotion and under circumstances that even now seem mythical.

The complete awakening of my spirit, however, was nearer at hand than I supposed. While the possibility of meeting a watery grave thru the media of typhoon or iceberg, as I have mentioned, did cross my mind, that of fire was a contingency I had not counted on.

Ten days had been made quite passable, then, thru the combined efforts of my maid and my superior officer, when, one evening, just before the cabin passengers' dining hour, I found myself waiting for my fair acquaintance with some little eagerness. It must have been fully five minutes after I caught the first whiff of it—that a disagreeable odor as of burning rags filled my nostrils. Yet not until I heard a panicky scurrying of footsteps running along the deck below did my heart resume the beating that used to come with great excitement in days that were past forever. I had but one thought, and that was for the little, brown-eyed girl who had condescended to befriend me.

EDWARD SHOULDERS HIS WEAKER BROTHER'S SIN

The drama had already begun which I hope none who look upon these words shall ever take part in. Of the nine hundred souls aboard that ship, I doubt if there were a baker's dozen who had not completely lost their equilibrium. I had just gained mine, so to speak, and I can vouch for my *sang froid*. As for the rest—my God! it was an insane asylum adrift on the high seas. The hands of every man

—and woman—were against their brothers and sisters.

It seemed an age before I found her, and then I had learnt enough about the ship's condition to realize that the boats alone could save enough of the maniacs who should become either masters or mastered. I had picked up a broken-handled hammer, and the memory still lingers of the feeling it gave me as I crushed the skull of a brute stoker who had knocked down my little girl in his mad rush for anything that suggested safety. For a moment it seemed that the onrushing mob would crush every bone in her body. That I broke some bones in thwarting this tragedy I have no doubt, from the power of my blows and the fracturing sound and cries of the victims. At length I got her safely behind the one man who was doing most to bring the mob to its senses. This was none other than my inimical superior officer. He gave an approving glance at my action, and then thrust a heavy-calibred revolver into my hands and bade me take my place at his side.

Out of the seven boats that were manned, just two escaped being capsized by the imbecile occupants. Then the fire began to lick the very decks beneath us, and the hundred or more persons we still held at bay went murdering mad. In their eyes we were their slayers. Men and women alike rushed upon us. I emptied my revolver and felt no horror, I remember, over the blood-streaming corpses that followed. Then they seized us and threw us far out into the sea, raising a wild cry of exultation that I will not soon forget.

I had one distinct impression, however, and that was that our young lady had disappeared long before, God knows where.

The cold water half-revived me, and I began to value life from that moment on. I looked about and saw and heard scores of struggling men and women. Near-by was an upturned boat, to which several arms and hands clung feebly. I was about to make for this, when the sound of an oar unskillfully beating the water caused me to turn my head. Coming directly for me was one of the ship's boats. Every one in it seemed to be engaged in the sole occupation of fighting away the frantic creatures endeavoring to climb into it from the water. They beat the hands and heads of the poor devils, weeping and cursing in turn. Thrice in the few seconds I waited the boat was nearly filled with water.

I knew a fight for life was coming, and I relished it. Suddenly I dove and came up within a foot of the rocking boat. My fate was decided quicker than I expected. As I thought at the time, only a sailor who was adjusting an oar had seen me appear. He raised himself to a standing position, a malicious grin contorting his face. Then he raised the oar in the air for a mighty blow. I was paralyzed and could only follow the gleaming weapon. It was coming down to split my skull, I knew. But suddenly a pair of small, strong hands thrust the fellow in the stomach, throwing him completely off his balance and hurling him overboard. All eyes were turned toward him on the opposite side, and I climbed into the boat. I found my little young ladyship laughing and crying hysterically by my side.

We left the ship a glowing red scar on the bosom of the sea and staining the fair face of the starlit heaven. There was but one thing in our favor—the air was not cold, but warm and balmy. But there was *no food!* We counted mouths and found there were fourteen of us. And again fortune was, in a measure, with us, for five of that number were dead. In one of the survivors I found a surprise, for he proved to be my brave superior officer, to whom we all owed our lives.

The days that followed are but a memory of the charnel-house itself: too horrible for others to hear and too awful for me to revive. Briefly, we had a little water—something like three gallons in a tank in the little boat's bow. Derringer—still my

superior officer—with the aid of his revolver, took charge of this. The first day saw one of the two women jump overboard. She had never been sane since the fire. The second day saw two more of us gibbering, and, in order to keep from being brained myself, I was obliged to leave the print of an oar in the brain of one of the fellows, whereupon his companion seized the corpse and dragged it to the stern and mourned and howled over it until it was the last thing I remembered. The third day was the day of the terrible fight. The blazing sun of three days had burned our faces, backs and arms as raw as a beefsteak, which the spray of the salt sea galled to maddening pain. Scarcely a half-pint of the water still remained. We were all practically dying of hunger and thirst. A choice between Heaven and a swallow of water seemed of equal moment. The two seamen beside ourselves had been mumbling together half-incoherently all the night thru. When the sun began rasping our tortured flesh like a vinegar-steeped file, the fellows began to express their sentiments and their avowed purpose of getting that last drink of water, if they died in the attempt. It was nearly noon before one of them seized Derringer by the throat as he was hoisting our improvised sail.

The fight was terrible, for we were all volatile and vicious with lunacy and maddened from human futility. We stabbed and bit and tore, and it was only when I threw one of the assailants overboard and joined Derringer in annihilating the other that we triumphed. What did it matter if we did cut his throat—it had to be done before we could get him to take his teeth out of Derringer's leg.

Derringer and I shook hands after the fight. Only men know the sort of friendship that bound us like hoops of steel. Our thought seemed unanimous for we took the water that was left and gave it to our little young ladyship. We both seemed to have dropped into a coma of exhaustion about that time.

The sun was sinking when I was roused by something plucking at my face. My groping fingers grasped a tiny hand. I looked up and saw our little lady pointing feebly ahead. We had not been able to speak for the past thirty-six hours. I strained my inflamed eyes. *It was land!*

Of that five years that followed on our deserted island, there are two distinct aspects. One has to do with the unique externals, which are even more strange than the adventures of Robinson Crusoe; the other concerns the intensely human and dramatic situation that circumstances brought about. It is this period which I characterize as my Second Existence.

Bear in mind that all we brought with us was a ship's leaky lifeboat filled with disfigured corpses. Our clothing was in tatters. Fate ordained it so that we had not even a piece of jewelry or a coin or any memento that would not deteriorate before the year had passed. Thus we actually bade farewell to everything civilized, except the workings of our individual brains. You will be surprised how short-lived even these habits become when divorced from the means of giving them subsistence.

We were houseless, without clothes, without utensils for cooking, eating and living in general. We simply had to adapt ourselves and our habits to conditions as we found them. Food and water we soon found in plenty, and within a month's time we had recovered our health and strength and set about making the best of things.

Our first house was a rocky cavern with a high ceiling. This became the abode of Jean, which is the name of our little young ladyship. Already we men had receded to the point of disdaining a house other than all out-of-doors. We soon found animals in plenty. At first we were at a loss how to catch them. But Derringer revived his boyhood knowledge of traps and nooses, and I took a savage, cat-like delight in lying in wait—sometimes a whole day—and brain-

"JEAN MADE US BOTH FEEL EQUALLY FAVORED IN HER EYES"

ing or maiming some wild beast. The skins formed our future wardrobe. The flesh added zest and variety to our fruit and vegetable routine of meals.

It is surprising how soon we became inured to the necessity of eating with our fingers in the absence of knives and forks and spoons. We were amused at first at some of the almost grotesque features of our island life. It soon got to be the serious business of life itself. From week to week we swerved back toward Mother Nature—she was our only arbiter of elegance.

I was too close to things, too much a part of them, to have become apart from them. But now I can reflect, with amazement, at the drift of humanity, with the brakes of convention and fellow-criticism released. Decency, cleanliness and the law of sex relationships were about the only innate virtues that were not swept away.

Even Jean became infected with the mania to hunt, trap and angle. We would come home laden with fish and game, and the topic of conversation was always one of boasting prowess. We ate a great deal and slept a great deal. Only during the first year was there any pretense made to keep our intercourse from rusting by talking of all the things in the world. Then these conversations became more and more rare.

Again, the hope of a speedy rescue, which had been uppermost in our minds and hearts at first, grew dim as time passed and we daily watched the vacant sea.

Our skin had assumed the texture and color of tanned leather, and Derringer and I secretly vied with each other in the length of our beards. But all our species being the same, we saw nothing strange in ourselves. And it came so naturally and gradually that only Jean saw us as we were.

Strange as it may appear, our now primitive natures seemed to have lost that precious germ which the refined sensibilities know as love. Happily so, no doubt, for we must all have suffered some terrible catastrophe if we

"HE WOULD BECOME FURIOUS AT ANY SHOW OF THIS FEELING"

had been thrown into a daily torment over the girl whom both Derringer and I had begun to cherish when the ship had caught fire. But there was a dangerous rivalry that could not be ignored. We each wanted her in the same sense that we wanted an especially fine fur or a trained parakeet. And Jean, with an even greater primitive cunning, made us both feel equally favored in her eyes.

Thus, at the end of what I later learnt was four years, we had gone back about a thousand years. Then it was we began to notice a change in Derringer's behavior that we could not comprehend. His attitude, especially in relation to Jean, became pronounced. No matter what time of the day or night I came back, I would find him watching her with a queer, greenish sort of light that had of late sprung into his eyes. Matters were anything but mended by Jean's instinctive action in turning to me, as tho seeking protection. He would become furious at any show of this feeling on her part. Further than that, he never annoyed her.

Within six months he had become so sullen and moody that he seldom exchanged a word with either of us. His chief pastime was a curious practice of climbing to the summit of a jagged boulder that jutted out into the sea. Here he would gesticulate and mutter for days at a time. We were too close to barbarism, just then, to think these actions alarmingly unnatural. As for fear, it was foreign to my nature then.

It must have been within a month of five years of the time we had been cast upon our island when the drama came to an abrupt close.

I had caught a great fish and was showing off its beauty to Jean, in the saffron glow of the sinking sun, when

"IN HER SOFT, BROWN EYES WAS AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF HER LOVE"

Derringer came galloping up to us like a mad Viking, with his long beard flowing in the breeze. It was a moment before he could speak.

"A ship!" he finally cried.

With a shock like a bolt of lightning, the past burst into my consciousness. I hope I shall never feel such a suffocating, bursting sense again. For a moment I stood dazed; then the film cleared, and I looked around and saw the woman I loved. Derringer, too, was looking at her. And she—the triumphal joy of that moment will never fade—had wakened, too, and in her soft, brown eyes was an acknowledgment of her love for me.

I dont think Derringer saw it then. He was the first to offer practical service and advice. "Come, let us work—build a great fire—they will put off for us in the morning!"

Then how we did work! In an hour we had lit it with a piece of flint, and it cast a rippling swath of light far out across the water. Almost immediately there was an answering display of rockets. We were saved!

Our fatigue and semi-exhaustion was so great that we lay down near our beacon and fell into a deep sleep.

I woke at daylight. Derringer was still asleep. The vessel lay at anchor about a mile and a half out. I walked down the beach a little to a pretty inlet, never letting the sweet outlines of the vessel leave my gaze. I heard a footstep and turned. It was Jean.

My Jean! I took her in my arms and held her with her sweet face close

"IT NEEDED BUT THIS—OUR UNION—TO BREAK THE FEEBLE CORDS"

to mine. It may have been a minute or an hour; I knew not the coarse shackles of time. Then it was that the laugh pierced right thru our ears to our heart. Derringer stood there, and, as we looked, we could see his fine mind just crumbling before our sight. It needed but this—our union—to break the feeble cords that held it. Now we understood his eccentricities of the past year. It needed but the tearing away from his newly awakened life of the one woman in the world to make good those horrors of fire, wreck and solitude.

My heart was torn; so was Jean's. We did love him. "Jack!" I called; "Jack Derringer!" Then I went toward him with a hand, trembling with emotion, outstretched. With a shriek, he turned and fled, as tho pursued by the devil himself.

I tore after him, pleading, crying. He made straight for that accursed rock lifting its wicked fang fifty feet out of the boiling sea. He knew how to mount it. To me it was but an impassable barrier. I had to stay down there and wait and watch in agony to see what he would do next. Soon he appeared at the very summit, gesticulating wildly for me to look.

Then there, in the sight of the ship that could take him back to all that meant life and future and civilization, Jack Derringer leaped into eternity, finding a watery grave in a grotto of our barbarous isle after he had known civilization for only a few sweet hours.

The ship's launch awaited me on my return to the beach, and sadly, with little Jean's hand in mine, we were taken back into this, our Third Existence.

A Fight for Millions

(BLACHE)

By LEONA RADNOR

The moon dipped from behind the fringed edge of a cloud and sent a beam thru an open window of the Harrington mansion and across the fair face of a sleeping girl. Instantly the girl sat up, startled and listening, as tho awakened by a warning touch. Thru the thrumming in her ears she could hear sounds from downstairs that increased the sense of danger that had leaped into being with the sudden awakening. The servants were away, attending a ball in New York, and could not be back at Riverview until the arrival of the one-thirty train. Helen Harrington looked at the small clock on the table beside her. It was just past midnight. So they were not responsible for the scuffling and shuffling noises below.

She slipped from her bed, in a tremor of fear, and, wrapping a kimono about her, cautiously opened the door and ran to her father's room. It was empty; his bed had not been slept in.

"I left him reading in the library," Helen whispered to herself, in an effort to clear her mind of a befogging fear. "He hasn't come up; he must be making that noise, but——"

The heavy hall door slammed; footsteps shuffled from the porch to the path; there was the chugging of an auto. Then a silence a-quiver with the portents of evil filled the large house. Helen stood at the head of the stairs, her lips forming the cry, "Father!" but only a strangling gasp issuing from her throat.

The power to move came as if at a swift reversal of brakes. She found herself rushing down the stairs, calling aloud at every step. She allowed herself no time to think or anticipate; throwing open the library door, she turned on the switch and advanced boldly to the center of the room. One glance about her revealed the cause of the mysterious noises. The place had been burglarized. Amidst the disorder of overturned furniture, drawers pulled from the table, boxes and papers strewn about, Helen searched fearfully, her heart freezing at the thought of what might have happened to her father. He was not in the library nor in the adjoining rooms, nor could Helen get any response to her repeated calls thru the silent house. She phoned to the suburban police station and, while waiting for the arrival of the officers, began gathering up the letters and documents that littered the floor about Mr. Harrington's writing-table. A torn scrap of paper lying near her father's favorite armchair fluttered in the draught from the French window and caused her overstrained nerves to jump. Choking back a sob of terror, she picked up the paper. The writing on it was a mere scrawl, but, thru the mist of excitement that dimmed her eyes, Helen recognized her father's hand. She felt, before she read, that this was a message scribbled in a desperate moment. She read:

> Attacked by thieves—losing consciousness. Look for man with wood——

And wildly crying that her father had been murdered, Helen ran to admit the officers who were thundering at the door.

Among the first to call upon Helen with proffers of sympathy, when the news of the burglary and Mr. Harrington's disappearance spread, was John Sorenti, one of the new residents of Riverview. He was a young man of prepossessing appearance and faultless taste in dress. His features, of a dark and melancholy type, were of romantic interest to the young girls of Helen's acquaintance, but Helen, without giving herself any reason, did not care for him. Yet, on this occasion, when her deep trouble left no room for consideration of personal preferences, his sympathy and his earnest appeal to be allowed to help her were not resented.

"Thank you," she said gently, "but there is nothing you can do for me, unless you can find my father."

A peculiar expression, actuated by an emotion stronger than his will, leaped to John Sorenti's face. There were satisfaction, assurance, and a gleam of savage power in the look that met Helen's. Her eyes drooped in embarrassment before his. He checked an impulsive gesture, and his manner became more deferential.

"I am convinced that your father will be found unharmed," he said. "If I should be fortunate enough to restore him to you, may I hope for the only reward that I crave?"

Helen could not mistake his meaning. An heiress to more than a million dollars, she was perfectly aware, tho still in her teens, of the way of a man when wooing. A hot flush spread across her cheeks.

"This is hardly the time to speak of such a reward, Mr. Sorenti," she rebuked. "Besides, I thought it was known that I am engaged to Darwin Russell."

Sorenti drew his breath so sharply that it sounded very like a hiss. "No," he replied, controlling his voice with difficulty, "I did not know. I hope you will pardon me."

The words were conventional; the man's attitude quite natural under the circumstances. Yet Helen said to herself: "That is not true; he did know." And she could not disguise from him her relief at the sound of a well-known voice in the hall.

Sorenti rose to go. Half-way to the door he paused to greet Darwin Russell. An almost imperceptible backward glance showed him Helen bending forward, her beautiful, sad face aflame with eagerness and love. He passed into the hall, his features distorted with rage and malice.

Helen threw herself into Darwin's arms and sobbed out all her terrors.

"My poor little sweetheart!" he exclaimed. "This is terrible! The only thing that we can do is to engage a detective. Daniel Delaney is the man to unravel this. You mustn't worry; your father is all right, I am sure. He is probably being held for ransom. I'll go over to New York and get Delaney to take the case."

"Oh!" exclaimed Helen, with a start, turning to the door.

John Sorenti had entered quietly. "Pardon me," he said, in reply to their questioning gaze, "but I left my cigar-case on the table here."

Helen laughed nervously. "You gave me a fright; I am all unstrung from last night, I suppose."

Sorenti appeared deeply concerned. "I am extremely sorry. I should, perhaps, have insisted upon being announced."

"Not at all," Helen forced herself to say. "Think no more about it. I am all right now."

"It's only natural that Miss Harrington should be upset," said Darwin, hovering anxiously over her. "I think she has behaved splendidly under the circumstances. What she went thru last night would have made me unsteady, too."

To give point to the comparison, he squared his broad shoulders and stretched to the full limit of his six feet. Helen gave him a look of pride, and her hand went out tenderly to him.

"If you're going into New York, you'd better be starting," she advised.

"Are you leaving now?" asked Sorenti. "We might walk part of the way together."

"Why, certainly," answered Darwin, cordially. "Now remember, Helen, you are not to imagine all sorts of terrible things. You trust me to do as much as lies in a man's power to help you—dont you?"

"Yes, indeed, I do!" she breathed.

"And me, too, I hope?" put in Sorenti.

She hesitated a fraction of a second; then, as if realizing a discourtesy, plunged into an assurance.

"Why, I certainly do!" she said with warmth, giving him her hand.

He locked his arm in Darwin's, and Helen, a slight frown of uneasiness puckering her brow, watched them leave the house in earnest conversation. She had a momentary unreasoning intention of calling Darwin back, but she recalled his words in time. "I'll be back this evening, and I'll run in to see you, dear," he had said.

She turned back into the dreary house and wondered how she should while away the time. At the end of the first hour she sighed: "Only one hour gone, and it seemed a whole day." She listened constantly for the trill of the telephone. But the shadows lengthened and merged into the dusk of night, and Darwin did not come.

After a sleepless night, Helen learnt that Darwin had disappeared completely. Sorenti had left him on his way to the ferry, and that was the last trace to be found of Darwin Russell. Another chapter was added to the widely discussed Harrington mystery.

This new blow fell on Helen with such stunning force that, for a few days, she felt that her reason was tottering. Then she began reading the papers, and the hideous suspicions they expressed saved her by sending the scorching fire of her indignation over the brambles of doubt and despair. It was being hinted that Darwin was guilty of the robbery and the disappearance of Mr. Harrington, and had sought safety in flight. The police department had notified all

THE THIEVES IN THEIR DEN

stations to be on the lookout for him and had supplied them with minute descriptions and photographs.

"No, no!" cried Helen, passionately, throwing the papers from her. "They are all wrong. Darwin has come to harm just as father did. I feel it; I know it."

John Sorenti listened to this affirmation of faith in her vanished sweetheart with impassive features, but with bitterness in his heart. He called frequently with the latest news, hoping, on each occasion, to see a faltering in Helen's devotion. But it did not waver, and he was impelled to exclaim: "What a fortunate man he is to have inspired such faith!"

The next day the papers announced Darwin's arrest in Jersey City. Some of the property stolen from the Harrington home was found in his pockets.

"Mr. Sorenti," said Helen, after reading the account, "I must go to see Mr. Russell. Will you come with me?"

"You have only to command, Miss Harrington," he answered, tho the proposal seemed little to his liking.

When Helen was admitted to Darwin's cell, he rose from his cot and came to meet her hesitatingly. He was haggard and dazed looking and swayed slightly as he stood. Helen held out her hands to him.

"Darwin, dear," she cried, "where have you been? What has happened to you?"

"Then you dont believe——" he began, but his emotion strangled the rest.

She was in his arms, and he was kissing her.

"Oh, sweetheart, my head bothers me so!" he complained, pressing a hand to his temple. "I dont know what has happened. I dont remember anything."

Sorenti came forward. Darwin stared at him a moment. Then, with a clearing of his mind: "Ah! Sorenti, isn't it? It's good of you to come to see me."

"Darwin, dear, I'm going to try to get you out of here," Helen said, as she clung to him. "The charge against you is ridiculous."

"Bless you for your faith in me, sweetheart!" he murmured.

"Time's up," announced the guard.

The visitors passed thru the barred door, Sorenti biting his lips with vexation as he reflected on the constancy of some women.

"I shall be delighted, Miss Harrington, to take this case," said Daniel Delaney, the great detective. "I have followed it in the papers and am very much interested in it. Have you any theories or clews?"

"I thought at first that father was carried off for a ransom, but there has been no demand for money yet. Of course, Mr. Russell is innocent. He is wealthy in his own right, and we are engaged to be married, with the full consent of my father. My only clew is this scrap of paper that I found on the library floor.

Delaney read the message and repeated the last words slowly, seeking their significance. "'Look for man with wood——' Man with wood? H-m! I think I'd better go right over and see Mr. Russell."

The detective entered Darwin's cell with a brusque air of authority that was calculated to strike fear to the conscience-ridden. But Darwin regarded the visitor with innocent curiosity. After a moment the visitor introduced himself.

"I am Delaney, the detective," he said.

Darwin put out his hand in frank pleasure. "Mr. Delaney, I am glad to meet you. I had intended engaging you to find Mr. Harrington, but——" His voice trailed off as he made an effort to remember.

"What happened to you?" demanded Delaney.

"I cant remember," said Darwin, hopelessly.

"Were you struck on the head?"

"I dont——" he began. Then the cloud seemed to lift. "Yes, I was struck and kicked, and I remember I was carried and thrown into an autocar——" He pressed his hands to his head again and again. Delaney watched him closely and noted the dilated pupils of his eyes.

"Drugged," he said to himself, "and as innocent as I am." Then he asked: "Do you remember what any of the men looked like? Was there a lame one among them?"

"Lame?" repeated Darwin. "Yes—one had"—the memory was hard to hold—"yes—a wooden leg."

"Ah!" exclaimed the great detective. "Now, my dear boy, I am going to see the judge about bail, and you are going away from here, and together we are going to solve one of the greatest mysteries of the day."

At the detective's apartment in New York, after he had treated Darwin with several cups of strong, black coffee, Delaney built up his theory. Under the stimulus of the coffee Darwin's memory threw off its lethargy. He had gone into Sorenti's home for a few moments and, upon coming out, had been attacked by a band of ruffians. He had fought them off and had succeeded in reaching the river. He had jumped in, but they had overtaken him in a boat. In the struggle that followed he lost consciousness; when he came to, he found himself in a cellar, with Mr. Harrington a fellow-prisoner. He was afterwards taken upstairs and was forced to drink some drug. Then, blindfolded, he was put into an automobile. The next thing he knew he was at the police station.

"It looks to me," said the detective, "as if there was a gang of thieves living at Riverview. We want to get them all, if possible, and I think I know a trap that will catch them."

Delaney wrote an item to be run in the next afternoon's papers, to the effect that a quantity of valuables, kept under Mr. Harrington's desk, had been overlooked in the recent robbery.

The next evening, disguised as old men peddling notions and nicknacks, Delaney and Darwin patrolled a quiet road in Riverview within sight of John Sorenti's home. They had not been long on the watch, in their round of area-doors and impressionable servants, when they caught the sound of uneven steps, every other step striking with an inelastic thud.

ON THE TRAIL

"The wooden-legged man," whispered Darwin.

The cripple stopped and bought a paper; then passed on, absorbed in its contents.

Delaney jerked off whiskers and wig, removed his long, shabby overcoat, dusted his shoes, took an opera-hat from inside his waistcoat—and he was ready to accept a dinner invitation or to pay a call. While looking over the ground that morning, they had met Sorenti, and Darwin had introduced the detective. Delaney intended to become better acquainted, so, this evening, he strolled toward Sorenti's home, trusting to his usual luck to whirl him into the maelstrom of the mystery and safely out again. Ahead of him stumped the man with the wooden leg. From the opposite direction came Sorenti. The cripple stopped and showed Sorenti the paper. There were a few sharp words; Sorenti waved the man away and turned to await Delaney. That gentleman, with a disengaged air, stopped and took a fat cigar from between his lips.

"AMONG THE PRISONERS WAS HE OF THE WOODEN LEG"

"Taking a stroll?" asked Sorenti, genially.

"I am on my way to Miss Harrington's to report, I regret to say, not the slightest progress."

A sort of glitter shot into Sorenti's eyes. It was gone instantly, but it had not escaped Delaney.

"If you have a few moments to spare, I should be delighted to have you visit me," said Sorenti.

Delaney consulted his watch. "Why, thank you, I should be pleased to," he answered; "I am not rushed for time."

He followed Sorenti into the house, commenting easily and understandingly upon its beauties and the luxury of its furnishings.

A servant brought drinks. Sorenti turned from the table for an instant; deftly the detective exchanged glasses. When he raised the liquor to his lips, Sorenti's eyes fastened upon him.

"Dont you join me?" asked Delaney, indicating the other glass.

"I dont believe I care for this. Bring me a brandy, Martin," he said.

Delaney tossed off the contents of his glass, looked about stupidly, clapped a hand to his forehead and fell back limply into his chair.

"That got him quick," remarked Sorenti. "Help me carry him to the basement."

A spasm of pain crossed Delaney's face as he was thrown roughly upon a cement floor. As the door slammed behind retreating footsteps, he opened his eyes cautiously. Then he sat up and looked about. A gray-haired man crouched upon a box a few feet away and regarded Delaney with a mixture of hope and fear.

"You're H. C. Harrington," said Delaney.

"Yes. Who are you?"

"Delaney, the detective whom your daughter has engaged to look for you."

"And now you're caught, too," said Mr. Harrington, in a hopeless tone. "They brought young Russell in and beat him up, and then took him away. What does it all mean?"

"You have a daughter?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Harrington, fearfully.

"She is your heiress?"

"Yes; she will inherit more than a million."

"Russell is engaged to marry her?"

"Yes."

"Well, somebody else wants her—or, rather, her million. There's your answer."

"But who?"

"Sorenti, the tenant of this house, our host."

"My God! is it possible?"

"It is, and worse still, if we dont get out of here."

"We'll never be able to get out alone," averred the old man.

"Keep your nerve and watch me," said Delaney, drawing a small kit of tools from his pocket. "I came prepared for just such an emergency."

He worked at the lock, picked it deftly, swung the door open and beckoned to Mr. Harrington. While they groped along a dark corridor, a shot barked thru the silence.

"It came from that room ahead," whispered Delaney, with confidence.

"THEIR BOAT SANK AND LEFT THEM FLOUNDERING IN MIDSTREAM"

Grasping his revolver, he crept up. The door was fitted with glass panes. Thru these Delaney saw Darwin sway while he grasped at his arm, from which blood was flowing. A short, vicious-looking man faced him, jeering at him. In a bound Delaney was in the room, wrenching a revolver from the man's hand and snapping the handcuffs on his wrists.

Mr. Harrington went to Darwin and bound up the wounded arm.

"So you're safe," said the young man, in a relieved tone. "I didn't know what those devils would do to you. I waited outside for Delaney until I couldn't stand the suspense any longer. Then I swung to the porch upstairs via a telegraph pole and wires and sneaked down here. The others have gone to a rendezvous, and then they're going to your house tonight to get what they missed the other time. This fellow was left on guard, and he caught me."

"Well, he's safe now for a number of years," commented Delaney. "We'll drop him at the station *en passant* and take some of the boys along with us up to the house."

That night's work made a record in police annals. Delaney was in his glory, for he loved a fight as well as he did the unraveling of mysteries. Four of "the boys" accompanied the party to the Harrington mansion and concealed themselves in the library. Boldly the thieves entered thru the window, thinking the house unprotected save by servants. At a signal Delaney, Darwin and the officers sprang from their hiding-places. There was a swift encounter, a fusillade of shots, and, when the lights were turned up, they found among the prisoners he of the wooden leg.

"Quick! Get after them!" shouted Delaney.

Down to the shore sped the thieves, firing upon their pursuers. They

"ASTONISHED TO RECOGNIZE JOHN SORENTI"

leaped into a motor-boat and sent it spinning into the middle of the river. Another and larger boat was soon chugging in its wake.

"They're having trouble with their boat," said one of the men.

"Trouble? She's leaking, man! They'll all be in the water in less than two shakes. Dont let them swim away from you," cautioned Delaney.

But when their boat sank and left them floundering in midstream, the fugitives made small effort to reach the shore. They were pulled into the pursuing boat and handcuffed. In one of the bedraggled wretches the officers were astonished to recognize John Sorenti, whom they had known as a wealthy and respectable citizen.

Helen had been hearing her father's story, so, when Darwin and Delaney arrived with the sequel, she could not sufficiently praise their astuteness and courage.

"You deserve medals, both of you," she declared. "As for you, this decoration must serve for the present," she added, taking a rose from her corsage and pinning it on Darwin's lapel. He blushed in desperation.

"Oh, but that's so cold and distant," he protested, eying the white bloom critically.

"Then I'll take it back."

He protected it with one hand. "No, but I'd like another one—a pink one."

"Where? Greedy!"

"Here!" he answered, puckering his lips.

And he got it.

The Song of the Films

By MACY D. KISSAM

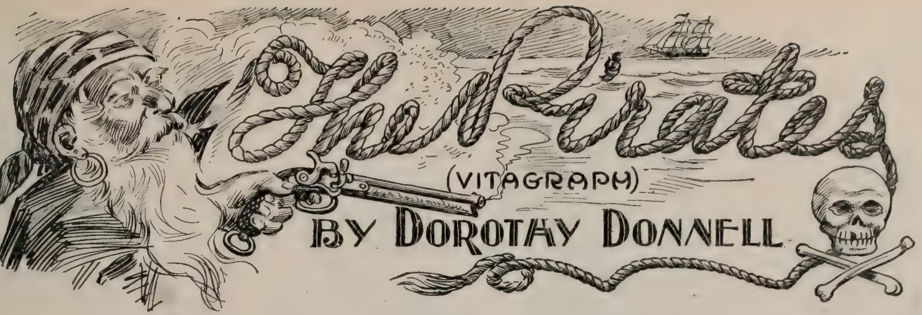
(With Apologies to Thomas Hood)

In subways, crowded and hot,
Amid the jangle and go,
You can hear above the rattle and din,
Of this or that picture show!
FILMS! FILMS! FILMS!
Lubin, Essanay, Pathé Frères,
Vitagraph, Biograph, Majestic films—
No more airing family cares!

SHOWS! SHOWS! SHOWS!
Motion Pictures are now the thing,
And SHOWS! SHOWS! SHOWS!
Is the song the public sing.
It's great to be a fan
And follow the crowd where it goes.
Get into the line! Sure, every one can
Spend five cents on picture shows.

FILMS! FILMS! FILMS!
Thanhouser, Selig and Rex!
FILMS! FILMS! FILMS!
Ah, the questions that never vex
Are those about the play—
The photoplay, of course!
There is always room for another show—
They're the Push! the Go! the Force!

O! men, and women, too,
O! dear little girls and boys,
Just think what a wonderful age,
To live 'mid the present joys!
FILMS! FILMS! FILMS!
Forever changing and new.
Hip, hip, hurrah! for the merrie reels—
We love them, we do, we do!



The Pirates

(VITAGRAPH)

BY DOROTHY DONNELL

From the Photoplay of JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Jim Falkner leaned laxly against a spile and stared, yawning, down into that smelly, inshore portion of the Atlantic that was at present harboring his sturdy little sloop, *Hornet.* On the tarry, sun-browned surface of her decks, nosing idly against the piles below him, sprawled a seaman or two in mid-afternoon somnolence; beyond, familiar to his eyes, lay the placid ocean in a spasm of relaxation. He yawned again, a yawn spelling neither content nor discontent, simply mild boredom combined with the soporific sun. There was nothing as yet in Jim's twenty-eight seaworthy years to fill them with sweetness or gall—in other words, he was not married, nor likely to be, save to his tiny sloop, his calling and the feminine luring and fickleness of the sea. He was just debating to himself whether to turn into his cabin for a nap or to go on shore for amusement, when he felt a touch upon his arm. A small boy, bloated with self-importance, was holding a note up into his face, gesturing rearward with thumb.

"*She* said f'r me to giv' it to you, Mister." He panted with responsibility. Following the thumb's general direction, Jim's astonished, unbelieving eyes beheld a woman's figure on the farther end of the wharf, turned intently toward him as tho listening. But whether young or old, ugly or pretty, he did not know, for over her face hung the mysterious enigma of a thick, black veil!

Jim was only an unusually usual sort of young man, after all. Confronted with the absolutely inexplicable for the first time since his babyhood discovery of his own fingers and toes, he simply looked foolish and knew his ears to be reddening about the rims. In this dilemma he felt the note between his fingers and opened it hastily in search of solution. But, instead, his bewilderment increased.

"Captain Jim Falkner, of the *Hornet,*" he read thru amazed lips—"Come to 1,000 Spital Street, third floor front, at ten tonight—important. A Stranger." Thru every pore oozed visible astonishment. Jim's mouth rounded for a whistle which was too dazed to come. Before an enigma, confronted by the startling, a woman is pleasantly exhilarated; a man utterly helpless. The reaction of amaze so befuddled Jim's wits that before he could get his limbs into motion or form his tongue into syllables, the slender, black-draped figure had disappeared from the dock.

"Say," drawled the absolutely usual man, "will some one kindly pinch me or jab a marlinespike into me? Is this a George Barr McCutcheon novel or an Elinor Glyn sob-story? Am I me or Percy Durham? Could

THE MESSAGE IS DISPATCHED TO JIM FALKNER

that beer I had day before yesterday be working or am I going nuts? 'Ten tonight' — 'important' — 'A Stranger'! O, Lord!" Yet thru all his sluggish pulses he felt the young, red blood move more quickly; the small-boy love of a grown man for adventure wooed him. Suddenly he straightened his broad shoulders in defiance of the pea-jacket covering them.

"I'm going!" cried Jim Falkner aloud—"yes, sir, I'm going. I'll probably be shanghaied or sandbagged; she's a hag or a hussy, without the least morsel of doubt, and I'm an A No. 1 first-class sucker—but—*I'm going!*"

One thousand Spital Street proved as innocuous appearing as any warehouse can be in the eerie light of ten at night. Jim felt for the courageous lump in his hip pocket that he had taken the precaution of adding to his equipment, and knocked a braggart knock on the faintly glimmering door of the third floor front.

A whisper—a rustle of papers and the door swung open. Jim's blinking eyes took in a big, businesslike looking room with a litter of safes and books, a pleasantly commonplace man of about fifty, and, last of all, a slender, girlish figure with a whisper of beauty about her, but—wonder of wonders—a niggardly, black mask leaving her face an unanswered question. An embarrassed silence fell over the group. Jim felt a bit as tho he had armed his person and his courage to attend a ladies' sewing circle; —yet still—that mask. At some length the elderly man came forward, holding out a cordial hand.

"Mr. Falkner?" he questioned pleasantly. "Sit down, Mr. Falkner, wont you? I have a matter of business to put to you."

Business! Jim's eyes sought the girl. He noted the slight span of her waist, no bigger than his two great wrists' thickness, the mass of soft woman-hair, the eager poise of her. A something far within him stirred, awakening. Then the words of the elderly man flashed across his consciousness—amazing words to hear, in New York, the year of our Lord 1913, spoken in a refined, silken voice.

"Mr. Falkner, the freighter *Uranus* leaves the harbor tomorrow night. If you will board her, make prisoners of the men whose names I will give you, and keep them prisoners a week, I will give you ten thousand dollars!"

The meaning gradually seeped thru Jim's mind. Springing to his startled feet, he clutched the chair-back with angry hand. "What d'ye think I am, anyhow?" he thundered; "a pirate—eh? A hired criminal?" His good, young face warmed with sanguine shame. "You've been misinformed of my character somewhere, sir," he finished stiffly, but in a lower key, for the girl had come forward and laid her finger-tips in pleading on his arm. The piquant promise of her cambric mask was lifted to his face.

"You dont understand—now, of course," she hurried breathlessly. "But it's no danger—no crime. And you will save us—you will save *me?*"

For the admiration in the young man's face wore no mask, and her woman's intuition added the latter phrase. Yet, still, his common-sense clamored. He tried to think clearly.

"What pledge have I that I will not be committing piracy?" he said, at last, weakly.

"My word," answered the elder man. Jim shrugged his shoulders.

"Well—you see, sir—this remarkable business—the secrecy—I'm afraid——"

"Wait!" The girl held up a proud little hand, facing him. He could pierce almost to the brave look of her face. "I'll go with you as hostage. There! You're not afraid to follow a girl's lead, are you?"

Thru the eye-holes of her mask a pair of steady, blue eyes blazed into Jim's. Their gazes locked a moment. At the end, Jim drew a long, shaky breath.

"Take off that mask, please, before I promise."

She hesitated. Then her hands went up defiantly. The loveliest face the seaman had ever dreamed of flashed proudly into his. Her beauty dared him to strange deeds.

"If you'll go with the *Hornet* as captain," said Jim. "I will hold up all the ships on the Seven Seas!"

The talk that followed was a man-one, full of details, but no enlightenment. As she watched, silently, a faint rose caught the girl's cheeks, deepening to peony. The young sailor fired her imagination. She knew that her beauty, not his judgment, had wrung the consent from him, and, womanwise, exulted in the knowledge. Yet vague trouble clouded her eyes. As he turned to go, at last, she ran to him. An instant the warm pressure of her fingers thrilled him and her low voice sounded in his ear:

"Maybe some day—you'll forgive me—for behaving this way—I must seem unwomanly——"

"No," said Jim, slowly—"no, not unwomanly. But, you see, I dont know you well enough—yet—to tell you how you *do* seem to me."

The crew of the *Hornet*, Jim found, was a crowd of unimaginative, sordid doubters. He did not realize, as he

" 'YES, SIR, I'M GOING' "

watched their amazed and skeptical faces at the conclusion of his narrative, that they were identical with his own of the day before. But when, at dusk, the "captain" arrived in all the sparkle and wonder of her delicate beauty, and was presented to the men as their leader in the harebrained expedition, not a man of them who would not have been willing to set out immediately for the North Pole if she had demanded it. And so, under the penthouse lid of the evening, lights out, and furtive of motion, the *Hornet,* hitherto an honest, law-abiding citizen of the ocean, slid out of the harbor and entered upon her career of piracy on the high seas.

In the bow, Jim and his "captain" stood looking out across the fleckless waters, questioning the darkness for sight or sound of the victim ship, ahead somewhere in the monotony of blue and green and gray. Neither spoke, yet a consciousness of self and other hung over them, drawing them together subtly. It was almost as tho space and time drifted by them and they stood alone together in a strange, inevitable eddy, hearing the beating, above them, of strong, invisible wings.

Suddenly a crisp sound pierced their isolation.

"Ship ahead, sir."

The girl started. Her breath came quickly and her eyes began to glow. "The *Uranus!*" she cried—"yes, I can see it now—that is our ship, there to the left. Turn the *Hornet* that way, and creep along her side!"

Jim raised his hand, saluting gravely.

"Aye, aye, captain," he said.

Five minutes later he stood, with several of his men, on the deck of the strange ship, irrevocably committed to his dangersome enterprise. Beneath, lay the *Hornet,* rocking gently in the lap of the larger ship; before, stretched the vague deck and the outline of the cabin. In a low voice Jim issued his orders.

"You, Martin, go yonder to the pilot-house and nab the man at the wheel; you, One-Leg, take your Colt to the captain's cabin. The rest of us are bound for the main saloon. We'll find eight men there, playing cards. I'm going to help the captain up over the side before we tackle them, tho, so she can pick out the ones she wants."

It was a pitiable collection of revellers that looked up from their poker a few moments later into the businesslike muzzles of Jim's revolvers. Each man of the company received the intruders variably according to his several nature. Two fat men, collarless and baggy beneath the eyes, melted limply into their chairs and oozed across the table. A short, skinny, old gentleman leveled a beer-bottle boldly on the attacking party and skipped nimbly behind his partner, a bald-headed, jovial-nosed creature, also of more than middle age. Jim felt a wild impulse to laugh. The eight in the saloon were as helpless and timid as eight ancient, gray, old cats; but the girl by his side was essentially serious. With rapid gesture punctuation she picked out her men—all eight, as it appeared—and Jim and his henchmen formed them into a loose, quaking, shaking procession which they drove at pistol-mouth out onto the deck.

At this moment three shots were heard in rapid succession; then shrill cries for help and the sound of hurrying feet. Turning to face this new situation, Jim beheld the ponderous, pajama-clad form of the captain of the *Uranus* seated firmly upon the trussed thinness of One-Leg Peter, who, unable to stir beneath the avalanche of avoirdupois, was firing his pistol wildly into the air and rendering the night harmonious with his song for aid. A crowd of deck-hands, attracted from their quarters by the pleasant sound of dissension, advanced cordially upon the scene, carrying marlinespikes and other weapons. But the potent argument of the pirates' revolvers changed and chastened their intentions. With little more ado the prisoners and their captors slipped down over the side of the *Uranus* and glided away into the night, on the deck of the tiny *Hornet.*

"IT WAS A PITIABLE COLLECTION OF REVELLERS THAT LOOKED UP FROM THEIR POKER"

But their troubles were not yet over. As Jim and his "captain" turned solemnly to clasp hands in token of their success, the frightened lookout scrambled down almost upon their heads.

"There's a U. S. rev'noo cutter, the *Michigan,* on our track, sir," he gasped. "She's signalin' us to stop. How 'bout it, boss?"

Jim's jaw lengthened. The girl, one fluttering hand on his coat-sleeve, felt his muscles harden as he shouted, "Full speed ahead! Give her every inch of canvas we got—we'll see this business thru!"

The race that followed was a breathless one, short but nerve-racking. In the dusk the girl's white face glimmered beside him as Jim shouted orders and directed his frantic crew. Yet, with every thread of sail bending to the breeze, the little *Hornet* steadily lost her lead, as steadily, like a lean, silent greyhound, the cutter drew near upon her tracks. And suddenly a voice of fire bellowing across the night warned the adventurers that the chase was one of life and death. A sailor sprawled across the *Hornet's* forward deck with a shriek of pain and rage, while the rigging fell in frayed showers and a spar tottered miserably. Jim and the girl, calm and efficient, bent over the fallen man.

"Only a scratch on the arm," cried the "captain," thankfully. "But I guess we'd better surrender before some one is worse hurt—I—I didn't mean to *hurt* any one."

Above her head Jim's voice rose in a pæan of hope. "Bank o' fog starboard!" he cried. "Once in that, my lads, and we're safe!"

A last, desperate plunge and the *Hornet* lay silent, wrapped in a sheltering blanket of woolly gray. With tense ears, they listened as the angry, balked cutter sniffed anxiously by.

In the cabin of the *Hornet,* the slender "captain" and the seaman faced each other across the pine table. Suddenly the girl's eyes filled with tears. "I—I'm—awfully—foolish," she sobbed out, smiling thru the mist in her eyes. "But you might—have—been killed. I'd never have forgiven myself——"

Jim started forward, then hesitated almost at her side. His big hand hovered a breath over her hair, flying and tendrilly with sea-scud, but he spoke dryly. "We're safe—so far," he said; "now for the latter part of our contract. I know a lonely bit of island near here where we'll land our prisoners. I and some of the crew will stay to guard them. The *Hornet* is then at your service. In a week you may return for us. Then my official duties—and restrictions—are over. After that I can speak to you as I would give a year's pay to do this minute. But—well, you're my captain now."

The velvet eyes looking into his widened—then the white lids fell, shielding their look.

"Kindly make for the bit of island you spoke of, at once," said the "captain," briskly.

In the crisp pinkness of dawnlight a strange little group of men stood on a barren beach that might from its appearance have been Land's End itself, and watched a small, self-important sloop sail away in the general direction of civilization. A flutter of handkerchief over the starboard rail hypnotized the gaze of the pirate chief. As he watched, a smile creased his wind-hardened cheeks and he drew a long, deep breath as tho filling his cramped life with the whiffs of romance and tenderness.

THE PIRATES AND THEIR PRISONERS LAND ON THE ISLAND

The behavior of the prisoners was certainly not the least remarkable part of the whole affair. During the next few days they exhibited a weird and grotesque playfulness that ill accorded with their ages or their serious situation. They filled the rude tents that had been improvised from discarded sails of the *Hornet,* with strange bursts of merriment at ill-timed moments. Jim and his crew, ferocious with pistols and authority, became distinctly nervous as they looked on, and felt their hands wandering to their dizzy foreheads frequently in vain attempts to unsnarl the bewildering kinks in their wits.

THE *HORNET* WAS SIGHTED, NOSING BRISKLY INSHORE

The stout men, attired airily in bath-towels, bathed in the ocean, ducking each other with the quaint playfulness of elephants, and eating prodigiously, on landing, from the generous stores left by the sloop. Gray-headed grandfathers fished and sported on the sand in all the artless innocence of second childhood. The stoutest man, who had the portly bay-window of a well-lined alderman, and the thinnest man, with the meek expression of a deacon, consorted together and pushed one of their guards sportively over a cliff, where he napped above his gun; following up their abandoned deed by pitching Jim himself, pirate-in-chief, over after the other. This delicate bit of humor seemed to give the entire band of prisoners exquisite joy, so that they rolled upon the sand in crude merriment, watched grimly by the dripping and wrathful pair of pirates, who had clambered up, covered with seaweed and ensanguined with crimson anger.

But revenge was sweet. The next afternoon, the terminal one of the week, as the senile merrymakers descended to the beach, their exteriors naïvely unprotected except by an insufficient garment or two, Jim and his crew detached a nest of hornets from the cliff and paid off old scores in the serene contemplation of the ensuing disturbance below. So, in innocent pastimes and not so innocent ones, the week passed away, and again the level monotony of the ocean front was broken by the sight of the

Hornet nosing briskly inshore, with a slender girl-figure at the bow.

At sight of the sloop, excitement seized the group on the shore. The pirate crew flung up their caps and ridiculous revolvers in joyous anticipation of a speedy return to their native salt-water element. Jim's heart wallowed clumsily in his breast, utterly unaccustomed to the storm of emotions that beat upon it. And the prisoners leaped and hallooed in strange, uncouth anxiety, their eight pairs of eyes fixed upon a bundle that appeared to be newspapers, waved aloft in the girl's hands.

"The plot thickens," muttered Jim, grimly. "But as long as I get thru my part of the job and can talk from the shoulder to the nerviest, prettiest girl in the world, *I* should worry!"

Pushing, panting, elbowing, the hitherto tractable bunch of prisoners crowded by their captors as the sloop anchored and a small boat from it flew rapidly shoreward. Radiant, the "captain" stepped out on the sand and flung her bundle of papers among the clamoring men. Jim somehow found a limp sheet between his fingers, cutting him off from speech.

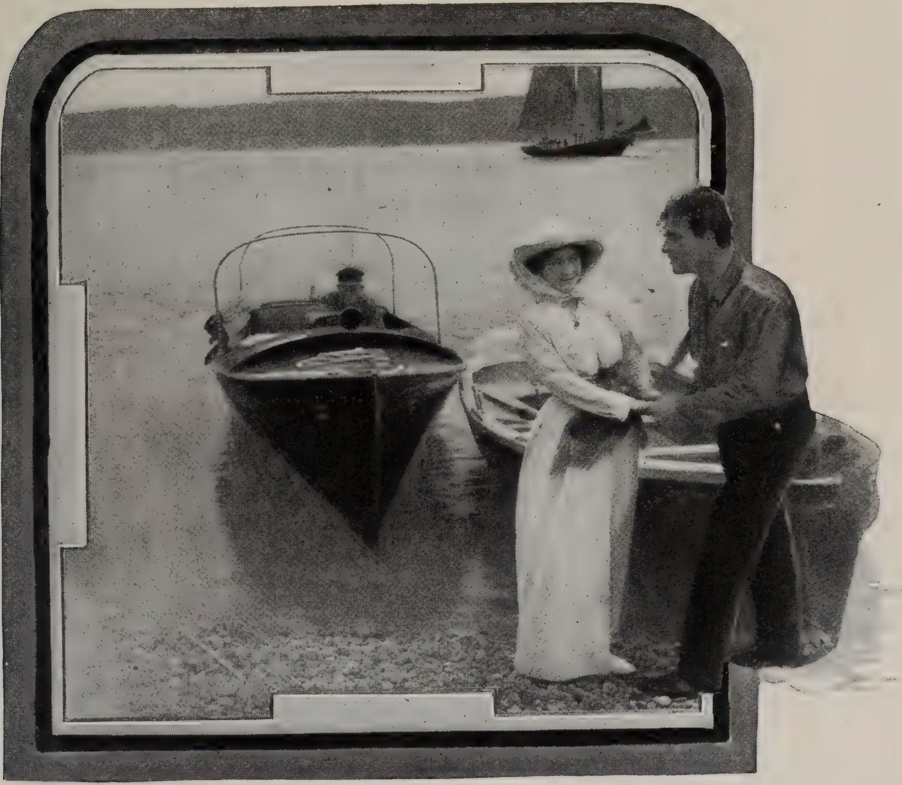
"Read it, stupid man!" her voice sang in his ear. A violent headline sprang to meet his eyes. " 'Kidnapped by Modern Pirates!' " he read aloud. " 'Entire Board of Directors of the Eat-Us Biscuit Company Captured and Disappeared!' " His dazed glance wandered to the motley group of prisoners, cheering and shouting over their newspapers nearby; then sought the girl, pleading for enlightenment. She laughed aloud joyously.

"Why, it's the simplest thing in the world!" she cried. "Papa, you tell Mr. Falkner all about it now!"

JIM SHOWS UNUSUAL INTEREST IN HIS "CAPTAIN"

Papa! At the word one of the elderly gentlemen, conspicuous for a head of rampant, gray hair, turned to the seaman, bowed low, and, with a competent twist of the wrist, entirely scalped himself. Minus the wig, Jim recognized the pleasant man of 1,000 Spital Street, who had proposed the expedition in the first place.

"Indeed, we have occasion to be grateful to you, my dear Mr. Falkner," purred papa graciously. "Myself and these other gentlemen here"—a wave of the hand included the motley assemblage of elderly scarecrows—"are the board of directors of the Eat-Us Biscuit Company; and, tho I say it myself, no better biscuit is made. Ten cents a box—guaranteed pure, nourishing and delicious—at all grocers'—— Hm-m! As I was saying, it's a good biscuit, but a bunch of rascally competitors was pushing us hard to the wall. And why? Because they could afford to advertise more than we. So, on the brink of ruin, my daughter thought out this plan, and I'm happy to say, thanks to you, we have now obtained more than a million dollars' worth of free advertising——" He was fumbling with a narrow book and a fountain pen as he spoke. "Here is your check for ten thousand dollars, Mr. Falkner."



"'CALL ME YOUR "CAPTAIN," ALWAYS, JIM'"

Jim looked down at the slip of fortune that fluttered in his fingers, then at the group of beaming directors, then at the girl. And slowly the check fluttered in tiny bits to the sand. He shook his head.

"No," he said—"no, I cant take money. I didn't do it for money." His look was on the girl, warm, ardent, beseeching. "I did it—because—from the moment I saw her I loved her."

In the distance a sea-gull cried and its mate answered. The seamen and directors stood in breathless silence, waiting. Slowly she went to him, her face bright and trusting. Hand clasped in hand, she faced the others frankly. ''I've known from the first day, father,'' she said proudly, ''that he was my man.''

The father and the seaman looked straight and staunchly into each other's eyes. Then the father turned, with a sudden, whimsical laugh, to one of the elderly biscuit-men.

''Well, Mr. Mutt,'' he cried cheerily, ''I certainly couldn't ask a nervier, pluckier son-in-law, and so—well, I guess I'll resign in favor of you. Join hands, you young-folks-in-a-hurry. Mr. Mutt, here, is a justice of the peace, and he'll perform the last rites—bless you!''

It was a strange marriage ceremony, out under the far sky, with the fantastic week of wild adventure behind them all. The seamen and directors, all unshaven, sea-browned and wild of raiment, looked on as the world-old words were said that made two one. At the end a storm of elderly cheers went up. Under their cover Jim bent over the masses of her hair.

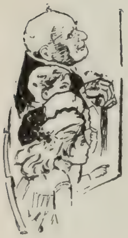
''Oh, girl-o'-mine,'' he whispered against the warm, sweet coils—''what shall I call you, sweetheart? You know, I've never heard your name.''

Her eyes looked up into his, mischievously, tho the touch of her light finger-tips on his cheeks held no mirth, only trust and love and woman-sweetness.

''Call me your 'Captain'—*always,* Jim,'' she whispered.

A Thanksgiving Reformation

By VIRGINIA CLEAVER BACON



I'm the only kid at my gran'pa's house,
  'Cept Grace, my cousin, who doesn't count,
'Cause she's only a girl and scares at a mouse,
  An' clothes is all she talks about.

Thanksgivin' at grand'pa's is certainly great,
  So long's we're busy with turkey an' things,
For there's every thing you ever ate
  In some one of the dishes gran'ma brings.

But after the eating was over, why,
  It sure was dull for a feller like me—
The grown-ups 'd just sit around an' sigh,
  An' there wasn't a kid for company.

An' last Thanksgiving I just said, "Rats!"
  After the eating was over an' done—
"To sit around like dummies, that's
  A hot old way for a kid to have fun!"

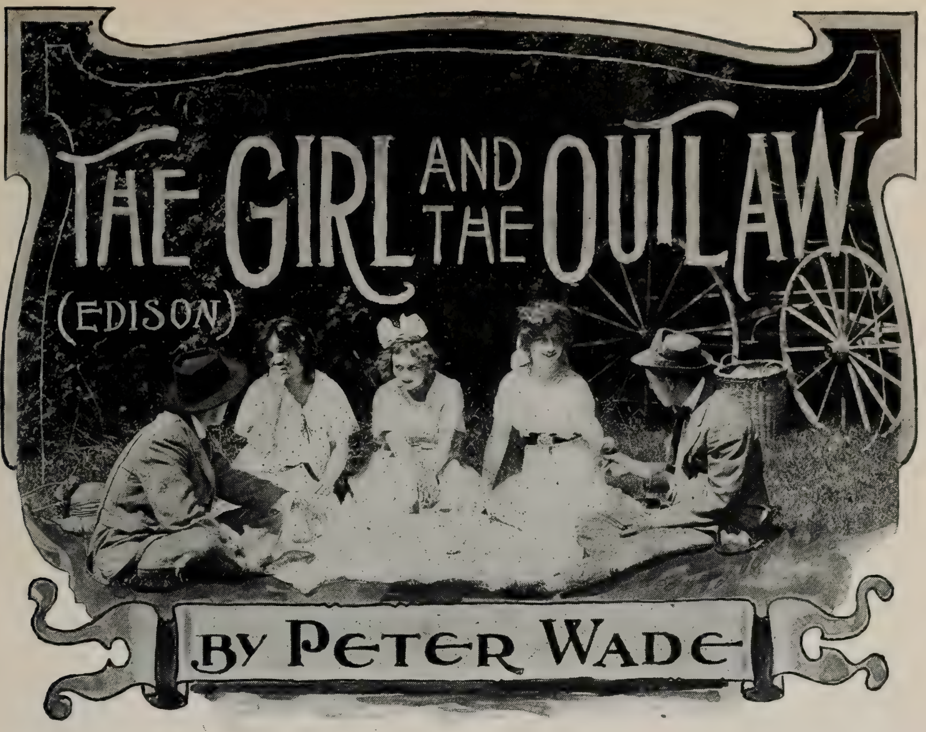
An' my cousin Will, who's a doctor, heard
  An' said: "Well, Jim, we'll go to a show;
This isn't exciting, on my word,
  So off to the movies, kid, we go."

Then Grace had to beg to be taken, too,
  An' all the folks began to talk
About going, an' the first we knew,
  We all was a-troopin' down the walk.

And say! that was a day to hand
  Thanks *for!* We'd a scrumptious time, an' then,
Not dull at all, and hungry—land!
  We all went home an' et again.

THE GIRL AND THE OUTLAW

(EDISON)



BY PETER WADE

This story was written from the Photoplay of FRANK McGLYNN

The country from Kendrick, at the end of the Northern Pacific spur, to Kooskia, a postoffice trading-store, was as calm as Chinatown in 'Frisco after a police raid. Up the Clearwater eastward, and beyond the spume and desolation of Black Canyon, there was always Sabbatical calm, anyway—the solitude of unsought-for mountains and a desert of lost trails.

Only one man in Cady appeared to be busy; at that, against his will. Sheriff Zeb Morton usually clung to his home with the tenacity of a lifelong inmate in the Old Soldiers' Home. His official duties were few and far between, and Agnes, his girl, had suddenly been transformed from a leggy, impossible creature into a most comfortable cook and housekeeper.

Then into the peaceful section, and to the unwilling ears of its blissful sheriff, had come the rumor up the Clearwater of a shooting affair in Kendrick, with the escape of the perpetrator and his being at large in the hills along the Lo Lo Trail. Urgent letters from the sheriff of Latah County and peremptory orders from the district attorney had finally stirred Zeb Morton to a sense of his responsibility.

A posse was organized, and every "hog-back" and valley scanned as far as the foot of Snow Mountain. Farther than that Zeb refused to penetrate. "Why, an army could camp out in the Bitter Roots," he explained, "and every white man in Idaho search for 'em for a year. It's no use." And so the sheriff and his posse turned their dispirited horses back toward civilization again.

The whereabouts of Jim Dawson, the ranchman and ex-cattle-rustler, remained a ten-day wonder. The official letters from Kendrick dribbled down to mere formal notes, and Zeb breathed easier. He had done his duty by raising an outfit and scouring the desolate "yander" country. The chances were that the outlaw had beaten his way to Seattle and was now lying concealed, waiting for a steamer.

On the strength of the new-found calm in the valley, Agnes Morton resolved to give a picnic in the woods in honor of the doughty deputies who had so ably reënforced her father. First in importance to invite was Tom Rawlny, the youth who had told her that the ground she trod upon was sacred, but, such is the whimsiness of women, he did not receive his invitation until the very last moment of starting.

The party of six assembled promptly at dawn and, with the precious luncheon packed on their mounts, proceeded up the wagon-road to Mussel Shell Creek. Here the road ended, and was taken up by the tortuous windings of the Lo Lo Trail into the heart of timber, rock and cascading river.

Snow Mountain, the last grim sentinel of civilization, glistened boldly on the skyline beyond, and they meant to pitch camp in the cedars and firs at its foot.

It is needless to enter into the details of just what these artless young folks ate, with the shark's teeth of eighteen years or so, nor what they said and did. A thousand-and-one similar picnics are run off each day of the year.

And after annihilating an incredible quantity of eatables, a game of hide-and-seek was proposed. The lay of the ground was just right to add a touch of hazard and mystery to the familiar quest, with a spew of scattered boulders, heavy brush and the carcasses of fallen trees.

Agnes and Tom were easily the leaders at the game—she as nimble as a mountain goat and the sure magnet that led him deeper and deeper into the impenetrable snarl.

As Agnes became flushed with the lure of the man-chase, her courage mounted high above her sense of caution, and she pushed on and on into the silent places of the rock-carpeted forest. Occasionally the breathless girl would push out into little, natural clearings, and it was then that the grandeur and solemnity of the world about and below her held her eyes. Scores of creeks cascaded over the mountains, creaming into cavernous gulches below. Ragged crests of desolate mountain, in coats of pine and fir, reared off into seeming eternity. Patches of snow glistened like silver coins in the distance, and not even the call of a bird broke the tomb-like silence.

It was magnificent, this inner heart of the world, and it drew the girl closer and closer toward it.

Once she heard Tom's voice, a distant halloo of warning, and she thought it rang up like a child's cry from the bottom of a well.

And, with her attempt to return and her answering call, her mind first took stock of the distance she had gone. It was a terribly confusing place, rough as a fallen house underfoot, and laced with moose-brush and briars that caught at her feet and skirt.

Agnes toiled doggedly on. Her friends were somewhere, perhaps miles, below. And then a shadow belted the forest ahead. It caused the girl to stand stock-still and to peer up for the screening cloud.

There was no cloud, only a measureless blue, and the girl trembled in first fright. The shadow on the trees was the overture of night.

As she struggled on, crawling under the tent of a fallen pine or circling the yawn of a sheer canyon, she called out again and again, stopping to listen for the glad, answering sound. But her tiny voice only trebled ahead of her, unanswered and cut off in space.

The shadow-line on the trees crept up inch by inch—already the depths below were pools of dusky softness, and the rifts and scars in the mountain were turning to deep black wounds.

It was then that Agnes turned, shivering, and sped upward toward what was left of light on the crests behind her. Up there the sun shone golden and warm on the mountain, and, like a prisoner at his window, she fled toward it.

The shadows caught up with her, stepped with her, passed her—in a solemn roll up the mountain. Only a gilded crest pulled her aching legs upward. And as she stumbled on, the treacherous light above wavered a moment, trembled; then shaded into twilight.

Agnes sat down on a wind-fallen tamarack and shut out the awful gloom from her eyes. To move about now would be at the risk of her life, with the gullies and clefts yawning everywhere—she could simply wait, with the helpless fears and hopes of a child.

Night piled into the mountains, a curtain of darkness that shut off even the trees about her. And it was only by staring wide-eyed that she picked up a sprinkle of pale little stars in the absolute void.

Then, suddenly, almost below her it seemed, a ruddy tongue of flame licked a hole in the blackness and started the boulders and trees around it to ghostly dancing.

Agnes peered downward. Her heart pounded noisily against her ribs. Who could be there in this God-forsaken place? Indians—Nez Perces from the reservation? She shuddered at the thought; then took to watching the fascinating torch of tawny light.

“IT WAS MAGNIFICENT, THIS INNER HEART OF THE WORLD”

Presently a shadow crossed in front of it, and she felt that its caster was a man—a white man. There was just the faint pantomime of his shoulder-play in the dancing light, and he was swallowed up again.

Agnes slowly drew herself toward

the fire. In the darkness she had lost all sense of perspective, and little depressions looked like yawning chasms, while the brush towered over her like gigantic trees.

She crept on, deer-like. Below, the trees were swaying and bowing in the firelight, grotesque, yet wonderfully welcome.

"Who's there?"

She shrank back and held her breath. A Winchester lock had clicked with the gruff words, and she saw the waves of light ripple along its barrel.

"BUT HER TINY VOICE ONLY TREBLED AHEAD OF HER, UNANSWERED"

Then, for some strange reason, as the death-dealing thing covered her, a sort of joyous riot surged to her breast, and she stepped out into the circle of light.

The rifle wavered, fell. The dusky face back of it took on an expression twisted between puzzle and wonder.

"Who—who—excuse me, Miss—"

"It's just me," pleaded the ghost-girl, gliding forward; "Agnes Morton, the sheriff's girl."

The man clutched his rifle-stock again. The lock clicked.

"I'm lost," she went on—"it's terrible up there in the dark."

"Right!" he affirmed solemnly. "How'd y'u come to do it?"

"You see," she explained, "I wanted to give the posse a picnic—they had such a powerful hard time lookin' for Jim Dawson—and we came 'way up here."

She sat down and drew her skirt protectingly around her. A sough of wind in the forest set her to shivering.

"Here," said the man, "take this blanket an' throw it roun' y'u."

She did so, and for a long while sat staring into the fire.

"Had anythin' to eat?"

The words brought her back to the woods, away off from the fireplace in Zeb Morton's ranchhouse.

"No-o; not since the picnic lunch."

Presently the squeal of frying bacon and the soulful look of a brown trout in the frying-pan over the coals caused her insides to ache with new-found hunger.

Her white, even teeth snapped saucily over the forest meal. The swirl of her loosened hair, that fell ruddy and fire-flecked over her eyes, screened her thoughts from him.

He started to stamp out the fire.

"Oh!" she said sorrowfully, "dont do that—the night is terrible up here."

His heavy boots stood still, and he wrestled with a thought.

"I aint used to a fire," he explained—"draws th' hornets and mosquitoes."

"It's fearful in the dark," she pleaded.

The man's face softened, and he threw brush upon the fire till it sang noisily and high.

"It is cheerful-like," he affirmed, watching it. His hand caressed the Winchester. "And it may bring your folks down on us."

He watched the joy-light twinkle in her deep eyes. She leaned on an elbow and watched the life-giving fire.

When her eyes grew misty and shut now and then in spite of themselves, he knew that the drear sleep of the mountains was stealing over her. And, presently, she sighed blissfully, and her head slid forward on her breast.

The man said nothing. Her deep breathing was as a siren-song to him, yet a troubled, startled look lurked in his unreadable eyes.

And as the chill of deep night fastened down on them, he replenished the fire till it glared and sang in angry defiance. Once he pulled his tossed blanket over her girlish shape, and his hands trembled like a drunkard's, with the awful deed.

The long night wore on, interminable, speechless. An elfin grayness spread over the top of Snow Mountain; then crept, inch by inch, down its slope. Suddenly its crest was shot with silver, and the firs and rocks took on a definite nakedness.

The girl still slept by his side. Her face, with its frame of lush hair, was like a baby's in the newborn light. And presently, as he stared moodily at her, her eyes opened and groped for the meaning of things.

It was delicious, he thought, this watching her get her bearings thru the rushing world that borders sleep and life, and he took it hard when her eyes fastened upon him and shivered away again.

"Daddy, Daddy!" she cried, in sheer dreariness.

"Your paw is some twenty miles' hike down the divide, I reckon, an' must 'a' forgotten y'u."

She started to her feet with a quick, uncorseted movement.

He smiled at her—a sort of painful play of handsome features.

"Never mind, girl; I'm goin' to lead y'u out of th' wilderness." His hands found the frying-pan. "Breakfast first, I reckon."

Again the delectable squeal of the bacon and the crunch of her white teeth. "You're not eating!" she exclaimed, with sudden perspicuity.

"There's lots of grub where I'm goin'," he said quizzically—"suppose we mosey along."

AGNES POINTS OUT HER PROTECTOR

They started down the hateful slope, with its pits and scars of overnight, and the cascades bursting from a hundred rock-riven wounds. Their rushing song sang of protection now, and the sun on the firs made a huge-lying mat of Lincoln green.

Presently they came out upon the slender cleft of the Lo Lo Trail, and the girl gave a glad, homing cry of delight.

And there, in the reaches of the spreading valley below, were coming toward them two tiny specks on slow-moving ponies.

"It's Daddy!" she cried, seizing the man's arm. "Look! he is coming for me!"

"And for me," he said so that she scarcely heard him, and he forced his face to shape a look of expectancy such as hers.

They stood on the crest of the divide, so that the distant figures saw them, like ships in a sea, and spurred on their tired horses.

As Zeb Morton's horse stumbled up the trail, Agnes winged down to meet him.

"Daddy, Daddy!" she waved and shouted. "I'm all right, see!"

Zeb dismounted and took her in his arms. She seemed to be all there, every round ounce of her.

His arms slackened suddenly.

"Who's that man, Sis—there on the rock?"

"Dont you know, Dad?" she asked; "he said you'd be glad to see him."

Zeb's rifle twitched out of its holster, and the man on the boulder brought his Winchester up to his shoulder.

As the sheriff advanced, the stranger hesitated, lowered his weapon and stood looking very foolish and schoolboyish.

"Jim Dawson—you sucker—drop that gun and deliver yourself."

"'COME BACK, COME BACK!' THE GIRL CRIED FRANTICALLY"

Agnes heard the name of the man-by-the-fire, and her face turned a fishy white.

"Let him go, Daddy," she pleaded, with a sudden sense of the man's sacrifice; "I know he isn't a bad man; 'deed I do."

Dawson stood, with the firs framing his tall, rugged figure—a shape cut in the mold of gladiator days.

"Do you hear what my girl says?" said Zeb. "You're no killer."

Dawson's eyes looked inscrutably into the sheriff's.

"I've more to say," Zeb went on solemnly: "Hank Smith is recovering from his wound and is ready to testify that he started the trouble."

Dawson's face was a study—wary, unbelieving, half-hopeful.

"I guess that clears me," he said slowly, like one in a dream, "and I mought 's well be goin'."

"Dont go!" cried the girl; "I want to tell Daddy all about you."

The man-by-the-fire turned, with a look of indescribable sadness on his face that spread to his drooping shoulders. His whole person suggested mute appeal.

"Here! take my spare cayuse," called Zeb; "you've earned him, an' about anything else I've got."

Dawson climbed into the saddle, shook hands with the pair briefly and walked his horse slowly toward the wall of the forest.

"Come back, come back!" the girl cried frantically. There was no mistaking the warm tones and the light of her eyes.

Dawson stopped at the wall of firs. The past night and the morning had rung so many changes on his feelings that he wanted to be alone. There was something big and holy stirring in him that he was going to find and dig out and some day lay at the little girl's feet.

But, to her, his face was only wistful, like a spent dog's, as he drew behind the curtain of the woods.

An Ode and an Episode

By FRANK G. WHITNEY

I was sad when I entered the picture show,
My brain was dull, my step was slow,
For rest there seemed no place to go
Save the house of the photoplay.

So I paid my pittance and sought a seat,
Comfort I had as I stretched my feet—
Free from draughts and without too much heat,
And I longed in that spot to stay.

Outside, the bills gave word to amuse—
There were grave and gay from which to choose;
And my dull brain-fag I meant to lose,
With only a small fee to pay.

Inside, a piano bid fair to allure,
Played by deft hands, so shapely and sure,
Of a wise maiden willing to make a detour—
Syncopation to classic or gay.

The screen up above, like a mirror of life,
Showed scenes of war and cowboy strife,
And my pulses quickened as gun or bare knife
Obtained their willful way.

But the views were not all this thrilling kind,
There were those appealing to the mind—
Scientific, instructive, ultra-refined—
Old doubts their intent to allay.

I saw Romance sweet in its costumes fair,
Such dainty maids, cavaliers, curling hair,
Swords and bucklers and things now rare—
Old idols with feet of clay.

The piano ceased; an organ began;
The films were changed, and a sad one ran;
The mix-up of monster and maid and man
Proved this world is not all play.

The picture was fine, the music was sweet,
And vice, in the end, was forced to retreat;
And love and virtue, as was meet,
Conquered and had their way.

I left the show with regret, I must say,
But rested, refreshed, I went my way,
For business and life now keen for the fray—
I'll return to the photoplay!

IN THE BISHOP'S CARRIAGE

STORIETTE BY JANE FAIRE

From the Novel by MIRIAM MICHELSON, published by The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

No one ever knew how Nancy became an inmate of the Charity House; perhaps that distinction could be traced to the fate that chaperones most orphan girls. Yet Nancy was in the Charity House. Nancy's spirit was not rebellious, tho it was firm, and, with all the tyranny and brutality of the matron, she still smiled away her cares. Until—she was falsely accused of some ridiculously petty misdemeanor and cruelly punished. It was then that she decided to rid herself forever of the matron's persecution. She escaped that night, and, pursued by the police, she took refuge in the room of Tom Dorgan, the crook, where later he found her. Both refugees from justice, their common lot inspired them to establish a partnership in crime.

There began the entrance into the hidden and intricate labyrinths of the underworld that were to lead Nancy to danger, sorrow and remorse. Then began the little drama wherein Nancy, with Fate as director, plays many strange parts until, at last—but that is the story!

Ramsay was rich and happy—they are not synonymous. He was careless and indulgent—in the quantity of liquor which he daily annexed. "Down with Drink" was his slogan.

Anteroom of bar. Discovered Ramsay, exhausting the bartender and much rum. Enter Tom and Nancy. Tom observes Ramsay's beautiful intoxication with interest. Ramsay extracts handkerchief from his hip pocket. Letter falls to the floor. Tom surreptitiously obtains it.

We peer over Tom's broad shoulder and read the missive: "Darling Hubby"—or feminine words to that effect—"I have been invited to Van Asten's ball. Will you run up to Brookville and get my jewels? You can catch the six-ten train back."

Tom and Nancy were waiting at the Pennsylvania Station when the 6.10 from Brookville arrived. Tom dexterously extracted the jewels from Ramsay's pocket, handed them to Nancy and lost himself in the crowd. Nancy almost nonchalantly left the station and entered "the bishop's carriage," waiting at the curb.

From this incident a chain of

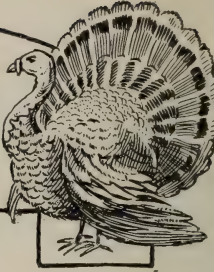
thrilling adventures progress. When the startled bishop discovered the terrified Nancy in his cab, his first impression was that he had entered the wrong vehicle, but this doubt was dispelled when Nancy, between tears, explained that she had mistaken the carriage for her father's. Immediately, Nancy became very ill indeed, and the kindly bishop's heart went out to her. Nancy's illness rapidly grew worse, and the bishop volunteered to guide her to a parishioner's house. In spite of all Nancy's protestations, the bishop persisted, and thus it was that Nancy was driven by Fate to the home of—Mrs. Ramsay!

Mrs. Ramsay was very gentle and sympathetic, and Nancy was recovering. But suddenly Mr. Ramsay entered, and Nancy had a relapse. Mr. Ramsay related the pathetic tale of the theft of the jewels, and Nancy grew worse and worse, until it became really necessary to put her to bed. The problem now was how to escape with the jewels. An opportunity presented itself, when they all left the room, to permit her to feign sleep. She effected her escape and was again rescued from the police by the timely intervention of Obermuller, a theatrical manager, who, as the girl rushed into his office, pursued by the police, divined the situation and, hastily thrusting a manuscript into her hands, instructed her to pretend that she was studying her part. The police left, and Obermuller, impressed with her mimic talent, offered her a position on the stage. Now occurred a bitter contest between Dorgan and Obermuller for the loyalty of Nancy, which culminated in the arrest and conviction of Tom. Nancy's admiration for Obermuller ripened into requited love, and she attained fame and fortune as an actress. And then a shadow of the past crossed her path—Tom escaped and returned to claim her, but his purpose was defeated by Obermuller.

Only once more was she tempted by the old fascination; only once more she stole—and then she really conquered the preying weakness, married Obermuller and drank the sweets of a righteous existence.

A THANKSGIVING

BY RALPH BACON



I went into a picture show
  One fine Thanksgiving Day,
Out in the land whose only snow
  Is orange petals gay.

Outside the streets were tropic quite,
  But inside it was cool;
The great Swiss mountains loomed in sight—
  Reeled off the movie spool.

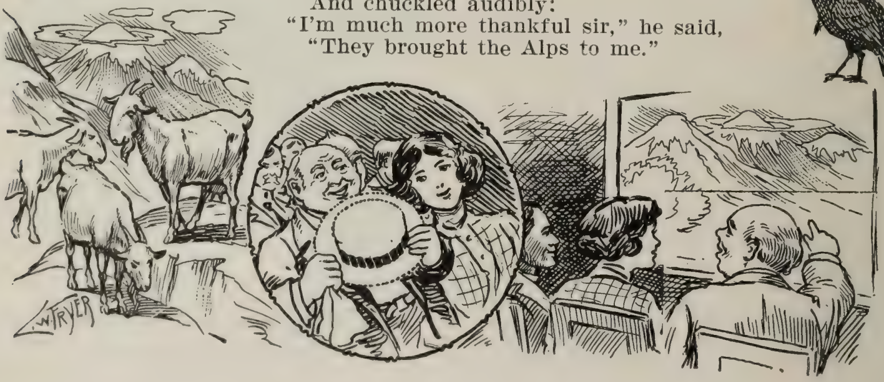
I sat me down and watched the goats
  Frisk round the Matterhorn;
I saw the climbers in great-coats
  Toil thru the drifts all morn.

I quite forgot the heated street,
  As thru the snow they went;
I settled back deep in my seat,
  At rest in cool content.

And then I looked around and saw
  A fat man at my right;
He fanned him with his hat of straw
  And nodded with delight.

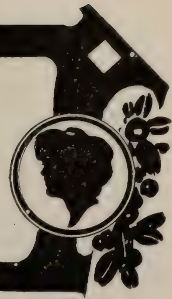
"You'd like to travel there some time?"
  I asked in conversation;
"Perhaps be thankful for a climb
  Like that, your next vacation?"

The fat man slowly shook his head
  And chuckled audibly:
"I'm much more thankful sir," he said,
  "They brought the Alps to me."



Observations by the Man in Front

By HARVEY PEAKE



THERE are many Motion Pictures that are as far-reaching in their effects as powerful sermons.

Almost anybody can go around the world now for a few dimes, via the Motion Picture Route.

You can always tell the big-hearted, unselfish woman in a picture theater by the alacrity with which she removes her hat.

A most wonderful example of evolution: The development of the old-time daguerreotype into the present-day Moving Picture.

A man may be pretty far gone, but his reformation is in sight when he uses the money, that formerly went to the saloon, to take his family to the Motion Picture theater.

Screens for motion plays remind us,
We reflect the good life brings;
And, in passing, leave behind us
Memories of happy things.

Did you ever notice that when you quit wanting a thing you always get it? The exception is the girl that the hero wants in a picture story. He never quits wanting her even when he gets her.

I've noticed that when a man's tied to a woman's apron strings, it's the fact that the strings show that hurt him most. I had a chance to feel sorry for a poor devil of that kind just as I came in. He was trying to pry a dime out of his wife to spend at a picture theater while she shopped. And a dozen people heard her refuse him.

If some of the dames who are trying to regulate the universe would look in one of these big mirrors, they would see a good thing to begin on.

A pictured story of a sudden rise in wealth and position reminds me that there's many a goose holding a feather-duster out over its tail, with the idea that it is deceiving folks into believing it's an ostrich.

Real life is just like a picture film: the romance always ends with marriage.

A man who wouldn't deceive you in any other way for the world, will spend a perfectly good quarter of an hour covering up a bald spot with all the hair he can spare from other parts of his head. There's one of that sort in front of me now.

The Motion Picture theater is the poor man's observation-car; likewise his art gallery and his school of manners.

No matter how interesting the story upon the screen, there's one in every audience that's just as thrilling.

We have seen, in turn, Motion Pictures, Colored Motion Pictures and Talking Pictures. May we not some day encounter this sign: "See the wonderful *Thinking* Pictures!"

Who says the world is not growing better? Here's proof that it is: The money that men formerly spent in the saloon is now used to take their wives and children to the Motion Picture theaters.

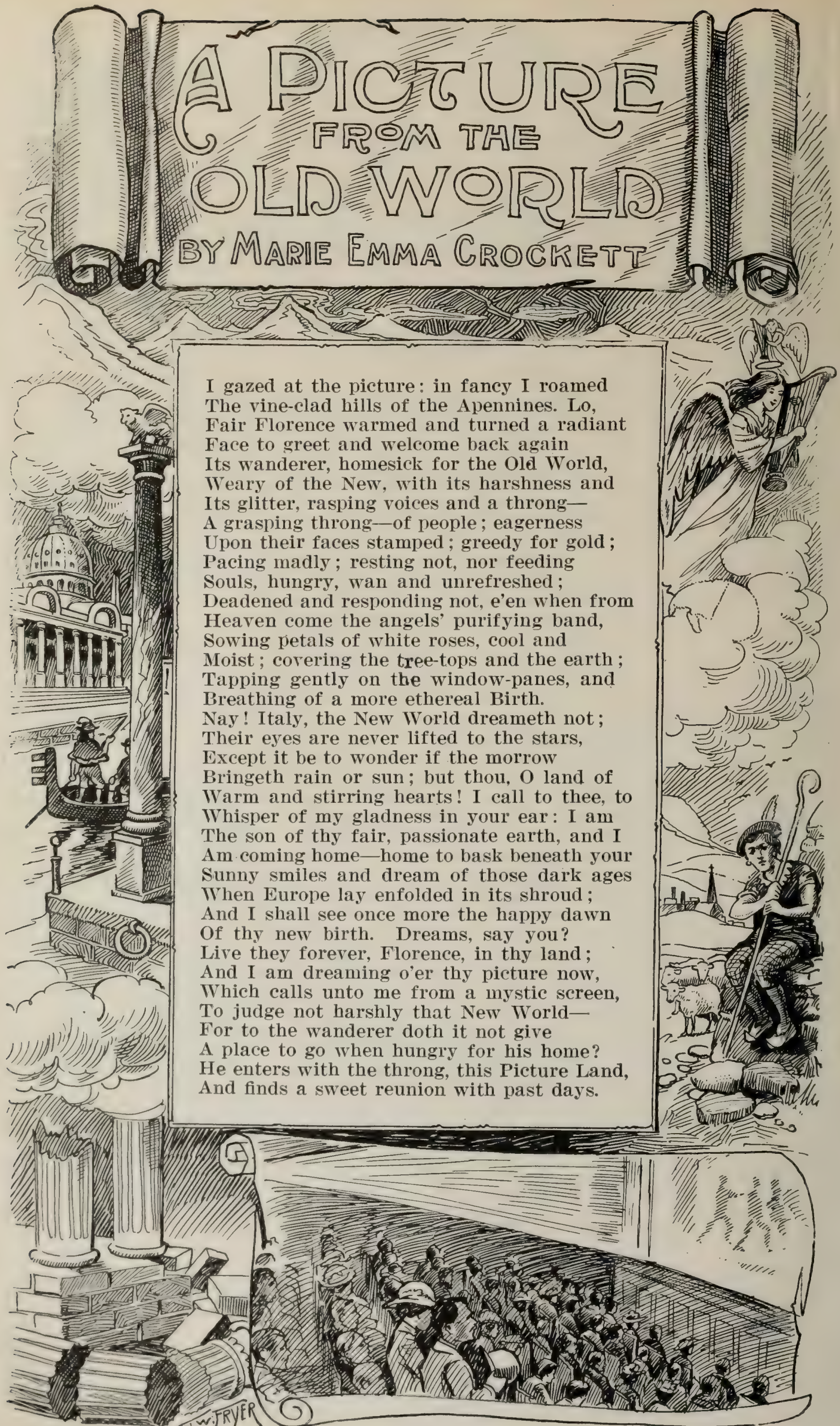
Many a correspondence course has yielded less knowledge than a few weeks' attendance at a Motion Picture theater.

The man who makes the most fuss about the morals of the Motion Picture show is the same one who tried to pass a lead dime on the girl at the ticket window.

Motion Picture films are like love. The longer and stronger they are, the better we like them.

There is enough thought, energy and money put into a ten-minute picture film to run an average family for a year.

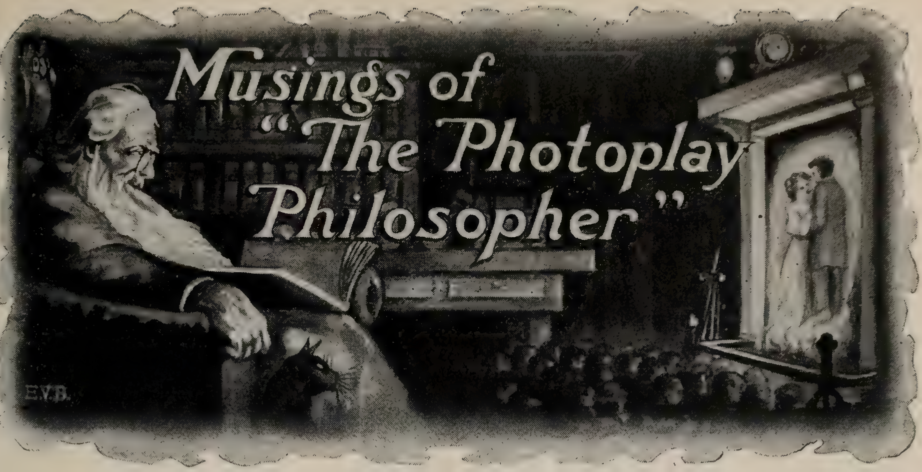
There are comedies and tragedies occurring in the lobby of the theater every day that are worthy the attention of the best film dramatists.



A PICTURE FROM THE OLD WORLD

BY MARIE EMMA CROCKETT

I gazed at the picture: in fancy I roamed
The vine-clad hills of the Apennines. Lo,
Fair Florence warmed and turned a radiant
Face to greet and welcome back again
Its wanderer, homesick for the Old World,
Weary of the New, with its harshness and
Its glitter, rasping voices and a throng—
A grasping throng—of people; eagerness
Upon their faces stamped; greedy for gold;
Pacing madly; resting not, nor feeding
Souls, hungry, wan and unrefreshed;
Deadened and responding not, e'en when from
Heaven come the angels' purifying band,
Sowing petals of white roses, cool and
Moist; covering the tree-tops and the earth;
Tapping gently on the window-panes, and
Breathing of a more ethereal Birth.
Nay! Italy, the New World dreameth not;
Their eyes are never lifted to the stars,
Except it be to wonder if the morrow
Bringeth rain or sun; but thou, O land of
Warm and stirring hearts! I call to thee, to
Whisper of my gladness in your ear: I am
The son of thy fair, passionate earth, and I
Am coming home—home to bask beneath your
Sunny smiles and dream of those dark ages
When Europe lay enfolded in its shroud;
And I shall see once more the happy dawn
Of thy new birth. Dreams, say you?
Live they forever, Florence, in thy land;
And I am dreaming o'er thy picture now,
Which calls unto me from a mystic screen,
To judge not harshly that New World—
For to the wanderer doth it not give
A place to go when hungry for his home?
He enters with the throng, this Picture Land,
And finds a sweet reunion with past days.



Musings of "The Photoplay Philosopher"

THIS MAGAZINE would very much like to know how the Motion Picture public feels on several important questions, and with that end in view the editors have decided to ask all readers of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE to volunteer their services. We know that the million or more of readers of this magazine, or even a fair percentage of them, would be representative of that tremendously large class of people known as The Motion Picture Public, and that if the votes of those readers could be registered it would be fairly decisive. In asking our readers to help us we feel that we are not asking too much, for the simple reason that by so doing they will be helping themselves. One thing is certain, the exhibitors and manufacturers of Motion Pictures are just as anxious to please the public as the public are to be pleased.

We have no doubt, therefore, that the manufacturers and exhibitors everywhere will welcome and encourage this attempt of ours to POLL THE PUBLIC in order to ascertain their needs, wishes and demands, and we believe that our readers will be kind enough to give our efforts their enthusiastic support. We have therefore decided to ask the public to answer certain questions, and, so that the answers will be uniform and easily counted, we request that the answers be put on postal cards. The questions are as follows:

1. Do you prefer multiple reels to single-reel films?
2. Do you think that there are enough educational films shown?
3. Do you favor the present plan of changing pictures every day at a theater?
4. Do you favor an era of revival, in which the best of the old, popular films would be shown again?
5. Do you like stories from the classics?
6. Do you like dramas?
7. Do you like comedies?
8. Do you like "Westerns"?
9. Do you like war pictures?
10. What kind of pictures do you like best (educational, drama, war, Western, or comedy)?
11. Do you think all pictures should be officially censored?
12. Do you think it would be safe to leave the censoring to the public?
13. Do you make your wants and likes and dislikes known to the manager of the theaters you attend?

In sending in your answers, do not repeat questions; just put down the numbers, and "Yes" or "No" opposite them. If you wish to make any additional comments, please do so on a separate card or paper. From time to time we shall publish the results. Kindly lose no time in sending in your answers. Address all communications to "Statistics Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y."

⁂

Those who are saying that there should be a State board of censors perhaps do not recall the days of Mayor McClellan, of New York, in 1908. On Christmas Eve of that year this distinguished Tammany mayor issued a blanket order revoking every Moving Picture license in New York, and Los Angeles, Providence and other cities soon followed example. It is not clear whether the proprietors of the regular theaters used political influence to bring about that state of affairs, but it is quite clear that even at that early date the regular theaters saw a dangerous rival in the Motion Picture.

⁂

The recent agitation in New York City over some immoral stage plays, in which the theater managers were arrested, indicates that censorship, when in the control of the public, does not sleep. There is no censorship of the regular theater in New York other than that of the general law which prohibits improper shows, and that seems to be sufficient. When an indecent play appears, the newspapers and public soon get together and suppress it. All systems of official censorship are dangerous, and they inevitably end in throwing the Motion Picture business into politics. But, more on this important subject later.

⁂

I fear that this department is found rather dry by some. Once, when I first began it nearly three years ago, they told me that it must be solid and heavy, for it was really the editorial backbone of the magazine. The other day somebody had the kindness to say that my writings were too dull, and that I should be more witty, like our inimitable Answer Man. Would that were possible! Taine says that "Wit is the art of stating things in a pleasant way." That being true, every writer should strive to be witty, and more's the pity that we are not all witty. Wit is the perfume of literature—"The flavor of the mind," as Sydney Smith puts it. Nearly all our great men were witty, whether orator, statesman, poet or warrior, among which might be mentioned Cæsar, Aristotle, Alexander, Descartes, Bacon, Demosthenes, Cicero, Shakespeare, Pope, Dryden, Dr. Johnson, Cowley, Solon and Socrates, not to mention those who are particularly noted for their wit, such as Swift, Sterne, Addison, Goldsmith, Cervantes, Le Sage, Holmes, Washington Irving, Butler, Lamb, Hood, Saxe—but hold! there is no end of them. The only trouble with wit is that it is near related to humor, and to be humorous means rarely to be taken seriously. Since I am burdened with the ponderous title of "Philosopher," perhaps I should appear as profound as the mighty deep, lest, in an attempt to be witty, to please my correspondent, I become as shallow as a puddle. No man can please everybody, be he fool, clown, jester or philosopher —not even the Answer Man.

MUSINGS OF "THE PHOTOPLAY PHILOSOPHER"

This is the time of year when our physical well-being demands that we be cautious—the lingering of summer and the approach of winter. Remember this: medicines and doctors do not cure; they only assist Nature. The less medicine we take, the better we are. The drug habit is a product of superstition. And so is the doctor habit. There are three kinds of doctors: those who work to make us well; those who work to prevent our getting sick, and those who work us whether we are sick or well. Beware the third kind, cultivate the second kind, and dont consult the first kind till you have to. Remember that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Remember that most doctors simply guess at Nature's desires and intentions, and then substitute their own. Remember the old saying, that the best physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet and Dr. Merryman. Live so that the doctors will never be needed, for when they attend us, they either mend us or end us, and in either case we pay dearly.

⁂

It is pleasant to note that many of the manufacturers are now inserting the casts of characters in their films. While the players deserve this publicity, and the public are demanding it, it would seem to this writer that it is rather a primitive way of accomplishing the purpose desired. In the first place, it takes up valuable space that should be devoted to the pictures, and in the second place, a cast is something that should be studied, and one cannot study and memorize a cast in a few seconds. The Edison plan of introducing the cast on the instalment plan does not appear to be an improvement, altho other companies are trying it out. It may appear awkward at first, but the proper place for a cast, if it must be on the film at all, is at the end. There, it would be studied with greater interest, and it would not tax the memory. But the real place for the casts is on the printed programs and on the bulletins in the lobby. Please remember that the time is near when people will not rush into a theater at any hour and rush out in the middle of an exhibition. They will take it more seriously. They will learn at what hours Film No. 1 is to be exhibited, and be it 6 or 7.30 or 9, they will be there at one of those times, on the minute. And the exhibitor will see that time is allowed between reels for exits and entrances. And the patron will take time to look over the program to see what is coming and who is to be seen in the several casts. Another idea—did it ever occur to the manufacturer that it is superfluous to name every character in the cast, as is done in the speaking-play? Unless the character's name is used in letters, telegrams, subtitles, etc., or in some way describes or qualifies the action, it should not appear in the cast on the film, because it only burdens the memory unnecessarily. When we see a long cast headed with, say, ''Jonathan Hopkinson—Arthur Johnson,'' we remember only the name of Johnson, and we care little for the name of his character, and could scarcely remember it if we did—let alone eight or ten other characters. Until the time comes when the manufacturers provide the exhibitors with printed casts, why not place under the title of each film, in lieu of a cast, something like this: ''Featuring Arthur Johnson, Lottie Briscoe, Harry Myers, Howard Mitchell, Florence Hackett, etc.''? Those who could not place these players would probably not be able to do so any way, and the plan would have the advantage of saving many feet of film and considerable unnecessary mental effort on the part of the spectators.

MAKING A VERY PRETY PICTURE INDEED= BUT
"LOWER THAT MOON, AND PUT MORE LIGHT ON THAT LUMINAR
CUMBERSOME SCENERY
PRESS AGENT
STAGE MANAGER
MANAGER
CALL BOY
PROMTOR
THE MOMENT BEFORE THE CURTAIN IS RUNG UP
"40" MINUTES WASTED IN INTERMISSION DURING A PERFORMANCE LASTING THREE HOURS -
ADMISSION...... 50¢ UP- AS HIGH AS $500
YOU HAVE TO BE PROMPT IN ORDER TO UNDERSTAND THE PLAY —

THE STAGE HAS ITS ADVANTAGES, BUT THEY ARE NOT TO BE COMPARED WITH THOSE OF THE PHOTOPLAY

THE MOTION PICTURE GODDESS - AND
HER STAGE SETTING - A ROYAL OAK
AND A MOON = THAT SHEDS NATURE'S LIGHT,
AND BROAD PLAINS = THAT A RICHARD WOULD ENVY
SO THAT HE MIGHT FIGHT HIS BATTLE O'ER -
AND A PHILIPPI, THAT CÆSAR MAY MEET HIS BRUTUS. -
Shults

THE PHOTOPLAY HAS ITS DISADVANTAGES, BUT THEY ARE NOT SO NUMEROUS AS THOSE OF THE STAGE

BEN F. WILSON, OF THE EDISON COMPANY

"I am of the firm opinion that actors' early hardships are but the caviare that whets their professional appetites, and that without them the game and its results for most of us would be 'flat, stale and unprofitable,'" said Ben F. Wilson, reminiscent of his early barnstorming and stock days.

Mr. Wilson, who fairly leaped into popularity and the approval of that apparently necessary evil, the dramatic critic, by his remarkable creation of the rôle of "Tim" McCormick, the political boss in the "Governor and the Boss," in Brooklyn five years ago, has long since forsaken the footlights and the welcome applause of his admirers for the more remunerative tho equally congenial Motion Picture field, and is now facing the camera lens as leading man in one of the Edison companies.

Mr. Wilson's birthplace, Centerville, Iowa, was the home of the sisters, Edna May and Cecil Spooner, the Paytons, and more than one hundred other actors who have added honor to the town and a name for themselves in the theatrical world. Whether this quiet Iowa village was the breeding-place of the histrionic germ with which so many, including Mr. Wilson, became inoculated, or whether the latter's desire for a public career was occasioned by his daily intercourse during one entire summer with the Spooner family, on a visit to their home, he professes ignorance. He soon found, however, that his chosen vocation was not all "beer and skittles," but filled with hard knocks and with a goal—like the armful of hay to the treadmill horse—just beyond his reach.

An amusing incident occurring during the first few months of the actor's theatrical life is best told in his own words, tho these fail to convey the inimitable manner of its telling.

"Broke and despondent," said Mr. Wilson, "I was offered work as substitute for a night clerk in a country hotel. The clerk's father had been suddenly killed that day, and, to lessen his grief, the son had foolishly become intoxicated.

"The landlord of the hotel, in offering me the night's work, had failed to inform me that the dead man lay covered with a sheet in the hotel's best room on the top floor, the windows of which had been left open to allow a free passage of air over the body.

"Early in the evening a robbery had been committed in the town, the recital of which had resulted in the death of the clerk's father; and all of this, together with the story of the robbery and the fact that the robber was still at large, had put my nerves in an awful state. My agitation was increased during the night by the occasional tapping on the office window by the town's aged night watchman as he made his rounds and the creaking and groaning of the ramshackle old building.

"Toward morning the wind arose. Shutters banged and strange noises were heard about the house, and as four o'clock struck and I realized that I must call a lodger on the top floor who wished to catch an early train, pride alone prevented me from chucking the job and hiding in one of the many vacant rooms on the ground floor.

"Plucking up my courage, I managed to mount the first flight, when the old-fashioned lamp I carried, exhausting its last drops of oil, sputtered and went out. Lighting matches as I went, I reached the top floor, but, mistaking the lodger's room, I entered the death-chamber, the door of which was slightly ajar.

"Imagine my feelings when I struck a match and by its flickering light gazed into the white face of the dead man, but an arm's length from my trembling body. How I got down the stairs without breaking my neck will ever remain a mystery. So completely rattled was I that, missing the office floor, I plunged down the cellar stairs.

"Here the climax of the night of horror was reached, when, quaking with fear, I lighted my last remaining match and peered into the face of a big, black negro, who, it developed later, had been stealing coal, and who made off thru the coal-chute, leaving me standing with five of my six senses absolutely paralyzed."

Optimistic regarding the theatrical future, Mr. Wilson expresses the belief, shared by many others, that the Motion Picture industry is still in its infancy and that the goal sought will be reached when the camera is so perfected that stereoscopic effects will be secured. J. McA.

* * *

FLORA FINCH, OF THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY

TALK about your hero-*ines*, soulful-eyed, with curving lines; I met a queen the other day—beats any card that you could play—the comedy lead of Vitagraph. Say, wait a moment while I laugh!

They call the lady Flora Finch, and she's a winner on a pinch; six feet two inches tall (she says), and just one hundred pounds she weighs; her eyes are green, her hairs are each a yellowish yellow (Query: bleached?). But it isn't how she strikes the eye that makes you laugh until you cry; it's the twinkle in her merry soul and the way she makes her gestures droll, her elbow-art and bony grace and the strange gymnastics of her face. Oh yes, oh yes, I know I rave, but I just cant make my pen behave!

"How long upon the screen?" says I. "About three years," was her reply. "Before? Of course, upon the stage, when beauty-shows were all the rage—American Beauties, Crackerjacks; but, I can tell you for a fact, I'll never leave the photoplay; it's a splendid thing, well, I should say! Of all the jobs, it's at the head—on Sundays, I can eat in bed! The favorite parts that I have played are Camille, La Tosca and the maid, so lonely, helpless and alone, in the sad play, 'Why Girls Leave Home.' I never learn lines or rehearse, think that only makes things worse. I fall in each scene. and then I just fall gracefully out again, without a care, without a fear. In fact, I simply act by ear."

"Do you believe," I asked Miss Flo, "in censoring the films, or no?"

"Yes, let them have their little fling—*I* can find fault with anything! Improvement in Motion Pictures? O! And O! and O! And O! O! O! We'll soon win the dramatic game, for the movies have the crême de la crême of all the actors, certainly; they have Flora Finch, myself and me."

"Tell us a bit about your life." "All right; here's tooting my own fife! Hoboken's the place where I began; my parents, Irish-American; education, minus; talent, plus (nothing backward about *us*). I'm a great traveler, certainly—I know every bit of the B. R. T. I love to cook and to drink tea, and darning is my specialty. If I could only have my way, I'd darn twelve stockings every day."

"Were you ever in print," I put in here, "because of deed or happening queer?"

"Well, no-o-o, but I had an uncle go to Coney Island to see the show; at least he almost went, they say, or thought of going, anyway.

"My religion? Well, now, I'll tell you; it's 'Be good, and you'll be lonely, too'! My fad's my husband and my child, and 'Votes for Women' drive me wild. An anti-suffragette? No! no! Why cant I vote, I'd like to know? Some day I expect to need to vote. I may own an acre and a goat!

"My favorite sport? Well, it's to play hookey from the graveyard clay. I have a garden I like to weed, and then, sometimes, I dote to read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and shake with fright, or 'Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight.' I'm rather literary, I guess—I often write 'Songs of the Passionless!'

"Swimming, boating, keeping hens? Oh, yes, I love them—for my friends. Now, I cant think of another thing—oh, yes! I'm fond of saving string!"

"Is life worth living?" queried I.

"Indeed it is," was the reply. "Life to the great is always fair, and am I not an actress rare?"

'You are," I answered, with a bow. "At least, *I* think so, anyhow. And now, Miss Flora, tell me this: of all the actresses you wis, who play their parts upon the screen, who is the best that you have seen?"

"Ask me something that's not a cinch. Of course," she smiled, "it's Flora Finch."

D. D.

ORMI HAWLEY, OF THE LUBIN COMPANY

"MISS HAWLEY, a representative of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE who wishes to interview you." With these words Mr. Siegmund Lubin left me with the woman he had termed "The Lillian Russell of the Pictures."

Dressed in an indescribable garment of wild-rose-pink charmeuse, with a wreath of buds in her blonde hair, she made a charming picture. I soon believed Mr. Lubin's comparison a perfect one. After the usual greetings, which to me seemed just a bit more cordial, coming from such a beautiful woman, Miss Hawley responded to my request to talk about herself.

"Well, to begin with, I began my career in Springfield, Massachusetts, about eight years ago, with a stock company, and later filled similar engagements. Two years ago I joined Mr. Lubin's forces, and, of course, every one who knows pictures knows how much I owe to the splendid chances Mr. Lubin has given me. It is a pleasure to call oneself a Lubinite, for the governor is so very considerate of us all." At this point we were interrupted by Miss Hawley's director, who gave her instructions to practice swimming, for in the picture written around the Dayton flood, which was about to be put on, the heroine was required to jump into the water and rescue the leading man. Miss Hawley took her instructions like a brave sea captain and assured her director that she would be ready to begin the scene at the time appointed.

"As you see, we are called upon to do almost everything, and the director never expects 'no' for an answer. One of the most thrilling experiences I ever had occurred last winter in Florida. We were taking 'The Judgment of the Deep,' and while half a mile out at sea, awaiting the signal to row in towards the camera, my oars snapped and I began to drift. The frail boat I was in was the only one we had, and the nearest settlement was two miles down the beach. When my plight was realized and I began to drift out to sea, there was a dash down the beach. . . . Well, here I am, but, really, it was an agonizing situation while it lasted." Miss Hawley gave a little sigh of relief as she finished her recital. "We photoplayers dont mind a little thing like that." It is not often that beauty and bravery are combined—even in a photoplayer.

"I love my work and am fond of my fellow players. My intimate friends call me 'Bunny.' Why? Well, really, I dont know." Miss Hawley smiled good-humoredly. "My chief amusements are fencing, swimming and motoring, in the order mentioned. Oh, and dont forget tennis-playing. You know, I have a court in my back yard, and if any one should peep in after a busy day at the studio, some of the Lubin favorites could be seen hitting the ball or chatting at the tea-table."

Miss Hawley's glowing cheeks and clear blue eyes testified to the benefits derived from her sports. After a little, a serious look came into her eyes. Suddenly she said:

"I want to be serious for just a minute. It's about the scores and scores of girls all over the country who are dreaming of a career in Motion Pictures. Letters pour in upon me in quantities beyond my power to answer, and the substance of them all is: 'How can I become a screen player?' The girls, for the most part, fondly imagine a life of pleasure. They see their favorite photoplayer time after time and dream of her as a favored being, who spends her life as the principal in a sympathetic situation, whose path is strewn with roses, who has little to do except dash off pretty notes and autograph portraits and ring for a maid to come and dress her in the latest importation. Is it any wonder these foolish, short-sighted girls long to see themselves doing these things? Poor children, they never see the other side; they never know that for every morsel of success the actress pays, and pays dearly. It is one sacrifice from beginning to end. I might mention just one feature—the hours of irksome rehearsals, doing the same thing over and over again for the benefit of some one who doesn't catch on to what the director wants." Miss Hawley stopped a minute to get her breath, and one of her lovely smiles indicated a change of mood. "Now dont, Mr. Motion Picture Magazine Man, think that I take myself too seriously or that I never look on the brighter side. I am optimistic, and, I think, well balanced. I know that the truest happiness comes from work, and I am thankful I have my health and my spirits to help me express my joy to others thru the pictures on the screen."

A glance at Miss Hawley's jeweled desk-clock, as well as a call from her director, made me aware that our little talk was drawing to a close. "Do come again, wont you?" Miss Hawley asked. "Come before this flower opens and fades." I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw the Lubin Queen take from her hair a tiny wild rosebud; when she thrust it in my buttonhole she made a knight of BENNIE.

MARY PICKFORD, OF THE FAMOUS PLAYERS COMPANY

The door opened, and a dainty miss not yet in her twenties, with a shower of golden curls, large, violet eyes, and a striking personality, stood before me. She gave one of those irresistible smiles, displaying a set of beautiful white teeth, and said in a charming voice: "I am so glad to see you; come right in and make yourself at home."

I was ushered into a cozy little sitting-room, and here I found "The Little Heroine" of the movies at home.

"You wont mind if I finish fixing this dress, will you?" continued my hostess, and while watching her neatly mend a gown of chiffon and lace, I found that acting is not the only accomplishment of the little actress.

"Do you have time for work other than acting?" I asked.

"Oh, yes; I am studying music now, and expect to start French very soon. I have always been anxious to speak French, and a little hard study will soon enable me to master it." Between the lines of this simple declaration I read Miss Pickford's ability to master anything she undertakes.

She has added to her laurel wreath of fame many successful scenarios, the greater part of which have already been produced by leading companies. "Lena and the Geese" won for her much praise and is probably the most noted of her work.

"What kind of parts do you like to play best?" I asked.

"Such as the goose-girl in 'Lena and the Geese,' Peggy in 'Wilful Peggy,' and others similar to these," replied Miss Pickford.

"Little Mary" is most at home in the parts that require a sweet young girl as the heroine, altho she has several heavy pictures to her credit. The public seems loath to have her play other parts than the girl of 18, with curls either hanging down her back or gathered gracefully on her head. "Why, they laugh at me if I play the 'bad' girl," she continued; "they wont take me seriously," and with a hearty laugh which caused several curls to fall mischievously from their fastenings, she seemed to enjoy the joke.

By this time the frock was mended, so, being left alone for a few moments, I noticed the coziness of the star's home. Each room was furnished elegantly but plainly, displaying fondness for simplicity; and in this delightful apartment, near the Hudson, Miss Pickford finds peace and contentment, where she is safe from the admiring crowd.

If the same charming voice that had ushered me in had not broken my trance, I might still be dreaming of golden hair, mingled with violet eyes and rosy lips.

"I hope I haven't kept you waiting long, but my canaries were hungry, so I stopped to feed them, and, as the car has just come, I think we had better start for the studio."

After a lovely motor down Riverside Drive and into the busier section of the city, we reached the studio, where I was to see "Little Mary" in a different light.

As she was opening her morning mail, a large part of which were letters of praise and requests for photos and signatures, the director came in, designating the scenes to be played that day. It happened that a tame bear was to be used in two of the scenes, and Miss Pickford, after making up and putting on her picturesque costume, came to where I was standing beside the bear, to "get acquainted," as she expressed it. "Roose," the bear, was named after Colonel Roosevelt, and naturally was very gentle, and meekly partook of the sweets his so-called mistress offered him.

"All ready for scene, Miss Pickford," announced the director.

However, "Roose" was *not* ready and refused to do as his keeper had trained him previous to the calling of the scene. With an ugly growl he dashed for some candy Miss Pickford had in her hand, and in so doing nearly knocked her down. His temper now aroused, and it seemed quite useless to try further for the scene, but Miss Pickford, unwilling to be conquered by a bear, desired that the scene be taken, and soon a clever picture was gotten, uninterrupted.

As they were discussing the next scene, several men made a hasty dash for the anteroom, and turning around, Miss Pickford saw "Roose," teeth showing, coming toward her, with his keeper frantically chasing him. With wonderful quickness she reached some candy from her pocket and held it temptingly to the enraged bear—a snap, and his collar was securely fastened, and "Roose" was unceremoniously hustled to his cage. The men commended Miss Pickford for her bravery, while modest she went to her room to prepare for the next scene.

After watching her enact several other scenes, I reluctantly left "The Little Heroine," and wondered at her indefatigable vitality.

The most striking characteristic revealed in an interview with Miss Pickford is the wonderful faculty of expression of her features, every passing thought being mirrored in her face. This, no doubt, accounts for her wonderful popularity, as she touches the hearts of her audiences thru these wonderful facial expressions.

"Little Mary" is now about to join Belasco's "Good Little Devil" company again.

EDNA WRIGHT.

Maurice Costello, surrounded by the leading players of the Cines Company, taken during the World Tour of the Vitagraph Company last spring.

A Ballad of Good Business

BY RALPH BACON

Now Rubenstein Cohen met a friend who was goin'
  Upon a Cook's tour to the Nile;
And he said to R. Co: "You'd better come go;
  This thing is conducted in style."

"How long will you be away on the sea,
  And baked on the tropical sand?"
"Three months, to a day, from the time we go 'way,
  We are back again, ready to land."

"But all of that while," said R. C., with a smile,
  "I'd be losin' my regular pay;
And the trip, I suppose, besides trifles and clothes,
  A fat, little thousand would slay."

"But think, Mr. Cohen, all the things you'd be knowin'
  About pyramids, temples and such!"
But the wily R. C. replied: "Not for me!
  That culture is costing too much."

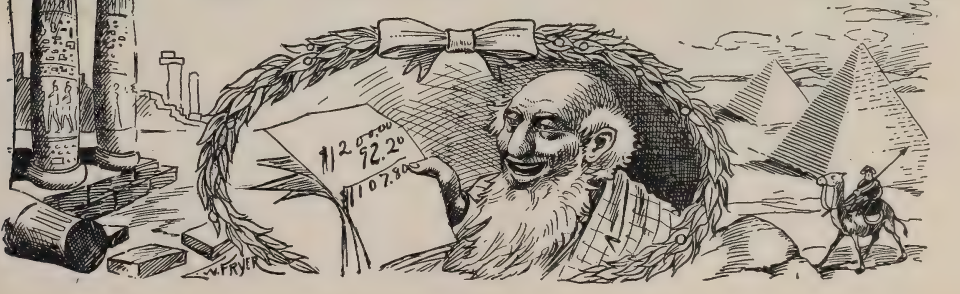
The friend sailed away. On the very same day
  A movie, right near to Co's store,
Got over a mile of films from the Nile
  And the gay Mediterranean shore.

Now Rubenstein Cohen, when he heard they were showin'
  The places his friend traveled to,
Spent just twenty-two dimes, saw the Nile 'leven times,
  With its pyramids, temples and zoo.

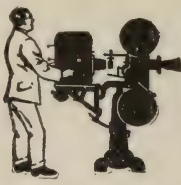
When the friend had returned, Mr. Cohen soon learned
  His expenses—including side tours—
Were twelve hundred dollars: "Ho, ho," Cohen hollers;
  "I, too, took a travel like yours!"

He described to his friend, from beginning to end,
  All the wonders he'd seen for a dime;
Said his friend, with a sigh: "You have seen more than I;
  Your guide didn't rush you like mine."

Then Rubenstein Cohen, with a wink that was knowin',
  Took out a note-book quite immense,
And wrote in just so: "Credit Rubenstein Co
  Eleven-o-seven eighty cents."



RUTH STONEHOUSE



CAVANAUGH

BROOKE

ALLEN

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LUBIN

GENE GAUNTIER

KERRIGAN

MAC DERMOTT

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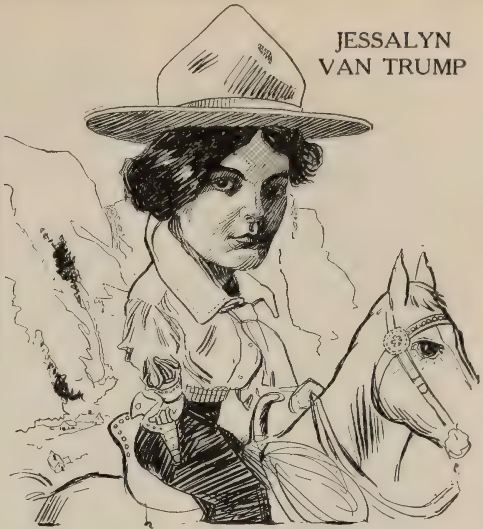


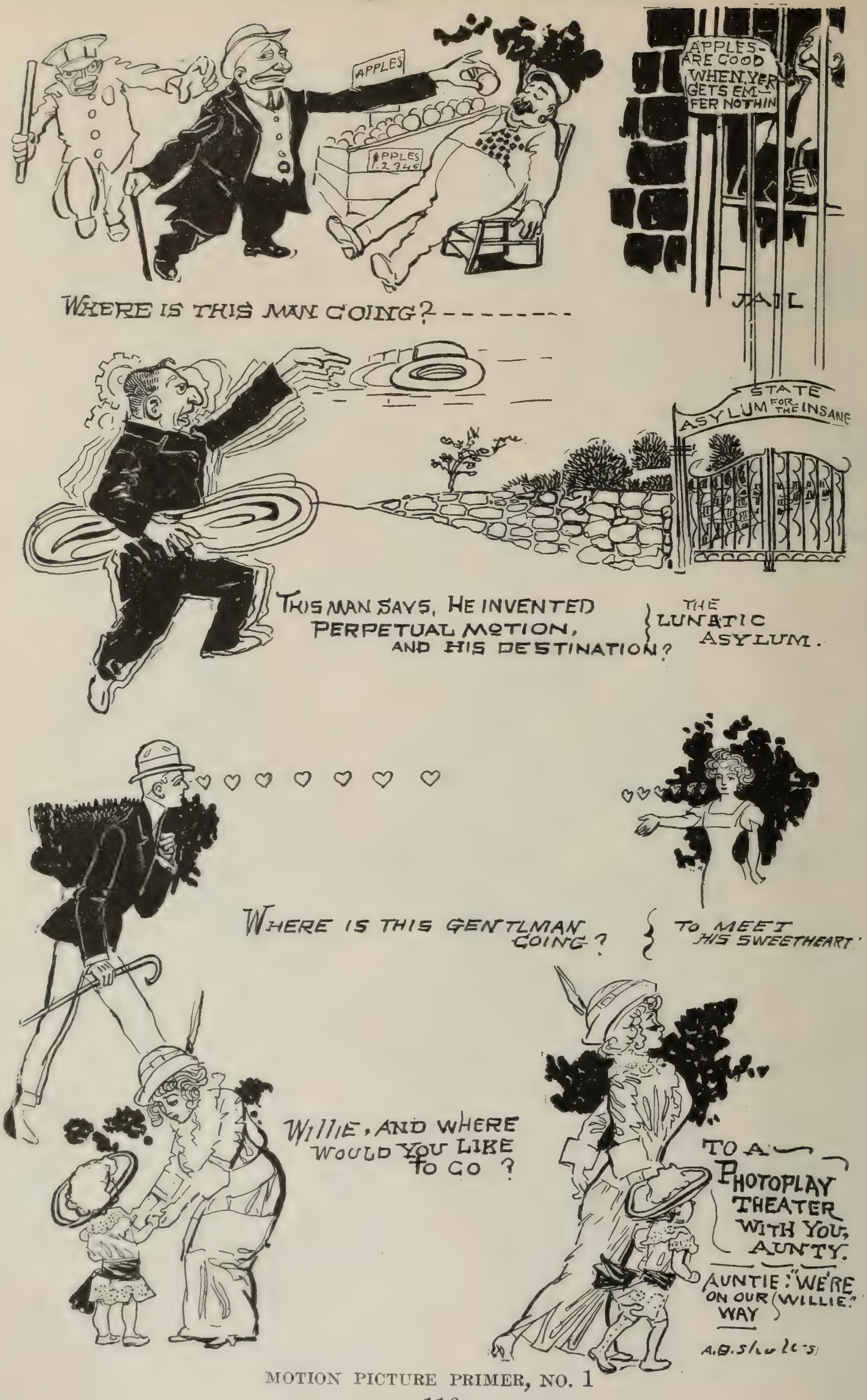
JESSALYN
VAN TRUMP

MARSHALL P. WILDER

FRANCES NE MOYER

DELANEY

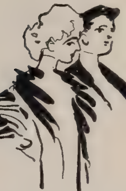
QUO VADIS?


APPLES
APPLES 1.2345
APPLES-ARE GOOD WHEN YER GETS EM-FER NOTHIN
JAIL
WHERE IS THIS MAN GOING?
STATE ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE
THIS MAN SAYS, HE INVENTED PERPETUAL MOTION, AND HIS DESTINATION?
THE LUNATIC ASYLUM.
WHERE IS THIS GENTLMAN GOING?
TO MEET HIS SWEETHEART
WILLIE, AND WHERE WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO?
TO A PHOTOPLAY THEATER WITH YOU, AUNTY.
AUNTIE: "WE'RE ON OUR WAY
WILLIE."
A.B. Shults

MOTION PICTURE PRIMER, NO. 1

THE Popular Player Contest having come to a close, the reader is invited to pick up the old trail, discontinued last March, and to resume interest in the present department. The players, the manufacturers and everybody interested in Motion Pictures want to hear what you have to say about the plays and players. This is *your* department, reader, and in it you may applaud or censure, eulogize or condemn, as you will. All verses and comments received will be forwarded to the player or company concerned, if they are found unavailable for this department.

From the Sunflower State comes a nice little bouquet for the favorites of Mr. C. P. Nellis, with one posy for nearly everybody, as follows:



A is for Anderson, who's always good.
B is for Blackwell—he acts as he should.
C for Costello, of which there are many.
D for De Grasse, and also Delaney.
E is for Eyton, a girl of some class.
F stands for Fuller, sweet Edison lass.
G is for Gish, who is unlike the rest.
H is for Hawley, one of the best.
I is for Ince, who makes a fine Lincoln.
J stands for Johnson, who sets me to thinkin',
K is for Kelly—she's always willing.
L is for Lytton, who makes a fierce villain.
M is for Morey, McDowell and Myers.
N is for Nilsson, whom each one admires.
O is for Ogle, good acting his forte.
P stands for Panzer, a mighty good sort.
Q there is no one to my recollection.
R is for Roland—any objection?
S is for Sweet; her name fits her fine.
T stands for Turner—she sure is divine.
U is for us—I mean the picture fan.
V for Vignola, and, oh, yes, Wallie Van.
W is for Walthall, now in the West.
X stands for Xavier, who returned by request.
Y is for Young—I mean Clara Kimball.
Z stands for Zena K., well liked by all.
& is for others, whose names are well known,
But too numerous to mention in one single poem.

If any of the actors feel they have been slighted, we will guarantee to find their names, coupled with ardent admiration, in a list sent in by Miss Elaine Voelkers, "a devotee of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE." We regret the poem is too long to appear in full.

Miss Billie Straus, of the Golden Gate, makes Robert Gaillord's name form an acrostic for her favorites:

G stands for Gaillord, as you recall.
A stands for Anderson, finest of all.
I stands for Ince, negroes' benefactor.
L stands for Lessey, Edison's director.
L stands for Lawrence, as you'll understand.
O stands for Ogle, best in the land.
R stands for Ruth Roland, the Kalem joy.
D stands for Delaney, a fine-looking boy.

Alice Joyce's name, coupled with enthusiastic praise, adds considerably to the postman's daily burden. Two more ardent admirers to add to the list are Frances Glass, of Manhattan, and Rufus Redmond, same little town:

One day, while at a photoshow
(It was in a Western scene),
A maiden, young and beautiful,
Appeared upon the screen,

With a mass of chestnut curls
And dreamy eyes of unknown hue.
In gingham was she clad, this maid
Who won my heart so true.

And as the months have passed away,
I have seen her on the screen;
In silks and velvets grandly clad,
She seemed a royal queen.

And well they set her beauty off;
But the time I liked her best
Was when I saw her, first of all,
In simple gingham dressed.

For hers is not the beauty
Which must shine in gorgeous clothes,
But the beauty such as Nature gives
Her queenly garden rose.

Of all the pictured faces,
Yours is the fairest that I know,
With your eyes as clear as crystal
And your heart as pure as snow.

TO MISS ALICE JOYCE

Here's a toast at eventide
To the one we hold most dear;
That wondrous beauty, Kalem's pride—
The star each passing year.

Her charms add to the photoplay,
Of which she is a part;
Her talent brings her every day
Applause right from the heart.

So here's a toast to our one choice,
From springtime until fall;
The Kalem queen, Miss Alice Joyce—
The sweetest of them all.

An unknown admirer likens Mary Fuller to Mary Stuart, greatly to the advantage of the Edison queen:

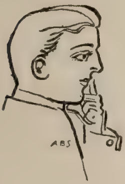
TO MARY FULLER STUART

Queen Mary of old, the sweet and the fair,
Has revisited the earth for a little space,
And well deserving that title rare,
"The Rose of the Stuart Race."

Fate was unkind to the lovely queen;
The fault was not hers that she was not strong;
And I cannot judge by "what might have been,"
For "The queen can do no wrong."

But this flower is dearer than that which grows
Where the ancient home of the Stuarts stood;
A fairer, a sweeter, a "Fuller" rose
Than flourished at Holyrood.

We have Miss Mattie Smith's word for it that she is a "strong Thanhouser booster," and her tribute to Marguerite Snow proves it:



I love you, I love you, oh! Marguerite Snow,
With hair so black and eyes aglow,
With your entrancing smile and pearly teeth;
No actress on earth has got you beat.
I love every Thanhouser that has you in it,
And when you're in a show I'm crazy to see it.
Miss Snow was divine in "Lucille" and "Jess"—
Ask anybody; they'll all tell you "Yes."

This applause from Miss Susie T. Wilbert, of Arizona:

Tall, dark and handsome was he,
Tall, slender and graceful was she;
Florence Lawrence and Arthur Johnson, I mean,
But these two together are nevermore seen.
Little Lottie Briscoe has taken her place;
Now, girls, to pass her 'twould be some race,
For she's a queen of the Lubin, without a doubt—
Me for the movies when they come out.
Now for the man that haunts my dreams
Whenever I see him appear on the screen.
Listen, actors, you'll have to go some
If you beat the man named Anderson.

Kalem, here's to you:

"THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG."

A week or so ago I went to the Moving Picture show;
They had a Kalem war play, so, of course, I had to go.
"The Siege of Petersburg" it was, and splendid as could be;
I've never seen a film that so exactly suited me.
The cast did right fine work all thru, to finish from the start,
Especially the gentleman who took Van Dorn's great part.
He acted well the hero stunt (Guy Coombs, I think's his name)—
The gallant way he gave his life, 'twas certainly a shame.
His Southern imitation, too, was very good indeed;
He brought out well their chivalry, of which you often read.
And it is no small task to give the right impersonation—
It takes a lot of character and good imagination.
The battle scenes were also good, as Kalem's always are,
Especially the Southern ones—they are the best by far.
The director of that company must know his business well;
In lovely scenes of Dixieland he surely does excel.
The actors seemed inspired, too, and caught the Southern way
Of showing hospitality, so noted to this day.
'Twas altogether simply fine, the best play of its kind,
With great historic battle scenes and drama all combined.

Brooklyn, N. Y. ELSIE M. LAKE.

Make your best bow, Mr. Mason:

TO BILLY MASON.

There they go, there they go,
Two little maids to a picture show.
Look at their dresses, long and white;
Aren't they pretty, with ribbons bright?
There they'll see sweet Alice Joyce
And dear Lottie Briscoe—she's my choice—
Big Arthur Johnson and Carlyle Blackwell,
And Guy Coombs—oh, isn't he swell!
Dear Francis X. Bushman and Tom Moore, too;
Sweet Dorothy Phillips as Sunbonnet Sue.
But of all the men in the picture show,
I choose Billy Mason for my beau.

Bunkie, La. VALERIE CRAIG.

Another acrostic—a favorite form—this time in favor of Edgar Jones:

E ventually you will learn his name,
D andy player of Motion Picture fame.
G o to the movies, you will see him him there,
A lways plays his parts with the greatest care,
R eally, for I ought to know.

J ust go and see a picture show;
O f all those who appear upon the screen,
N one are better than the one I mean.
E asy enough for me to tell,
S o the name I am going to let you spell.

Buffalo, N. Y. ESTELLA GEIGER.

ECHOES FROM THE POPULAR PLAYER CONTEST.

As soon as the Popular Player Contest was over and the votes counted, the editor wired the winners the news, and promptly received appreciatory answers, some of which are given below:

Your night-letter received. I am indeed grateful to you, to the magazine, and to the public, for the honor they have bestowed upon me. It is appreciated more than I can express. ROMAINE FIELDING.

It will be remembered that Mr. Fielding won first prize with a grand total of 1,311,018 votes. Later on, the following letter was received:

DEAR SIR—Please accept my sincere gratitude and appreciation to you and the magazine, as well as the public in general, for the splendid work they did for me in the Popularity Contest. Really, it is so far beyond anything I had dreamed of that I am taken aback, and words fail me. I can show my appreciation only by attempting to produce pictures which shall please all who witness them, and I shall allow nothing to interfere with my work toward those ends. Am awaiting the prize wardrobe trunk, containing prizes, votes, etc., as per your card memorandum, and shall acknowledge same as soon as received.

Again thanking you, I remain, Yours respectfully,
ROMAINE FIELDING.

The first prize for ladies went to Alice Joyce, and she also was quick to respond to our telegram, as follows:

MY DEAR MR. BREWSTER—Thank you for the telegram. One certainly feels *mighty* good at the thought of so many friends working for one as hard as my friends must have worked to carry me so far ahead in the contest. If only you will thank every one for me thru your magazine, I shall want nothing more, except please remember me to Miss Brewster. Sincerely yours,
ALICE JOYCE.

Francis X. Bushman also seemed pleased to get our telegram, for he promptly wired: "Hurrah! Fifth place looks good to me. Hadn't expected to be so near the top." Later on, Mr. Bushman wrote a fine letter of appreciation, part of which is as follows:

Firstly, I want to thank THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, who made the contest possible. Not only do I owe the editor and staff a great deal of gratitude, but I feel that every photoplayer appreciates their efforts in his or her behalf.

Secondly, I want to express my hearty thanks to those good friends who honored me with their votes. I hope to deserve them, and I pledge them in return the very best, always, that is in me. If my poor efforts afford them any entertainment or pleasure, my mission is partly fulfilled. FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN.

Jack Warren Kerrigan wrote as follows:

Kindly express to the public thru the columns of your magazine my sincere appreciation of their interest in me as shown in the recent contest conducted by your magazine.

Their appreciation of my work is very pleasing, and calls forth my best efforts. I hope that, no matter where I may be, my work may continue to meet with their approval.

I regret that I cannot thank each of my friends personally, but hope that this letter may reach a majority of them, at least, for I want them to know that their support is an incentive to higher and better work.

With best wishes for continued success, I am, Sincerely yours,
JACK W. KERRIGAN.

Here is Carlyle Blackwell's interesting letter:

GENTLEMEN—As it is closing-time of the contest in your magazine, I wish you would thank my many friends for me for the interest they have shown in my behalf during the run of the present contest. I am indeed very grateful to them, and to your publication; also for the just manner in which the affair was handled. Of course, it is the aim of us all to lead in our profession, but we cant all be winners, and it is an honor I highly prize to be at all near the top. To those that have enjoyed my work in pictures I can only say: I trust my work in the future will please them even more, and to those who dont care for me I trust the time will come when they will all be my friends. I am sending you under separate cover one of my latest photographs. Trust it reaches you safely. With best wishes to you and all good luck to your publication, believe me, Sincerely yours,
CARLYLE BLACKWELL.

Earle Williams called personally and expressed his appreciation, and requested us to thank his friends for their splendid work in his behalf, even if he did not win first prize, which his many friends thought he would.

Muriel Ostriche wrote us two kind letters, the first in acknowledgment of the verses and votes, and the second in acknowledgment of the prizes:

Received all of my votes, and I feel greatly indebted to the magazine for taking care of them so well. I wish to thank the public and the magazine for the fine work they have done in my behalf. Truly, my only wish is that I could thank each individual person, but I am afraid I would be writing forever, and I haven't the time for that. Words fail me in expressing my appreciation to both magazine and public. Again I say, thank you all.

It gives me real pleasure to acknowledge the fine awards sent me as winner of the second prize for ladies. THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE has always held a warmer place in my affections than any other periodical I have read, not excepting *St. Nicholas*, while I was a child.

The volumes were received in perfect condition. I hope to have the honor of entering your next contest, and I feel quite sure my admirers will put up an even better fight than in the contest just closed.

I am very glad first honors were given to Miss Alice Joyce. She is a wonderful actress, and I do not know of any one more deserving of the prize.

Again thanking you for the splendid prizes and wishing you continued success with THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, I beg to remain,

Very sincerely yours,
MURIEL OSTRICHE.

All of the prizes and votes were shipped at a much later date than we expected, owing to unavoidable delays, all but Mr. Anderson's. Mr. Anderson's world-wide popularity is undoubted, yet early in the contest he requested us to withdraw his name, which, unfortunately, we could not do. It was but natural then that we should receive from the famous Broncho Billy this:

As I was not in sympathy with your prize contest, would prefer that you do not send me the prizes, as I would not appreciate it, tho I do appreciate the sincere and legitimate votes that were cast for me. G. M. ANDERSON.

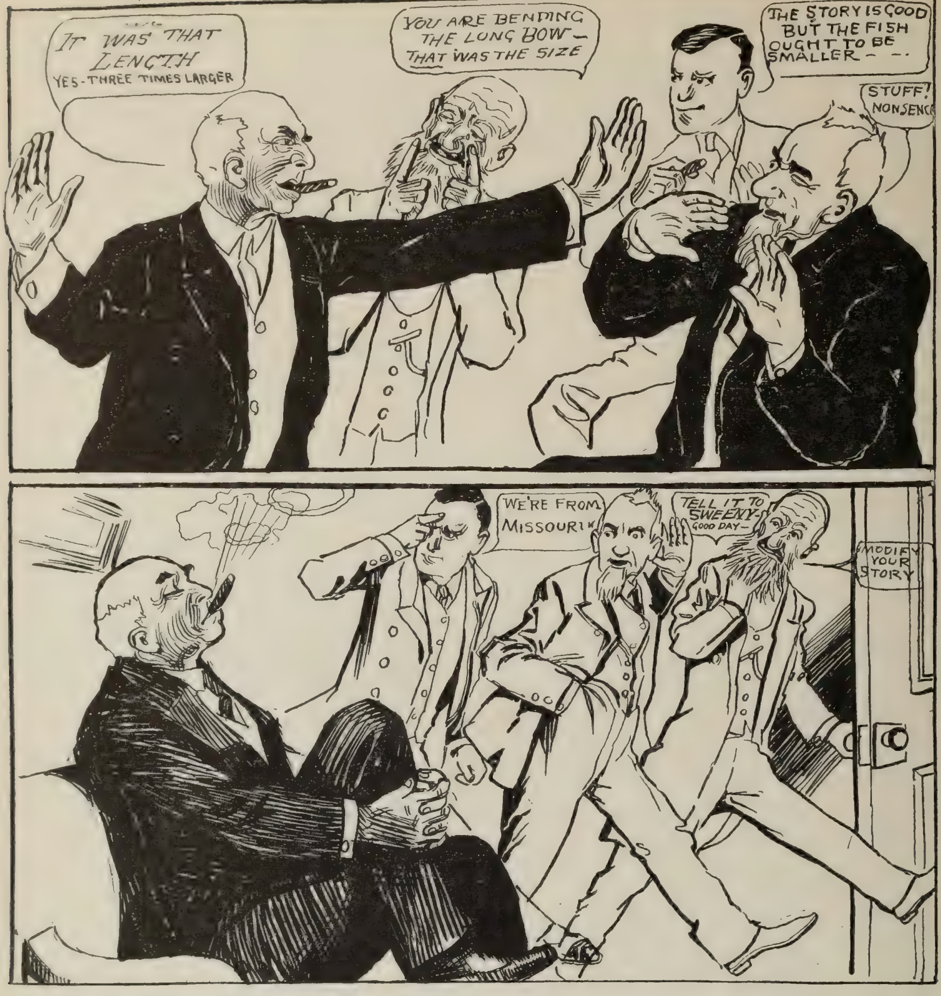
One of the most welcome letters we received, and one that we highly appreciate and respect, is from dear old W. Chrystie Miller, of the Biograph:

I have received your very gracious notice telling me that I have been awarded a prize of Honorable Mention in the contest, having received 4,802 votes.

I thank you with a grateful heart. Yours, W. CHRYSTIE MILLER.

Among the other letters was one splendid one from Arthur Johnson, one from Edith Storey, and many others, all of which contain warm words of thanks to the public and to the magazine; and we are indeed sorry that we have not space to print them all in this issue.

A FISH STORY


IT WAS THAT LENGTH
YES-THREE TIMES LARGER
YOU ARE BENDING THE LONG BOW— THAT WAS THE SIZE
THE STORY IS GOOD BUT THE FISH OUGHT TO BE SMALLER— —.
STUFF! NONSENC
WE'RE FROM MISSOURI
TELL IT TO SWEENY— GOOD DAY—
MODIFY YOUR STORY
THE WHOLE TALE AND TRUE ONE WAS SEEN AT THE MOTION PICTURE THEATER
A.B. Shults

Moral: When a man tells you a very improbable story, dont frown and say "You're another," until you make sure he didn't see it at the photoshow

GREENROOM JOTTINGS

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

Emily Brown Heininger, the Essanay comedy writer, laments thus: "A comedy, a comedy a day. If I'm not feeling funny, I must write, anyway. If I want to fight or weep and cry, or go to church and pray, that comedy—that comedy—must be written every day."

Mrs. Fiske has just completed "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" for the Famous Players.

Bessie Learn recently snatched a baby from the jaws of death and from the wheels of a fast locomotive, but it was in "Slander's Tongue," and not real life, so she wont get a Carnegie medal.

If Thanhouser players look stouter than usual this winter, it is because a restaurant has been established in the studio.

Kempton Green, the Lubin leading man, has challenged champion D'Arcy to a billiard match, and Lubinville is all agog with anticipation.

Fred Mace was in New York again last month—he just cant keep away from Broadway.

We are indebted to Gene Gauntier for a beautiful package of heatherbloom, sent us from Beaufort, Ireland.

Gertrude Coghlan is the new leading lady for the Selig Company.

Wilfred North and Wallie Van (Vitagraph) were seriously injured at the Atlantic Yacht Club last month by the premature explosion of a cannon, the former losing an eye and the latter his eyebrows.

King Baggot, chief Imp of the Ivanhoe flock, returned to New York late last month and was met down the bay by a tug full of Screen Club friends.

Alice Joyce as a detective is Kalem's latest, and they say that the beautiful lady was never more attractive than in this "Madelyn Mack" story.

Crane Wilbur has returned from Lake Placid to the Pathé studio in Jersey City.

Robert Drouet, formerly of the Lubin Company, who will be remembered for his clever work in "The Penalty of Crime," will now be seen in Biograph plays.

Paul Hurst, the popular Kalem "heavy," takes a leap off an eighty-foot cliff into the Pacific in the Kalem production, "Perils of the Sea."

Edwin August and George Lessey are the latest to invest in autos.

Hobart Bosworth has started a film company, and with him are Herbert Rawlinson and Henry King, formerly of Western Lubin. They are doing Jack London stories.

Max Linder will, hereafter, be seen in Eclectic films, produced abroad.

Dorothy Davenport is back at Universal City. She will play opposite Wallace Reid.

Here you are, all in one breath: Henry E. Dixey has joined Famous Players; Joseph De Grasse with Lubin; Virginia Chester with Pathé Frères; George Larkin now with Kalem; Victoria Forde with Frontier; Harry Von Meter with American; Claire Whitney with Solax; Gertrude Coghlan with Selig; Winnifred Greenwood with American; William Dunn is back with Vitagraph, and Naomi Childers has left Kalem for Vitagraph.

Marion Leonard's second picture for Warner Features will be a story of New York life, "A Leaf in the Storm."

Alice Hollister will hardly be recognized in "The Vampire" (Kalem), but it emphasizes her versatility and charm.

Dolores Cassinelli is a fine singer, and while they were taking "From Out of His Diary," she sang the aria from "Aida," and the company and guests made her "encore."

Harry Handworth's Patheplayers fairly owned Lake Placid and surrounding country last summer, which accounts for the fine variety of city buildings, country residences, etc., seen in their pictures.

Richard Webster, fresh from Broadway and now with the Imp Company, will first be seen in "The Country Boy."

Pretty "Billie" Rhodes makes her first important bow to the picture public in "Perils of the Sea" (Kalem).

Robert Bolder, formerly leading comedian with Olga Nethersole, is now with Essanay, and Alkali Ike had better watch out.

Did you observe some old, familiar faces in our pages this month? Francis Ford on page 37 (formerly of Méliès); Mae Marsh on page 23; Francis Bushman on page 30; Richard Travis on page 31; John Bunny on page 86; Carlyle Blackwell on page 63, and Mary Pickford on page 98.

Karl Shultz, author of the famous "Foxy Grandpa" pictures, under the name of "Bunny," is building a fine, big theater on Broadway and 147th Street, New York City, which he has named the Bunny Theater.

Players who dont want to be bothered with letters from their admirers or the Answer Man had better send in the color of their hair, size of shoes, number of false teeth and other important information.

G. M. Anderson is to open his San Francisco theater on October 18th.

The Essanay claims to have captured a real beauty in Betty Brown.

September was a lucky month for the two little Marys. Mary Fuller just escaped being killed by being thrown from her horse, and Mary Pickford just beat out death at the Polyclinic Hospital.

Ralph Delmore is the latest capture of the Selig Company from the regular stage.

"Pretty Pearl" White is back with the Crystal Company, after having spent eight weeks doing Europe.

It was reported in the trade papers last month that Carlyle Blackwell had taken Warren Kerrigan's place with the American Company, but it was untrue. It was as thrilling as the one a month ago, that Crane Wilbur had left Pathé.

Altho Vivian Rich belongs to the American, she is not an American—nor yet a foreigner. She was born at sea.

One of the last and best American pictures in which Jack Warren Kerrigan will be seen is "In the Days of Trajan," a two-reel subject.

Patheplays hereafter will often be graced with the pleasing presence of Irving Cummings.

Dont forget that the December number will be our star Christmas number, containing an unusually large supply of good things.

Francis X. Bushman, whose handsome face is better known all over the world than that of any king or president, has returned to the Chicago Essanay studio for a time.

The Universal people are saying that Margarita Fischer is the most versatile player in Motion Pictures.

And now cometh James J. Corbett in the pictures, thru Warner Features, which shows that even the oldest of them all "come back."

Pigs is pigs, and wolfs is wolfs; Mary Fuller has a pet pig, and Phillips Smalley has a pet wolf. There is no accounting for taste, especially when there are so many human animals around that want to be petted.

Our latest rival is the *Weekly News*, printed down in Houston by "T. R." (not Teddy Roosevelt). It is printed entirely with a pen; the circulation is seventy-five copies a week; runs about sixty pages, and the editor and printer is a young girl.

Hudson Maxim, the great inventor and all-around genius, has written a photoplay for the Vitagraph Company.

Ruth Stonehouse (Essanay) is so wedded to her profession that she has decided not to take on a husband, as was reported—at least, not for some years to come.

Evelyn Selbie and Marguerite Clayton were two real "Babes in the Wood" recently. They strayed far from camp and were lost all night in the forest.

Robert Milasch almost rivaled Commodore Perry and the boy who stood on the burning deck, in "Hard Cash" (Edison), when he was aloft and the fire began to lick his boots. He was some distance from the fire on the ship's deck, tho, for he is built like a hairpin and is seven feet four inches long.

Anthony Novelli and Leah Giunchi, who will be remembered for their fine work in "Quo Vadis?" will next be seen in "The Flower of Destiny," a very pretty photodrama.

Arthur Johnson and thirty other Lubinites are working along the Atlantic coast, with headquarters at Wildwood, N. J.

Marin Sais' horse stumbled down the mountainside and fell, recently, and turned over three times, but the talented little player pluckily stuck to the saddle and escaped with a few bruises.

Octavia Handworth and her brother, Harry, the Patheplay director, will spend their vacation at Lake Placid and will remain there for a rest until Christmas.

Edna Maison says that her part of the Salvation Army lassie in "Mother" (Universal) is the greatest part she ever played, and her director says that it will bring tears to the eyes of a brass monkey.

Ruth Roland and John Brennan play the parts of "cullud pussons" in "Pete's Insurance Policy."

Earle Metcalf, of Harry Myers' Lubin Company, has been presented with a motorcycle by his admirers.

The Gaumont Company is now making American films, as well as foreign ones, "The Faithful Servitor" being the first.

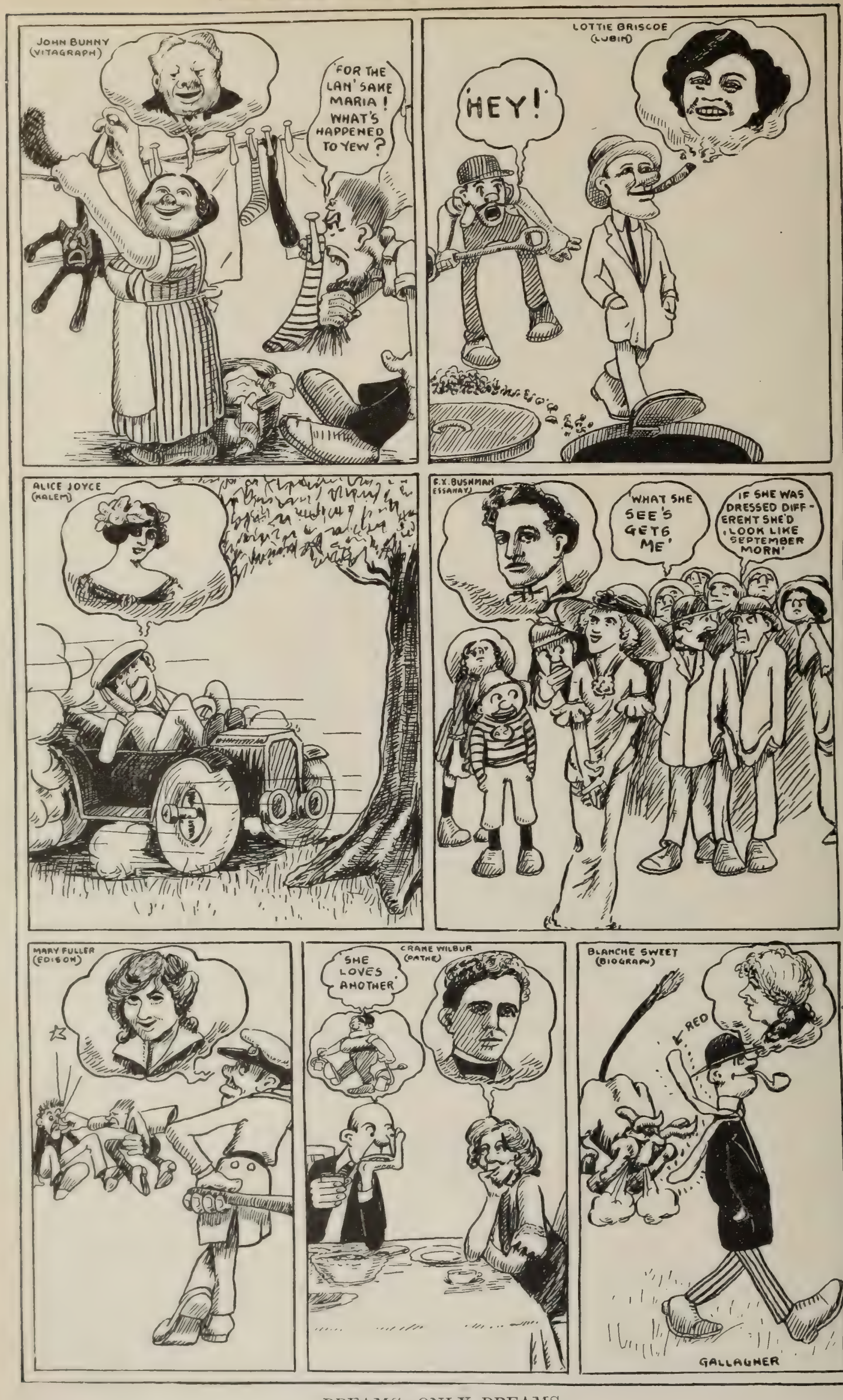
George Kleine, of Cines and Eclipse fame, is erecting a $375,000 theater for feature films in New York, something that has long been needed.

Gene Gauntier is compelled to allow a huge snake to coil around her neck in "In the Power of a Hypnotist."

Crane Wilbur, assisted by Octavia Handworth, gave several stage performances of his own plays this summer.

Ruth Roland can open a jewelry store if she wants. She had a birthday (wont say which one) the other day and received all kinds of presents, including a pearl necklace, diamond earrings, and a few other such trifles.

That will be about all.



DREAMS, ONLY DREAMS

Beginning the Finishing Touch

By C. LEON KELLEY

HAVE you ever seen the masterful hand of an artist guiding his inspired brush over the surface of what will be a wonderful masterpiece, or have you ever watched a dusty, begowned sculptor tormenting his shapeless mass of stone or clay into what, when finished, will be an almost real object? If you have not, you have, at least, been told of the tedious process he must go thru before that hoped-for product is completed. You know how the artist brings his infant canvas out of the rough, into a life-picture of that before him; how he must touch and retouch until an artistic finish holds his work out prominently. You have often heard how the sculptor must cut and recut until his fine, delicate surfaces present lines in truthful duplication to his models.

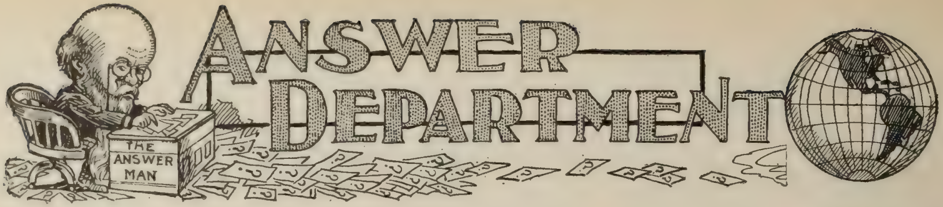
And this is the finishing touch. It is the polishing which all works of real art must get before they are completed unto perfection. It is the final stage which all things pass thru before they emerge into the realm of the faultless.

Motion Pictures have entered that stage—they are receiving the finishing touch. The beginning has been made, and in this newer art, in this field of surprisingly increasing magnitude, the great task of the last touch, which is going to lift the screen into a position of supreme dignity, has at last been started.

We must no longer view the screen as the despairing young city chap sighs a lingering farewell to his small city room and enters, the following second, a scene of the wildest wild West—and then perplexedly wonder *how.* Never again must we squirm impatiently as a horde of dusky-skinned savages steal silently, breathlessly along a glassy, macadam road, with tall telephone poles *à la côté,* and with a huge, dust-raising automobile speeding along a crossroad in the distance. Neither can we censure the dashing, young Confederate officer, surrounded by weeping friends, for departing for the front attired in a smart business frock, a sombrero and a pair of riding-leggings.

No; the days of crudities in the history of filmdom are past. When we enter the great, dusky theater of today and sink into its soft, plushy seats, we are prepared to meet true life upon the animated screen, and we know that stories of *life* are to be unfolded before us in a faithful, natural presentation. When we follow a story interweaving the life history of Washington, or perhaps it is of Nero, we are taken, for the time, back into the very presence of *their* surroundings. Detail has become so minutely perfect that illusion has no difficulty whatever in carrying us off into Screenland. The great reflector—the all-seeing mirror which is now being held before the whole world, is becoming more exact in its reflection than, indeed, it seems credible to believe.

The producers are, at last, becoming artists. They have learnt the lessons of mistake and adverse experience and criticism, and now they are launching their pictures, their *life-pictures,* into the beginning of the finishing touch.



This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire early answers by mail, or a list of the names and addresses of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and use separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer, but these will not be printed. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

Register, No. 99.—Myrtle Stedman was Sallie in "Sallie's Sure Shot" (Selig). William Duncan played opposite her. You shouldn't scold yourself that way, or some time your self will get mad and decline to play in your yard.

M. D., San Mateo.—I am ready to answer the questions, but there aren't any.

Cutey.—Gertrude McCoy was Jane in "In the Garden" (Edison). Charles Arling had the lead in "A Modern Garrick" (Patheplay).

BENNIE of Lubinville sends me a list of the unfortunates at the last housecleaning. They are as follows: Robert Drouet, Lionel Adams, Peggy O'Neil, Martin J. Faust, Edna Luby, Blanc West, Vivian Pates and Miss Craig. Thanks to Bennie.

Queena.—Thanks for your nice letter. Here are your versified lamentations:

My pen refuses to be guided by my will,
For thou hast left a void none can fill;
Our Answer Man—our president and treasurer, too—
Oh, how the members of the club will miss you!

Estella L.—Dont think it would pay you, because in the end you would have just as much trouble securing a position as you have now. There isn't much hope.

Toots S.—Mrs. George Walters was Coffee Mary in "When the Earth Trembled" (Lubin). No, no relationship. You have apparently taken Epes Winthrop's advice and built a little gymnasium for your imagination and given it plenty of exercise. You imagine too much. It is a symptom of insanity when a person begins to think that everybody has singled him out to ruin him. You were farthest from my thoughts.

Miriam, 18.—What booklet do you want? Yes, that is Olga's address. Yes; Walter Miller. Anna Stewart, Anita Stewart and Anita Stuart are one and the same.

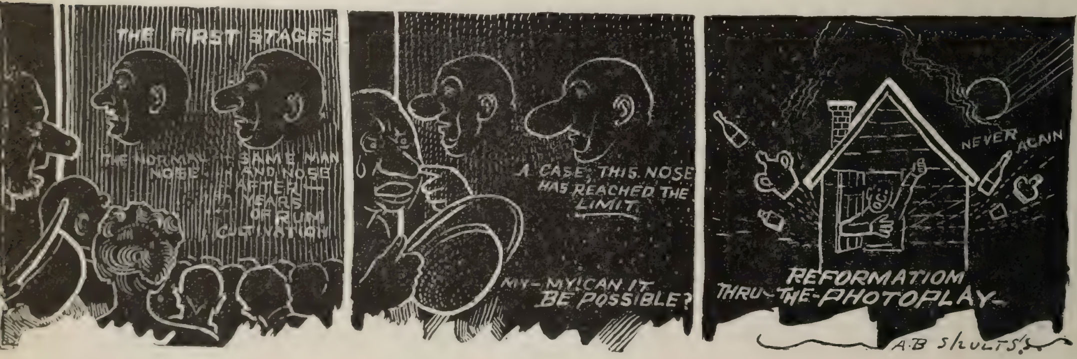
Helen L. R.—Thanks for the paper. Very nice of you to think of me. You dont send the clippings any more. Thomas Carnahan, Jr., was the boy in "The Late Mr. Jones" (Vitagraph). The Essanay was taken in Chicago. Bessie Learn was the bride in "On the Broad Stairway" (Edison).

R. M., L. A., Cal.—Thanks for the picture. They are interesting characters.

Dawn Flory.—Yes, that was a mistake; Mignon Anderson instead of G. M. Anderson. Billie West and Vivian Rich are two different persons. Edna Maison was Mrs. Thornton in "In Slavery Days" (Rex). Thanks for the enclosure.

Winnifred S.—Thanks, but the club is out of my care now. Marc MacDermott was the Earl in "Mary Stuart."

Olga.—Yes, that was Robert Grey. So you have given up Carlyle Blackwell for Robert Grey. Pansy is right. Did you see Carlyle in "The Skeleton in the Closet"? Fine in that fine play. Because Bigelow Cooper has a face like a benediction.


THE FIRST STAGES
THE NORMAL NOSE
SAME MAN AND NOSE AFTER YEARS OF RUM CULTIVATION
A CASE, THIS NOSE HAS REACHED THE LIMIT
MY-MY! CAN IT BE POSSIBLE?
NEVER AGAIN
REFORMATIOM THRU-THE-PHOTOPLAY-
A.B SHULTS

Danny Anny, 16.—Thanks for the snapshots. Fine. No relation. Marguerite Snow, Florence LaBadie and James Cruze. Miss Snow has been with Thanhouser since they began. Fritzi Brunnette is now playing opposite Glen White in Gem films.

Buttercup Percy.—That Biograph is too old. Ann Drew had the lead in "The Politician" (Majestic). That Pathé probably taken in the Adirondacks. Yes, thanks.

Winnifred L.—Gene Pallette was Manuel in "Transgression of Manuel" (American). Carl Von Schiller was Ned Owen in "Rustic Hearts" (Lubin). Again thanks.

Herman.—Cervantes wrote "Don Quixote" to laugh Spain's chivalry away. I think it has been done in photoplay, but it should be done again. How about Charles Kent as Don Quixote, and John Bunny as Sancho Panza?

Flower E. G.—Glad you are having a nice vacation. Thanks for the foreign cards. Try writing photoplays? No doctor in "The Second Shot" for you.

M. W. P.—That was not Mona Darkfeather in the Essanay. We never see the contents of those bags. Promises always excel performances.

Estelle.—There are some things that would make Job use unparliamentary language, and your letter is one. You ask three questions for this department, then you ask to have your subscription address changed, then you have a poem to the editor, then you speak about the scenario you have written; all of which necessitates my taking a trip around the building to several departments, and copying, for them, parts of your letter. You are the man I'm laying for, my friend, as the hen said to the farmer, who approached with a measure of corn. I will forgive you this once, but, never again! Hereafter write each item on separate sheet.

Smoked.—Marshall Neilan in that Kalem. George Le Guere was the lord in "His Lordship's Romance" (Patheplay).

Aurora P.—Lila Chester was the mother in "The Heart of a Child" (Thanhouser). Tom Moore has had stage experience, but Alice Joyce has not.

Flower E. G.—Joe Holland was Dick in "The Mysterious Hand" (Lubin). There is no other girl in the cast, except Dollie Larkin. Pathé answers very little for us.

Christine N.—Harry Myers is still playing. Pathé wont tell. Thanks for news.

Alice B.—Cleo Ridgely was Beauty in "Beauty and the Beast" (Rex). Louise Glaum had the lead in "Hearts and Skirts" (Nestor).

Diamond D.—Of course the players like to receive sensible letters from the public, but not love-letters. The majority of the sailors were hired for the occasion.

Daisy M. P.—R. Hamilton Grey was Secret Service Steve in that play by Atlas. Edward Coxen was Ed Evans in "The Greater Love."

J. R. Q.—So you think you are a hero-worshiper. Well, Courtenay Foote deserves it. Goethe's is the greatest name in German literature.

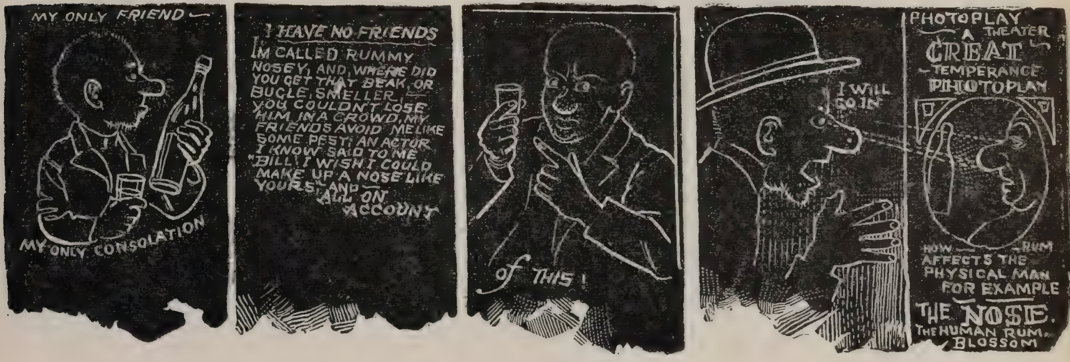
Lillian M. C.—Yes, just send 15 cents, and you will get the magazine containing Earle Williams' chat. Betty Gray in "Price of Silence" (Patheplay). I think that Leah Baird followed Scott's idea of Rebecca in "Ivanhoe." Scott's model was Rebecca Gratz, of an honorable Jewish family of Philadelphia, who was introduced to him by Washington Irving.

Helen B.—Jack Standing was John Brown in "A Father's Love" (Lubin). Charles Arling had the lead in that Pathé. William Williams was the sweetheart.

W. J. K.—Chester Withey was the officer in "Foreign Spy." Haven't the wife.

Convict 999.—Marin Sais was the wife in "The Honor System" (Kalem). Tom Mix in that Selig. Ah! that is a brilliant idea of yours. You have a brain so fertile that you could grow mushrooms in it. Strange that no bass-drum man has ever yet been provided with a device to imitate the sound of cowboys eating.

E. P. J.—As I have said before, I am not Bernard Gallagher. You have one more chance at bat. Dollie Larkin and J. Holland in "The Legend of Lovers' Leap" (Lubin). Yes, they are quite popular. Charles Murray in "All Hail to the King" (Biograph).


MY ONLY FRIEND—
MY ONLY CONSOLATION
I HAVE NO FRIENDS
I'M CALLED RUMMY NOSEY, AND, WHERE DID YOU GET THAT BEAK, OR BUGLE, SMELLER,— YOU COULDN'T LOSE HIM IN A CROWD, MY FRIENDS AVOID ME LIKE SOME PEST! AN ACTOR I KNOW SAID TO ME "BILL! I WISH I COULD MAKE UP A NOSE LIKE YOURS," AND— ALL ON ACCOUNT
of THIS!
I WILL GO IN
PHOTOPLAY A THEATER
GREAT TEMPERANCE PHOTOPLAY
HOW — RUM AFFECTS THE PHYSICAL MAN FOR EXAMPLE
THE NOSE. THE HUMAN RUM BLOSSOM

Miss Florence G.—Dollie Larkin and Joseph Holland had the leads in "A Perilous Ride" (Lubin). Edgar Jones and Clara Williams in "Her Only Son" (Lubin).

Myrtle R., Chicago.—Mae Costello was the daughter in "The Spirit of the Orient." (Vitagraph). E. H. Calvert in "Forbidden Ways." He has had stage experience.

Johanna S.—E. K. Lincoln has been only with Vitagraph.

Doe-Doe.—Helen Holmes and Tom Loman had the leads in "A Fight to the Finish."

Mildred S.—E. H. Calvert was the detective, and Juanita Dalmorez was Anna in "Every Thief Leaves a Clew" (Essanay). Charles Arling. Marin Sais and Carlyle Blackwell had the leads in that Kalem.

Pinky, 16.—Yes, that is I. I spent a week in your village a short time ago. That was Gertrude Bambrick in "A Ragtime Romance" (Biograph).

Cicely Arden.—A. E. Garcia was Victor, and Stella Razetto was Bessie in "A Western Romance" (Selig). Tom Larnan and Helen Holmes in that Kalem. I dont agree with you. Either your judgment or mine is sadly out of focus.

Maxie, No. 20.—Ralph Lewis was Bob in "The Master Cracksman" (Reliance). You must think better of me; as Mayor Gaynor says: "Nobody loves me."

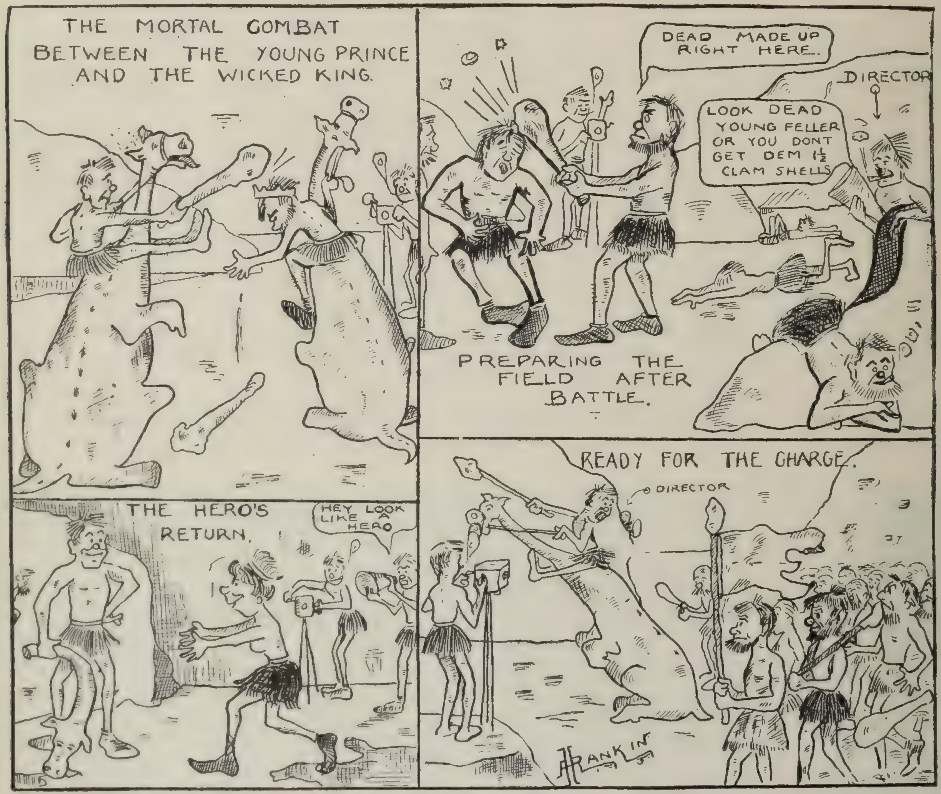
Miss Billie.—The children are Baby Lillian Wade and Roy Clarke in "Love Before Ten" (Selig). Send it to the Photoplay Clearing House, or to any of the companies. Of course they will return it if it is not accepted, provided you enclose postage.

Ethel P.—Thanks very much for copying that long cast for me. Very kind.

Flossie, Jr.—Peggy O'Neil and Robert Drouet in that Lubin. No cast for that Selig. Yes, to your third. The exposition was very good. Earle Williams' eyes are violet. Isn't that nice? And he has the brow of a philosopher.

Naomi, of St. Louis.—No, I never have been in St. Louis. You dont want any one but Edith Storey to make love to Earle Williams? The directors have something to say about that. O, green-eyed monster, get thee gone!

Doris E.—Thanks for the button. Vivian Rich was Nell. E. H. Calvert in the Essanay. Sweet spirit of niter, hear my prayer: dont write about love and expect me to answer. I have no cards on the subject, the encyclopædias are silent, and my cerebellum holds no facts. Write to the New York *Evening Journal.*


THE MORTAL COMBAT BETWEEN THE YOUNG PRINCE AND THE WICKED KING.
DEAD MADE UP RIGHT HERE.
DIRECTOR
LOOK DEAD YOUNG FELLER OR YOU DONT GET DEM 1½ CLAM SHELLS
PREPARING THE FIELD AFTER BATTLE.
THE HERO'S RETURN.
HEY LOOK LIKE A HERO
READY FOR THE CHARGE.
DIRECTOR
RANKIN

TROUBLES OF THE CAMERA MAN IN PREHISTORIC TIMES

Henry B. R.—You certainly are in love with Helen Costello. She will send you her autograph if you write direct to her. And some day she will grow up!

Ann.—You are quite particular when you write your letter over three times to make it look neat. I would be game enough to try some of that lemon pie you make. Pathé wont give us any information about that play. Paul Panzer for character.

Beatrice H., Bronx.—Mae Marsh and Charles West had the leads in "A Girl's Stratagem" (Biograph). Harry Carey and Claire McDowell. Ormi Hawley and Edwin August had the leads in "A Mother's Strategy." Betty Gray in "Price of Silence." Brinsley Shaw in "Broncho Billy's Promise." Ormi Hawley and Edwin Carewe in "The Mock Marriage" (Lubin). Harry Myers and Marie Weirman in "By the Sea."

Katharine C. J.—Cannot tell the name of the play from your description. Perhaps it was Crane Wilbur. Marin Sais in that Kalem. Guy Hedlund has left Eclair.

Daisy M. P.—You can reach Francis Bushman by writing direct to Essanay Company. Bryant Washburn and Ruth Stonehouse in "Two Social Calls" (Essanay).

Stanley S.—Edna Payne is not playing at present. Clara Williams is with Universal. Laura Sawyer is now with Famous Players. Josephine Rector is now playing opposite G. M. Anderson, and so is Marguerite Clayton.

Winona.—Kathlyn Williams and Harold Lockwood in "The Stolen Melody" (Selig). Marion Leonard has left Monopol, and is playing at her Brooklyn studio, and her plays are released by Warner.

Bunty Jack.—Wallace Reid had the lead in "The Foreign Spy" (American). Maude Fealey was leading lady in "King René's Daughter" (Thanhouser). William F. Haddock is now at liberty, having left Eclair.

Medals.—Your idea about a "Swat the Fly" film is good, but rather tardy. Wait till next spring. And dont forget the mosquito. Raymond Hackett was the boy in "Longing for a Mother" (Lubin).

Miss F. S.—"The handsome young fellow" you are looking for is Marshall Neilan, now with Rex. California, the land of gold and Moving Pictures.

A. M., Los Angeles.—Vitagraph is at Santa Monica, so is Kalem. Another Kalem section at Glendale. Lubin is in Los Angeles, Selig at Edendale and Essanay at Niles.

G. O., New York.—Ethel Clayton was the lead in "Hero Among Men" (Lubin). Gene Gauntier, Jack Clark and Sidney Olcott have gone abroad to take pictures.

Ruth M.—Jessie Cummings was the dark-haired girl in "When Fate Decrees" (Kalem). Please dont ask ages.

TO ALL INQUIRERS—If your answer does not appear, you may know that either the question has been answered before, or that it cannot be answered. Letters that are difficult to read are sometimes discarded entirely, also those that are not signed with name and address as an evidence of good faith. To save space, two or three answers are sometimes put under one head. Questions received after the twentieth of the month will probably not be answered in the next issue. Fees are not necessary, but I always try to get what you want, at any cost and quickly, when you thus show that you are anxious. Write as often as you like, but better save up and put it all in one.

Jeff.—Sorry you have had such trouble. Lillian Christy and George Field had the leads in "A Renegade's Heart" (American). That was the Kinemacolor process of coloring. I presume the number stands for their age, but never investigated.

"YOU SHOULD NOT BOLT YOUR FOOD LIKE THAT, TOM".
I WANT CORN GOSSIP
"MEB-BE GOIN' FER A DOCTOR; PERHAPS HE'S FELL OUT WITH HIS WIFE"
HOWDY BOYS, IN A HURRY
"HOWDY, SMITH — WHERE BE YER GOIN'?"

Peggie.—Mildred Weston played opposite F. X. Bushman in "The Discovery" (Essanay). Florence Hackett was the poor woman in that play.

Bernice.—Ernestine Morley was the wife in "Wine of Madness" (Lubin). Ormi Hawley was Nancy in "The Regeneration of Nancy" (Lubin).

Blacky Carr.—Earle Foxe was Heck in "The Game Warden" (Kalem). Mary Ryan in "The Unknown" (Lubin). Gene Hathaway was Stella in "The Sea-Maiden" (Vitagraph). No, not all of the Famous Players are famous. Lillie Langtry, Henry E. Dixey, Mrs. Fiske and Mary Pickford are among the famous ones.

Owl.—Did you ever hear an owl howl? Kathlyn Williams in "Welded Friendship" (Selig). I am not Dorothy Donnell. I will get mad if I am accused of being a feminine.

D. M. T., Colo.—So you are away up in the world; 10,500 feet above sea-level. That was James Cruze in that Thanhouser. Never measured that smile of Bunny's, but I would say that it is about seven by nine.

Robert L. M.—Yes, to number one. G. M. Anderson is in Niles, Cal. Thomas Santschi had the lead in "A Wild Ride" (Selig). Romaine Fielding in "The Toll of Fear" (Lubin). He wrote and acted both parts in that play.

E. B., Green Bay.—Edwin August and Jeanie McPherson had the leads in "A Roman Garden" (Universal). James Morrison is now back with the Vitagraph Co.

Lois P.—Vivian Rich had the lead in "Truth in the Wilderness" (American). Yes, dimples are very popular in photoplay. They bring from $60 a pair up.

Texas Ruth.—Charles Bartlett was leading man in "The Return of Thundercloud's Spirit." Bison 101 studio is in Hollywood, Cal. Yes; Helen Case.

Mary B.—Tom Moore in "A Victim of Deceit" (Kalem). Edgar Davenport was the artist in "The Artist's Sacrifice" (Kalem). E. H. Calvert in "The Forbidden Way."

Irma K.—David Thompson was Dr. Green in "When Darkness Came" (Thanhouser). Yes; Mrs. Costello is Georgia Maurice.

Marie Antoinette.—Yes. George Morgan was the promoter, and Herbert Barrington was Mr. Cleveland in "The Promoter" (Pilot). Harry Kimball and Jerry Gill had the leads in "Message in the Cocoanut" (Majestic). Dolly Larkin and Joseph Holland in "The Perilous Ride" (Lubin).

M. A. S.—You refer to Marguerite Snow in "Cross Your Heart" (Thanhouser). Yes, the Thanhouser Kid.

Elsie.—G. M. Anderson, William Todd and True Boardman in "The Making of Broncho Billy" (Essanay). Yes, he was a good actor, but he simply did not take well in the pictures. Perhaps even Edwin Booth would not make as good a photoplayer as Earle Williams. A pleasing personality goes a long way in photoplay.

Daisy M.—Marie Hesperia was leading woman in "When a Woman Loves" (Cines). You have your opinion how this department should be run, and I have mine. Everybody is free to give his opinion except lawyers—they sell theirs. Always glad to listen to advisers. A little nonsense now and then, etc.

Brenlin B. B.—Lionel Barrymore was the minister in "The New York Hat" (Biograph). Ray Myers was William Clifford's brother in "Taps" (Bison). You're welcome. Naomi Childers in that Kalem.

Mamie M. B. H.—We have no casts for the Kay-Bee questions you ask. Sorry we cannot answer you. Yes, Arthur Johnson has a dainty little foot—size 11.

SNORT
SNORT
THE BULL SAID TO SMITH "THIS IS EASY!" —— SAID—
SMITH TO THE BULL: "THANKS FOR THE UPLIFT ~ BUT—"
WHEN—YOUR WATCH IS IN JEOPARDY AND YOU'R IN A HURRY, WOULD'NT YOU——

ANYONE wishing to join the Correspondence Club will please communicate with Mr. H. L. Oviatt, 76 W. Main Street, Bridgeport, Conn., who is now its sec.-treasurer.

Kathryn K.—Clarence Elmer and Frankie Mann in "Nearly in Mourning" (Lubin). Take my advice and leave fortune-tellers alone. A good fortune-teller is one who can tell a fortune when he sees it. Bradstreet and Dun are the best fortune-tellers. The superstitions have not yet been exposed in photoplay, but their time will come.

The Twins.—Margaret Steppling was the child in "A Brother's Loyalty" (Essanay). Peggy O'Neil and Robert Drouet.

Marjorie M.—Miss Tafft was Jane, Margarita Fischer was Betty, and Robert Leonard was Bob in "The Wrong Road" (Rex). William Sheerer was Dave, and Robert Frazer was Mr. Young in "For the Man She Loved" (Eclair).

Ruby H., Chicago.—James Cruze, Mignon Anderson and David Thompson in "When Darkness Came" (Thanhouser). Never get the casts for Frontier. New lists of film manufacturers are just out. Send stamped, addressed envelope for one.

Althea T.—Elmer Booth was snapper kid in "The Musketeers of Pig Alley."

Bee E.—Dont understand why you did not receive the picture. Wait a little longer. G. M. Anderson, of course. Well, I am still going on 73.

Lillian S.—Thanks very much for the coin. Dont remember your other letter. Gene Gauntier is still in Ireland.

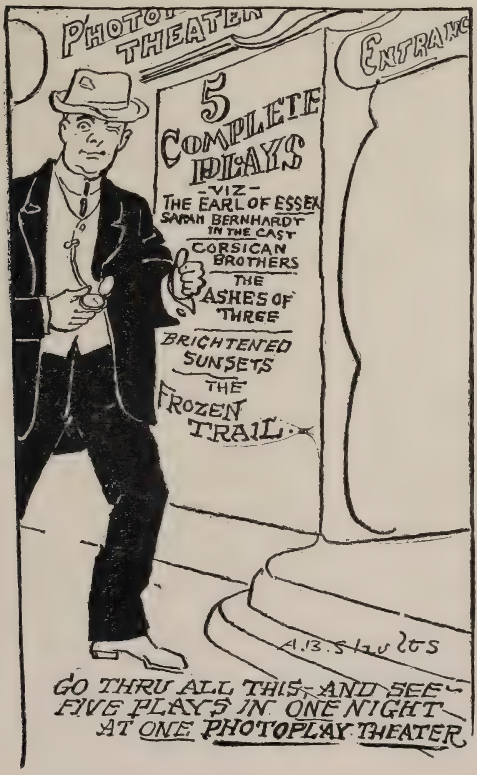
Helen L. R.—Dorothy Phillips was Dora in "The Power of Conscience" (Essanay). Rose Tapley was the wife in "Better Days" (Vitagraph). Thanks for the picture. Very nice. You're welcome.

Pinky, 16.—No, Mildred Weston is not dead. You can reach Earle Williams by writing Vitigraph. He'll answer if you dont write a love-letter.

Irene M.—Glad you have started a club of your own. We will print that picture in time. Anita Stuart's chat will appear in this issue or soon; likewise one with the inimitable Flora Finch. Arthur Mackley and wife have left Essanay.

F. B. C.—Eugenia Clinchard was the child in "Broncho Billy and the Rustler's Child" (Essanay), and not Helen Todd, as we have said before. She is no longer with Essanay, but is attending a private school.

Dawn Floy.—Yes, your questions are against the rules. I can tell you nothing of Marguerite Snow's private life. Thanks just the same. Gaumont's New York address is 14 W. Fortieth Street, New York City.



Lawrence C.—Frances Ne Moyer and George Reehm in that Lubin. Burt King was Burt in "Good for Evil" (Lubin). William Duncan was marshal in "The Marshal's Capture" (Selig). Well, Harry Millarde was Montjoy, Marguerite Courtot was Marie, and Henry Hallan was her father in "Breaking in the Big Leagues" (Kalem). Ernestine Morley and John Ince in "Romance" (Lubin). Yes, Bryant Washburn.

Anthony.—Why, Earle Williams went West some time ago to visit his parents, at which time he played a few parts in the Western Vitagraph studio. Maurice Costello and Mary Charleson in "The Intruder" (Vitagraph).

Dolores.—Sorry, but we do not get any information from the Bison 101. Helen Gardner was Becky. Robert Leonard was the doctor in "A Woman's Folly" (Rex).

Rose E., 14.—Claire McDowell, Harry Carey and William West played in "I Was Meant for You" (Biograph). Mary Fuller was Rowena in "The Romance of Rowena" (Edison). No cast for "The Heart of a Jewess" (Victor); it is a foreign play.

Dixie Jewel.—King Baggot is still with Imp. He is abroad, with Leah Baird playing opposite him. Your letter is very interesting. Call again.

Bob.—Thanks for the information, but we knew it. We dont always tell everything we know. Nice of you, just the same.

Dolly Varden.—'Twas Nancy Averil as Lila in "Soul to Soul" (Eclair). Robert Leonard was Jim in "A Wayward Sister" (Eclair). Fine prose.

A Well-Wisher.—So you are glad that Clifford Bruce will be seen in the pictures.

Herman.—You might as well scatter the Greek alphabet on the floor and expect to pick up the Iliad as to think that you can write a successful photoplay without learning the art. Nothing great or useful in this world is ever accomplished without effort. Why not get in touch with our Photoplay Clearing House?

Louis, Ind.—I always appreciate everything that is sent to me and feel much encouraged. You dont want to mind those little sayings of mine—I dont always mean them—just cant help it sometimes. Audrey Berry was the child in "When Society Calls" (Vitagraph). William Clifford in "The Death Stone of India" (Bison 101). Carlyle Blackwell was the minister. All right, another chat with Arthur Johnson.

Oliver.—You refer to Jennie Lee, the mother in "His Mother's Son" (Biograph). She is excellent. Your verse is good.

Helen L. R.—Mae Marsh was the girl in "The Reformer" (Biograph). Benjamin Wilson in "The Romance of Rowena" (Edison). Either J. W. Johnston or Joseph Levering. Raymond Hackett was the child in "Longing for a Mother" (Lubin). Marshall Neilan and Gavin Young in "The Mission of the Bullet" (Kalem). Earle Ryder and Florence Hackett in "His Better Self" (Lubin). Thanks for present.

Dora E.—Anna Nilsson was Patricia in "Shipwrecked" (Kalem). Walter Miller in "The Reformers" (Biograph). Thanks for both enclosures.

Kitty L. R.—Guy Coombs was the valet in "Shipwrecked" (Kalem). Anna Nilsson. All players are good—good for nothing or good for something.

M. L. C.—Harry Kendall was Jimmy in "Violet Dare, Detective" (Lubin). Henry King was Jim. Dolly Larkin was Mary.

Genevieve.—Kathlyn Williams and Harold Lockwood had the leads in "With Love's Eyes" (Selig). Guy Coombs was Dr. Allen, and Anna Nilsson was his wife in "The Gypsy Band" (Kalem).

Correspondence, Jr.—Joseph Holland was Robert in "Outlaw's Gratitude" (Lubin). Very few care for those kind of pictures.

Glad.—Florence Radinoff was the other woman in "Keeping Husbands Home" (Vitagraph). Robert Gaillord you refer to. Thomas Santschi and Bessie Eyton in "When Men Forget" (Selig).

F. E. G., New York.—Yes, John Bunny was King, and Lillian Walker was Queen of the Mardi Gras this year. So Walter Miller buys his hats a little too large to suit you. Probably he had a hair-cut. James Vincent was Howard Allen in "The Hidden Witness" (Kalem). The children were the Hollister children.

C. N. N.—Harry Myers and Ethel Clayton had the leads in "A Hero Among Men."

Pewee, 18.—Robert Grey was the king in "The Adventures of Jacques."

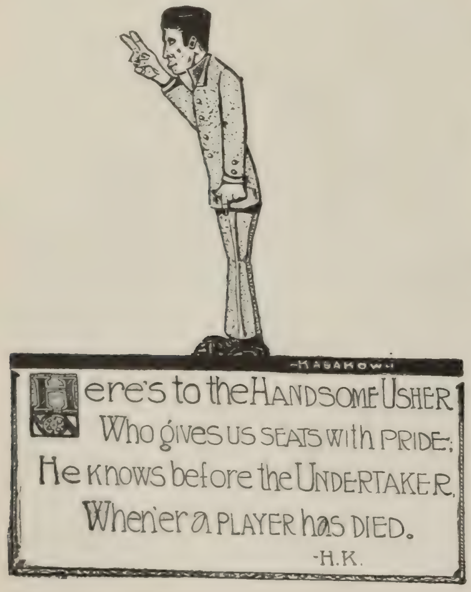
Johnny, the First.—Classy letters you have got for the club. They are no relation. Charles Murray was the German comedian in "The Reformers" (Biograph). That was when Carlyle Blackwell was with Vitagraph.

Evie.—So you think Maurice Summers, the player who mixed the drinks in "The Line-up" (Vitagraph), should play leading parts. Perhaps he will some day. From the little acorn grows the mighty oak. Thomas Carnahan was the child in "The Late Mr. Jones" (Vitagraph). Dolly Larkin and Joseph Holland in "The Legend of Lovers' Leap" (Lubin). Write to Orange, N. J., for the Edison monthly. Get off at Avenue M for Vitagraph, and you can see it from the station. Thanks for description of me.

Isabel D.—Yes. Louise Glaum was the girl, and Mr. Vosburg was the schoolmaster in "Heart Throbs" (Broncho). Miss Golden was the girl, N. C. Cahnne was the young man, and Harry Carey the father in "The Sorrowful Shore." So you think Julia Swayne Gordon has got a lot of nerve? You mean courage.

Perdita.—A picture of Courtenay Foote will soon appear. Jack Halliday played in "The Cure of John Douglas" (Lubin). Thanks for the enclosure.

Edythe H. R.—Haven't heard of Jack Standing being wth Pathé Frères. Thank you.



Here's to the HANDSOME USHER
Who gives us SEATS with PRIDE;
He knows before the UNDERTAKER,
When'er a PLAYER has DIED.
-H.K.

KITTY C.—Ethel Clayton was Dora in "When the Earth Trembled" (Lubin). Frank Clarke was Richard in "An Old Actor" (Selig). That manufacturer is not much respected in the trade. He is the kind who calls Motion Pictures the "show business," and, as A. Ward says, "he aint got no principle—he's in the show business."

MILDRED H.—Baby Lillian Wade was the child in "When Lillian Was Red Riding Hood" (Selig). Ethel Clayton in "Her New Gown" (Lubin).

F. S., ST. LOUIS.—Juanita Sponsler was the girl in "Fool Luck" (Kalem). Jack Messick was the Indian chief in "When the Blood Calls" (Nestor). Harry von Meter and Arthur Ortega were the leading men in "Snake" (Bison 101). Charles Ray and Claire Simpson in "Red Mask" (Kay-Bee).

LILLIAN S.—That was Wallace Reid and not Warren Kerrigan in "Dead Men's Shoes" (American). Dorothy Phillips was Dora in "The Power of Conscience."

MELINDA.—That is a good plan of yours and perhaps some day all exhibitors will adopt it. The hour when the show begins should be announced. Then people would try to get there in time for the beginning of a show, and the exhibitor could use some skill in placing the films on the program, ending with a laugh.

MRS. G. L.—Sorry, but we haven't the maid in "An Exciting Honeymoon" (Pathé). She is a real cullud pusson.

MISS BILLIE.—I went to school some years ago, but it is so long I cant remember. I am my own grammarian. "Quo vadis" means "Whither goest thou?" The play was produced by Cines. Margaret Fischer had the lead in "In Slavery Days" (Rex). Marguerite Snow and William Garwood had the leads in "Carmen" (Thanhouser). Sorry to hear you cut your finger. You will now have a million sympathizers.

SOPHIE N.—Carl Von Schiller was Tom, Henry King was Jack, and Joseph Holland was Sancho in "A False Friend" (Lubin). Irene Hunt was Escita and Dorothy Davenport was Elsie. I may give a reception some day.

FLORENCE M. C.—J. Johnston was the lawyer in "The Superior Law" (Eclair). Walter Stull was Bad Bill. Charles Elder was Captain Durand, the girls were Louise Glaum and Clara Simpson, and the villain was Mr. Brady in "Old Mammy's Secret Code" (Kay-Bee).

EVIE.—I agree with you in every way about Claire McDowell. She is a good player. Harry Carey was Luke in "I Was Meant for You." Thanks; I received that picture of you. Very nice.

WILLIAM L.—Ethel Phillips and Tom Moore in "A Victim of Deceit" (Kalem). Gladden James and Wallie Van in "Troublesome Daughters" (Vitagraph). Bryant Washburn, E. H. Calvert, Dorothy Phillips and Frank Dayton all played in "The Power of Conscience" (Essanay). Hereafter leave a little space between questions.

THE QUIZZERS.—Sorry you did not receive your magazine in good condition. You should have written to our Circulation Manager right away about it. Lottie Pickford was Dora, and George Morgan was Hal in "For Old Times' Sake" (Pilot). James Cruze had the lead in "When Darkness Came" (Thanhouser).

ADELE.—Haven't heard of the player you mention. Alice Joyce is playing.

BUFF, 15.—Ethel Clayton was the wife in "His Children." Ormi Hawley was the daughter in "The Good-for-Nothing" (Lubin). James Fowler and Adrienne Kroell had the leads in "The Empty Studio" (Selig). Irene Boyle was the girl in "The Face at the Window" (Kalem).

ZARA S.—G. M. Anderson played in "Dead Man's Claim" (Essanay). Walter Miller was the brute in "Brutality."

R. L. B.—Your letter is full of brightness. Too bad I cant print it. I shall continue as you suggest. The pictures are fine; clever photography. Thanks.

DOROTHY B.—Thanks for the pen, but I use the typewriter mostly. Biograph is now at 808 E. 175th Street, New York.

ASKTHEM.—Frankie Mann and Kempton Green in "The Waiter's Stratagem" (Lubin). That Biograph too old. Yes, Mrs. Costello in "One Good Turn" (Vitagraph). Mr. Holt was Wizta in "The Spell" (Vitagraph). Thanks.

AMBITION

I EXPECT YOU WILL. ACCOMPANY ME TO THIS FUNCTION-AND MEET. AH-CULTURE-BEAUTY. AND REFINING TO A DEGREE I WILL CALL BACK FOR YOU HUBBY — TM — BY-BY—
1

BEATRICE H.—William Ranous in "The Spirit of the Orient" (Vitagraph). Charles West was the sweetheart in "Frightful Blunder" (Biograph). John Smiley was Abner Brown in "Thru Many Trials" (Lubin). Rose Tapley was the Spy in "The Money Kings" (Vitagraph). Florence Hackett was the wife, Lottie Briscoe the girl, Arthur Johnson the husband, and Clara Lambert was Delia in "Her Husband's Wife" (Lubin). Howard Missimer was the father in "The Discovery" (Essanay).

JEAN, 14.—Palmer Bauman was Jack, and Maxwell Sargent was his chum in "The College Chaperone" (Selig).

LOUISINE.—Glad you like the picture of Carlyle Blackwell you received. Interesting little story. You neglected to give the name of the company.

BERTHA M.—Lillian Gish was the girl in "The Mothering Heart." Pathé wont give us very much information about their plays. Yes.

MARJORIE M. M.—Norma Talmadge was the girl in "Solitaires" (Vitagraph). Glad you have joined the department. Write again. Fees are not necessary, you know.

F. C. F.—Edwin August and Miss Longfellow played the leads in "Madame Rex" (Biograph).

M. P., SACRAMENTO.—There will, of course, be a chat and a picture of James Cruze. Coming soon. Thanks for the fee. Nice of you.

BILLIE.—Flossie lives in Los Angeles. I did not see "The Scoop" (Vitagraph), but I have met Mr. Lincoln personally. Yes, he is all you say he is.

BASHFUL, 13.—Howard Mitchell was the husband in "The Benefactor" (Lubin). Blanche Sweet had the lead in "The Lesser Evil." Your verse for Edwin August is clever. Thanks. The Famous Players are now putting out regular releases three times a month. Mary Pickford's chat will explain; this issue.

WILLIAM F. MATTON.—Mae Hotely and Robert Burns, Marguerite Ne Moyer and Len Brooks, and Frances Ne Moyer and Ray McKee were the three couples in "Fixing Aunty Up" (Lubin). Billy Johnson was the kiddie in "Out of the Beast a Man Was Born" (Lubin). Joe Burton and Gwendoline Pates were the leads in 'For Mayor, Bess Smith" (Patheplay). Herbert Rawlinson and Eugenie Besserer had the leads in "Flag of Two Wars" (Selig). Carl Von Schiller and Dolly Larkin had the leads in "Breed of the West." See my handsome face on page 128?

HELEN A. H.—Austin Short was the little boy in "The Switch-Tower" (Biograph). Ruth Stonehouse was Mary in "The Good in the Worst of Us" (Essanay).

MILDRED M.—Gertrude Bambrick and Charles Murray were the dancers in "The Mothering Heart" (Biograph). Miss Golden was the girl in that Biograph.

BESS, OF CHICAGO.—Ethel Clayton was Rose in "The Price Demanded" (Lubin). It is out of my line to tell why some of the actors kiss some of the players nicer than they do others. They have their own reasons.

KITTY C.—Warren Kerrigan joined the Universal. Muriel Ostriche is with Thanhouser. Josephine Rector was the girl in "The Two Ranchmen" (Essanay).

RITA B.—Henry Walthall was the husband in "The Switch-Tower" (Biograph). Your votes were credited.

RUBY H.—Anna Nilsson was the gypsy wife. Gertrude Bambrick was the daughter in "Frappé Love." Bison wont answer us. Your letter is very interesting.

EVIE.—The son was Gertrude Short in "Black Jack's Atonement" (Powers). Tom Shirley and Harry Norton in "Tapped Wires" (Essanay). No, I did not see it. Lillian Drew in "Forbidden Way" that you refer to. Either Fred Church or Brinsley Shaw in "Dance at Eagle Pass" (Essanay). Typewriting is fine.

POP-PA YOU ARE WANTED AT A BRIDGE PARTY TONIGHT
NIX! ON THE COMEDY
2

Hello! Yes I want to talk to you

This is Alice Joyce, you know. You've seen me ever so often, even though you've never heard my voice. You know me so well already that I'm sure I don't need any formal introduction.

What I wanted to tell you was that the other day a member of the Cosmopolitan staff came across the Hudson River to the Palisades where I do my acting for the Kalem. I enjoyed the call very much. We had quite a little chat—he was a real nice young man.

And what do you think? Just before he started to go, I found he'd been taking notes of everything I said and was going to have it all published. Well, he seemed so real courteous about it that I finally quite entered into the spirit of the thing.

I even picked out my favorite photographs, and said if he thought people would be interested to go ahead and use them. So the article and the photographs are to appear in the November number of Cosmopolitan Magazine.

The publishers have made a special offer for just this once to enable you to get this number and the two following numbers—45 cents' worth of magazines for the very low price of 25 cents for the three. But if you want to read what I have to say and see these latest pictures of me, you had better send in this coupon right away, because so many of my Moving Picture friends have bought the November number that there are only a few left.

Mail This Coupon Today

and enclose a quarter (25c) for a three months' subscription to Cosmopolitan—value 45 cents *plus*. You get Alice Joyce's article and in addition three issues of a periodical whose policy of "the Best, in Fiction and Art" has earned it the reputation of "America's Greatest Magazine."

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Cosmopolitan
119 West 40th St. New York City

SAY! POP I WANT YOU TO COME TO A STAG WITH ME. MAKE A NEW MAN OF YOU
TUT-TUT- MY SON
③

Johnnie, the First.—Grace Lewis and D. Morris had the leads in "A Chinese Puzzle" (Biograph). F. Burns was the foreman in "During the Round-up" (Biograph). John Lancaster was Sweeney in "Sweeney's Dream" (Selig). Anita Stuart and E. K. Lincoln had the leads in "The Moulding" (Selig). Crane Wilbur had the lead in "The Secret Formula" (Patheplay). And lastly, Peggy O'Neil was Mary in "When Mary Married" (Lubin).

Dawn Floy.—That's just a technical expression used among the studio writers. It is not necessary, but sounds more professional.

W. H. B.—Miss Hutton was Casa in "The Crimson Stain" (Broncho). Thank you. They say that "The Last Days of Pompeii" (Cines) will be the biggest spectacle ever put on the screen. But all the companies are claiming that for their own plays.

Helen L. R.—William Williams was the sweetheart in "A Modern Garrick" (Patheplay). Claire McDowell was the girl in "The Mirror." Miss Kirby was the girl in "Their Idols" (Biograph). Fred Mace was O'Brien in "One-Round O'Brien" (Biograph), and Del Henderson was the nephew in "Trying to Fool Uncle."

La Lorraine.—Stephen Purdee was Harry in "The Sneak" (Kalem). Adelaide Lawrence was the child. We shall chat all the children soon.

Elf.—Lottie Briscoe in "The Pawned Bracelet" (Lubin). Ormi Hawley is one or two sizes larger than Lottie Briscoe. Can get no information from Majestic. Thanks.

Marjorie M.—George Melford was Joe, and Marin Sais was the girl in "The Buckskin Coat" (Kalem). Harry Carey was the father, and Miss Golden the girl in "The Sorrowful Shore" (Biograph). William Duncan and Myrtle Stedman in "The Brand Blotter" (Selig).

Jules.—You have been misinformed. I happen to know that this magazine does not own a share of stock in any company, and neither does any of our editors or employees. Stock was offered in that company, but was quickly refused.

The Twins.—Martin Faust was Martin in "A Hero Among Men" (Lubin). Harry Carey was the lead in "A Gambler's Honor" (Biograph). Edward Convey and Hallie Manning in "Entertaining Uncle" (Kalem). Leonie Flugrath in "Her Royal Highness."

Vera and Mona.—You shouldn't ask "How young is Crane Wilbur?" Against the rules. Edgar Davenport and Olive Temple in "The Haunted House."

S. C. H. Gaffney.—Miss West was the mother and Mildred Harris the child in "A Child of War" (Kay-Bee). Oh, yes; Kay-Bee answer some of our questions.

M. A., El Paso.—Gertrude Bambrick was the girl in "A Ragtime Romance" (Biograph). Fred Mace was Spike in "The Gangsters" (Keystone). Francis Newburg and Miss Claire had the leads in "A Dixie Mother" (Broncho). In "A Father's Love" (Lubin), Jack Standing and Isabelle Lamon had the leads.

Alibi A.—Louise Glaum was the girl in "Heart Throbs" (Broncho). Would not care to express an opinion as to which is the best camera, the Simplex or the Powers No. 6A.

M. E. D., Mont.—Reliance are quite slow in answering us. Cannot tell who Rocco was in "Why Rags Left Home."

Bee Tress.—Harry Millarde and Marian Cooper in "Rounding Up the Counterfeiters" (Kalem). Edith Storey is still playing. The picture you enclose is too small.

Hilda.—Yes; Paul Panzer. Blanche Sweet was the wife in "Death's Marathon" (Biograph). V. D. Brooke was Mr. Harmon in "A Modern Psyche" (Vitagraph). Rex and Imp wont tell.

Gladys, 16.—Blanche Sweet and Walter Miller had the leads in "The Coming of Angelo" (Biograph). Jack Standing and Vivian Prescott in "The Wiles of Cupid" (Lubin).

"FATHER, BY YOU BEING PRESENT AT OUR MEETING FOR VOTES FOR WOMEN TONIGHT. YOU LEND DIGNITY TO OUR CAUSE AND ADVANCE MY INTERESTS AS IM A CANDIDATE FOR THE FIRST SEC & TREAS OF THE SUFFRAGETTE WAR-CHEST-FOR FURTHERING THE CAUSE, FINANCIALLY AND WHOOP UP THINGS GENERALLY"
④

"BY REQUEST"

WE do not know of another case where a company has been practically forced to revive one of its past successes because of the insistent demand from exhibitors. Such is the case with "Why Girls Leave Home," released in one reel by Edison several years ago and justly celebrated as one of the cleverest of comedies. So great was the success of this film that it has never been forgotten, and we have received letter after letter from exhibitors and public, asking that we repeat the film.

¶ Instead of repeating it, however, we have taken the best parts of the story and added a wealth of new and original material which makes it the greatest two-reel comedy which has ever been produced.

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¶ The revision of this film is another instance of the popularity of Edison photoplays. At the completion of the "What Happened to Mary" series we were compelled to begin a second, the famous "Who Will Marry Mary?" stories that are now at the height of popularity. The public recognizes in Edison films that distinguishing mark of quality which differentiates them from all other productions. The painstaking thought and study which are expended upon apparently trifling details in plot, action and photography, have been more than repaid by the tremendous popularity of Edison films.

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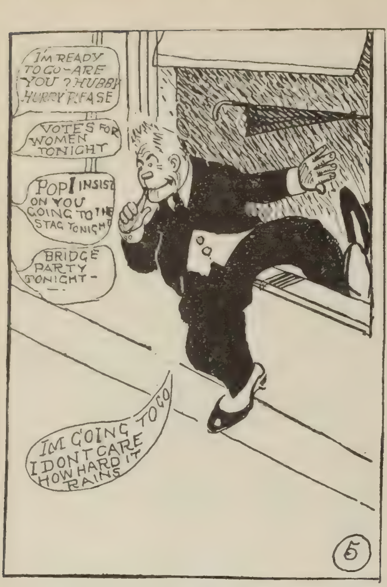
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VOTES FOR WOMEN TONIGHT
POP I INSIST ON YOU GOING TO THE STAG TONIGHT
BRIDGE PARTY TONIGHT—
I'M GOING TO GO I DONT CARE HOW HARD IT RAINS
5

Rose K., N. Y. C.—James Vincent was Dick in "Out from the Jaws of Death" (Kalem). Henry King was Hudson and Irene Hunt was Pequita in "Love and War in Mexico" (Lubin). Lionel Barrymore and Lillian Gish in "Just Gold" (Biograph). Stephen Purdee was Mr. Stern in "The Pawnbroker's Daughter" (Kalem). Last, but not least, Paul Hurst in "On the Brink of Ruin."

Delphine.—You refer to Claire McDowell in that Biograph. Vivian Rich, George Field and Wallace Reid in "Dead Men's Shoes."

Violet D.—I would advise you not to write to the players asking how you can get into the pictures. They cant help you. William Shay was the minister in "A New Magdalen" (Imp). Charles Arling had the lead in that Pathé.

Ima Nutt.—Constance Johnson was the girl in "Diplomatic Circles" (Biograph). Dont know how you can get acquainted with him unless you write him. It takes two to make a bargain.

P. L. M., New York.—Barney Sherry in that Broncho. February, 1911, not for sale.

E. J. B.—In Broncho's "Heart Throbs," Mr. Vosburg and Louise Glaum had the leads. Burton King was Jim, Joe King was Jack and Anna Little was Virginia in "The Battle of Gettysburg."

P. J. D., Kewanee.—D. Morris was Slivers, Gus Pixley was Pinkey in "An Old Sea-Dog's Love" (Biograph). Harry Carey was the cowpuncher in "A Gamble with Death" (Biograph). Dont you know Arthur Mackley yet? Well, he's always sheriff in the Western Essanays. He stopped in to see us when he returned from Scotland. The boys in the street followed him; *they* knew.

Betsy Ross.—Stephen Purdee was the floor-walker in "The Artist's Sacrifice" (Kalem). That was not the real wall of China that you saw, for the original is mostly in ruins. It was 1,500 miles in length and required ten years to build.

Doe-Doe.—Dont like questions on postal cards, you know, unless it is only one question and not too long. Tom Shirley was Mike in "Tapped Wires" (Essanay). Lillian Gish in the Biograph and Sidney Drew in the Vitagraph.

Margaret T.—Why, King Baggot is playing. Did you see "Ivanhoe"? Charles Murray was McDoo. "Were his shoulders padded?" What next?

L. M. T.—You find more fault than any ten correspondents I have. Where do you find it all? You seem to be out of joint with the world.

Reginald.—Jennie Lee was the mother in "His Mother's Son" (Biograph). There is no excuse for not being educated these days of educational pictures.

Yvon F.—Frank O'Neill was Blythe in "An Old Man's Love Story" (Vitagraph). Lafayette McKee is still with Selig. Frank Newburg in "On His Wedding-day" (Kalem).

Liebe.—The picture is of Ethel Clayton, now with Lubin. Other questions have been answered.

Margaret D.—Robert Grey and Billie West had the leads in "She Will Never Know."

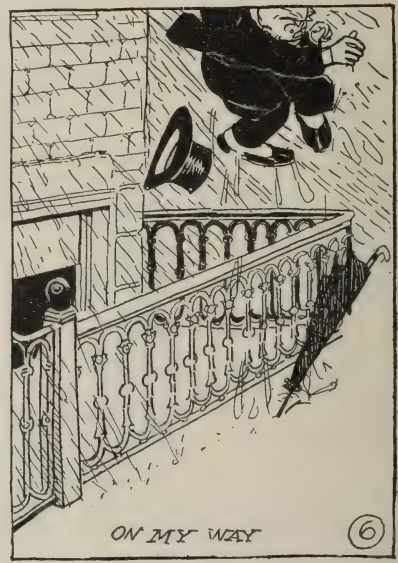
Edna M. W.—Miss Golden in the Biograph, E. H. Calvert in the Essanay and Clara Williams in "The Love Test" (Lubin). Bessie Sankey.

Melva St. Claire.—Joe King and Dorothy Davenport had the leads in "The Failure of Success" (Kay-Bee). She was wife number two, and Margaret Thompson was wife number one. He laughs most who has fine teeth.

Asbury Park Curl.—Charles Perley was the thief in "Her Son" (Kinemacolor). There was no Irving Hamilton in that Vitagraph. Marshal Mackaye was the son in that Kinemacolor. Gaston Bell was the lover in 'Her Husband's Story."

Lulu.—Robert Grey and Billie West in "To Err Is Human" (American). I agree with you. That player acted like a clown in a circus and thought he was funny, but nobody else did.

Salome.—Biograph wont tell us the name of the child player. Glad you like the chat.



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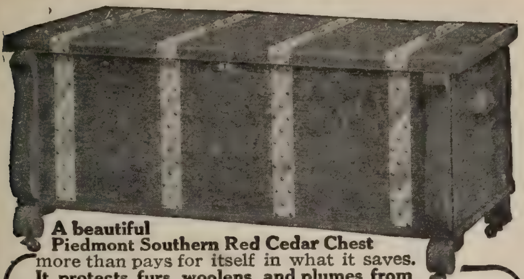

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THE TWINS.—Grace Lewis was the girl in "The Chinese Puzzle" (Biograph), Charles West was the express agent and Constance Johnson was the sweetheart. Howard Mitchell was Donald in "The Benefactor" (Lubin). Lubin people call him their "heavy." Eleanor Kahn was Mamie Taylor in "Tapped Wires" (Essanay). Frank Newburg was the tenderfoot in "The Tenderfoot's Luck" (Kalem).

THE BEAUTY.—Bessie Sankey and Evelyn Selbie were the girls in "At the Lariat's End."

G. L. T., THANHOUSER.—Mrs. Weston and Barney Sherry had the leads in "The Miser" (Kay-Bee). Marian Ferel and Garfield Thompson had the leads in "Saved by Aeroplane" (Reliance). Grace Eline was the stenographer.

ELLAYE PHAN.—I think the *News* idea is great. Keep the good work up. Think that was Paul Panzer in "Hannigan's Harem" (Pathé). Yes, that was thoughtlessness on the part of the director. Robert Burns was the Chinaman in "Building a Trust."

J. R. K.—Marshal Mackaye was the boy in "The Mission Bells" (Kinemacolor). Malcolm MacQuarrie was the major in "The Major's Story" (Kinemacolor). Linda Griffith was the wife in "Out of the Darkness" (Kinemacolor).

GIBSON H.—Charles Gorman was the sheriff and Lionel Barrymore was the postmaster in "The Enemy's Baby" (Biograph). Alfred Paget was the sheriff in "The Gambler's Honor" (Biograph). So you threaten to come and beard the Answer Man in his den? Come on and beard away.

KITTY C.—People in London paid as high as $2.50 to see "Quo Vadis" (Cines). In France prices range from 60 cents down. Doubtless we shall soon have much higher prices in America than we have now. Dont know what it cost to produce that play. Edgar Jones was Cole in "His Redemption" (Lubin). Clara Williams opposite him. George Gebhardt had the lead in "The Thwarted Plot" (Pathé Frères).

LOS OJOS VERDES.—Carlyle Blackwell always answers letters. Charles Kent and Julia Swayne Gordon in "Days of Terror" (Vitagraph). You think we ought to prohibit girls under eighteen from writing questions, and that they ought to be interested in their books? Oh, fie, fie! If they should see the pictures, they should be allowed to inquire about them, shouldn't they?

WILL N. H., MT. STERLING.—F. Fraunholz was the boy in "The Lady Doctor" (Solax). I never had the good fortune to see a purple cow, nor hear a tree bark.

BUTTERCUP PERCY.—Robert Gaillord was the tall man in "The Midget's Revenge" (Vitagraph). Like the way you leave blank spaces. Ben Wilson was formerly of the Spooner Stock Co. in Brooklyn. Dont know whether Eleanor Caines can swim or not.

KITTY C.—You think Crane Wilbur the best of them all in spite of his mannerisms? And you love his pompadour and dense growth of eyebrows? How nice! Haven't the child in that Kay-Bee.

FLORENCE M. B.—I believe I thanked you for that candy, but if not, here it is—thanks! Very nice of you. Warren Kerrigan now signs himself "Jack."

LAURENA W.—It is rumored that Evelyn Selbie is going to join the Glendale Kalem. Bryant Washburn is still with Essanay.

DON JUAN.—Caroline Cooke was Cyrella Drew in "Roses of Yesterday" (Selig). William West was Lone Hawk, and Marin Sais was his daughter in "The Fight at Grizzly Gulch."

OLGA, 19.—So you are a newcomer—welcome. Peggy O'Neil is the girl in the Lubin. James Vincent and Irene Boyle in "Out of the Jaws of Death." Eleanor Caines was Helen in "One On Romance" (Lubin). Yes.

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THE SCREEN
A.B.S
8
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which means about 110 tons of magazines, and even this stupendous number will probably not fill the tremendous demand. So you had better place your order early, either with your newsdealer or theater, or, better still, **subscribe.**

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The Motion Picture Story Magazine
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Arthur B.—Marshall Neilan and Wallace Reid were the handsome actors in "Love and War" (Bison). King Baggot and Jane Gail in "To Reno and Back" (Imp).

Helen R. C.—Your letter is long, but interesting. It came just at the wrong time, tho. Of course Maurice Costello is still playing.

Miriam F. H.—Harry Benham was the lead in "The Head of the Ribbon Counter" (Thanhouser). "I should worry like a fish and go in Seine"? Wonderful!

Edwin O.—Carlyle Blackwell was John in "The Fight at Grizzly Gulch" (Kalem). Yes; Warren Kerrigan. The Costello children's picture was printed in January, 1913.

R. M.—You had better get in touch with our Photoplay Clearing House.

Susan.—Florence LaBadie was the girl, and Jean Darnell was the aunt in "Some Fools There Were" (Thanhouser). Guy Coombs and Anna Nilsson in "A Mississippi Tragedy" (Kalem). Muriel Ostriche is the pretty little blonde.

Maurice M. M.—So you boldly state that you are in love with Mary Fuller. Cant do anything for you. *E pluribus unum.* Hopeless. E. H. Calvert in that Essanay.

Courtenay.—Mrs. Costello played in "The Mystery of the Stolen Jewels" (Vitagraph). Lester Cuneo and Charles Reeves in "The Saint and the Siwash" (Selig).

Alice, Boston.—The so-called "Miracle Plays" were founded on the historical parts of the Bible and on the lives of the saints. They were performed at first in churches, and afterwards on platforms in the streets. Their design was to instruct the people in Bible history; but long before the Reformation they had so far departed from their original character as to bring contempt upon the Church. The exhibition of a single play often occupied several days. The earliest recorded miracle play took place in England in the beginning of the twelfth century, but they soon became popular in France, Germany, Spain and Italy. Milton's first sketch of "Paradise Lost" was a sacred drama. Many of the *tableaux vivants* are perfect copies of celebrated pictures, as "The Last Supper," "The Entombment," etc. Travelers from all parts of the world still flock to Oberammergau to see the Passion Play. Thanks.

Tacoma, Wash.—Franklyn Hall in "The Love Test" (Lubin). Kenean Buel was John Burns in "John Burns of Gettysburg" (Kalem). Cleo Ridgely in that Rex.

Ethel G.—Marguerite Snow was leading woman in "The Lady in White."

E. A. C., Conneaut.—Frank Clarke was Richard in "An Old Actor" (Selig). Blanche Sweet and Henry Walthall in "If We Only Knew" (Biograph). Kathlyn Williams has not been chatted.

Green Eyes.—Tom Moore played opposite Alice Joyce in "When Fate Decrees" (Kalem). Jessie Cummings is Lucy. So you like to correspond with Evie.

Alibi A.—Herbert Harrington was the governor in "A Governor's Romance" (Pilot). Louise Vale was the girl in the same. Peggy Reid was the wife in "Forgive Us Our Trespasses" (Thanhouser).

Paul V. C.—I am indeed sorry your lady friend reads the magazine when you call instead of entertaining you. Hereafter give her the magazine when you are leaving. Ethel Phillips was the girl in the Kalem, and Muriel Ostriche in "Miss Mischief" (Thanhouser).

Margaret K.—Dont know about Paul Kelly. I guess Bessie Eyton is popular.

Clarence.—You are perfectly right about Christian Science. Osteopaths do not believe in drugs, either, but a little medicine now and then is relished by the best of men. Yes, the Motion Picture Club of America is a splendid thing.

MOVING PICTURES NOT ALWAYS PLEASANT

Anthony.—Marshall Neilan left Kalem, also Bison, and is now playing with Rex. Julia Calhoun was Aunty in "Doing Like Daisy" (Lubin). Your New Orleans funny section is just like our New York *American.* That cost us two cents postage overdue, and that left three.

B. U., Middletown.—Alice Joyce is playing in the New York section of Kalem. The Chicago branch of the Mutual Film Corporation known as the Majestic is at 5 Wabash Avenue.

Louise B.—Ruth Stonehouse was the wife in "Two Social Calls" (Essanay).

Rose D.—Ethel Clayton played opposite Harry Myers in "A Hero Among Men" (Lubin). Isabelle Lamon and Richard Travers had the leads in "Thru Many Trials" (Lubin).

B. L. Louie.—Your librarian is the only one who could help you out.

Kenneth K. C.—Bison is a branch of Universal. Write Biograph for the picture.

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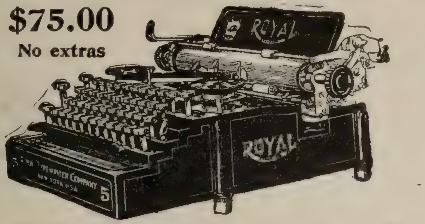

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"Solitaires"	Vitagraph
"Downfall of Mr. Snoop"	Powers
"The Red Trail"	Biograph
"Insanity"	Lubin
"The Little Music Teacher"	Majestic
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"Ma's Apron Strings"	Vitagraph
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KODAK HOME PORTRAIT.

Ivor Angel.—Think you had better give up the idea of becoming an actor and continue selling shoes. There is very little hope for a beginner in acting, but lots of possibilities in shoes.

Helen C. M.—You have been admiring E. K. Lincoln. James Cruze was the chief clerk in "When Darkness Came" (Thanhouser). Yes; Carlyle Blackwell. Lillian Gish and Walter Miller had the leads.

The Twins.—Helen Holmes was Ann, and Tom Forman was Ralph in "The Treachery of a Scar" (Kalem). Thomas Santschi was the lieutenant in that Selig. He is now with Kathlyn Williams. Charlotte Burton was Helen, and Vivian Rich was the daughter in "Quicksands" (American).

Blue Eyes.—Anita Stuart. No; I dont know much. Socrates said to the wise men of Greece: "You dont know anything, but you think you do; I dont know anything, but I dont think I do: therefore, I know more than you do."

M. F. B., Lowell.—So your exhibitor has changed from Licensed to Independent. Why dont you tell him what you would like to see, and no doubt he will get the plays?

Etta C. P.—Yes; Bessie Learn has just done it also. Isabelle Lamon and Jack Standing had the leads. Haven't that Cines cast. They are no relation.

Beatrice S.—Al Filson was Col. Haskins in "A Wise Old Elephant." Edwin Carewe in "The Supreme Sacrifice." Charles Clary was Will, and Adrienne Kroell was Catherine in "The Food Choppers' War" (Selig). A. E. Garcia was Robert in "The Stolen Melody" (Selig).

Marion M.—Just send along the questions, and they will be answered. The custom of lifting one's hat originated in the days of chivalry, when knights, on entering an assembly of friends, removed their helmets, as much as to say, "I am safe in the presence of friends."

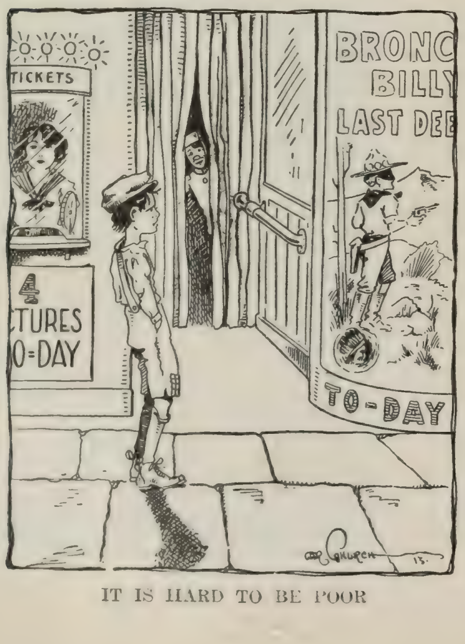
Peggie.—Carl Von Schiller was Harry, and Dolly Larkin was the girl in "A Romance of the Ozarks" (Lubin). E. H. Calvert was the detective, and Juanita Dalmorez was the wife in "Every Thief Leaves a Clew" (Essanay).

Marie Antoinette.—Marie Weirman was the leading woman in "By the Sea" (Lubin). Alice Joyce is not married to G. M. Anderson, honey; neither is the moon made of green cheese. Trust him not; he's fooling thee.

Elsie W.—Beverly Bayne played opposite F. X. Bushman in "The Farmer's Daughter" (Essanay). Evebelle Prout was the little girl. Herbert Rawlinson in "The Girl and the Judge" (Selig).

K. D., New York.—William Duncan was Sallie's fiancé in "Sallie's Sure Shot" (Selig). Harry Millarde was Gerson in "The Hidden Witness" (Kalem). I must admit that I cant answer your question, and that if I could I wouldn't. I honestly do not know where Capt. Kidd buried his gold. If I knew, I wouldn't be writing answers.

Toodles.—Peggy O'Neil was the girl in "The Penalty of Crime" (Lubin). The manufacturers favor both comedies and dramas. Comedies have a preference. Sidney Cummings was the child.



IT IS HARD TO BE POOR

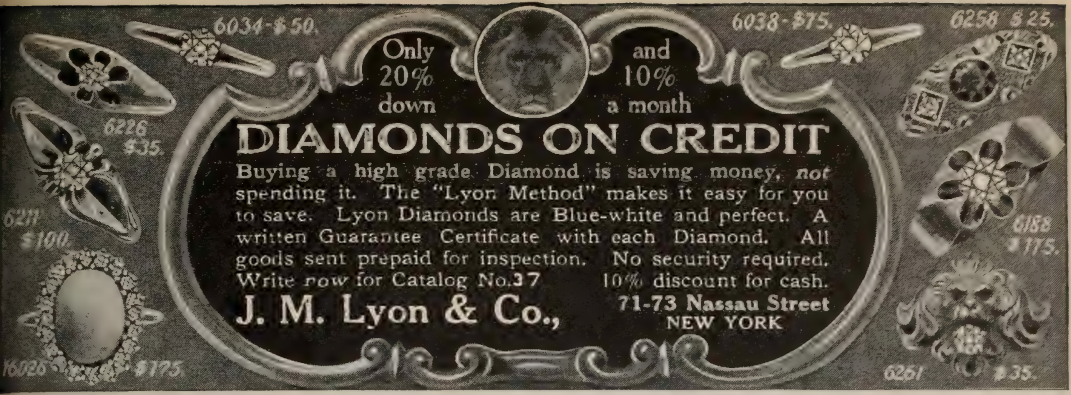
Viola J. L.—You think Lubin men the best dressers? How about Bushman, Wilbur and Northrup? Yes, hasten the time when men of principle are our principal men in the production of Motion Pictures.

Oliver.—Walter Miller was the son, W. Chrystie Miller the father, Mae Marsh the sister and Bobbie Harron the poor boy in "His Mother's Son" (Biograph). Louise Lester was Calamity Ann, Warren Kerrigan was Williams, Charlotte Burton was Jane and Jessalyn Van Trump was Lola in "Calamity Ann's Inheritance."

Carl H., 16.—That was Anna Nilsson in that Kalem. Zena Keefe has returned to Vitagraph. Florence Hackett was born in Buffalo, and she says reading is her greatest hobby.

Marie, from Chicago.—Edwin August is now with Powers. Guy Coombs and Anna Nilsson in that Kalem. You think Arthur Johnson makes love rather roughly? Lottie Briscoe doesn't think so. You prefer the gentle to the spirited lover? Better the latter than none.

Emmesty.—Your letter is very bright. Beverly Bayne was the girl, John Steppling opposite, in "The Trail of the Itching Palm" (Essanay).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Either you DO attend Motion Picture Theaters or you DONT. If you DO, you will find that reading this magazine will double your interest and pleasure: if you DONT, DO, because it will make this magazine doubly interesting.

Nora C.—Carlyle Blackwell was John in "The Fight at Grizzly Gulch" (Kalem). Louise Glaum has played in "The Servant in the House," "The Squaw-Man" and several other plays. She also played for Pathé.

F. H. R.—John Bunny was chatted in May, 1912. You say, "Will you kindly take a day off and kill the man who imports Gaumonts to this country?" You must think I am in the slaughtering business. If I was, I would leave Gaumont to near the last to be slaughtered. They rank very high.

Dawn Floy.—Edgena De Lespine was Margaret, and Sue Balfour her mother in "Eternal Sacrifice" (Reliance). Allan Hale was the lover. Margarita Fischer was the slave, and Iva Shepard was Manning Sue in "In Slavery Days" (Rex).

Irene P.—Edwin Carewe is the only male on the cast for "Soul of the Rose" (Lubin). It is pronounced *tap-ley*, short a. Yes, you would be a reel actress if you joined Moving Pictures. Wonderful!

Alibi.—Lillian Logan had the lead in "Soul of a Thief" (American). Mabel Normand is still with Keystone. Jerold Hevener says he dislikes playing the part of a millionaire with only ten cents in his pocket. His parents were Quakers.

Dan Cupid.—Lillian Wiggins and Joseph De Grasse had the leads in "What the Good Book Told" (Pathé Frères). Harry Morey is still playing.

Ann.—Romaine Fielding and Mary Ryan had the leads in "The Blind Cattle King" (Lubin). Kathlyn Williams and Hobart Bosworth had the leads in "The Girl and the Judge" (Selig). And Doris Mitchell had the lead in "Jealousy" (Essanay).

Seligite.—Myrtle Stedman and Tom Mix had the leads in "Soldiers Two" (Selig). They also played in "Religion and Gun Practice" (Selig). Octavia Handworth played with Vitagraph before going to Pathé.

Merely Mary Ann.—How did you like that picture of me last month? Striking likeness! Very proud of it. Harold Lockwood was Bob in "The Hoyden's Awakening." Ormi Hawley and Edwin August in "A Mother's Strategy" (Lubin).

Bernard M.—Thanks very much for the cast in "Quo Vadis." Have received several. Florence LaBadie had the lead in that Thanhouser. What? You saw an angel with a beard? I never saw an angel without one. There is no law against their wearing beards if they want to.

Veronica.—Harry Benham was the poor fellow in "The Ladder of Life" (Thanhouser). Vivian Rich was the girl in "Tom Blake's Redemption" (American).

William G.—You shouldn't tease the Answer Man like that; am simply bowed down with grief over it. Robert Burns was the White King in "The Zulu King" (Lubin). Frank Dayton was the policeman in "The Crossing Policeman" (Essanay).

Helen E., Chicago.—So you want Alice Joyce and William Garwood to play together. We all want. If wishes were autos, beggars would ride in Packards. Edith Storey has been with Vitagraph for about two years. Your letter is very interesting.

Mary P.—Isabelle Lamon had the lead in "Looking for a Mother" (Lubin). Mrs. George Walters played in "Granny" (Lubin).

Jackie.—But you dont give the name of the company. You probably refer to Warren Kerrigan. So you cant seem to sell your photoplays? All work and no *play* makes Jack a disappointed boy.

Janet L. M.—Excuse me, miss, and I shall "watch my step." That was Jack Richardson. Very funny. Ha, ha; he, he; and likewise, ho, ho!

Arthur.—Lillian Gish in that Biograph. Yes; Francis X. Bushman took both parts in that play. He has returned to Chicago office, but expects to return to Ithaca.

Patty.—Forrest Stanley is now playing in San Francisco. What a pity, Patty; what a pity, Pat! Warren Kerrigan played with Essanay some time ago. Thank you!

Director, Chicago.—Pleased to hear from you. So you "deny the fact," etc. You seem to have more talent for *denying facts* than for directing plays. Excuse me if I am too tart, but I feel strongly on the subject. And then you can me "Old Swelled Head." Oh, thank you, kind sir. The shoe seemed to fit, so you put it on!

Grace B.—"The Reincarnation of Karma" was taken in the Vitagraph studio, and the temples were not real.

Dorothea, 222.—Your letter is fine. Ernestine Morley has left Lubin and is playing in stock. Blanche Sweet and Charles West had the leads in "The Stolen Bride" (Biograph). Probably the name of a ranch, or else it means Selig Co.

Marian G.—Jack Standing and Isabelle Lamon in "The Exile" (Lubin). Marie Weirman was Nell in "Home, Sweet Home" (Lubin). Maurice Costello says his greatest hobby is horseback riding. He also likes reading.

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Chillicothe Girl.—You dont suppose the company killed that lion, do you? The animal was only making believe. Bessie Eyton and Thomas Santschi had the leads in "Alone in the Jungle" (Selig). Marshall Neilan was the brother in that American. He also played in that Kalem. Wallace Reid and Vivian Rich in "The Foreign Spy."

Sweet Peas.—Marion Barney was the mother in "The Price Demanded" (Lubin). Bessie Eyton. Crane Wilbur & Co. returned to the Pathé studio on October 1st.

Olga, Ohio.—That was Wallace Reid in both those plays. He has not been chatted as yet. Darwin Karr has just signed with Vitagraph. Haven't that girl.

Beatrice D.—Charles Murray in that Biograph. Yes, that was Mabel Normand. Yes; Director P. J. Hartigan has left Kalem.

Flower E. G.—Why dont you give your correct address? Mustn't deceive the Answer Man. Joseph Graybill is dead. The paper is very cunning.

Violette E. L.—Have no cast for "Hunger of the Heart" (Pathé). Warren Kerrigan and Vivian Rich in "The Scapegoat" (American). The films are not copyrighted.

Belle, Oswego.—Ruth Hennessy was Millie in "Cinderella's Gloves" (Essanay). Owen Moore is playing with Famous Players with his wife.

Grace M. C., Tampa.—"Battle Hymn of Republic" is a Vitagraph, but it is quite old now. It is conceded to be one of the best things ever done in photoplay. Your letter is very interesting; write again.

Herman.—Why, my child, that player was doing a monologue. He would not thus talk to himself in real life, but in the pictures when they are minus in facial expression they are plus in talkativeness. Good actors dont talk when alone, unless they are insane, intoxicated, or have a bad director.

Sophomore, at 14.—You're a bright child. Joseph Holland was Apache Joe, and Dolly Larkin was Loretta in "The Apache's Kind" (Lubin). We do not get Mecca casts. Cleo Ridgely was Beauty and Mr. Lewis the Beast in "Beauty and the Beast."

Rebecca J.—You think I am witty, but that the man who wrote "Snowbound" was Whittier? I concede it! Harry Carey was the gentleman crook in "A Chance Deception."

Reine G. W.—James Vincent was the detective in "The Lost Diamond" (Kalem). Anita Murray was the girl in "The Range Feud" (Essanay). Vivian Prescott and Kempton Green in "Bob Builds a Boat" (Lubin).

Jewell F.—Billy Mason was Phillip in "Phillip March's Engagement" (Essanay). Margaret Joslin in "Alkali Ike's Misfortune" (Essanay). William Brunton was the bandit in "The Bandit's Child."

Jeanne L.—There was no cast made for "The Other Woman" (Lubin). Harry Millarde was the stranger in "The Wheel of Death" (Kalem).

Marie, Chicago.—J. W. Johnston was the young man in "The Greater Call" (Eclair). Perhaps you refer to Warren Kerrigan. Least said, soonest mended.

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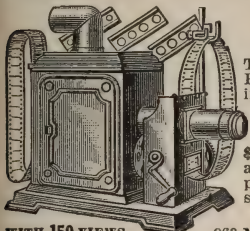

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Within fifteen minutes from the time he received the lessons, he understood the simplicity of shorthand, the principles of shorthand, and could actually write some words in shorthand and could **read them readily.**

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These lessons are strictly on me—they are my **treat.**

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Things You Should Know

Dot R.—Kathlyn Williams was leading lady in "Their Stepmother" (Selig). Lottie Pickford is with Pilot. Marshall Neilan in "Fatty's Deception" (Kalem). Come, you must get acquainted; Arthur Johnson opposite Lottie Briscoe in "The Benefactor."

H. F. W.—Jack Standing was leading man in "The Veil of Sleep" (Lubin). Frank Dayton has been acting for twenty-eight years.

Maxine P.—Irene Boyle was the girl in "The River Pirates" (Kalem). Harry Millarde was the player she saved. Evelyn Selbie was the girl in "The Crazy Prospector" (Essanay). Elsie McLeod was the girl in "Reluctant Cinderella" (Edison). Runa Hodges in the Reliance.

Violet C. P.—Kate Bruce was the wife in "The Little Tease." Mrs. George Walters in "Brightened Sunsets" (Lubin). Guy Coombs was chatted in January, 1913.

Lebanon Kid.—Joe King and Mildred Bracken had the leads in "The Pride of the South" (Broncho). Broncho Billy does not belong to the Broncho Company.

G. M. L., Ocean Park.—Mignon Anderson was the blind girl in "When Darkness Came" (Thanhouser). She also played in "The Children's Conspiracy" (Thanhouser).

Clara L. H.—Mary Fuller has been playing in Maine until October 1st. Mary Ryan in "The Unknown" (Lubin). Your idea is good. Perhaps we shall do that.

Miriam, 17.—Haven't the baby in "The Enemy's Baby" (Biograph). Thanks.

Cornelia.—Harold Lockwood in "A Welded Friendship" (Selig). He is with Nestor. So you like society dramas better than anything.

Jane.—James Fitzroy was Henry in "A Lucky Chance" (Lubin). Irene Hunt was the girl; Carl Von Schiller was Jack. The largest funeral ever held in France was that of Victor Hugo, in 1885, at which over one million people were present. General Grant's was the largest in this country.

Florence P.—Marguerite Snow was the girl in "East Lynne" (Thanhouser). Her picture was printed in April, 1912, and Florence LaBadie's in Dec. '12 and Jan. '13.

Virginia, Wash.—Earle Foxe was Harold in "The Face at the Window" (Kalem). Edwin August had the lead in "A Beast at Bay" (Biograph). Gracious! You want me to name the greatest man who ever lived? Well, let us begin with Mr. William W. Shakespeare. Next to Mr. Shakespeare's let us place the sacred name of John Bunny.

Richfield, Utah.—Marin Sais was the girl in "The Fight at Grizzly Gulch" (Kalem). Yvette Anderson was the girl in "With Honor at Stake" (Gaumont). Howard Mitchell was Donald in "The Benefactor" (Lubin).

Cornelia.—You give the wrong title of the play. You want a larger gallery and more chats. Crane Wilbur did not play for Edison.

Elfrieda B.—James Cooley was the son in "Father" (Reliance). I believe that they call Raphael's "The Transfiguration" the grandest picture in the world.

Inez S.—T. J. Carrigan was Prince Charming in "Cinderella" (Selig). Robert Grey in that American. No.

Don F.—Dont remember any other Don F. Nestor wont give us the information.

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MARJORIE M.—Larry Peyton and Jeanie McPherson had the leads in "The Proof" (Nestor). Jack Conway and Helen Holmes in "Birds of Prey" (Kalem).

IDA S.—Sorry, but cannot answer that Rex. Hard to get information from Rex.

STEVE.—John Bunny is not dead. It would be no secret if he was. Know of no Vivian Montrose. Pearl White has played for Crystal. Mabel Normand used to play with Vitagraph and Biograph before joining Keystone.

VYRGYNYA, NEW ORLEANS.—Anthony wont tell. Charles Elder was Capt. Durand in "Mammy's Secret Code" (Broncho). J. W. Johnston was the strong man in "The Greater Love" (Eclair). Guy Hedlund was the brother. Yes, Billie West and Robert Grey. George Field was Antonio.

JOHNNIE, THE FIRST.—Thanks for your little mention. Very nice of you. Haven't the hobo in "Stung" (Pathé).

HELEN L. R.—Thanks for the paper. Martin Faust was the son in "The Burning Rivet" (Lubin). William Stowell was the water-rat in that play. Carl Von Schiller was Carois, and Dolly Larkin the girl in "The Camera's Testimony" (Lubin).

VESSA H.—Sorry; haven't the names of Whitney Raymond releases. He is still with Reliance. Soda was fine. Thanks.

BERKSHIRE.—No; Boston is not my home town. Carlyle Blackwell in "Red Sweeney's Mistake." He has left Kalem and has joined American. William Todd was the sheriff in "The Making of Broncho Billy." Ernestine Morley in "Retribution."

GRAVY.—No, I am not a machine; I am a human being. Billie West was the girl, Robert Grey was Jack, and George Fields was Moore in "Jealousy's Trail" (American). C. K. French was the father, and Tom Forman was Harold in "Baffled, Not Beaten" (Kalem). William Garwood in that Majestic.

MAZIE.—E. H. Calvert and Lillian Drew in "The Forbidden Way" (Essanay). No; Jack Richardson is still with American. Wallace Reid was the husband in that American. Anthony does not belong to the club. Billie West and Robert Grey in "While There's Life" (American). Arthur Johnson and Lottie Briscoe in that Lubin.

ANTHONY.—Thanks for the postal cards. Yes, we expressed the prizes in the contest to all the players, and they expressed their appreciation.

LOUIS A. D.—Vitagraph have the most releases, and Méliès the least in the Licensed. Norma Talmadge was the prodigal's mother in "A Youthful Prodigal." Leah Baird was Beth in "Red and White Roses" (Vitagraph).

ANTOINETTE GAY.—Your letter is very interesting. You say Warren Kerrigan is the source of great inspiration to you—that you are just completing a two-reel play which he inspired you to write after reading his chat. Yes, the love and devotion he has for his mother is beautiful, and such men are scarce in this world.

J. R. B.—Your toast received—drink heartily! "Here's to the Answer Man, blithe and gay, who sits at his desk answering queries all day. Altho he is human, I hope he'll never tire of answering foolish questions hour after hour." Thanks. I never have tire trouble, except when the questions are *too* foolish, and then my machine begins to balk and "knock."

DESPERATE DESMOND.—Frances Ne Moyer and George Reehm in "Angel-cake and Axle-grease" (Lubin). Yes, double exposure. Richard Purdon was the father in "A Bolt from the Sky" (Kalem). Yes, you're right. Harry Carey is a first-class "crook," and also a first-class gentleman who knows how to wear a dress-suit. Thanks.

ROSE E.—Harry Myers was Tom in "The Burning Rivet" (Lubin). Ethel Clayton was Margaret. Yale Boss was Bobbie in "Bobbie's New Trousers" (Edison). Blanche Sweet and Henry Walthall in "Two Men of the Desert" (Biograph).

RUTHIE.—See chat of Warren Kerrigan in the May 1913 issue. See adv'm't.

MARRY CARRY.—Harold Lockwood in that Selig. Edwin Carewe was Dave in "Into the Light" (Lubin). Have just learnt that Carlyle Blackwell has not left Kalem.

BETTY B.—Interview with Marguerite Loveridge was published in the May 1913 issue. Majestic is at New Rochelle, N. Y. Write to her.

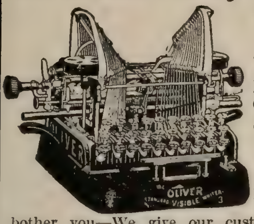
ELLAYE PHAN.—Edgena De Lespine and John Pratt had the leads in "Runa Plays Cupid" (Reliance). Frank Norcross was the boss in "The Missing Witness" (Thanhouser). William Russell was the lawyer. Thanks, but Canadian money is not good in New York City. There is a discount taken off when it is exchanged.

WALTER C.—If your play is accepted by any of the companies, you do not have to pay a copyright fee. Why not send your play to the Clearing House along with the fifty cents and listing fee coupon, and if it is not accepted, they give you a long criticism? Universal controls all the branches named on our lists, and frequently players change from one company to another.

BERKSHIRE.—Thanks for the summer postal. I should like to have gone boating with you. Francis X. Bushman is quite an athlete.

YOU B. K.—Florence Lee is the girl, and Dell Henderson is her sweetheart in "The Count Goes Bathing" (Biograph). Ernestine Morley was Annie, and Ormi Hawley was Kate in "Into the Light" (Lubin). So you like Carlotta de Felice?

D. D. D.—Robyn Adair in "The Penalty of Jealousy" (Lubin). Edwin Carewe in "The Call of Her Heart" (Lubin). Jack Standing in "Longing for a Mother" (Lubin).



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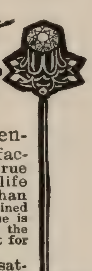

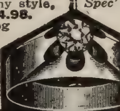

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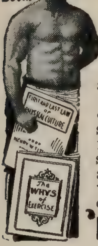
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MOST of the high-class, well-regulated Motion Picture Theaters (both Independent and Licensed) keep this magazine on sale for the convenience of their patrons. If it is not handy for you to buy from your newsdealer, please ask the girl in the box-office to supply you every month. The magazine should be on sale at all theaters on the 15th of each month.

Walt C.—It is quite common to see Licensed and Independent pictures shown in one theater. Margaret Prussing has left Selig to join the stage.

Clarence S.—Florence LaBadie and William Russell in "Oh, Such a Beautiful Ocean" (Thanhouser). Crane Wilbur is still with Pathé. May Buckley and Charles Clary in "Miss Arabian Knights."

Anthony.—Maxine Elliott was the little girl in "A Doll for the Baby" (Vitagraph). Of course your letters are given a preference, but they are rather numerous. Everybody must be given a chance. Jack McDonald was the expressman in "The Road, to Dawn" (Lubin). You will have to see Pearl White about that yourself.

Helen Van G.—Louise Vale and George Morgan in that Pilot. Henry King was Bob, and Dolly Larkin was the girl in "The Mysterious Hand" (Lubin).

Elf.—Guy D'Ennery and Jane Gale in "The Lost Note" (Lubin). Edgar Jones was Edward Wallace in "On the Mountain Ranch" (Lubin).

ABOUT NINETY-NINE INQUIRERS.—It was not a mistake. I said that Christmas and New Year's came on different days of the week *this* year. The New Year's you refer to is *next* year—1914. Now go to the foot of the class.

Rose E.—No, no! That means that John Bunny and Lillian Walker were king and queen of the Mardi Gras at Coney Island—not of the Philippine Islands. James Vincent was the blind weaver, Alice Hollister his crippled sweetheart, and Irene Boyle was Dolly in "The Blind Basket-Weaver" (Kalem). Henry Otto was the villain in "Fate Fashions" (Selig). Your letter is rich, rare and racy.

Billy.—Harry Myers and Ethel Clayton in "The New Gown" (Lubin). Ruth Stonehouse was the daughter in "The World Above" (Essanay). Lucile Young in that Kalem. Your questions are all right.

Courtenay.—Jennie Lee was the mother in "A Mother's Oath." Thanks.

Sal o' His Heart.—The company is called "Famous Players Company." You're welcome. So you want to meet F. P. A. also?

Eloise.—Lillian Wade was the child in "A Child of the Sea" (Selig). Walter Miller plays opposite Mae Marsh frequently. Yes; Ethel Clayton is still with Lubin.

Corrinne.—Warren Kerrigan can be had at Universal Company, Hollywood, Cal. Alice Joyce was in "Detective Burns in the Exposure of the Land Swindlers." Edward Coxen in the American.

Curiosity.—Riley Chamberlain, William Russell and William Garwood in "Some Fools There Were" (Thanhouser). Robert Grey was Single-handed Jim in that play. No Ambrosia casts. Yes.

Helen L. R.—Dont call me peppery now, after that nice box of chocolates you sent me. Gladden James was Tom in "The Call" (Vitagraph). Robyn Adair and Mary Ryan in "The Reformed Outlaw" (Lubin). Your letter is as spicy as a piece of grandma's Thanksgiving mince pie.

M. F., St. Louis.—Thanks for the card; very nice. Josephine Rector was the girl in "The Dance at Eagle Pass" (Essanay). Anita Murray in "The Ranch Feud."

Helen A. H.—Jack Standing and Isabelle Lamon in "Longing for a Mother" (Lubin). Mary Pickford has been under an operation for appendicitis.

Miss N. O'N.—Florence Lawrence is playing for Victor. You can see her at the Independent theaters.

Sadie T. Pickel, Bronx.—You want to know what kinds of photoplays to send to the manufacturers? All the "fifty-seven varieties," of course.

Vyrgnya.—Marin Sais was the daughter in "The Skeleton in the Closet" (Kalem). Your discoveries are good. Often notice those little things in the pictures.

Helen L. R.—Sidney Drew was the deacon in "Women Go on the Warpath" (Vitagraph). Marguerite Clayton was the girl in "Broncho Billy's Conscience" (Essanay). She looked very much like Virginia Chester in "The Price of Jealousy," as the jealous sister. Lillian Wiggins was the larger. Blanche West, and Arthur Matthews was the poet in "A Mountain Mother" (Lubin). Every member ought to acknowledge by card.

Wm. G.—No cast was ever made for "A Woman's Heart" (Lubin). We can never tell the name of the picture in such cases. "The Bells" was released July 29, 1913, and "Woman—Past and Present," June 4, 1913. Helen Holmes in "The Treachery of a Scar" (Kalem). Alice Joyce played in "The Riddle of the Tin Soldier."

Hoosier Boy.—James Vincent was Graham, and Irene Boyle was the girl in "The Detective's Trap" (Kalem). Edgar Jones and Clara Williams in "His Redemption" (Lubin). Harry Carey was the butler, Miss Johnson the girl, and H. Hyde the spy in "Diplomatic Circles" (Biograph).

A. G. S.—There are a number of theaters who have Vitagraph nights, giving all Vitagraph plays. Jack Standing in "The Other Woman" (Lubin). The expression, "camera-wise," means cured of the habit of looking at the camera or at the director when a picture is being taken, which is considered an unpardonable offense.

Goldilocks.—Edwin Carewe in "The Call of Her Heart" (Lubin). Ethel Clayton opposite Harry Myers.

Mrs. J. R.—Bessie Eyton in "Alone in the Jungle" (Selig). Warren Kerrigan now with Universal, but Carlyle Blackwell will not take his place as reported.

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Martha L.—Thelma Slater the child in that Kay-Bee. Florence Barker is dead.

Naomi, of St. Louis.—Pathé wont answer about "The Secret Formula." Audrey Berry in "When Society Calls" (Vitagraph). Jack Conway in "Birds of Prey" (Kalem).

Vera D.—William Lamp was Captain Wood in "The Thorns of Success" (Majestic). Blanche Sweet in "If We Only Knew," and Mae Marsh in "Wanderer" (Biograph).

Alice, N. Y.—It is said that the first public exhibition of Moving Pictures was at Koster & Bial's Thirty-fourth Street Theater, New York City, on April 23, 1896. The machine was an Edison Vitascope, and the films were forty feet long. B. F. Keith also showed Moving Pictures at his Philadelphia, Providence and Boston houses early in May, 1896. Among the pioneers in the business was William T. Rock, now of the Vitagraph, who bought the "State Rights" for Louisiana, and who showed Moving Pictures to 10,000 people a day. On July 28, 1896, he opened "Vitascope Hall," at 23 Canal Street, New York City, seating 450 persons, admission ten cents, doors open from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M., and from 6 P. M. to 10 P. M., and this was probably the real beginning of the Moving Picture business. While the novelty of the invention held people spellbound, it made no artistic or dramatic pretensions. It would have grown even more popular but for the fact that they could not get enough competent operators to run the then complicated machines. Thanks.

Peggy.—Thomas Santschi in that Selig. Isabelle Lamon and Richard Travers in "Violet Dare, Detective" (Lubin). If that idea is the child of your brain, you ought to be glad that the birthrate is not higher.

Carl E.—Isabelle Lamon was Emily, and John Smiley was Abner, the father, in "Thru Many Trials" (Lubin).

Schwanzello.—I would like to thank you personally for your kindness. Thanks.

Gloria.—Lillian Christy is now playing on the stage in Los Angeles. Forrest Stanley is in the same city. Kay-Bee wont answer us on that question.

Rosalie.—G. M. Anderson is not dead. Your play was, no doubt, accepted.

G. W. B.—Vivian Rich was the girl in "Tom Blake's Redemption" (American). Mignon Anderson was the stenographer in "When Darkness Came" (Thanhouser). James Cruze was the clerk in the same.

G. C. K.—Tom Powers played opposite Florence Turner in "A House in the Surburbia" (Vitagraph). The office of the National Board of Censors is at 50 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Olga, 17.—Stephen Purdee was the butler in "The Bolt from the Sky" (Kalem). Richard Travers was Bob in "The Outer Shell." The club has pins now, I believe.

Brownie.—Guy Hedlund and Barbara Tennant in "The Faith-Healer" (Eclair). Mary Pickford is with Famous Players. Irving Cummings has left Reliance for Pathé.

W. C. R.—Beth Taylor was the girl in "The Ranch-Girl's Trial" (Essanay). Mrs. Costello plays very little.

Eleanor M.—We never printed "The Sea-Dog" (Keystone). Haven't the little boy. I agree with you in every way.

Girlie O. K.—Ethel Clayton in "A Hero Among Men" (Lubin). No, subscribers get the magazine first, but last month we supplied the newsstands on the 13th.

M. A. C. Y. C.—Marie Eline is the Kid, and Helen Badgely is the Kidlet. Dorothy Gish in "Her Mother's Oath" (Biograph). Irene Boyle in "The Jaws of Death" (Kalem). William Mason is in Chicago. Richard Travers was the artist.

Louie, Ind.—Mary Ryan was the girl detective in "A Dash for Liberty" (Lubin). Edgar Jones was the wayward son in "Her Only Boy" (Lubin). He is directing now.

J. W. C., Seattle.—Lucile Young was the wife in "Poet and Soldier" (Kalem). Veronica Larkin was Maggie, Florence Moore was Dora, and Charles Graham was Hamilton in "An Old Melody" (Imp). Things have changed since then.

Elbert M. H.—Carlyle Blackwell was the son, and Lucile Young was Sally in "The Wayward Son" (Kalem). Guy Coombs was Ben, and Harry Millarde was the lieutenant in "Fire-fighting Zouaves" (Kalem).

May M. B.—Dolly Larkin was Dolly in "A Romance of the Ozarks" (Lubin). Carl Von Schiller and Irene Hunt in "Love and War in Mexico" (Lubin). Barbara Tennant, Guy Hedlund, J. E. Johnston, Helen Marten and Alex B. Francis are all I find in the cast of "Lady Beaumont" (Eclair).

September Morn.—Yes; Paul Panzer is French. Octavia Handworth is playing regularly. You want to see more of Robert Gaillord? *The Film Censor* is a weekly newspaper published in London; has no connection with the censors.

Marshall B. M.—Edwin August and Mary Charleson in "The Spell" (Vitagraph). You cannot copyright a scenario unless you send the film along with the script, which, in your case, is impossible.

J. of M.—Warren Kerrigan and Vivian Rich in that American. Haven't Eclipse.

E. C. S.—Helen Gardner was the girl in "The Vampire of the Desert" (Vitagraph). William Clifford was lead in "The Stars and Stripes" (Broncho). Marguerite Snow in "The Caged Bird" (Thanhouser).

Vera.—Blanche Sweet is playing just the same as ever. Leah Baird is still abroad. King Baggot is expected to return, and William Shay will take his place.

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Johnnie, the First.—Thanks for the clipping. Frank Clark was Mr. Brown in "Alone in the Jungle" (Selig). Lillian Haywood was the girl, and Thomas Santschi was Bob in "Bob Arden" (Selig). Paul Hurst was Fred, and Marin Sais was the wife in "On the Brink of Ruin" (Kalem). Peggy Reid had the lead in "Forgive Us Our Trespasses" (Thanhouser). Paul Panzer in "The Governor's Double" (Pathé).

Benedict.—William Bodie was the boy you marked in that Kalem. Haven't his address; write Kalem.

Mabel M.—Robert Harron in that Biograph. We know of no daughter belonging to Clara Young. No; George Gebhardt is not an Indian.

Goldilocks.—Hal Reid is Wallace Reid's father. Muriel Ostriche in "Miss Mischief" (Thanhouser). Gene Gauntier is still in Ireland.

Josephine W. L.—Thanks for the picture of Vedah Bertram you sent. We haven't the address of H. H.

Señorita J.—Have no cast for the Keystone. Augustus Phillips played in Spooner stock in Brooklyn. He was very popular here.

Joseph S.—Tom Powers happened to be the Duke in "Cutey Plays Detective" (Vitagraph). His picture in April, 1912. We have had the same suggestion many times.

Alice L. L.—Gwendoline Pates in "The Elusive Kiss" (Pathé). Blanche Sweet was the girl in "Three Friends" (Biograph).

Larine S.—Wallace Reid was the lover in "The Foreign Spy" (American). We have July copies on hand.

Anna M. B.—Jennie Nelson was Jane in "Jane's Waterloo" (Lubin). Harry Myers and Ethel Clayton in "A Hero Among Men" (Lubin). Evelyn Selbie was the wife in "Broncho Billy's Way" (Essanay). Gertrude Bambrick in "Near to Earth" (Biograph), and Vivian Pates in "The Burden-Bearer" (Lubin).

L. G.—No, no, you have got the name entirely wrong. Isabelle Lamon in "Diamond Cut Diamond" (Lubin).

Alberta B.—Elsie Greeson was the girl in "The Missing Bonds" (Kalem). No, it is not a strange thing that every player seems to want to face the camera squarely. They want to be seen. Can you blame them? Of course, the director ought not to allow it. When two people talk they should face each other.

William L.—Marshall Neilan was with Biograph last. He left Rex. Write Warren Kerrigan at Hollywood, Cal., with Universal. By "multiple reel" is meant a photoplay that runs two or more reels, one reel being about 1,000 feet long, which is about as long as they can make one reel.

Fancy, 72.—Augustus Phillips was J. Stevens in "In the Garden" (Edison). No. Jane Warrenton was the mother in "The Trifler" (Rex). You dont want Warren Kerrigan to wrinkle his forehead? Very well, I'll have it stopped.

Edna H.—Peggy O'Neil and Robert Drouet in "The Penalty of Crime" (Lubin). Ruth Stonehouse was Sunshine. Harry Cashman was the priest. He is dead. Frank Newburg in "The Tenderfoot's Luck" (Kalem).

L. G. T.—Carl Von Schiller was the lover in "The Padre's Strategy" (Lubin). Carlyle Blackwell is now with American.

Buttercup Percy.—Dolly Larkin the girl in "Rustic Hearts" and "Jim's Reward."

Naomi, of St. Louis.—Well, that's Louise Beaudet. So you like her? James Vincent was the brother in "The Hidden Witness" (Kalem). Raymond Bloomer was the detective in "A Bolt from the Sky" (Kalem). Isabelle Ray in "The Saving Lie" (Pathé). Write again.

Mrs. L. F.—Those reformers seem to need reforming themselves. They are well-meaning but misguided zealots, and they remind one of their Puritanic forefathers. Thanks kindly for the information.

Flower E. G.—William Brunton was Jack, and Helen Holmes was the girl in "Brought to Bay" (Kalem). That was a very, very old Biograph. Francis Carlyle the lead, Maidel Turner the girl, and Ben Hendricks the millionaire in "The Governor."

Violette E. L.—Mary Ryan and Robyn Adair in "The Fatal Scar" (Lubin). Thanks for your nice letter.

Raymond M.—William Humphrey and Leah Baird had the leads in "Hearts of the First Empire" (Vitagraph). Crane Wilbur in that Pathé.

Herman.—That was not the original you saw, but an imitation. The genuine film was a masterpiece; the copy a joke. Too bad they cant lock some of these copyists up. As soon as a reputable manufacturer announces a great masterpiece and advertises it extensively, some lunatic comes along and hastily gets up a film with the same name and imposes on the public.

Peggy, 2.—Anna Nilsson was the wife in that Kalem. Gertrude Bambrick in that Biograph. Because you dont see Biograph plays is no sign they are not making many. They release three a week.

Jean.—Mae Botti and Irving Cummings had the leads in "The Judge's Vindication."

Mrs. J. P. W.—The time will soon be here when we will have printed programs of the different plays at the theaters, giving the casts. Crane Wilbur did not leave Pathé. I believe that pottery is known as the oldest art.

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THE RIDGELY CONTEST, The Motion Picture Story Magazine

175 DUFFIELD STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Desperate Desmond.—At one time it was Alice Joyce; now it is Ruth Roland. Oh, fickle, fickle jade! Robert Leonard and Margaret Fischer had the leads, and J. MacQuarrie was the Hindu in "The Diamond Makers" (Rex). You will lose that bet if you bet on Edwin La Roche.

Kitty C.—Octavia Handworth in "The Secret Formula" (Pathé). Dolly Larkin and Henry King in "The Mysterious Hand" (Lubin). The Exclusive Supply Co. is at 220 West Forty-second Street, New York City. They release Gaumont, Great Northern, Italia, Dragon, Eclectic, Lewis Pennants, Ammex and Solax films.

Emily E. D.—George Le Guere and Pearl Sindelar had the leads in "His Lordship's Romance" (Pathé). George Gebhardt had the lead in "The Thwarted Plot" (Pathé). Mrs. George Walters was Coffee Mary.

Miss Billy S.—Marshall Neilan and Wallace Reid in that Bison, and Wallace Reid in "Via Cabaret" (American).

Mother G.—Your interesting letter is fine. That appears to be a good plan: to figure out from the votes which is the more popular—Licensed or Independents—by averaging up the total of votes. Carl Von Schiller in both those Lubins. Mrs. Ranous was the foster-mother. No, with Imp for good.

Pasquinet, Buffalo.—William Bertram, Phyllis Gordon and Charles Bartlett in "The Vengeance of the Sky" (Bison). Harry Myers and Ethel Clayton in "The Price Demanded" (Lubin). Edward Convey in "Entertaining Uncle" (Kalem).

Edward A.—Send your plays to some company and, if they dont sell, try our Clearing House. They charge only 10% for selling scripts.

Anna J.—Mignon Anderson had the lead in "Her Two Jewels" (Thanhouser). Rogers Lytton was the bachelor in "The Bachelor's Baby" (Vitagraph). Vivian Rich was the girl in that American.

Piggy.—Your diagram of how you imagine the Answer Man's office looks is clever, but not accurate. The safe for fees is much larger than you make it, and the garbage-bin to hold the pressed flowers, suspenders and trinkets I receive is not so large. The large flock of office-boys and stenographers I have is greatly exaggerated, and there are not quite as many as nineteen teams to carry away the answered letters and trash. The cartoon by your brother is excellent.

An Invalid.—Sorry to hear of your trouble. Marin Sais the girl. Letter is touching.

R. J. K.—Dont know where you could get a job clog-dancing. Dorothy Phillips in "The Power of Conscience" (Essanay). I caught cold reading your letter. It was too much of a draft on my patience.

Gaby, of N. Y.—Anna Nilsson in "Shipwrecked" (Kalem). Rose Tapley in "The Curse of the Golden Land" (Vitagraph). Bryant Washburn and Dorothy Phillips in "The Swag of Destiny" (Essanay).

Austin H.—Sorry about your answers. Thanks for the cast. Robert Leonard and Margaret Fischer in that Rex. Wallie Van and Lillian Walker were the lovers in "The Feudists." Paul Kelly and Kenneth Casey were the boys. Irene Hunt and Alan Hale in "Kentucky Foes" (Reliance). Thomas Carnahan, Jr., in that Vitagraph.

Daniel C.—The pictures you sent of Ruth Hennessy and Ruth Stonehouse will not appear in the magazine.

Miss M. R. P.—Frank Newberg was opposite Ruth Roland in "Hoodooed on His Wedding-day" (Kalem). Tom Moore opposite Alice Joyce. The Mutual Film Corporation handles the following films: Thanhouser, Keystone, Majestic, Kay-Bee, Reliance, Broncho, American, Mutual Educational and Mutual Weekly, and its office is at 71 West Twenty-third Street, New York City.

Bricks.—You should have received the photograph long ago. Write to Guy Coombs about it.

Buff, 15.—Carl Winterhoff and Winnifred Greenwood in "The Lost Inheritance." "The Musketeers of Pig Alley" was a Biograph, and not Pathé. Lillian Gish had lead.

F. E. G.—I liked Jane Eyre better than any of Reade's. Suppose you have read that. She is the same one now playing on Broadway. Biograph hired her for that one play. Your letter was so brilliant it affected my eyes.

Matilda, N. J.—"It hasn't got the punch" is an expression that has grown very common in criticising photoplays. I dont know how or where it originated, but it may date back to the days of Corbett, the prize-fighter, of whom it was said that he had all the elements of a great fighter except that he lacked the punch, meaning that his hitting power was not effective. The "punch" in a play is the dramatic climax, the gripping quality, the indescribable something that strikes into our sensibilities and arouses our interest and passions.

Sunny South.—Franklyn Hall was Doctor Harding in "The Love-test" (Lubin). Frances Ne Moyer in "Sunshine Sue" (Lubin). Lillian Haywood.

Hazel.—Address Edwin August, Powers Co., Hollywood, Cal. All the players read this magazine. Frontier do not answer our questions. Thank you.

Helen L. R.—Richard Travers was Will, and Irene Marfield was Marion in "Grist to the Mill" (Essanay). William Duncan in that Selig. Thanks for the designs.

Johnnie, the First.—Thanks for three copies of the *News*. Improving all the time.

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If you are a sufferer and would like to have full details, just send along your name (stating whether Mrs. or Miss) and address, and a two-cent stamp for return postage, and I will send you in full detail the advice and instructions which resulted in my own relief after all else failed. Address your letter, Mrs. Kathryn Jenkins, Suite 1291 B. C., No. 623 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

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HELGARD COMPANY (Helen Gardner)	472 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
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Olive M.—Henry King was Dick in "The Medal of Honor" (Lubin). They are in Los Angeles, Cal. Yes; Tom Carrigan has a romantic, devil-may-care air about him that appeals strongly to the ladies.

Oliver, Ala.—I appreciate your words. Carlyle Blackwell was Red Ellis in "The Redemption" (Kalem). Evelyn Selbie was the girl in "At the Lariat's End" (Essanay). Charles West was the son in "For the Son of the House" (Biograph). Thanks.

Walter C.—Phyllis Gordon was Anita in "Love, Life and Liberty" (Bison 101). Dot Farley is with Thanhouser. Francis Ford was Dr. Lopez in "The Battle of San Juan Hill" (Bison). Swiftwind was George Gebhardt in "An Indian's Gratitude" (Broncho). Are you running a race with Anthony?

F. E. W.—Evelyn Selbie, William Todd and Frederick Church in "The Edge of Things." Joseph Holland was the gipsy, Dolly Larkin the girl, and Henry King the American in "A Woman's Heart" (Lubin).

Elinore L. M.—We have June 1913 copies for sale. You dont mean to say Mr. Fryer is a fabricator because he drew that picture of me, do you? Very interesting.

John, 53.—William Garwood had the lead in "Told in the Future" (Majestic). James Vincent was Henry, and Marguerite Courtot was Helen in "The Fatal Legacy."

Doe-Doe.—The staff is now complete. So you like the Essanay studio better than the Selig? Too bad the Selig people wouldn't let you use your camera there.

Freckles.—Ethel Clayton was Mary in "Mary's Temptation" (Lubin). Glad you like the Correspondence Club.

Sid.—Yes, the girl is Mabel Normand. The picture you enclose is of Walter Miller. Flossie C. P. joined the Correspondence Club, but she does not answer the postals she receives. She should have a secretary.

Vyrgynya.—Verse is very clever. Your letter contains good philosophy. Seventy-two is correct. Octavia Handworth will be at Lake Placid till Christmas, resting.

Miriam, 18.—Tom Carrigan in that Selig. Expect to chat Walter Miller very soon. Warren Kerrigan with Nestor. W. T. H. doesn't write to the Answer Man any more.

Flower E. G.—I dont remember the eyes. Jack Conway was the husband in "Birds of Prey" (Kalem). Yes. What's the 390 for? That isn't right. I know.

Marni.—Juanita Dalmorez was the girl in "The Whip Hand" (Essanay). Perhaps it was Leah Baird. Thanks.

Marie.—Billie West was the girl in "She Will Never Know" (American). Robert Grey opposite her. Justus Barnes was the senior partner, and James Cruze was chief clerk in "When Darkness Came" (Thanhouser).

Anthony.—No; Florence Turner and Dorothy Kelly are not the same person. Eleanor Blanchard joined Lubin after leaving Essanay, but she is now on the stage. Pearl White has been with Crystal about one year.

Hazel.—It is always best to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Walter C.—Thomas Santschi was leading man in "A Wild Ride," "A Galloping Romeo" and "Man and His Other Self" (Selig). Haven't the whereabouts of Harold Lockwood—think he is with Nestor. Agree with you on your last paragraph.

Freckles.—Thanks for the fee, but remember that fees are unnecessary. Romona Langley was the wife in "The Burden-Bearer" (Rex).

Helen L. R.—Again. Velma Whitman was Nell, and Ray Gallagher was Jim in "Playing with Fire" (Lubin). Adrienne Kroell and Tom Carrigan had the leads in "The Stolen Face" (Selig). Harry Millarde in "The Fatal Legacy" (Kalem).

Walter C.—Bison wont tell us. Harry Carey was the gambler in "A Gambler's Honor" (Biograph). Mary Pickford was Jessie in "The Unwelcome Guest" (Biograph). Must be a first-class theater.

Marie V.—Lillian Gish was the girl in "An Indian's Loyalty" (Biograph). Marguerite Clayton in Essanay. For Correspondence Club communicate with Harry L. Oviatt, 76 West Main Street, Milford, Conn.

Clayton C. M.—Fred Burns was the foreman, and Lillian Gish the girl in "An Indian's Loyalty." I have no pet players. Your verses are clever.

Babe.—You ask: "If Vivian is Rich, does she want Moore? If Pearl is White, can Florence Turner? and if Wallace can Reid, can Bessie Learn?" There are degrees of deafness which vary inversely with the square of desirability of the thing to be heard.

F. E. G.—Thanks for the headache powder. Henry Otto was the Crow in "The Flight of the Crow" (Selig). You have the cast correct. D. Morris had the lead in "The Chinese Puzzle" (Biograph). Haven't the cast for "King Robert of Sicily," but believe Francis Bushman had the lead.

H. H., Akron.—Little Mary is well again, after a critical operation for appendicitis.

Francis, 17.—Beverly Bayne was the girl in "The Hermit of Lonely Gulch" (Essanay). Anna Nilsson played the double rôle in "The Counterfeiter's Confederate" (Kalem). Anita Stewart was the girl in "The Lost Millionaire" (Vitagraph). Anna Nilsson in "Shipwrecked." Mary Fuller was Rowena in "The Romance of Rowena" (Edison). Benjamin Wilson opposite her. "Shenandoah" was taken in Virginia, being a Virginia reel.

Hilda N.—Guy Coombs and Anna Nilsson had the leads in "Shenandoah."

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G. M. H.—We have no casts for foreign plays. You might try George Kleine, 166 North State Street, Chicago, Ill. That Selig taken in Los Angeles. Fault of operator.

Rose Marie.—You can look for a chat with Arthur Johnson very soon. Usually the scenario department gives the plays to the director to produce, and the director has nothing to do with the selecting. Thank you.

E. A. T.—The puzzle has been submitted to the editor. Edward Dillon was the lover in "An Indian's Loyalty" (Biograph). Helen Holmes in "The Flying Switch."

E. W. B.—Florence Turner is playing in her own company. Her first play will be "Jean's Evidence," featuring Jean, the ex-Vitagraph dog.

Marie D.—George Melford is directing more than he is playing. Will see about a chat with him. Vitagraph has a new dog on their payroll, "Zip."

Anthony.—Not Irving Cummings, but Barry O'Moore in "Caste" (Edison). Haven't that last play. Maurice Costello directs one play every week.

Walter C.—Cant place the Kay-Bee player you refer to. Natalie Delonton was Myrtle in "The Indian's Secret" (Bison). Jack Messick was Rowland in "A Forest Romance" (Bison). The players very often change around at Universal City, playing in different companies.

Chicken.—Charles West and Mae Marsh in "For the Son of the House" (Biograph). That's Romaine Fielding on the cover of the October issue. Beverly Bayne in "The Hermit of Lonely Gulch" (Essanay). Come again.

Elena C. G.—Florence Turner's company is Independent. Marguerite Clayton was the girl in "The Redeemed Claim" (Essanay). Selig did not answer us on that "Two Too Many." Thanks for the little bull statue.

Dawn Floy.—Thanks for wherewithal for a cup of hot chocolate. Pretty chilly these days. They are not married. That was only a dream. You are wrong. The ring in the marriage ceremony was correctly used in that picture. The custom of using rings at weddings is as old as the hills, and it began in ancient Egypt.

Sylvia.—Please dont crowd your questions all on a little postal card. Jack Standing was the husband in "The Other Woman." What, I wear a gray norfolk suit with white socks? Not guilty. Do you want the address of my laundry?

Mainedassie.—Marie Weirman was Marie in "The Guiding Light" (Lubin). That was Rosemary Theby. Yes, to the Lubin. Yes, come again. Florence Lawrence and Arthur Johnson played together with Lubin for a long time.

Jewel F.—Jack Standing and Vivian Prescott in "The Wiles of Cupid" (Lubin). William Bailey was Joe in "The Hermit of Lonely Gulch" (Essanay). You are another William Mason victim.

Olga K.—Grace Carlyle was Grace, and Robert Leonard was the doctor in "A Fight Against Evil" (Rex). Marion Cooper was leading lady in both of those plays. They were taken in the South.

Berkshire.—Jack Nelson was Bob, and Winnifred Greenwood was Nell in "The Suwanee River" (Selig). Fred Mace was the leader in "Gangsters." See above for club.

Walter C.—Tom Dale in "War" (Bison). Dont get all the Bison casts. Grace Cunard in "The Battle of San Juan Hill" (Bison). Dolly Larkin in the Lubin. William Bauman had the lead in "The Soul of a Thief" (American).

M. R. G.—Your Photoplay Society might devote its energies to something more worthy than low-neck dresses, I think. Aren't there more important things?

Steve T.—A. D. Vosburg was the son, Miss Hathaway the mother, Hazel Buckham the sister, and B. Hadley the father. The other young man was B. Hadley, also. It was taken in California. It is very difficult to obtain Kay-Bee information. Edna Payne just informs us that she is playing under the management of Charles Lovenberg, but intends to return to the screen in the near future.

M. N. Woods, Maoriland.—Before Biograph announced the names of their players in America, they were using fictitious names abroad, such as Daphne Wayne for Blanche Sweet, Dolly Nicholson for Mary Pickford, and Muriel Fortescue for Mabel Normand. Blanche Sweet is her correct name.

E. N. N.—Blanche Sweet in that play. Ethel Clayton was Marguerite. You dont ask too many. "The Glow-worm" was released September 6th (Reliance).

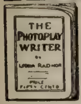
Alibi A.—Jack Wallace was the player in "Why Babe Left Home" (Thanhouser). King Baggot has returned, and William Shay has taken his place abroad.

Sallie Suk.—Kenneth Casey is still playing. Those are real Indians in Bison 101. Bryant Washburn is still with Essanay. Thanks. Dont care to express an opinion as to which is the better Lincoln, Ralph Ince (Vitagraph) or Will Sheerer (Eclair).

Kentucky Days.—We dont answer inquiries about the Music Contest. The ad. states all that we want to state at this time. Watch for future announcements.

Beulah.—Walter Miller and Mae Marsh had the leads in "The Reformers." James Morrison is now with Vitagraph. Marguerite Clayton is G. M. Anderson's present leading lady.

Loraine F.—Edgar Davenport and Tom Moore in "The Artist's Sacrifice" (Kalem). Anna Nilsson in that Kalem. Other answered before. Carlyle Blackwell did not leave Kalem to go with American, as above stated.



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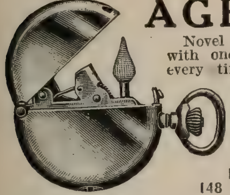
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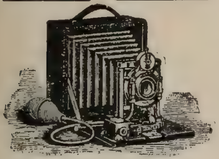
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We will award $25 each for the two best compositions, and a suitable royalty on every copy sold, which is to be agreed upon, and at an early date we shall announce the judges of the contest and the date of closing. Words may or may not accompany the music. Altho words are desired, we shall award the prize for the best music. The names of the successful composers will be printed conspicuously on the title page of the sheet music, and everything will be done to make the successful march and the successful waltz so popular that they will be known as National Airs. We cannot undertake to return those manuscripts that are not accepted, but they will not be used in any way. Every contestant should keep a copy of his or her manuscripts.

Now is the time to get busy! Start now! Everybody who knows anything about music should compete for these prizes. Address all communications to

MUSIC EDITOR, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Letters to the Editor

The large number of interesting letters to the editor which we received last month makes it desirable to continue this department, and effort will be made hereafter to devote several pages to it. We regret that such arrangements were not made this month, for we are compelled to hold over several pages of clever letters that are just as interesting as the following:

"L. A. L.," of New York City, sends this very kind appreciation:

Whether we subscribe to The Motion Picture Story Magazine or do not is *not* the question at hand. It is, do we *appreciate* the efforts being made to keep us conversant with one of the greatest innovations of the age? Have we ever given a serious thought to the indefatigable labor to present a dainty, bright, progressive, clean and wholesome magazine from cover to cover? Therefore, with universal acclaim let us present the priceless gift of encouragement—let us say "success"!—to The Motion Picture Story Magazine, and that at the close of nineteen hundred and thirteen (1913) may the list of subscribers be so increased that even the originator and his able staff may be *surprised*. We must not forget that elusive, voluble, soul-vexing personage otherwise dubbed the "Answer Man"! His sarcasm is magnetic, tho poignant. At times he makes us so perplexed that we fairly forget how to spell the words of a desired retort; and there *are* times when his repartee serves as a panacea. It is this truce that wins our esteem and deifies him as a true and just censor. He has been "guessed" from the chief to the limit of the staff and defies identification. His supreme desire is to be one of advanced years. Bless him! and may he outlive us all.

"Belinda, of Birmingham," Ala., writes:

Quoting from the Photoplay Philosopher in The Motion Picture Story Magazine for June, I find a paragraph which reads thus:

"There seems to be no good reason why a theater should advertise 'Complete change of pictures every day.' " I, for one, thoroly agree with the writer, for there are times when a really good picture *should* be repeated. I am a sincere lover of *good* picture plays, and never miss an opportunity to see a *really* good one. I was quite disappointed a short while back when a friend told me of one she had seen that day. It was a Vitagraph picture called "Hearts of the First Empire," featuring quite a number of Vitagraph's best players. From my friend's description, I felt that it was worth the carfare, should it happen to be on again. The following day I went to see, but it was not repeated.

Another thing I should like to say is this: I think that *all* the Moving Picture theater men should make arrangements with the newspapers of a city to advertise their entire weekly program, so that patrons might spend their money on just what they wish to see. I do not believe the picture men would lose by so doing. People who make any study at all of the Moving Picture shows have learnt to know most of the best players by name as well as by sight, and also with what companies they are playing. The fact is not satisfying, however, under existing circumstances. Only one playhouse in this city gives its complete weekly program in advance. In consequences, two friends will start out one day and see almost every picture shown—probably two or three good pictures, the others almost worthless. Disappointed, we do not go the next day. Later some one will tell us what excellent pictures they saw on that *very* day.

Do not get the idea that we are selfish and only want those pictures shown that satisfy our own fancy. We would merely like to know *when* the best are on. There are plenty of people to fill the houses at all times, no matter what class of pictures are shown. I have heard many people say: "Oh, I never notice specially what the picture is nor what company is playing. It is just a picture show, so I go in." They never seem to think of the artistic side of the photoplay. Thinking people want something more than that which soothes the senses. They want something to remember. I do not mean to say that I would care to see comedies eliminated. *By no means!* Many times they are the very *best* tonics one can have. I saw three little comedies not long since—all at one theater. They were really refreshing. It happened to be a rainy, dull afternoon, and when I came away, I felt as if I had met the happy "Boomerang." I believe that the *real* life and usefulness of the Moving Picture show have just begun, and I want to be *one* among the number to "boost" it along.

Another writer for The Motion Picture Story Magazine touches a responsive chord in my heart when he refers to the music at the picture shows. Too much thought and care cannot be given to this subject. Suitable music—played at the proper time—brings out the very best there is in a good picture. Some theaters make a *feature* of their orchestra, and then, even if the pictures are not up to the standard, the music is more than worth the price of admission.

Mrs. "J. W. H." asks some questions which we think unwise to submit to the Answer Man:

Oh, Mr. Answer Man, please tell me:

1. Who caused Edna Payne and turned the hair of Betty Grey?
2. Was Sydney Olcott up when he fell from the Darwin Karr?
3. Will Jack Kerrigan to make Vivian Rich?
4. Why did Florence Turner head away when she sent William West?
5. Why does Martha Russell her skirts so loud as she walks down the street?
6. How many meals has Bessie Eyton, and why dont you feed Thomas Moore?
7. When Robert Burns his hand, what is his favorite swear word?
8. What made Edith Storey about her age?
9. What keeps Clara Kimball Young?
10. Who helped Edna Fisher hat out of the water?
11. When will Bessie Learn to make a home for Bunny?
12. Who saw Baby Lillian Wade out into the ocean?
13. If ink makes the hair of Fritzi Brunette, will water make that of Pearl White?
14. Does Irene Hunt for her face on the screen?
15. If Mary Pickford jumped her board bill, would she be Owen Moore than if she paid it?
16. Would Lillian Walker feet off to see James Cruze around in his new boat?
17. Did you see Wallace Reid a note at daybreak?
18. What made Blanche Sweet on the Answer Man?
19. Did you see Frank Crane his neck to look into the eyes of Mildred Bright?

If you cant answer these questions, I know William Duncan; and if you feel sick and cant get Doc Travers, remember that Peruna made Carlyle Blackwell.

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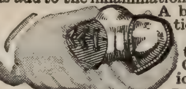

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190 WILLIAM STREET
NEW YORK

Anne J. Clemens, of Lowell, Mass., has anything but kind words for our modern Indian stories:

When you read my letter, please do not fancy me a chronic kicker or a crank, for I'm not. Are all the films shown passed by a Board of Censorship? Some of them certainly do not seem so. I have in mind a picture I saw recently—a Bison 101 feature film, entitled "The Last Stand of Big Rock," and there must be something sadly wrong with the board.

It was an Indian picture—possibly you might have seen it yourself. The plot was horrid—justice was shown neither to the American soldiers nor to the Indians.

Why is it the Indian is always downtrodden, never credited with common humanity, and *never, never* permitted to win any victories?

Why are they always the under dog? Who made them the savages they are pictured by the writers of these so-called feature films? They are feature films all right—featuring all the evil traits of both Indian and white man.

In the picture I refer to, a white man endeavors to steal an Indian squaw. Her brave rescues her, and immediately they seek revenge by stealing the white man's baby. Of course, the soldiers are notified. They fight a battle, rescue the child and take the surviving Indians proudly back to their fort as prisoners. When the Indians would explain, the commander of the soldiers orders them away, refusing to listen. Later Big Rock, their chief, and his squaw escape, and a whole regiment of soldiers is sent in pursuit. Big Rock is killed, of course, and his faithful squaw kills herself over his dead body.

Nice, sensible picture, eh? And the worst of it is, the young lads who see these sort of pictures like them and applaud them.

Something should be done to stop them. They are not fit for any one to see. American soldiers are always credited with justice, but here they are made arrogant and proud. Who could blame an Indian for revenging a wrong? The white man makes them savages, and then punishes them for being so.

The Bison 101 feature films, as far as I can see, have one redeeming point—their splendid horsemanship. If they are real Indians who act in them, tho, they ought to be nicely ashamed of themselves for acting such parts. I am ashamed for them. I guess I'd better stop writing, else I should get too bitter-tongued. The Board of Censorship ought to see all pictures before they are shown to the public.

Miss Mary Crozier, of Dallas, Texas, is also an admirer of this magazine and of the Answer Man:

I have the September number of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, and want to tell you how much I enjoy reading your valuable magazine. I would certainly hate to miss a copy, as I do not see how I could get thru the month without it. I read every page—even the advertisements. Every department is so interesting. I have taken a great deal of interest in the Popular Players Contest and think it a very nice idea. It helps the players more than anything else, as it is so encouraging to know the people appreciate you.

The Answer Man is also fine. His are the first pages I read. Another good thing is the Greenroom Jottings and the Chats with the Players. These chats make us feel that we are personally acquainted with the people that we see on the screen.

I am anxiously awaiting the appearance of the October number, as I want to see how the rest of the players stood in the contest. The Musings of the Photoplay Philosopher, the stories, etc., are all interesting, and I read your magazine from cover to cover.

Miss J. F. Early, of Baltimore, is one of the few who dislike foreign plays. She thinks American pictures and acting superior:

Last evening I visited a Motion Picture theater, and on the program was a foreign play in three parts. I must say I never was more disgusted, and was tempted to leave the place. The plot was O. K., but the acting was simply unbearable. In one part of the picture the heroine was to show great emotion, and it really reminded me of some one snoring, heaving and puffing. Then, in another part, where the hero heard bad news, he started right off to crying like a woman, which was perfectly unnatural in a man. These two items caused the greatest amount of laughter thruout the audience, and, of course, spoiled the whole picture. I heard comments in the audience such as, "This is the worst I ever saw."

Is there not some way to eliminate these foreign pictures? They are nothing to compare with our American pictures, and I think it really hurts the value of the American Motion Picture. Our American people know good acting when they see it, and they do not like to be entertained with such as I have mentioned above.

Here is an interesting letter from Yvonne Dufour, of 24 Durocher St., Montreal.

If I believed in fairies I would say that fairies edited THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE. For the past six months I have been one of its enthusiastic readers, my only regret being that I have not a new number to read every day. And now about my favorite players.

I think the acting of both Arthur Johnson and Romaine Fielding is splendid. There is something irresistibly commanding about Arthur Johnson. It makes you feel as tho you had to admire him whether you wanted to or not. Romaine Fielding's intense acting thrills you and reminds you of his native land. I admire Costello's brilliant personality, Paul Panzer's character work, Earle Williams' nonchalant grace, Crane Wilbur's radiant smile.

I must also pay tribute to "Sweet Alice's" wondrous beauty, Blanche Sweet's exquisite grace, Gwendoline Pates' daintiness; but Dorothy Kelly, in my opinion, is the most charming of all. Her work in "Playing with Fire," "The Snare of Fate," "The Flirt," is perfect. I like her exquisitely refined manner. She is a true patrician. The two latter plays, by the way, remind me of William Humphrey, whom I think one of the finest actors on the screen.

I do not think enough credit is given Bessie Eyton, of the Selig Company. I have spent many pleasant hours watching this truly delightful actress. She is so sweet and unaffected—and how daring at times! Who will not remember her dashing interpretation of the heroine in both "Lost in the Jungle" and "A Wild Ride"?

Pathé Frères and Vitagraph are my favorite companies. Pathé's educational subjects are winners. I may also state *en passant* that Vita's society plays are inimitable.

Once more before I close let me express my admiration for your splendid magazine. So here's to its continued success; here's to my favorite writer, Dorothy Donnell; and last, but not least, here's to the Answer Man's everlasting wit.

THE
MOTION PICTURE
STORY MAGAZINE
WISHES YOU ALL
A MERRY
CHRISTMAS
GOOD LUCK
A MERRY CHRISTMAS
YEAR

The Little Hemlock Tree

BY HARRIET A. TOWNSEND

A little green hemlock tree
Had its home in the forest free,
But it could never happy be;
It longed so much the world to see.

One day when the air was cold,
Armed with an axe, came a woodman bold
And stopped to look at the little tree.
And it cried to him, "take me, take me!"

Then off to the city gay,
On a beautiful winter's day,
Went the little hemlock tree,
As proud as it could be.

In a lovely room where all was light,
It found itself on Christmas night;
It was a pretty sight to see,
Our happy little hemlock tree.

But when the Christmas day was o'er,
It lay alone outside the door,
Forlorn, forlorn as it could be,
That poor, poor little hemlock tree.

As brief its glory, as short its sheen,
As the shadows shape on the picture screen,
That float and sparkle for all to see
Then die like the light on the hemlock tree.

"Oh, take me back to the forest free,"
Cried the homesick little hemlock tree,
"And I will ever happy be,
To my dear home take me, take me."

But none could hear the plaintive cry;
And the little tree was left to die.
A foolish little hemlock tree,—
It never more could happy be.

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

DEC., 1913

Vol. VI No. 11

By Man's Law

(Biograph)

By ALEXANDER LOWELL

"You must be mistaken," reiterated Calvert, staring at the man in front of him with wide, incredulous eyes. "Why, the Trust promised us their protection—there is surely some mistake."

"There is no mistake." George Keene, son of the all-powerful oil magnate, smiled slightly and rather unpleasantly. Along with his father's millions he had inherited his father's calm *insouciance* toward all human desire, hopes and fears, save only his own. The mutely hurt eyes of the young man facing him were no more to him than a hasty mental calculation as to what the buying-in of this refinery would mean to them in dollars and cents.

"There is no mistake," Keene was repeating in his customary unruffled voice; "none whatever. There were debts to be liquidated and endless claims against you. Of course, there was only one course for us to pursue, and—my father controls the Trust, you know. I'm sorry, old man, but—"

"It is a dirty deal," said Lee Calvert, a new hardness in his voice; "a darned dirty deal, Keene. You know it, and your father knows it, and your father's Trust knows it. It means just this to us—bankruptcy!"

"I'm awfully sorry, old chap." Keene whistled for his chauffeur. "But business first—and it's a survival of the fittest, of course."

"It's not!" Calvert stepped near to him and looked him full in his irresolute eyes. "It's not. It's the survival of the rotten dogs who will pander their petty souls for coin. It's the survival of those smug-faced pillars of respectability who build their corroding fortunes on the weak and the oppressed, and who are honored for it—flattered—respected. Respected! While the men who have tried—tried, I tell you, with every aching nerve—are shoved into the gutter by the padded tires of the rich man's limousine, and their women are forced to sell their bodies for the crusts you would steal, too, if you could. Curse you, I say—curse you!"

"Oh, come now!" Keene's eyes shifted uneasily, and he felt a glow of thanks that his brawny chauffeur was within hail. "Come now—I'm sorry, but—well, we'll have it out some other time—s'long, old man."

For fully five minutes the white-faced young man stood staring straight ahead of him. Then Calvert sighed. It meant bankruptcy—that was bad. It meant telling the news to Anne and Frank—that was worse.

The Calverts were of a race peculiarly unfit for the economic conditions of the day. Of Southern birth for generations, they were characterized by a curious gentleness and non-aggressiveness. In a leisurely, honest, unprogressive way, they had always made sufficient money to live comfortably, and that was all.

When Lee Calvert, Senior, had died five years ago, he had left his sons the fairly prosperous and entirely independent refinery he had builded, and when his wife had followed him a year later, as she had invariably followed him in life, she had left her boys, as a legacy, their little sister, Anne.

It was of Anne that Lee was thinking as he turned his steps homeward to tell the others and plan for a future that looked frighteningly bare and black. His face was curiously tender as he thought of her, with that divine tenderness of protective pity known to strong men. She was very young and very pretty and very gentle. Poverty in a great city was not for such as she. She would be brave, of course. Lee knew that, fundamentally, she was the bravest of the three—brave, with the resilient, indomitable courage of frail women, whose slender bodies house godlike souls.

Of Frank he was not sure. All the soft instability of their race seemed concentrated in Frank. He crumbled hopelessly in the face of calamity. He had crumbled when his parents died. He would be more than likely to crumble again. It was thru his ineffectual business transactions that the refinery had been plunged into the debt that was its ruin. He was not meant for a business world.

They were in the library as Lee came in, comfortably and pitifully at ease in its atmosphere of security and repose. Anne, quick to read the face of the brother she loved beyond all else, sprang to him as he entered, for his troubled heart was on his face. Frank, toying with some oil test-tubes, whitened as under an impending blow.

"What is it, honey?" Anne's voice soothed as she asked.

Lee looked from one to the other pleadingly—asking their help, their support, their sympathy in the blow he must deal them. Then he said, very slowly and very distinctly:

"Middleton Keene has bought us out. We are bankrupt."

The silence that followed was as of a tomb. A pin might have dropped with startling results. Then Frank laughed. A quavering, grating laugh it was.

"So?" he said, and he laughed again. Anne crept closer to Lee and made as if to shield him with her frail arms. Lee turned to his brother, who stood leaning against a table, shaking gently with a grotesque, causeless mirth.

"Dont, Frank," he pleaded; "be a good fellow and help me. Let us help each other and take care of Anne. We'll work together, and we'll make good, but I cant do it all alone."

His brother leered at him; then he queried irrelevantly:

"Are you honest?"

"Honest?" repeated Lee, amazedly. "Why, what on earth makes you ask that? I hope so."

"And you'll work?" sneered his brother. "In God's name—*how?*" Then he turned into the next room, slamming the door after him.

"It's hardest on poor Frank," Lee told his little sister, who had quivered under Frank's strange brutality. "He probably feels it more deeply than we do. He's the oldest, you know, and I suppose he thinks he should have been respons—— God! what is that?"

A shot had cleaved the air—a shot that pierced their ear-drums and thrilled their hearts with a climacteric terror. Lee burst open the door, and Anne, cowering by the wall, sobbed aloud. It was Frank—with a bullet thru his brain. He had answered his last question: "In God's name—*how?*"

LEE FINDS THE PLACE CLOSED

They buried him, the sister and the brother, and they looked very immature and very helpless in their black clothes, from which their faces gleamed startlingly white. The day after the funeral the house was sold, and all the old, cherished furniture and the little nicknacks that meant nothing to outsiders, but were ghosts of warm memories to the last of the Calverts. And the last of the Calverts betook themselves to their new home, which consisted of two miserable rooms in a corresponding neighborhood.

Lee's face had settled into grim, hard lines, graven there by that one shot, and Anne looked wistful and tired beyond her years.

A week of futile search for work carved deeper lines around Lee's mouth, and Anne took on that pallor common to the underfed. Then, one night, he came home whistling and smiled at her. It was the first smile he had been able to force for many a long day, yet Anne's eyes filled with quick tears—it was so sweet and brave and so purged of self.

"I've got work, li'l sis," he told her, in his old, pet way, "and we'll get some roses back in those white cheeks of yours with some big, fat dinners."

"Where, honey—where did you get work?" Anne asked him, with that swift prescience of woman, be she ever so young.

Lee laughed scoffingly. "What do you care, as long as I bring you home a good dinner?"

"Where, honey?" with a gentle emphasis.

"I couldn't help it, Anne," her brother told her then, the issue being forced; "it's at our old place."

"You are working there?" She said it very slowly and looked at him with big, wondering eyes. Then, suddenly she sobbed and threw her arms around him convulsively.

"Oh, honey," she breathed, "I'm only li'l sis, but I know how big and good and fine you are to have taken this. And I know you couldn't have done it but for me." And the hurt pride of the Calverts was soothed by those sweet words.

Lee went forth to work next day with a courage born anew.

"I'll begin again," he told himself. "I'll work up from the pit, and I'll fight the dirty scoundrels inch by inch. I'll win—and I'll win *square.*"

Then he stopped. He had reached the doors. They were shut, and a sign proclaimed that the refinery was closed. And Lee understood. Middleton Keene, in order to limit the oil supply and to boost the already fabulous prices, had closed down. At the very first inch Lee had been beaten. Anne would go without her dinners, the first in many days. He was a fool to think that such as he could beat Middleton Keene and the bloated Trust. He was doubly a fool to have supposed that any one ever won by being square—that any one with the good of humanity in his heart had half a chance. Into his mind leaped his brother's question: "In God's name—*how?*"

He had been very early, earlier than he had supposed, in the zeal of his new hope, and the men were just arriving. Quietly he explained to them just what he knew this closing meant, and, by the time the entire force assembled, mutiny was evident. In their hearts rebellion seethed at the unwarranted injustice of this thing, and the result was a strike. The closing had been the match to long-smouldering material.

The following day, secure in his specially constructed and additionally padded leather chair, Middleton Keene was reading his morning papers, and his face did not look as if the specially constructed chair held any of its prescribed comfort. On every page broad headlines glared at him, bearing scathing editorials, in which he saw himself set forth ingloriously—and obviously. The strike had *reached.*

Middleton Keene had depended, always, on public approbation. In his cruel, grasping nature, as is the case with most natures of the kind, there dwelt a strain of cowardice that could not stand alone. It was this strain that endowed charities, gave lectures and smiled smugly on a host of enraptured beneficiaries, all, however, of the most public nature.

This was the first time he had ever been thus openly assailed, and it must be stopped. A few thousand; a few lies; a little graft; one or two little people crushed in the procedure—it was all in the day's work. Something must gloss it over. The Public must have their whitened sepulcher again. And then deliverance came—in the form of a tiny square of pasteboard bearing the name of Anita Sellman, and further proclaiming her to be president of the Civic League and Society for Prevention of Vice. Such deliverances make one question a Divine Justice—such playing into the hands of the devil sends atheists jeering at our churches, and fills our prisons with desperate men to whom deliverances never come. Are such deliverances Kismet—or God?

At any rate, the oil magnate graciously received Miss Sellman and her coterie and was altogether as bland, as suave and as felicitous in his attentions as it was in his moneyed power to be. Miss Anita Sellman was captivated, flattered beyond words at the obsequious attitude of her gilded listener, and she was further enraptured when he wrote her a breathlessly large check and promised to speak for them at their very next meeting on "How to Prevent Our Daughters from Vice."

All of which is quite in accordance with the strictest code of ethics, but, in some unfortunate manner, does not seem to touch Poverty's heart where it bleeds, nor keep from vice the ones who inhabit the gutters. But it did raise the price of oil, and it did fulfill its destined function, of saving a great philanthropist from petty press annoyance—and, surely, that is much. Surely, the high gods laugh.

In the two scanty, ill-ventilated rooms inhabited by the last of the Calverts, philanthropy had not reached a plump, well-manicured hand to drop an easing check. Instead, Anne counted and recounted the few coins left and planned how best to make them go, until her pretty head ached.

Lee could not find work, and it had come to the hunger point. On this special day Anne had formed a resolution. Thru long generations the

IN THE HANDS OF THE SCHOOL OF CORRECTION

Calverts had believed in the strict domesticity of their women. Not one in the annals of their race had been known to leave the hearth and the cradle, until it came to this fifteen-year-old girl, this last one of them all, to breast the storm.

She was woefully unfit for work. She knew it, and *they* knew it—the people to whom she applied, with a timorousness that belied her—and two others knew it. Two others, who had watched and followed her from her first application as a dish-washer up to her present application—and refusal—as a salesgirl.

They were very well dressed, these two, a woman and a man. They had shifty eyes and loose, sensual mouths and hearts that had never known the world was young. They saw in Anne the prey they coveted most—the clean, untouched adolescence of her, the softness, the baby-blue of her eyes, the tenderness of her lips, the seductiveness and appeal of her innocence. It was such as she that could most easily be mangled on their wheel, and she was weak and helpless and could be thrust into the gutter when they were thru.

"Are you looking for work, by any chance?" The woman touched Anne on the shoulder and spoke in a well-modulated, if rather metallic, voice. Anne started, and the man beamed down on her benevolently.

"Y-yes," she faltered, big tears flushing her eyes, "I am—but it seems very h-hard to get."

"It is," nodded the woman, sympathetically, "and you're such a pretty kiddie to have to work hard. Now, if you'll trust a stranger, dearie, who really wants to help you, I know I have something you'll like."

Anne raised swift, grateful eyes. "You're very good," she said simply. "I trust you, of co'se—and I'll be glad of anything—and I'm not afraid of work."

"Then come right along now, dearie," urged her benefactress, at a signal from the man; "there are lots of applicants for the thing I have in mind, and I want you to be the girl to get it."

"I live here," Anne said, as they passed her home on their way to this providentially opened pathway, and she felt a glad little thrill at the thought of the great, good news she would have to tell Lee when he came home that night. "May I stop in for my cape?" she added. "I'm a little cool."

"No—no!" exclaimed the woman, hastily, "not now, dearie; we must hurry."

Anne did not hear a small voice from the other side of the fence, nor catch the frightened eyes of Jerry O'Meara, their neighbor's boy, and a very devoted little friend to her and to Lee. Nor did she see him leap the fence and run in the opposite direction with an amazing speed. Her mind was distracted by the appearance of a large and imposing body of women, which seemed to be bearing down upon them with evident intent. Her two companions, deep in conversation, did not hear the approach, and they sprang as if to the lash when the icy voice of Miss Anita Sellman said sternly:

"You may come with me, the three of you. We've had about enough of this."

It was all over in a half-hour: the brief walk to the courthouse, which was a blank to Anne; the arraignment of her two companions and supposed benefactors on some terrible and mysterious charge which seemed to implicate herself, and her own remanding to some unheard-of place called a School of Correction.

"She's one of those silly, shiftless girls, no doubt," Miss Anita Sellman was saying, "fit subject for these slavers, and she belongs, eminently, in our school. It is for such as she that it was endowed."

Anne shrank from the hard hand that tried to propel her from the courtroom. "Dont—dont——" she shrieked. "I have done nothing—get my brother—he will tell you—those people—ask them—oh, please, please dont!"

She was thrust out, and all the Civic Board shook their heads and sighed dismally, and the judge shook his head and sighed dismally—and Miss Anita Sellman took her League to a costly luncheon in celebration of their moral triumph, expenses of said luncheon to be deducted from the all-sufficient and corpulent check of Middleton Keene.

Jerry O'Meara told Lee of the beginning of his sister's fate, and in that hour Lee cursed the day he was born, cursed the God who could look on at such an act, cursed Middleton Keene for the thing he had done. Then he and Jerry began their heartbreaking search.

It was a futile task, and Lee knew it when he entered the intricate, blandly secure chain of vice operations in whose vile toils his "li'l sis" must be. And he had promised his mother that he would see that no harm should come to li'l sis—that he would protect her, body and soul—and this was how he had done it. This was the gift he would bear to his mother when they should meet at last—the scarred, bruised soul of a woman-child.

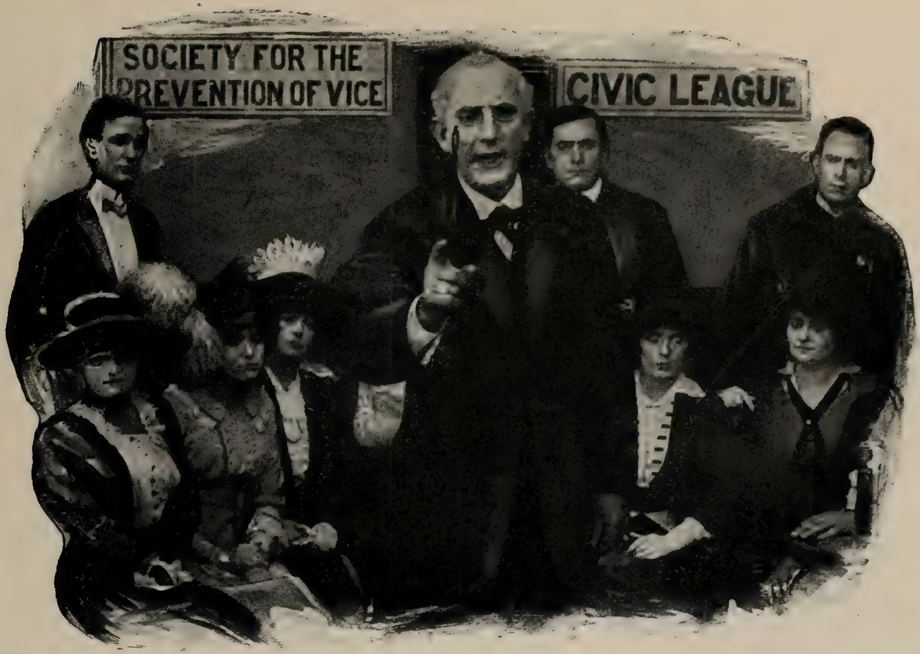
He shut his eyes and groaned as he paced the streets, for her blue eyes seemed to follow him, and he could feel the cool little touch of her lips—Oh, God in Heaven! what lips had touched hers now?

And then, one afternoon, he found her—for she had come home. He had been searching all morning—endlessly, fruitlessly, tirelessly—and he had come in for some coffee before starting out again. And, as he went to raise the shade, he stumbled over something prostrate and limp and soft. It was "li'l sis"—and she was dead. Quite dead she was, with a big, ugly gash in her temple, where the rock had met her head as she stumbled and fell on that wild flight from the terrible place called School of Correction. Her clothes were torn and rent, and her face was thin beyond recognition. Dead! His mother had taken his trust away and called the bruised, scarred soul to her.

Into this scene burst two uniformed men, breathless and excited. But they stopped at the look of the man who faced them. His face was as if his flesh had been laid open in a raw and bloody wound, so ghastly was his hurt of soul.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"A girl," one of the men ventured to explain; "a blonde girl, in a black dress. She is one of our pupils at the


SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF VICE
CIVIC LEAGUE

THE OIL MAGNATE ON "CIVIC RIGHTEOUSNESS"

School of Correction, and she's run away. We've come to take her back."

"God has forestalled you," Lee told them quietly. "There is the girl you seek—now get to h— out of here!" And the horrified men fled before the look on his face.

Lee retraced his steps. Upstairs he picked up "li'l sis" and laid her on his bed, folding her slim hands over her quiet breast and wiping away the bloody stain from her white brow.

"Oh, li'l sis," he murmured softly, "I thank God it is no worse. I thank God the stain *can* be wiped away. I thank God I can kiss your lips—your same dear lips." Then he covered her with a sheet.

The oil magnate's daughter was going slumming. She slummed in her own private car. She slummed in velvets and costly furs, and she felt, mightily, her import to the world. So far her slumming had meant a host of slatternly, curious women, to whom she was sweetly gracious and for whose gaping benefit she mouthed the platitudes uttered only by those who never do anything but mouth them. Or else there had been a score or so of dirty, ill-kept children on whom she had showered coins, in a radiant, distant manner. Far be it that she should know the cling of their sticky little hands—far be it that hers be the breast to pillow some feverish little head, or her white arms make a haven as some little soul went home. She slummed, but she did it as befitted the daughter of Middleton Keene.

It was at the house wherein Anne Calvert lay dead that she stopped first, and Lee saw her as he was telling Jerry O'Meara that li'l sis was dead.

The world revolved about Lee's head: upstairs li'l sis lay, white and stilled forever—in that car was Felicia Keene, silk-clad, silk-shod, very much alive, protected, unharmed. On all the lamp-posts the legend was borne, that Middleton Keene was speaking today on "How to Prevent Our Daughters from Vice"—and li'l sis was dead!

Swift as an arrow and lithe with the strength of desperation, Lee sprang forward. The chauffeur was under the car—the way was clear—and his quick hand stifled the scream

"'IT'S THIS . . . IT'S THIS!'"

about to issue from Felicia's throat. He rushed her thru the doorway and up the stairs, and they were in the gloom of the tomb-like room and by Anne's couch before the chauffeur grasped the situation and was on his way to the quarters of the Civic League for Middleton Keene.

"What do you want of me?" Felicia was gasping, gazing, terror-stricken, at the bed, on which lay a still something, quiet beyond belief—and——

"I want *this* of you," said Lee, and he uncovered li'l sis. Felicia screamed and shrank back against the rough wall, and Lee smiled as he held her, cruelly.

"Look!" he said. "Tho your father's flesh is putrid to me, I'll hold you and make you look, and while you are looking, that thing you call a father is lecturing to the poor he has made poor—telling them, in his smug, hypocritical way, of how to keep their daughters pure. While he's talking, with the god of money grinning over his head, I'm *showing you*—showing you the result of his greasy tongue, and it's a god of damned souls that grins above my head. There she is—and he's done it. She's pure, but that's not his fault—she's dead, and, by heaven, that *is* his fault. Now you'll die, and that'll be his fault, too!"

A leap forward, a scuffling of aimless feet—a cry——

A swift hand held back the knife poised to kill, and Middleton Keene was in the room, clasping his daughter nervously to him and bidding his followers hold back the evident maniac.

"Now," he demanded, with an air of controlled fortitude, "what is all this?"

"It's this!" screamed Lee, and his mind trembled on the fearful brink of reason; "it's this—oh, God in Heaven—it's this!" And he burst from the arms that held him and uncovered the white face on the pillow again.

For a moment there was silence. She looked like a little child, lying there in that last calm, and the men with the oil magnate bared their heads.

"Too bad!" spoke Middleton Keene; "too bad!" and he led his daughter away.

The Cry of the Blood

By Irving Irving

This story was written from the Photoplay of G W. TERWILLIGER

A SHRILL, sweet sound pierced the dim quiet of the great library, and the man at the desk stirred as if in pain. A child's laughter again. Always, wherever he went or came, a little child. He could not escape from them—their high little voices; their rasping, tireless feet; their round, soft, absurd little faces; the fat, sturdy, betrousered or beskirted legs of them.

Andrew Jamison, on sudden bitter impulse, got up and strode to the window, flinging back the shutters. Ah! such a square, quaint little Somebody's son! If *he* had had a little son like that—— Abruptly, Jamison dropped the curtain and went back to the table, where he sat very still a long time, eyes retrospective to the Place of Dreams That Had Never Come True. His face—jaw, grim mouth, square forehead—was that of a business man, and a very successful one; but the eyes—they were those of a father, gentle and tender under the deep brows. And yet this man of millions, with all the wide, warm parent-heart of him, had never had a child. Suddenly he sat up, sweeping the big, silent, rich room with a fierce little gesture.

"What's the use of all this?" he cried aloud. "Why do I work, work, work to lay up stocks and bonds? After I am gone there will be no one —no one. Ah, dear God in Heaven! if I could have had a son!"

A woman's skirts rustled, trailing across the last low words.

"Andrew—dear!"

"Helen! you here—I didn't know."

"I couldn't help—hearing," she whispered. "Dear—dear—if I could be what other wives are! But I never knew you cared so, Andrew——"

She was weeping softly. His big arms went around her, crushing her to his breast. "Hush, sweetheart! Hush, girl o' mine!" he crooned. "You are more than enough for me."

She crouched in his arms, joying grievously over the splendid lie that was for her sake, yet more desolate than she had been all the barren years of her wifehood. She had thought she was the only one! Did he, too, try to imagine their big, bare corridors echoing to flying little boot-heels, their splendid, polished furniture marred with the smeary fingers of tiny children?

"But," she thought fiercely, "he can never have imagined all—washing little, soft bodies, tucking in cribs, kissing bumps, hearing prayers——"

Yet she was not sure, and her doubt tortured her. And out of her doubting and her selfish grieving was born her great Plan. At first it seemed impossible, but, strangely enough, the husband himself unconsciously fostered it. It was a few mornings later that he uttered an exclamation and tossed an open letter across to her.

"But—but"—she was reading swiftly—"why, that would mean—"

"Ten months, at least, in Europe, away from you," he finished, and was surprised at the strange expression that crossed her face. "Of course I cant go, business or no business."

"You must!" She was leaning tensely forward, quivering. "Indeed, I would not be so—selfish, Andrew—as to keep you at home."

And so it was that she waved him a gay good-by from the wharf a week later and turned, as the great ship plowed a furrow down the bay, to face the manifold impossibilities of her great Plan. If her own mother-hunger had not been so keen, it would not have been so hard, but when every instinct cried out for bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh—and his, there was horror in the thought of cradling another woman's child. But, she told herself simply, Andrew wanted a son of his own, and he should have one as nearly as she could arrange it. For fifteen years her every thought had been of her husband's needs and wishes. Her mother-heart had played round his every fancy. Now she would find him a son, and he should never know but that it was his own.

The hardest was the letter she must write him. It cost many hours and many silent tears. Only a hint, but she knew that the heart of her husband would read it as she had meant him to and would rejoice.

After all, perhaps the next step was the hardest. Helen Jamison, dweller in streets where children were few, had not realized that there were so many babies in the world. All shapes and sizes they showed her, in her heart-sick round of foundling asylums: blue-eyed, golden-fluffed midgets, brimming with smiles and caresses; brown-eyed boy-children, with wistful, clutching hands, and wee creatures who stared unblinkingly into the strange new daylight. But her baby was not among them.

At last, one evening, months later, hurrying homeward along a poverty-stamped back street, she heard a faint sound coming from a soap-box propped upon a backless chair in a squalid rear yard. At the sound her heart stood still, for she knew, without looking down into the box, that her anxious quest was at an end. She slipped into the yard. A pale, frail woman, hardly strong enough to stand, was listlessly pinning a basketful of sodden clothes to a line. By her side, on a pillow at the bottom of the box, lay a new baby—such a very new baby indeed! Red, wrinkled face; wee, working mouth; creasy hands fluttering from the folds of a thin, dingy shawl. Helen looked—and turned to the woman, who, hands on hips, was staring, in dull curiosity, across her basket of clothes. She had a sensitive, even a refined face, tho eaten and sharp with suffering. Helen's quick eye read the tokens of good birth in her appearance, even as her lips spoke.

"You look as tho you were hardly able to work." Her glance traveled to the baby. "How old is he—it *is* a boy, isn't it?"

"Two weeks, ma'am." Helen caught her breath pityingly.

"Two weeks, and you washing!" she cried. "But why——"

The other woman laughed out shortly. "There's some as cant afford to be sick when their babies come," she said. "I *got* to work or we'll starve—him and me."

"Wait!" Helen put out an impulsive hand. "Dont be startled at what I am going to say. But I am very anxious to adopt a tiny baby—we have none, my husband and I. How

JAMISON TAKES TO GAMBLING

would you like your little boy to have a fine home—care—good food—education——" The words tripped over one another eagerly. The woman opposite scowled—then hesitated.

"For the baby's sake you ought to give him to me," urged the delicate voice. The mother went over to the soap-box and stooped down, peering. Suddenly she burst into sobs and covered her face with seamed, parboiled hands.

"He's all I got," she cried. "But —God knows—I cant do for him as I'd like. Take him——"

At the moment of her triumph Helen hesitated. "His father?" she hinted. "Forgive me if I hurt you, but I must make certain that he was a good man—the baby must not have any wrong traits in his blood——"

Again the mother was silent, gazing queerly down at her child. Then her eyes hardened suddenly, and she turned. "He is dead," she said harshly. "His name was Robert Ambrose, a brakeman, killed in a wreck afore he ever saw his boy. He was—he was—the best husband in the world."

Mrs. Jamison looked nervously at the clock, then strained her ears. It was almost time. She drew a long, quivering breath and hurried across the room to the lace-hung cradle, bending down to peer within. The tiny face on the pillow reassured her. It brought to her faint heart no warm, vital rush of mother-joy, but it was a dear little face, and one that a man might be proud of. He, Andrew, would be proud!

A new maid tiptoed in. Of course the old servants had had to go. She smiled at the pretty mistress, in her loose tea-gown, stooping over the cradle, and pointed toward the door. Helen started, and the slow color mounted her clear cheeks.

"He is coming?" she said quietly, after a moment. "Very well, Nora. Tell Henri to serve luncheon, but first show your master in here."

She sank, the strength gone out of her, into a low chair beside the cradle, waves of dread breaking over her like physical pain. A clumsy step halted on the threshold, but she could not open her eyes.

"Helen!" His voice was low and

“ ‘YOU’LL BE SORRY IF YOU HURT HIM’ ”

awed. “My wife! Helen—Helen—*mother!*”

He felt her trembling, and suddenly his touch grew gentle, and he laid her back, white and trying to smile, on her pillows. Then he started—and paused. His voice shook a little when he spoke.

“That’s—*him,* yonder? Our little boy, Helen?”

She nodded. God alone knew what she would have given to cry it gladly aloud. But now she lay still, incapable of movement, and saw him go alone to the cradle and kneel down. Yet the look of his dear face almost repaid her for her pain. His big fingers went out shyly, touching a tiny cheek.

“My son, my son—my little, little son!”

Now, at last, there was one to work for, to build up a great fortune and an honored name! Now, at last, there was a child’s voice in the stately silence of the house; then, later, a boy’s thudding boot-heels along the corridors, and a boy’s untidy litter of possessions everywhere. So, watching Robert Jamison grow straightly and sturdily from rompers to knickerbockers, then into his ’teens and the dignity of long trousers, Andrew Jamison found the joy that he had dreamed of his at last. But Helen, the wife, altho she did her duty faithfully by the boy and rejoiced in her husband’s happiness, did not know the sweet, imagined rapture of kissing small bruises, hearing small prayers and tucking up small, trundle beds.

It was during Bob’s first year at college that her great Fear came to her. There had been hints of it before, of course, but she would not allow herself to recognize them, altho she had often wished that her hus-

JAMISON IS CAUGHT IN THE RAID

band would not be quite so lenient with the boy, indulging him with money and mailing him checks in answer to Bob's lettered accounts of "getting cleaned out in a poker game with some of the fellows—just a friendly little hand, but, of course, debts of honor——"

"You'll spoil him, Andrew," she had said timidly.

"Well, boys will be boys—even our boy, Helen," the father had replied slowly. "Of course I dont want the lad to play for money, but he must sow a few wild oats, I suppose. I reckon I did once myself. We dont want him to be a mollycoddle, dear."

So Bob had been sent the check, with a parental lecture on gambling, and for a little while there was peace. Then, quite unexpectedly, one day, Bob himself appeared, sullen, defiant, yet withal terribly afraid. He and his father had it out behind closed doors, while Helen waited, and the great Fear within her grew. Had the woman lied to her, long ago?

"No, no!" cried Helen, "that would be too terrible!" Yet a little later, when she was admitted to the family council in the library, she was not so sure.

"He's been expelled, Helen—our son *expelled!*" Andrew's voice came heavily. His face looked strangely shrunken and old. Seeing it, the wife's heart sank, and her hands clasped each other in an agony of futile pain.

"But, dad"—the boy shifted in his chair uneasily—"I hated college, anyhow. I was wasting my time there. I want to go into business. Put me to work, dad, and I'll show you."

It was a boyish boast, empty and vain, but to the father's anxiously forgiving ears it rang true. He struck a sudden great blow on the table and held out his hand. "It's a bargain, son," he cried. "I'll take you down to the bank tomorrow. We'll let bygones slide, boy, and start a fresh page. You've got good Jamison blood in you, and I'll be proud of you yet."

But Helen and the Fear had a call to make that day.

The woman that opened the dingy door to her was only a little more wretched in appearance than she had been eighteen years ago, save for a fresh, livid bruise on one temple and a hunted expression in her eyes. She recognized Helen instantly, and her face changed subtly. A strange fire blazed among the ashes of it an instant as she drew her visitor into the room and closed the door.

"Well?" she said finally, with a certain defiant breathlessness. "Well, and how is—your son?"

Helen's lips quivered. She leaned forward, searching the other's face intently. "It is about him I have come," she said. "He is——"

"Well?"—again, pistol-sharp. The mother of the boy wiped an old hand suddenly across her forehead.

"He's—he's drinking—gambling—doing all sorts of terrible things," cried Helen, wildly. "He has just been sent home from college in disgrace. I cannot understand."

"Ah-h-h!" The other woman was staring before her somberly. "Just like his father——"

"What!" Helen clutched the bony shoulder before her, shaking it fiercely to and fro. "Why—why—you said—his father was a good man."

"I lied!" Suddenly Mrs. Ambrose flung wide her arms, with a dreary gesture. "Look at me!" she cried. "Look at me before you judge me! Could I let my baby grow up here in this sink, when there was the smallest chance that he might be different? Could I throw away that chance just because his father was a drunken scoundrel who'd deserted me? Yes, I know I said he was dead. That was another lie. I told a lot of 'em. He's alive now—a political boss, leader of a gang of toughs. I told him the baby was dead. Look at me. He did *this* to me yesterday. Could I let my baby grow up to do a thing like that to another woman? You gave him a chance. I took it, because I loved him. My God! *you* cant know how I loved him. You aren't a mother."

Suddenly Helen's arms were about the thin, heaving body, and the two women were sobbing, breast to breast. "Oh, yes, yes, I know!" cried the wealthy woman, brokenly. Had not love—her love for Andrew—led her to live a long, long lie?

In a squalid saloon corner, about a table sloppy with stale pools of beer, a group of men were conversing in low, emphatic tones.

"I tell you, Ambrose, that the reform party's nomination of Andrew Jamison for governor has put a crimp into our ticket," cried one of these.

"And I tell you"—the speaker thrust forward an ugly jaw beneath a pair of shifty, bullet eyes and struck the wooden table a vicious blow—"I tell you that that mealy-mouthed public idol aint goin' to run. We've got to fix him, and *I know the way!*"

The group drew nearer, expectantly. Ambrose leaned over, peering cunningly into their eyes in turn.

"Get the old man's son in wrong with the police, and the job's done. And it wont be hard to do it, neither. Listen."

His voice lowered confidentially to a murmur. The rest listened admiringly, nodding.

"Let him win a few nights, Bill." Ambrose rose, pushing back his chair triumphantly. "Then, when he's stripped and hard up for cash—leave him to me!"

It was, as he had prophesied, easy.

"I cant g'wome, ol' fel'," said Bob Jamison, weakly. He swayed on difficult feet and clutched the arm of the man beside him. "I'm drunk, I guesh. 'Fraid o' th' ol' woman—"

"That's all O K, my boy." Ambrose laughed smoothly, whirling the unresisting body about and turning down a side street near-by. "Come home with me, and I'll fix you up right-o!"

They turned into a squalid dooryard, beneath lines of flapping clothes, looking, in the dusk, like the ghost of another lineful hung out above a soap-box eighteen years ago.

The woman, stirring a spoon thru an odorous saucepan in the dingy

(*Continued on page* 164)

CONQUERED HATE

(PATHEPLAY)

BY JOHN OLDEN

Two young fellows were taking a tramp thru Devon. It was a fortnight's outing from the nerve-racking strain of newspaper work, and they were enjoying it hugely, each in his way.

Now, Devon is a land of ups and downs, of crested granite heights and rolling moors, of wastes and dismal swamps. And in a day's march lie fallow farms, quaint, humming towns, and the majesty of royal forests.

The older of the pedestrians took in the ringing changes of bleakness and of fertile soil, of solitudes and noisy industry, with the eyes of experience. The moods and complexions of the countryside were life's drama, to be scanned for humor or for tragedy. But to the younger fellow the sea-seeking rivers, the bleak tors and flowering heather were simply the clothes on the back of a bouncing jade. Color—greens, browns, yellows—caught his eyes and held them. The sea air blew fresh into his nostrils. The toll of an abbey bell cocked his ears. Beyond that, and a ripping appetite for hedgerow meals, he sensed nothing of the charming and mysterious country that spread out before him.

It was high noon, and they sat by the roadside, under a spreading beech that shot its roots as far back as Norman William. And behind it rose a regiment of noble trees, with rifts of light sifting thru their great aisles.

The younger man brushed cheese-crumbs from his lap, lit his pipe and thumbed the Devon guide-book.

"Langebrook Abbey," he quoted lazily, "the estate of Ralph Alexandre, Esquire. A property of two thousand acres, the former seat of—"

"I say, Hal, is this 'Fingy' Alexandre, who used to do cartoons for the *Graphic?*"

"Yes, he's quite before our day—an R.A. and a heavy when he cares to paint."

"What got him up so in the world?"

"A woman—that's the long and short of it. Haven't you ever heard the story? It's a most peculiar one."

"Cant say. Didn't he marry an opera-singer, a beautiful creature?"

"Yes," said the older one; "if you care to hear it, I'll tell you how a most cordial piece of hate, and the lesson that went with it, were transmuted into a famous love-affair."

"Fire away!" said the younger, locking hands behind his head and staring skyward; "I hope it isn't shocking, that's all."

"It was when you and I were fagging in Eton jackets that Julia Verney, perhaps better known as Giulia Vernelli, was the rage of the Continent and Covent Garden. Please remember that many little intimate things I am telling you now came out afterwards—to the musical critics and the stalls the glorious singer was only Vernelli—the only Vernelli, with a face and figure, and captivating way, to match her lush notes.

"Nothing was known of her private life, tho it was rumored she had been a simple Devon lass, and neither did she give herself over to the advertisement of scandal nor notoriety.

"There are always men who will mistranslate the abandon that a great artiste will breathe into her rôle, and perhaps her *Lucrezia,* with its play of passion against the rake *Maffeo's,* was too pointed for a London audience.

"However it was, the newssheets flared one morning with all the dirty particulars of the suicide of Lord Northfield for the love of Giulia Vernelli. At the news, Lady Northfield and her children had fled to her father's home. The blasted peer's funeral was attended by nobility, the arts and all the divas worth while, save Giulia. She, alone, was singularly missing in his impressive cortège.

"And as the town swayed this way and that in comment upon her case, 'Fingy' Alexandre, humble staff illustrator for the *Graphic,* took it upon himself to settle the question. Over his chop, in a dingy, 'three-pair-up,' he penciled the cartoon that was to boost him headwards on the road to fame, and, incidentally, ruin utterly Giulia's reputation. The drawing was a simple, inspirational thing, depicting the prima donna sitting on a tombstone in a cemetery, with the caption, 'Another Monument to Giulia's Beauty!' It was the last nudge, tho, needed to send oblivion reeling in her direction, and the public waited impatiently for her next appearance.

"A double line of cabs stood in front of the Garden; seats were at a high premium, and the deluded management believed that *mala fama* was the one thing needed to round out Giulia's career.

"When the dazzling *Lucrezia Borgia* appeared on the boards, and her wonderful *fioritura* notes trickled out across the footlights, a storm of boos, hisses and derisive calls froze the liquid notes in her throat.

"With her face gone ghostly white and her eyes swimming with tears, she persisted, until *Maffeo,* the rake, made his devil-may-care entrance on the stage.

"'Northfield! remember Northfield!' chorused the frenzied audience, and then, suddenly, the meaning of it all struck her full in the breast: the rôle of *Maffeo* was a reminder of her likings and reminiscent of Lord Northfield.

"And this to her, who had coldly refused him and sent him about his business?

"Giulia's arms fell to her sides, the tears glazed in her eyes. With stumbling, faltering steps, she sank into the arms of *Maffeo* and fainted dead away.

"As the curtain was rung down and slowly descended, the sight was both ridiculous and tragic: the panic-smitten tenor, his dropped mouth shorn of aria; the lifeless beauty in his arms, with her closed eyes and flung-back throat."

The speaker paused, to lead his eyes thru the channels of lawn under the mighty trees. One might think he were questing the goddess of the forest.

"And so passed the greatness of Giulia," he resumed, "with the voluntary breaking of her contract and a curtain rung down in laughter and sneers.

"And, with her passing, the latent talent of Ralph Alexandre began to be realized, and he promptly set up a studio, where the smart set were accustomed to gather.

"I will say this: Ralph had talent, real talent, with a bold touch, too, that passed for genius with the art-dealers, for a dash of talent plus

"A STORM OF BOOS, HISSES AND DERISIVE CALLS FROZE THE LIQUID NOTES IN HER THROAT"

much popularity is a sure formula for genius that sells.

"With the guineas jingling in his pocket and burning to be spent, Ralph ticked off his spare hours in pleasures the least bit shady. His beautiful frock-coat and shimmering hat were familiar friends in the bars and dance-halls. What he called his heart, he wore upon his sleeve, and, with a clove in his mouth and skillfully fumigated, society took what was left of his leisure hours and made a pet of him.

"One night, in a lurid dance-hall, where rouge and chemicals counterfeited beauty, a tall girl entered, accompanied by an old, refined-looking man. Their refreshments were anemic-looking cups of tea. The lure of sensuous music or swaying tango seemed of scant moment to this ill-assorted pair, and Ralph could not help but study them.

"The girl was beautiful—a strange, Oriental type he had seen before, perhaps in dreams or galleries. The sweep of her pale cheeks and classic lips suggested Hellenic handmaidens, or a slave-gift brought before a king.

"She smiled toward him, and he thought it a profanation set with pearls.

"'Do you dance?' Ralph bowed interrogatively before her. She shook her head slowly. The artist drew a chair up to her table.

"Into his mind had come a set purpose. Hers was one whose face, ably limned and framed in barbaric colors, would give him the permanent fame he so desired. By tactful stages he advanced the conversation, until his purpose was set before her.

"'A model?' she questioned—'my father and I *must* have funds, and we were searching for——'

"'Money, fame, honor—all shall be yours,' Ralph prophesied warmly, nor did he notice the ease with which she accepted his engagement of her.

"The day grew into months, and, strange to say, Ralph's modish friends were denied access to his studio. 'His orders are to see no one,' announced the attendant, so they went away sadly puzzled. And for each hour that he denied his friends, the beautiful model freely

"THE CHARM OF HER CREPT INTO HIS BRUSH"

gave him one of hers, to be counted an untold treasure.

"She was a charming, modest, witty and quite perfect mystery, that the more he pondered over, the more the charm of her crept into his brush—and into his heart, too, that former emblem of his sleeve that he now locked within his breast for her alone.

"On the day that her likeness of limb and face was finished—I wont tell you the picture's title, old chap—she came to his studio in a condition between tears and laughter. She had won him, and knew it, over and over again. But not until the final delicate touch of his brush did she tell him that she was about to leave London.

"Ralph laid down his brushes. The wonderful likeness that he had caught faded before his eyes, and, standing mutely before him, the model read his wounds like a surgeon.

"'I will never come back—you have perpetuated my fame.'

"'This thing! it is not you; it was my wretched heart flying from me to seek cover on canvas.' He drew near, breathing brokenly, but she smiled sadly, kist her fingertips to him and fled. Nor did she come ever again.

"A fortnight after her wanton desertion, Ralph picked up his listless newspaper, to read the startling announcement that Giulia Vernelli had signed a contract to appear in opera again. Certain facts in the life of Lord Northfield had come to life that had again turned the tide of opinion, and with it admiration, in her favor.

"To the artist the announcement was most unpleasant. He honestly believed that he had elevated public morals by booing her from the stage. And now the management, taking notoriety by the hand, had resolved to exploit her.

"Ralph's friends were powerful, and he eloquently explained this slap at British morality to them. The best stalls in the Garden were engaged by them, and they meant that the rein-

"THERE SHE WAS . . . HIS MODEL! HIS LOVE!"

carnation of Giulia should be as short-lived as a moth.

"For the eventful night the Garden management had the hardihood to announce that 'Lucrezia Borgia' would be the performance selected.

"Ralph and his friends gathered early and studied the temper of the audience below them. Their impassive faces might read custom, loathing, joy or the sheepish uncertainty of Mrs. Grundy—and not one of these things could Ralph's party decide.

"The curtain rose upon a Venetian setting, with its sphere of intrigue and undercurrents of hot passion. Ralph's friends waited for Giulia to appear upon the scene.

"There she was! And the artist and self-styled censor fairly gripped the stall's rail in futility. His model! His love! His innermost soul!

"A storm of hisses sounded back of him, like escaping steam.

"In one gigantesque brain-picture her whole ruse flashed before him. And he leaped upon his chair, to fairly split his gloves in a riot of applause.

"There was some uncertainty in the noises back of him, and the pit looked up in senile dismay. But not for long. His riot of abandon was infectious, and, bit by bit, the house gave way, until her voice was drowned in a steady volume of applause.

"They say that Giulia never sang better, and her clear notes welled up, to cut thru the roar like a petrel's call to the surf. Ralph was looked upon as one gone crazy by his friends, and they left him at the entrance as a thing of putty and hysteria.

"But he was more of a man than that, for he braved the diva in her dressing-room, with all the colors of his famous canvas worked into his eyes."

The elder pedestrian paused, to sweep the stem of his pipe across the lordly beeches.

"They have grown older now, artist and diva, and the lure of the world doesn't tickle their vanity true. This park is Langebrook Abbey, to which your guide-book refers so eloquently, and here they live happily. Such is the middle-stage of life: bereft of passion, shining purely in a wood, a covenant of past, sweet years.

"So come and let us journey to a tavern, a supper, a mug of ale and to the follies of youth."

THE Pay-as-you-enter MAN

BY KARL SCHILLER

(ESSANAY)

This story was written from the Photoplay of
MABELLE HEIKES JUSTICE

THE spirit of holiday infested the Straussman department store with commercial geniality. Being the fag-end of the day, the surface was wearing off the geniality a trifle in spots, but the silk-counter, third aisle rear, was not one of these spots. In the aisles two converse streams of jaded women-shoppers jostled each other spiritlessly. Salesgirls, with the curl coming out of their marcelles and their tempers, snapped out prices, bartering aches and pains.

"Lord! but I'm dead tired. B'lieve me, it's th' downy f'r little Sadie t'night, even if I have t' break a date with a soiten party."

"Youse t'inks youse is in wrong. Say, what about th' bunch o' skoits that's been pullin' each odder's transformations at my counter today t' git next t' th' speshul sale of guarrenteed imitation platinum pendants that they c'n pass off on their husband's female relations f'r th' real goods?"

"No, ma'am, we aint got dollar-'n'-a-half silk stockings f'r fifty-nine cents. Well, of all th' noive! Gee! she heard me. Well, I should worry! Say, Mamie, look at old Cupid over there, smilin' a continool performance since eight-fifteen this mornin'. I'll betcha *he* aint got any troubles."

"Well, some folks is born lucky, all right, all right."

The fussy, middle-aged woman at the silk-counter, buying a yard of cotton-backed brown sateen, had changed her mind six times.

"No, no, that's too light; it doesn't match a *tall.* That? Why, that's three shades too dark. Yes, I know I got it here two weeks ago. What about that piece on the top shelf under that pile?"

Henry Rosser, alias "Cupid," got a step-ladder cheerily and went up as tho every separate vertebra in his backbone were not protesting like a rusty hinge. A glimpse, from his exalted position, of the rotunda clock broadened his smile, which, as his fellow-clerks said, was a yard wide and guaranteed not to shrink.

"No, *that* aint it, either. Land o' livin'! I should think a big store like this might keep a bolt of brown sateen a fortnight."

"I'm *so* sorry we haven't it, madam." Henry's regretful tone stemmed the high tide of complaint. "I hate to disoblige *you.* We will have our supply renewed. Thank you for calling our attention to it."

The woman, mollified, moved away. Then the curt clamor of the closing-bell cut across the warp and woof of buying and selling. The thinning aisles were filled with a new army, that of the sewers; the clerks, pasty-cheeked and oily-haired; the girls, beneath their tawdry masking of powder, pitifully tired and young.

Henry Rosser hurriedly set his stock in order, his round, gentle face pleasantly anticipant. As he worked, he tenderly felt of his pocket for the bag of molasses candy that stood for the luncheon he had not had. Ploddingly, he folded up the unwound lengths of silk and swept the litter of snippings into the waste-box. Then he reached for his hat and coat—and paused. In the cotton corner a belated old woman stood, peering near-sightedly across at the impatient clerk. A moment later, the same salesman brushed by Henry, winking.

"Say, lamp th' old dame in the 'bunnit' of 1850," he said wittily. "Expects yours truly to wait on her—*not.* I got a peacherino fr'm th' mill'nary waitin' f'r *me.*" He was gone jauntily. Henry made his way across to the cottons.

"I'm so sorry, madam," he smiled cordially, "but the store is closed to customers tonight. Come at nine tomorrow. Yes—yes; good-night!"

Hat and coat on, he plunged down the littered aisles. A frail girl, coughing, was trying to lift a great pasteboard box of gloves as he passed.

"Here!" Henry was beside her, box in his hands. "It's a bit heavy; let me hoist it. *There* she goes! How's the cough, Miss Blumstein? Better? Fine! Good-night."

This time there was no knightly deed to be done before the outer door revolved upon his heels, and he could plunge into the homeward-bound mob, hurrying, chin down, hands jammed in pockets, thru the icy air to the pit of the subway or the overcharged surface cars. Henry buttoned his last-year's overcoat across his threadbare summer suit and turned his footsteps toward his suburban train. Almost home now! The train and trolley stretches that lay before him and the half-mile to be walked at the other end did not count. His eager thoughts outraced him to the home-warmth awaiting him. He caught himself, as often before, studying his fellow passengers on the ill-lit little train, wondering who would be waiting for *them* at their journey's end. That fat man yonder—surely there would be children, squealing, leaping; and the youngish fellow with the bulge to his pockets. But that old maid in the spectacles, and that girl with the chewing-gum——

Henry Rosser settled himself contentedly to read the last edition headlines, in his simple heart a great commiseration for the unfortunates who had not a home like his. Somehow, tonight, the wonder of his possession came very poignantly to him. He thought, humbly, that it was more than he deserved.

At his station platform a trolley awaited the train, mendaciously cheery without, with its lighted windows; draughty and empty within. The motorman, grumbling at the cold, slammed the door on Henry's heels and started the car with a racking jolt. Suburban "villas" flashed by the windows, real estate signs on tenantless lots, billboards, a lonely public school building—oasis of education in a desert of "improvements"—and half-laid streets. Then a cross-road, with a lantern swinging very near the ground.

"Daddy!"

"Dad!"

"Dad-*ee!*"

A little whirlwind of welcoming legs and arms fell upon Henry. Moist, enthusiastic kisses dampened his cheek, and ruin threatened the lantern, caught in the vortex of rejoicing. Henry swung the tiniest-of-all figure, squealing with joy, thru the air to his shoulder.

"Elevator for Miss Betty Rosser!" he proclaimed, and held out a hand for the lantern. A chorus of protests arose.

"*Aw,* dad, Dick tarried it aller way here. I wants t' hol' it now!"

"You're too little. Mama *said* f'r me to hold it!"

"I isn't 'ittle—I'se sev-vun!"

"Here, Ted, old man, you and I'll carry it together—catch hold. Ready? All right! One-two-three, and we're off!" The father's voice sang thru the words. He felt the sturdy thud of his little girl's bootheels on his breast, the floss-silkiness of her hair blown across his eyes. Dick's short legs strode manfully at one side;

Ted's shorter ones at the other. The babel of their shrill chatter was music in his ears.

"Oh, daddy, mama's dot a 'prise f'r supper. Isn't cho-ka-late cake a 'prise? But *I* s'ant tell."

"Say, dad, Shorty Rollins has a roller-skate. C'n I trade m' hocky-stick f'r one?"

And Betty's reedy treble, her tiny fingers rubbing his cheek investigatingly: "Oh, dad-dee's dot fezzers on he face, 'est 'ike 'ee 'itty chickies in 'ee barn."

And these were his children—these wonderful beings—and *his!* The miracle of it had been with him ever since, eight years ago, they had laid his first-born in his awed and shaking arms. Henry Rosser, twelve years a clerk in Straussman's, at twenty dollars a week, regarded himself humbly; but his family—there was no other one like his in the world.

Somewhere in the darkness ahead a door opened, releasing a genial flood of light and warm, good smells. A young woman, apron housewifely about her waist, peered out under a shading hand.

"That you, Boy?" she called, in full, joyous contralto.

Henry swung Betty to the ground and ran up the wooden steps of the tiny veranda.

"And how's my girl?" He kist her like a lover, till she giggled aloud:

"Silly! and me an old, married woman! But come in. Supper's piping."

"Chores first, before it gets too dark, dear. I wont be ten minutes."

He was struggling out of his working-coat into a shabbier one, snatching up the milk-pail and the lantern, waving back the children.

"Be good kids till I get back, and maybe——"

Shrieks of joy greeted the mystery of the final word. He tramped across the tiny yard to the barn, whistling the latest ragtime as he rolled back the door. It was always more or less of an adventure, this "doing the chores"—going into *his own* barn, feeding *his* hens, milking *his* cow. And ten years ago he had been poor! Poor as any of the young clerks at the store, with a hall bedroom for a haven at the day's end. He remembered the neighbor clerk's remark about a "peacherino fr'm the mill'nary!" and laughed aloud in sheer content as he bent his aching muscles over the milking-stool.

After this there was coal to get for Josephine; then supper. The little table glowed and steamed in the lamplight. The bag of candy was brought to light in spite of Josie's half-heard protests:

"Oh, *Henry*, before supper! Well then, just one teeny piece around!"

Over their bread-and-milk bowls the children chattered, telling momentous news of "gog'gerfy class" and "roller-skates" and cats and dogs and dolls. The simple little supper was pleasant to his taste; the sight of his wife, bending, mother-wise, above her bobbing babies, wiping milky mouths, chiding gently, filling empty bowls, was a warmth in his heart. It was Home—Peace.

But after dinner, as he smoked his daily "treat" pipeful above his paper, the serpent of disquiet entered Eden. The flock of little pajamaed and night-gowned figures, dancing about his chair for the good-night kiss, was bursting with delightful secrecy.

"What's day-after-termorrer, oh, daddy?"

"Dive 'oo *free* guesses!"

"The day-after-tomorrow, my kiddies?" Henry's heart sank suddenly. "Why, it's *Thursday*, isn't it?"

The soft little bodies danced with glee.

"No, it's Fanksgivin'!"

"Funny daddy to fordet!"

"It's turkey-day!"

Later, Josephine, coming back to him, flushed from the sweet ceremonies of prayer-hearing and bed-tucking, saw the trouble above the smile. She was wise in the lore of the face before her—could read its every line. Her soft fingers fumbled on his hair, smoothing the thinning wave of it.

"What is it, Boy o' Mine?"

His hand reached up, seeking hers wistfully.

"It's the kiddies, Josie—the turkey for them——"

"Yes, dear?" waiting breathless.

"I—I dont see where it's coming from this year, Jo."

The sad little silence tagged the slow-coming words. He fumbled in his pockets, emptying their thin trickle of change.

"That's all there is left of this month's—and *next*. There's the house payment and a commutation-ticket and Ted's new suit——"

"And Dickie must go to the dentist," she nodded, "and you ought to have a new coat, Boy-dear."

"Not half as much as you ought to have a new hat, Josie. But—I'm sorry about the kiddies, Josie——" His tone dragged.

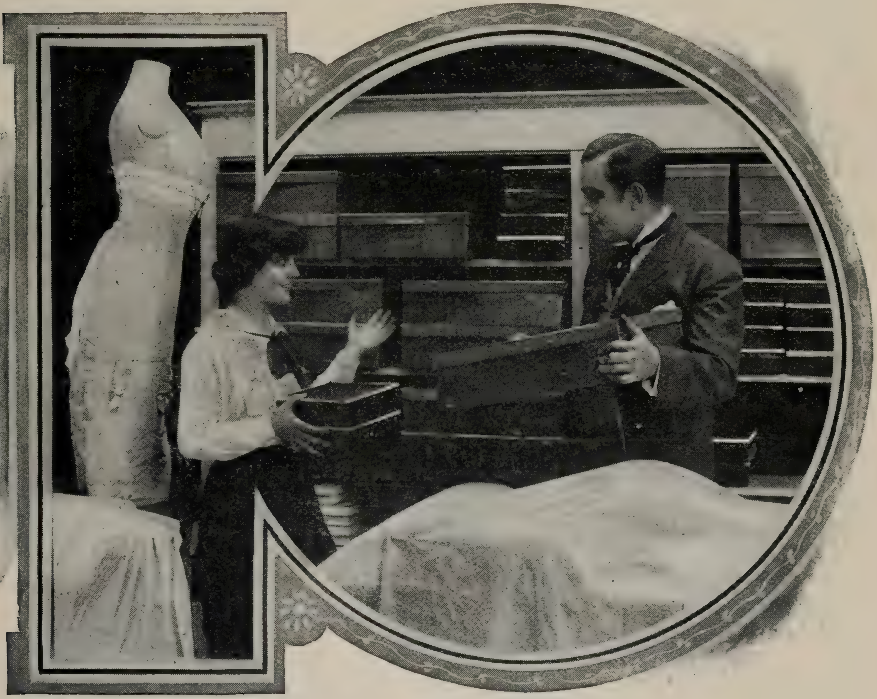
"Yes, dear."

"I wish I could give my wife and babies new hats and turkeys——"

"Hush, Boy!" Her rain of kisses checked his halting words. "Haven't we got the dearest home in the world—and more than half-paid for? Haven't we three of the dearest children—yours and mine, Henry? Haven't we each other, dear? Then aren't we rich, I'd like to know? You tell me!"

He looked up into her tender face, sweetheart's, mother's, wife's, a great lump choking him.

"*I'm* rich, God knows, my wife," he whispered against her cheek.



HENRY TARRIES TO ASSIST HIS CO-WORKER

But the next day, over his silks, he could hear, above the clamor of the cash-registers, the clear little shout that had trailed after him that morning: "Dont forget the turkey, daddy!" and his smile became a little hard to manage.

On the edge of the dusk that night the salespeople bantered in the spirit of holiday. For a blessed twenty-four hours they were free of their shackles, and the world was theirs.

"Hi, Sadie, whatcha goin' do tomorrer t' pass th' weary day?"

"Gee! I'm goin' t' have a swell time. Me 'n' my gen'lemun fren' an' another couple's goin' t' th' theayter an' then t' Jack's—some swell, eh?"

"Well, I gotta date myself, an' he's a swell guy, b'lieve me!"

"Hello, Rosser, how's this for a bird?" The floorwalker held up a great, ungainly bundle, out of which, starkly, protruded forlorn drumsticks. "Y' see, my boy, he's home from school, an' we're going to celebrate."

"Fine, fine!" applauded the silk-clerk. He drew his thin old coat closer around him and walked on, his ungloved fingers fumbling the change in his pockets wistfully, recounting, with a vague hope. Maybe as late as this they would be cheaper—a very small one would do. Josie was an adept at stretching things. But no; the tale of his pockets left no lurking doubt—he must go home empty-handed. Floorwalkers got thirty-five a week, but, try as one would, twenty spread thinly over the needs and wants of five.

A swing-door on the corner opened out, spilling a jovial man into the street. Under one arm he hugged a knobby bundle. Rosser eyed him with a certain resentment. Billings, manager of the basement, a bachelor, and with a turkey! Why unto him who had not should it be given?

"Why, evenin', Rosser!" the big man boomed genially, prodding his arm. "Didn't see you at first. Say, what d'ye think? The best little old joke ever!" He laughed richly, brandishing his turkey before the other's hungry eyes. "Stepped into Duffy's just now and found a turkey-raffle going on—took a chance—dime—just for fun—and blamed if I didn't draw a bird." He roared at the recollection, unnoting the start Rosser gave. "I got an old aunt in the Bronx—guess I'll take him up and eat dinner in the wilderness tomorrer—— What? Forgot somethin'? Too bad! Well, s'long!"

Rosser trudged back thoughtfully to the swinging door, the stale beer odors and green lights. A dime—it wasn't much. Maybe—— A group knotted at one end of the bar about an aproned attendant, waving a turkey on high, decided him. His round face flushed with excitement as he edged nearer and drew out his dime. Some one thrust a ticket into his hand, snatching the money. The great, bronze bird, unbutchered and unreconciled to his destiny, squawked and gobbled in the barkeeper's hold. Some one was spinning a strange-looking wheel upon the counter.

"Forty-nine wins!" called a hoarse voice. "Who's got number forty-nine?"

The clerk drew a long breath. The hand that held the bit of pasteboard trembled. Somehow, it meant a ridiculous amount to him. With the dime he could have bought some nuts and raisins. His eyes fixed—stared. He gulped, throttling a wild yell as the number on his slip leered up into his face redly.

Forty-nine!

"Here!" he called weakly. His neighbors pushed him forward, and the great bird was lowered into his hands.

Henry Rosser blinked, looking vaguely about him. Like an Arabian Night's Entertainment, the men about the counter had vanished. A rude hand fell on his shoulder heavily, with the weight of Law and Order behind it.

"Here, youse, come along!"

The clerk turned, then staggered pitifully, his young face whitening. The burly policeman beside him chuckled aloud. "Y' aint goin' t' be kilt, bye," he laughed good-naturedly. "On'y dis here guy wot owns dis joint 's been runnin' a gamblin' game, an' youse gotter come along t' th' station-house as a witness—youse an' yer frien' dere!" He pointed to the turkey squawking in Rosser's paralyzed arms.

The pale clerk took a fresh grip on his burden. "But—I got to go," he cried out wildly. "Man alive! there's Josie and the kids—and I got a cow to milk and the coal to get—I *got* to go!"

HENRY FINDS HIMSELF IN A STRANGE PREDICAMENT

"Sorry." The officer's tone was non-committal. "But maybe youse c'n git bail. Come along."

The next hour was a sickening maze of horrors to Rosser: a dizzy glimpse of a jeering crowd gathered about a patrol-wagon; a racking ride; a bare, dingy room, with a man in uniform at a long desk; questions to which he replied mazedly, as one in a direful nightmare.

Then, at last, he was standing in the night-court, a blurry sense of faces behind him in rows along the wooden benches, and, before him, a frowsy man, in dirty judge's gown, chewing a rusty pen. Twin pig-eyes twinkled from the magistrate's face, and his broad jowls heaved with suppressed chuckles as he surveyed the wretched prisoner. The ill-omened bird uttered loud barnyard anathemas and shed feathers broadcast over the scene. Henry himself stood dazed and phlegmatic, mechanically clutching the turkey as the one reality in this chaos of impossibilities. Then the sound of his own name fell hollowly on his ears.

"Yes, your honor?"

"Can you furnish five hundred dollars for bail, Mr. Rosser?"

Five hundred dollars! Henry almost laughed aloud.

"No, sir; I'm afraid not."

"Then"—the magistrate sighed sympathetically—"I'm afraid you must remain in jail until the saloon-keeper's case comes up, day after tomorrow."

The room whirled. Henry put a dazed hand to his head, and the turkey, taking gross advantage, flapped loose and dived, gobbling, down the aisle, pursued by two earnest policemen. Above the sounds of the chase came a broken wail:

"No—no—oh, your honor—not *in jail.* Me? Why, I've done nothing. It will kill my wife. And tomorrow Thanksgiving Day!"

Ten minutes later, in a dirty, whitewashed cell, with the outraged and outrageous cause of his distress as a jail-mate, Henry sat on a plank bench and endeavored, valiantly, to consider pros and cons. Somewhere out in the noisy darkness a clock struck seven. He groaned. What must Josie be thinking now? Supper stood chilling on the table; the kiddies had come back disconsolate, and she was trying to laugh and reassure them over her own fears—brave little

MR. STRAUSSMAN WAS IDLING AT THE CLUB

Josie! But later—what would she do later, when he did not come?

The turkey, stalking about the room in vain search for corn or other comforts, raised his voice now in hoarse lament, so sustained and irritable that along the corridor from other cells arose profane and maudlin protests.

"Here, youse guy wot t'inks youse is a toikey," shrieked the voice of an old beggar opposite, "shet up an' go t' sleep."

Henry made a dive for his possession and succeeded in tying his handkerchief over the turkey's head, giving the bird the surprising appearance of a feathered sufferer from mumps. But even the ludicrous could not make him smile tonight. *Josie!* What could he do? He drained his pockets of change—two nickels and three pennies — not enough for a telegram. Suddenly he started, with the wildest idea his sane and simple mind had ever produced. It is only in emergencies that one comprehends one's own mental possibilities.

"Straussman!" he said aloud, slowly. "I never saw him—he never heard of me—but—for Josie and the kids——"

He called the guard and gave him directions. Then, utterly worn out and callous to anything further that might happen, he sank down on his bench, rested his head on his hands and waited. The turkey, tired with his struggles, flopped nearer and went to roost on the stool, the handkerchief, twisted rakishly across one beady red eye, giving him the appearance of having been run in as a drunk and disorderly fowl.

The minutes droned away monotonously, broken by the flare of an elevated train or the uneasy mutterings of the miscreants in the cells. Henry thought of Josie, saw her frightened eyes on the clock, saw her pacing the room, saw her weeping—

"Hey, wake up, youse. Here's de guy wot youse sent for."

The clerk started to his feet, his face reddening.

"Mr. Straussman — sir ——" he stammered.

MR. STRAUSSMAN TO THE RESCUE

The prosperously fleshed face above the dress-collar regarded him quizzically, an amused smile touching the clean-cut lips.

"Well, Mr. Rosser," said his employer, "you dont look precisely my idea of a murderer, nor yet a gunman. I haven't the remotest notion who you are, but—well, I was bored at the club—and here I am! Been stealing, or what's the charge?"

The light tone, the bantering words scorched Rosser's pride. Suddenly he forgot his awe of the great man at whose silk-counter he had served, ploddingly, for twelve years. He drew closer to the bars, his bent shoulders straightening, and spoke out as man to man.

"Mr. Straussman," he began quietly, "maybe you think I haven't any claim on you—maybe I *haven't any* claim. But I've worked for you for twelve years, from eight in the morning to six at night. I'm a silk-clerk in your store, Mr. Straussman. You give me twenty dollars a week. I have a wife. We're trying to buy a home and bring up our three babies decently—and *we're doing it, too,* sir!" Pride flamed in the words.

"Wife — home — babies — twenty dollars a week—— Good Lord!" Suddenly Straussman turned to the policeman who stood beside him. "Get this man out of here," he commanded. "I'll be responsible for his bail. Come along, Rosser. You've interested me, and I dont know when I've been interested before."

"But—but—the last train is gone," stammered the clerk. Straussman waved an impatient hand. "My car is outside. First, we'll settle up the red tape here—then I'll take you home."

"By the way"—it was an hour later, and the great limousine panted beneath them over the suburban roads—"you didn't tell me what happened to get you into such a scrape, Rosser."

The clerk laughed, fumbling in the

bottom of the car. A protesting gobble answered.

"*That* happened!" said Rosser. "It was this way——" And he told the story of the kids' Thanksgiving that had threatened to go turkeyless. "It's all been Josie, sir," finished the clerk. "God never gave a man a better wife. I dont deserve her—nor the kids——"

"Mine died," said the millionaire, suddenly. "She and our baby—twenty years ago."

"I'm sorry."

"You're a richer man than I am, Rosser." Then the other laughed out suddenly and brought his hand down on Henry's shoulder, friendlywise.

"But you might be a bit richer still, without spoiling you," he said. "I've been looking for a man for the manager of my sales department—it's a fair job, at twenty-five hundred to begin with. How about it, Rosser? There, there—dont try to thank me, man. I'm a business fellow, and this is good business for me. And here"—he pressed a crisp-feeling something into the clerk's trembling fingers—"buy the babies a bang-up spread for tomorrow, and, if you get time for it, remember, once or twice, that there's a man eating his dinner, all alone in one corner of the Waldorf, who would give every penny of his million dollars to be in your shoes. Maybe it will make you more thankful to think of that!"

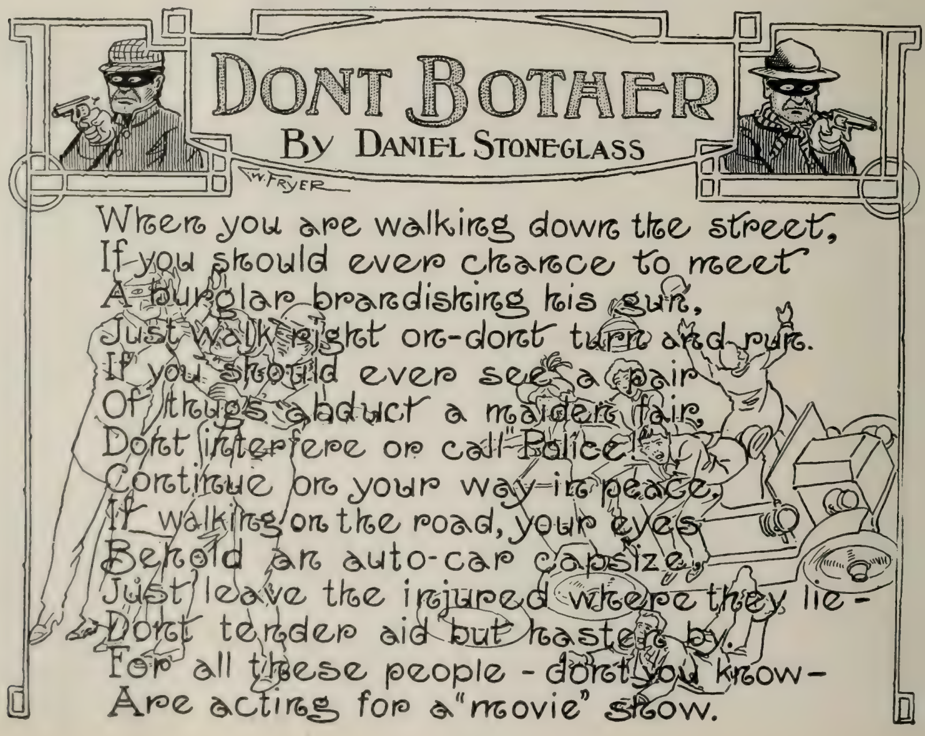
There never was such a dinner, such a sleek, brown mountain of turkey, pie and nuts and raisins! The children ate ecstatically, small faces luminous with holiday.

"Daddy, dive me some more dwumsticks, please!"

"Gee! but I'll bet Shorty Rollins aint got a turkey like ours!"

"I spec' God is awful happy today, doesn't 'oo, dad-*dee?*"

Over their row of bobbing heads the eyes of the husband and wife met, in an intimacy of happiness that had no need of words.



DONT BOTHER

By DANIEL STONEGLASS

When you are walking down the street,
If you should ever chance to meet
A burglar brandishing his gun,
Just walk right on-dont turn and run.
If you should ever see a pair
Of thugs abduct a maiden fair,
Dont interfere or call "Police!"
Continue on your way in peace.
If walking on the road, your eyes
Behold an auto-car capsize,
Just leave the injured where they lie -
Dont tender aid but hasten by.
For all these people - dont you know -
Are acting for a "movie" show.

The Trail of the Lost Chord

(AMERICAN)

BY NORMAN BRUCE

Swing the mission bells at sunset on a smould'ring crimson sky,
And across the shadowed meadows the homing flocks pass by—
The shy sheep to the sheepfold, the shepherd to the light
That beckons the hearts of mankind home out of the homeless night.
Above the happy orange-groves, red-roofed upon the hill,
The Brotherhood of Francis is glooming, starkly still,
And beneath its lichened towers, from dawn to death of day,
A silent company of saints worship their lives away.
Not for these Earth's passions, its sinnings and its tears,
And not for them the autumntide or budding of the years,
And yet across some heart-strings, beneath the somber serge,
Sweep Mem'ry's restless fingers in requiem or in dirge.
In the loft before the organ, quiv'ring in the afterglow,
Bends a spare, ascetic figure, dreaming of his Long Ago.
Father Joseph's priestly fingers seek a long-forgotten strain,
And a man's heart, 'neath his vesture, echoes with a silenced pain,
Like the hint of lost caresses in slow-falling summer rain.

Once the Spring blazed pink with blossom in a garden drenched with dew,
Burst the lily hedge to beauty, woke the buds upon the yew;
Once a boy-heart bloomed to manhood in the gentle Southern clime,
And to him Earth shone as Heaven and the Spring was Eden-time.
He, a humble music-teacher; she, the daughter of a race
High and wealthy, lords and masters, many years upon their place;
All around their vine-hung turrets clung the tentacles of Pride,
And their doors were barred to strangers, that to grandees opened wide.
Sometimes from a grim rock's bosom springs the fragile columbine,
And a granite boulder nurtures a strange warmth of passion-vine.
So Marie was born and blossomed, last and loveliest of her line—
Flower-slender, fair and fragrant, with a face all petal-pale;
With a heart like a white lily, and a body lily-frail.
Passed her child years and her girlhood; she was ripe for marriage hour,
And a hundred Spanish grandees sued to pluck and claim the flower;
Yet among her haughty suitors she walked sooth and fancy-free—
Never crest nor gold nor title won a heart-beat from Marie;

"'TAKE YOUR CURSED PAY AND GO'"

But in the virgin chamber and temple of her heart,
She set one sacred passion and worshiped there apart.
There was one whose eyes were tender and whose hand upon her hand
Led her pure thoughts thru the borders of a new and holy land.
Not a word of love he told her, yet there seemed no need to tell
That which his pleading fingers on her organ spoke so well.
Day by day he taught her music, bending her white hands above;
Day by day the pupil listened, forgot music, learnt to love.
Then, her nearness was an incense, and her presence, as a prayer,
Beat her face within his bosom, shone her radiance everywhere;
And one golden gift of Maytime set his captive secret free.
"It were braver not to tell you—yet I am not brave, Marie—
Of the love that, night and daytime, clamors in the heart of me."
Straight she raised her sweet face to him, all her brave soul in her eyes—
Maidenly revealing, tender, sweetheart-bright and woman-wise.
Heart on heart one moment throbbing, lips on young lips ardent burn;
Then an angry voice behind them bids the startled lovers turn.
In the doorway stood the father, eyes with thwarted pride aflame,
Heaped the maid with hot reproaches, called the lad a hateful name—
"Beggar!" till the hurt blood, surging in his temples, hammered slow.
"Not for such as you my daughter. Take your cursed pay and go!"
(Even now the old heart quivers with the lash of Long Ago!)

The lowlands lay aflame with Spring, with fruited orchards spread—
Wee orange suns among the trees, and a great sun overhead;
But Joseph gloomed along the way, the song within him dead.
Like a shadow across the morning, in his sober hood and gown,
Good Friar John, Franciscan, was plodding toward the town,

"'IT IS ILL TO BROOD ON A BROKEN HOPE'"

And a something in the lad's looks touched a heart not yet grown gray.
"Fie, fie! a face like that," he laughed, "is a sin against the day,
When the poppies smile among the wheat and the good saints smile above;
Fitter than frowns or tears it is to praise God and to love."
Kindly the stern face 'neath the hood, tho the blood with prayer was pale.
Joseph unlocked his misery and told the friar his tale.
"It is ill to brood on a broken hope," the old man sighed at the end;
"But you are young, and she is young, and young hearts are quick to mend.
The Signor Louis has orange-groves and honest labor for you;
There is no time for idle dreaming in a world with so much to do.
The fortunes of man are as fickle as the every breeze that blows.
Trust God and have done with whining; it may all come well—who knows?"
Day by day in the orange-groves the lover bent at his toil,
Gath'ring the fragrant bounty, robbing the boughs of their spoil.
Ever her face was before him, with the glory of love in her eyes;
Ever he longed for her presence as a lost soul for Paradise;
But the shame of his poverty mocked him—a bitter and burning shame
That festered and fretted his sore heart with the stab of a hateful name—
And the seasons passed uncounted, 'neath the scorch of its fetid flame.
Then, at length, Joseph paused and pondered, on a day in another Spring—
"I have earned broad fields and vineyards, yet I long for a better thing.
Ranches and groves and herds I have, and a lack in the heart o' me.
I have gone long hungry and thirsty for the touch of your lips, Marie;
I will go to your father and claim you, proudly and openly."

The grim old grandee listened as the miracle was told—

How the beggar music-teacher was the lord of land and gold.
Long he juggled decision; then he bowed his lofty head.
"You have earned Marie, my daughter. I will give her you," he said.
"Nay," answered the lover, sadly, "not unless she wills to wed."
In the silent room he waited patiently, his joy delayed;
Then the heavy curtains parted, and his heart stood still, afraid.
All the hopeless love and longing of the dim, unfruitful years
Clogged his tongue and veiled his eyelids with a mist of weary tears;
Then he felt her quivering fingers lightly touch his whitened cheek,
And her warm lips trembling, eager with the words she could not speak.
Past the hunger and the heartaches; past the anger and the pain;
In her soft arms, shy enfolding, he found Eden-time again.
"I have waited long, my dearest," cried the lover, joyously;
"Now before tomorrow's sunset you shall be my wife, Marie."
In a blur of rose and ochre, waked his happiest day of days;
Seated at his long-hushed organ, Joseph lets his fingers stray,
Telling all his soul's rejoicing in a hymn of stately praise.
Notes of rare and radiant beauty wove the texture of his dream;
Then, in solemn exultation, mounted to one chord supreme,
Like Earth's pean of thanksgiving ending in a great Amen!
A strange chord of mighty power that he could not find again.
"When I bring *her* home," he pondered, "it will come back to me then."

Swung the mission bells that sunset on a livid, ruined sky,
And the winds across the vineyards were an eerie banshee cry.
In a world all red and fevered with the stain of afterglow,
Down the uplands from the chapel moved a sad procession slow.
Straight as a mown lily blossom, blenched as fragile ocean foam,

"DOWN THE UPLANDS FROM THE CHAPEL"

"THEN A STRONG MAN'S BITTER SOBBING, AND A FRIAR'S REVERENT PRAYER"

Barely breathing, on his shoulder Joseph brought his sweetheart home.
Flung beneath her horse's trampling, all their joy that was to be;
Never to his heart to hold her, whispering: "My *wife*—Marie!"
On the bridal-bed they laid her, called a surgeon from the town;
In the corridor he waited, pacing wildly up and down.
Now he cried fierce words to Heaven; now he cursed, and now he prayed,
Like a maddened prisoner waiting tidings of a doom delayed;
Tortured with the laggard minutes that crawl by so ghastly fast;
Then the sick-room door was opened, and they summoned him at last.
Drifting out his love, his sweetheart, on the tides of every breath—
Out beyond his farthest yearning to the harbor-bar of Death!
"Dear—I—loved you"—faint and broken—"dear—I'll wait for you—out there——"
One last kiss of quivering, white lips; one faint touch upon his hair;
Then a strong man's bitter sobbing, and a friar's reverent prayer.
All the hopes his heart had builded, in his great house's stately walls,
Leered, like ragged rents of ruin, thru the empty, echoing halls.
Here a window he had pictured as a frame for her fair face,
Here her boudoir, here her parlor, here an awed and holy place,
Where he dreamed, with eyes grown rev'rent, of a cradle swinging slow,
He and she, adoring, breathless, and their child asleep below.
Harder than the hardest mem'ries of sweet things that have passed by
Are the unfulfilled imaginings, like sad ghosts that cannot die.
The shy dream of Marie's presence had made sacred every room,
And the loss of her was audible amid their dusty gloom.
"Here I'll stay no longer," cried he, "that was built for you and me,
With my widowed hopes and loneness and the need of you, Marie!"
To a wretched Spanish family Joseph yielded up his home

"AN OLD FRIAR, SEAMED AND SHRIVELED"

And set out upon the highway, from his shattered dreams to roam;
But, before he left the valley, was one duty left to do,
Was one narrow homestead waiting underneath the budding yew.

An old friar, seamed and shriveled by the harvest of the years,
Heard, that dusk, a low, hard weeping in the holy Place of Tears;
Paused and turned aside, in answer to the sound of a soul's need,
With the salve of his religion to bind up all hearts that bleed.
The dew lay on the grave-stones like the drops that had been shed
By all who had come hither to mourn above their dead,
And stretched along a low mound, new-fashioned in the sod,
A shaken figure beat its breast and cried upon its God.
"Oh, God!—what is the answer—Father! can such things be—
Take me this hour to Heaven, or give me back Marie!"
"Hush!" a low voice said above him, "hush, my brother, come with me;
In God's house is plenteous healing, by the virtue of His balm;
For the empty heart, is service; for the restless spirit, calm.
Yonder sounds the Angelus, calling from the mission on the hill;
Rise, my brother, and come with me. All that passes is God's will,
And the hearts that would be silent must beat to His mandate still."

So arose Joseph and clambered, with the friar, the steep way
To where Saint Francis' Brotherhood loomed dark against the day;
Laid off his Spanish trappings and donned a gown of gray,
And there, in prayer and service, he found a blessed peace,
As one who, in a tempest, feels the winds and waters cease.
And thru a tranquil lifetime, as mankind reckons time,
He watched the seasons wither in the golden Southern clime;
Walked in the van of Sorrow, stood hand in hand with Pain,

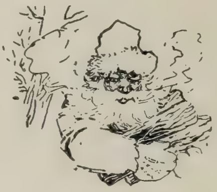
"BENDS THE OLD MONK O'ER THE ORGAN"

And no one begged his service or comforting in vain.
Nor did he lack for loving, tho the Greater Love was past,
For a small hand clutched his heart-strings, and he felt them throb at last:
Son of a dying mother, and given into his hand
As her spirit stood on the threshold of a better, brighter land.
Perri, the name she called him, straight-limbed and grave of eye,
With a boast in his sturdy boyhood of a strong man by-and-by;
And all the heart of the friar, hungry and long denied,
Went out to his new possession like his dream of a son that had died,
And he watched the boy grow to manhood with almost a father's pride.

Lo! the mission bell at sunset, calling all the Earth to pray
For God's blessing on the night-time and His favor for the day.
The old friar's fingers, fumbling on the ivory organ-keys,
Seek to find a psalm of Evening or a canticle of peace;
But tonight, as shadows gather and the bell sways to and fro,
All his thoughts are backward turning to the Land of Long Ago,
For today, in lesser measure, has bereaved his gentle heart,
And his boy has cast his fortunes in another path apart—
Leaving plans for priesthood gladly at the Springtime mating call,
That, somehow, his ears have harkened out beyond the cloister wall,
Youth to eager youth responding, heart of man to heart of maid—
"For, you see, I love her, Father. Love is more than prayers," he said.
Bends the old monk o'er the organ, touching it in minor key,
Till upon the tide of music floats a drift of memory,
And the peace of years is shattered— "Oh, my love, my lost Marie!"
Once again he feels her tremble, held close, close against his breast,
Knows her soft lips' shy revealing of the love they have confessed;
Once again his fingers wander, seeking for the wond'rous strain
That he lost his marriage morning and could never find again.
Gone his sweetheart, gone his music—"Yet it cannot be long now.

See, my hand with age is trembling; see, the white locks on my brow;
Wait you still a little longer, sweetheart of the Long Ago,
For the hard, hard day is over; bides there yet the afterglow.
Then your fingers on my fingers, we together then—ah! then—
I shall hear celestial voices choiring that grand Amen!"
Brother Joseph's fingers falter, groping blindly for the key—
"God be praised—our marriage morning—ah, my dear—Marie—Marie!"

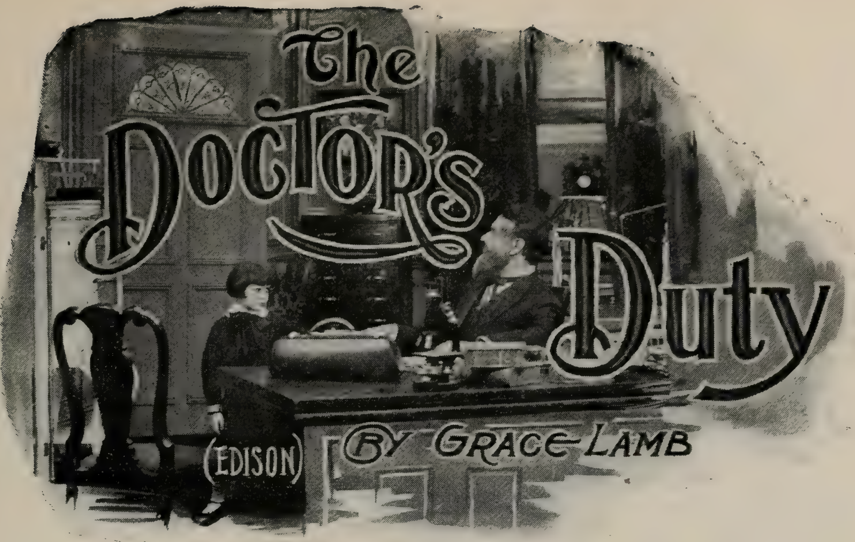
In the dawn the brothers found him, still of heart and bowed of head,
As the great bell of the mission called to matins overhead.
"See his face," the brothers whisper; "it is that of one who prays."
"Nay," said others, "it is listening. Somewhere Brother Joseph plays
More than mortal strains of music." But the youngest monk, Jerome,
Whispered, wistfully: "But surely 'tis the face of one come home!"



The Pessimist's Christmas

By HARVEY PEAKE

Same old holly,
Same old cheer,
Same old egg-nogg,
Wine and beer;
Same old dinners,
Same old guests,
Same old stories,
Same bequests;
Same old Santa,
Same old gifts,
Same old price-tags,
Same makeshifts;
Same old slippers,
Same old ties,
Same old pipe-racks,
Same old lies;
Same old candy,
Same old toys,
Same old shopping,
Same old noise;
Same old post-cards,
Same old—whew!
Here at last is
Something new!
Motion Picture
Films display
All that's new
On Christmas day!



The Doctor's Duty

(EDISON) BY GRACE LAMB

This story was written from the Photoplay of FRANK HART

“Cum wif me, favver,” lisped Jackie-boy, standing at his father's office-table and tugging at his coat-sleeve, eyes round with the solemn earnestness of his pleading; “my ellyfant's got the appendy-seedis.”

“Too big a job for me, Jackie-boy,” laughed the Doctor, yielding, nevertheless, to the little hand tugging at his sleeve as he yielded always to the same little hand tugging at his heart-strings.

The Doctor's life had been one of grim duties, stern conflicts and patient sacrifices—a life made up of the gray woof and warp of duty, not untouched with heroism, and when, the prime of his life reached, his hair and beard touched with the silver of sacrifice, the Woman of his Heart had come and blest him with the magic of her love, he had taken her, hungrily, and held her dear. And when the boy was born—a gift too great to be believed—and the great, blue eyes of the Woman of his Heart peered at him from the tiny face of his son, the man's big heart had burst with its burden of joy—and he gave to the little stranger the vast love of him in its entirety.

Now, as he permitted the guidance of the firm little hand and entered the nursery, he gave thanks for the treasure-house comprised by the sturdy, pink flesh of his little son.

It was very warm, the nursery, with its cheerful log blaze and cozily drawn curtains. The flames flickered and touched with the grotesque the strange figures of bird and beast with which the walls were papered—lit up the toys that stood, patient and waiting, for Jackie-boy's fumbling hands, and seemed to caress the sweet face of Jackie-boy's mother, knitting, by the fire, a warm something for one of the Doctor's various poor patients, and her smile was very glad as she greeted him.

“This is good,” he breathed, after he had inspected the ever-ailing animals and commended his son's judicious treatment; “the day has been a hard one, and now I want a long, quiet evening with you and the boy.”

“I'll be so glad, dear, and——”

“Favver, wite out a 'scription for Teddy-bear's froat,” begged Jackie. The Doctor laughed and lifted the boy to his knee, tousling the soft hair tenderly and smiling across it at the Woman of his Heart.

“How has it been today?” she asked him. “You look tired.”

“I am,” he said, “sometimes—only sometimes. I am tired of the

"'FAVVER, WITE OUT A 'SCRIPTION FOR TEDDY-BEAR'S FROAT'"

pain I see—the tears—the black fear—all the agony that seems so hopeless for one man to combat. There is so much of it—so endlessly much—and one pair of hands are futile."

"You do your share, dear," she encouraged him; "your big, man's share. And you always live up to your splendid duty—and you give them faith."

The door opened softly, and the office-boy looked in deprecatingly.

"There's a man downstairs, sir," he announced somewhat diffidently, "an' he says he must see you at once—that it's a matter of death if you wont. He's in an awful way, sir."

"No, no," pleaded Jackie-boy, big tears in his eyes as he perceived the trend things were taking; "my Teddy-bear's sick, too, favver—'n' you pwomised to make him well."

"Sonny," said his mother, gently, tho her disappointment had shown in her quick, restraining hand, and eyes looking suddenly tired with many disappointments born of duty—"sonny-boy, father has a life to save."

The Doctor went to his office, and Jackie-boy crept after, to see what special species of ogre could be robbing him of the delightful time he had anticipated, and his baby eyes opened wide at the shabby, ill-favored man who grasped the Doctor's hand in a frenzy of pleading, and from whose eyes the tears were falling, running down strange furrows in his face, as if those little channels had been worn there by the passing of many tears.

The Doctor seated himself at his table and began looking thru his case of instruments, while his son, still grasping his sleeve, regarded the big man crying, curiously.

"Oh, sir," the man sobbed, "we've only the one child left—you dont know me, but I'm straight, honest, Doctor—and, for the love of God! dont let this last one go, too—he's our baby, sir—oh, Doctor——"

"There, there," said the Doctor, soothingly, and gently pushing Jackie-boy from the room, as that young man was, in the same manner, trying

"'YEH HAVE ONE Y'RSELF, SIR,' SAID THE MAN, BROKENLY"

to eliminate this queer "cwy man" from his suddenly, and rudely, disrupted scheme of things.

"Yeh have one y'rself, sir," continued the man, "and it's God's love they bring with them, sir, and the devil's loneliness they leave behind."

"I know," said the Doctor, visioning, with unpleasant clarity, the vastness of despair that Jackie-boy's closed eyes would mean. "I know, and we'll save your boy, my good man, if it is in the power of human aid to do so. Run up to mother, sonny," he added, as he opened the front door for his patient; and Jackie obeyed, with a last, doleful glance at his father's retreating back. Then he began ascending the stairs, climbing each one slowly and feeling hurt and vaguely aggrieved that he should have been thus usurped.

Mother had left the nursery, and the logs were burning low. The toys seemed inanimate to the baby eyes regarding them—just as, in maturer years, places and objects dear to our hearts seem inanimate when a beloved presence that vivified them has gone beyond our reach.

"I know," pouted Jackie-boy, "I'll give my Teddy-bear his mecinine myself." For the stirrings of his father's profession, thrice tested by long years of service, were even now touching the heart of his son with a desire to emulate. And all his playtime hours were full of loving ministry to the regiment of toys that showed, full well, the unswerving devotion and operative tendencies of the small surgeon.

"Favver's" laboratory was a familiar spot to the wee disciple of Medicus—a source of endless delight and a retreat never denied him by his father, who admitted the small mind to what secrets were understandable as readily as he did the small body.

"You wait one minute, Teddy-bear," whispered the embryo physician, "and I'll get you somefing to make you all well."

Mother seemed to be very far away,

"SO JACKIE-BOY SUFFERED FOR HIS TEDDY-BEAR"

and Nursie had gone out with the very impressive personage in blue cloth and brass buttons who patrolled the region of Jackie's home and thereabouts. She would not be in for an hour, at least. And so he reached the laboratory unseen and selected a large, formidable bottle, skulled and cross-boned as to label. This portentous vial seemed to Jackie to contain the eminently fitting recuperative for the ailing Teddy-bear.

Jackie's wee nose turned up in disgust as, the nursery safely regained, he sniffed at the mixture in the bottle, and he regarded the unoffending Teddy-bear with large, pitying eyes. Humanity was very strong in his little heart—the same humanity, no doubt, that rendered the touch of his Doctor-father just a little bit gentler than that of most, and that made a host of sufferers take his name with a blessing on their lips—and, besides, the Teddy-bear was peculiarly dear. It was of a velvety softness—a material most conducive to cuddlesome sessions in the dark hours of the night, when the nursery was woefully unlit and the night-bell had awakened Jackie-boy. Their kinship, because of those dark hours, was very binding, and their mutual heroism of silence, when one quavering call would have brought mother as a haven to still the loud thumping of a certain fluttering heart, cemented the bond. Sometimes, in after-life, no ghost of memory so readily touches the fount of tears as that of some shabby little toy, confidante of child-loneliness and recipient of many unguessed tears.

So Jackie-boy suffered for his Teddy-bear—four years, going on five, can suffer, you know—and he decided to share with his pet the misery of this dose, as his pet had so often shared with him. Hadn't "muvver" told him, in one of her wonderful fireside stories, that the toys went to a marvelous country called Toyland at night, and hadn't his Teddy-bear forsworn this most desirable of places to remain with Jackie-boy?

"Never mind," he whispered, as he uncorked the bottle before the unblinking, shoe-button eyes of Teddy-bear, "never mind—Jackie 'll take

"SHE FORGOT THAT SHE WAS A DOCTOR'S WIFE"

some, too—there!" as his rosy mouth closed on the spoon and the unsavory mixture, and the tears of distaste rose to his eyes; "now you take some, Mr. Teddy-bear."

"Jackie!" came mother's voice down the corridor, "Jackie, dear, are you in the nursery?"

" 'Ess," called back Jackie, in a small voice, as a clumsy little fist endeavored to efface the most recent of several stains from Teddy-bear's long-suffering countenance.

"All right—mother 'll tell you a story," called the cheery voice advancing nurserywards, and mother herself appeared in the nursery, in the soft, billowy fluffiness that Jackie especially loved, and that he privately considered a very fair substitute for Teddy-bear.

"We'll get Nursie to build up the fire," began mother; then, catching sight of her small son's attitude and the bottle upraised in one hand, she crossed to him hastily, and her lips were white as she bent to read the label on the bottle.

It was *Poison*—the label that stared up at her—*Poison,* and her baby's mouth was smeared with the dread stuff—he and his Teddy-bear were evidences of the terrible truth!

"God!" she pleaded softly, "dear God, give me the strength——" Then she fled the room, after depositing the amazed Jackie in his crib.

"Buttons!" she cried, as she rushed down the stairs and waked the dozing boy in the Doctor's office, "Buttons—the Doctor—Jackie—poison—" And she scribbled a few words on a prescription blank and thrust it into the terrified boy's hand.

"Run!" she called to him, as his long legs sped down the street, "run! —oh! my baby—run—run—run!"

She forgot that she was a Doctor's wife—she forgot the calm resourcefulness her appreciation of him had engendered. It was Jackie whose life was in danger—Jackie who might die before help could come—and she was his mother—that was all she knew.

It was a miserable alley in which Buttons finally located the address the Doctor had left—cluttered with the riffraff of the gutters, human and otherwise—and the fast crumbling tenement shell, whose rotten stairs he climbed, gave forth sickening evidences of garlic and poor cooking and the indefinable pungency of many nationalities in close quarters.

When Buttons finally scented the room he sought, by the well-known whiff of antiseptic which usually accompanied the Doctor, he found it shabby beyond belief, but pitifully clean, and, in a cracked glass by the cot where the child lay, a few miserable flowers, bought, perhaps, at the price of the mother's dinner.

A woman of disheveled appearance was leaning over a table, sobbing, in those terrible, throaty, strangled sobs of women bruised and beaten, and the man was bending over her, white-faced. Over the cot of the little sufferer the Doctor leaned, face grim, hands steady, the battle-light in his eyes; and Buttons knew that Death was in the room, and that the Doctor was giving fight. He was wielding a shining instrument, and he did not hear Buttons enter until he caught the quick breathing at his elbow and turned, to receive the tear-stained note thrust into his hand.

> Jackie has taken poison—come at once!
> KATE.

The world stopped then for the Doctor-father—his world was Jackie-boy and the Woman of his Heart—and Jackie was dying, and she was calling—needing! Jackie was dying—the eyes that were the light of the world to him would close! His heart was wrenched in a mighty spasm of pain—Jackie was dying—life of their life, the Woman of his Heart and his. His hand, nerveless, relaxed its masterful grip of the instrument. God, who had given him the life far dearer than his own, could not mean that he should thus cast it aside. No! plainly he must go. Ah! but wait a moment—God had given *this* life, too—this life that lay, helplessly quiescent, under the glittering knife! And this man and the woman crouched there—did they not have hearts just as fiercely tender as his?—a mother-heart and a father-heart. And, then, 'twas his Doctor's duty—and Jackie was dying, even as this child was dying—must surely die if that gleaming instrument did not resume its work—and who was *he* to take a life for a life?

Like a flash of lightning, scarring as it passes, these thoughts raced thru his mind, and Time touched his face with the grayness of age as he handed Buttons a note and commanded him to speed; but Time wore an angel's garb, for there was the pain born of the purging of the soul on his face as he turned, hand steady, to save the life he had undertaken.

Ten minutes later, he rose and touched the thin shoulders of the woman, who had not moved since the knife began its work.

"Your boy will live, madam," he said gently; "the danger is over."

"Sure, sir — are you sure?" breathed the mother, tremulous before the life given to her yet a second time.

"Quite sure," responded the Doctor, gravely.

"Oh, God!" prayed the poorer father, leaning his head against the wall, "oh, God! I thank you—I thank you—and you, Doctor," grasping the Doctor's hand again as he turned to go. "You cant know what you've done, sir—but there's a row of little graves, sir—and this one—this one——" The man gulped for the joy of this one little grave not to be, and the Doctor smiled for the joy of what he had been able to do.

"I'll be in again," he called as he left, "and I can know, my friend. Oh, God!" he added to himself, as he rushed thru the crowded alleyways, "oh, God! *must* I know?"

Buttons, with a foresight to be commended, had taken the liberty of reading the note on his homeward run, and when he found another physician recommended, he called for him and took him to the house.

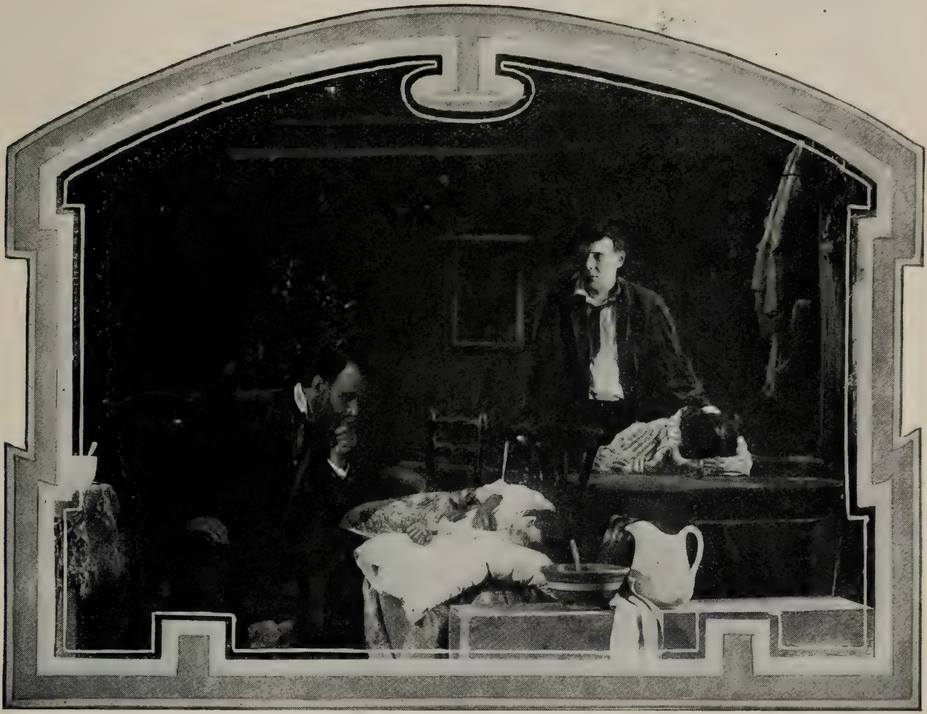
They found Jackie's mother, in a state of collapse, calling frantically thruout the house, for Jackie had mysteriously and utterly disappeared.

"I was fixing mustard and water," the mother of Jackie explained, in answer to the doctor's quick query, "and when I got back to the nursery, he had gone. Oh! Doctor, what can it mean—where can he be?" Together they searched the house for the missing boy—he and Teddy-bear had vanished as completely as if the air had dissolved them.

"Had you thought of where the edibles are kept?" asked the doctor.

"It is 'way in the cellar," sobbed Jackie's mother. "And he—he has always been afraid to go down there—besides, he is forbidden——" Then she sobbed aloud for the dreary prospect that yawned, a black vista before her, of never allowing or forbidding again. Already her arms ached with an emptiness known only to a mother who has felt, to her soul's depth, the ineffably sweet impress of a baby head, and her sobs were as the sobs of her poorer sister—strangled, throaty, fear-stricken.

The doctor, however, had vanished to the regions below, and a triumphant "Here he is!" echoed thru the house. The mother sat motionless—what had the doctor found below those stairs—what burden would he carry to lay in her arms?



"OVER THE COT OF THE LITTLE SUFFERER THE DOCTOR LEANED"

(These characters were posed to reproduce the familiar painting)

He was not laid in her arms—the fugitive Jackie—for he was jam-smeared from top to toe and squirmed indignantly as he regarded his mother over the shoulder of the strange doctor, who bore him nurserywards.

"I oney et it to take the nasty taste away," he announced aggrievedly, as the doctor held the mustard and water to his mouth. This mixture was even more nauseous than the one

THE DOCTOR EXPLAINS THE CONTENTS OF THE BOTTLE

shared with Teddy-bear, and Jackie failed to see the logic in such a strange trend of events. He failed to see it completely when the emetic began its deadly work and he was very, pathetically ill, and mother was sobbing on her knees, and the doctor, for whom he felt a deadly hatred, was watching him closely; and into this scene his Doctor-father burst, with the expression in his eyes of a man who has faced the ultimate limbo of things unbearable.

"The bottle—where?" he demanded hoarsely, as his quick eye grasped the situation, and his heart gave a throbbing bound at the sight of those baby eyes open to his. Never, he thought, could he lose sight of them as he had visioned them on his race home—closed forever on the world and on him.

"There," said his wife, pointing to the black bottle thrown to the floor, and the Doctor reached for it with hands that shook as if palsied.

For a long, long moment he looked at it; then his eyes swept the room—the nurse near the doctor—Jackie-boy in the noxious throes of the emetic. Then, slowly, reverently, glad with a gladness beyond the bourne of tears, they met the asking eyes of the Woman of his Heart. Between the meeting of those eyes, stronger than their two lives, wavered the life they had given to the world. In hers was a prayer—in his a pean of joy.

"Dear," he said very softly, "it isn't poison—it isn't— Listen"—for the woman's head was bowed to her lap, and she swayed with a strange, primitive motion that seemed to mean all things at once—"it is harmless," the Doctor told her compellingly. "Dont you understand?"

"Favver," sputtered Jackie-boy, indignation getting the better of him and thinking that these odd actions had been endured quite long enough, "favver, I oney took it to make Teddy-bear well."

Our New Minister

(KALEM)

BY EDWIN M. LA ROCHE

From the Play by DENMAN THOMPSON and GEORGE W. RYER

Lem Ransom was tipsy, as usual. Outwardly, Lem rarely ever showed the see-saw slants of his brain or his slipping grip on things material. His walk homeward was more dignified and rigid, if anything, and his face was set with the solemnity of an owl's. And more's the pity that his sobriety was but a hollow mockery of gait and face, for, had he noticed, as any sober man should, the late lamp in Philander Huggins' parlor, and had he stopped by the fence for a scant minute, to peer within at the strange transaction, this story would never have been written, and Lem would have been saved three heart-breaking years.

But Lem, the village tippler, never looked to the right nor left, and so passed on his wooden way to his cheerless house. Across the table from feeble Philander sat Hannibal Chapman, his antithesis in every way — wide-browed, clear-eyed, deep-muscled, with a trick of setting his jaw-bones that persuaded without speech.

A packet of papers lay between them—precious bonds, the hoardings of Philander, and, one might venture to say, the very life-blood squeezed out of him and clotted into paper.

"Come," said Lawyer Hannibal, with his broad hand on them, "it's midnight—time all respectable folks were to bed. Assign the bonds in blank. You're a sick man, Philander; there's no knowing how we may have to use them."

The sick man took toll of his fluttering heart and felt its ironical strokes beneath his fingers. In another instant his skinny claw of a hand swooped down upon the bonds, spread them open, and, in a trice, his signature scrawled across their backs.

As he tottered over to the cupboard and fumbled the papers into a rusty tin box, Lawyer Hannibal breathed easier.

"A good night's work, Philander," he encouraged, grasping his hat, "and, let us hope, you'll give the devil a good fling yet."

"Tut, tut!"—the skeleton host

stood in the doorway—"them's risky words, Hannibal, risky words to fleck in th' Lord's face."

But Hannibal's bulky form had already passed down the path and was swallowed up in the night.

And, with the noon of another day, Doctor Mullen's horse and buggy fled, on the wings of panic, by the general store on Main Street, and sharp wits were not needed to tell where the doctor was bound. Two hours afterwards, the expected news spread thru the village: Philander Huggins had passed away. There were no exhilarating details; he had simply run down like an old clock, and his heart had stopped beating in his familiar chair.

Dorcas Tattleby, the oldish maiden lady, had the temerity to stop Hannibal Chapman and to tell him the news. She had even the forethought to ask if the widow was well provided for.

Lawyer Hannibal shook his head slowly and passed on. It might have meant anything, from poverty to easy circumstances. There was a gleam in his eye, tho, an inner gleam that reached as far as the closed cupboard of overnight.

Philander Huggins had always been a close-lipped man and a crier of hard times. Not even his widow knew of the precious bonds. There they lay, as crisp and as brightly ornate as the day the railroad had issued them.

It needed some one to keep them until the day when cousins and nephews gathered around the widow to dispose of her future, and then that some one should appear with the tin box, open it and stagger them with its contents.

And what if he, Hannibal Chapman, kept them—until the day when the widow found a home, or longer—until a fortune grew from their green roots?

It was a pleasant prospect, and Hannibal thought it over until his supper lay two hours cold on the table. The pallid moon peeped into his window to surprise his thoughts ere he clapped on his hat and set to pacing to and fro in his modest yard. And, with the moon marching high overhead and the night half-gone, he would have given the thing up.

Again Lem Ransom's step sounded on the street. Its simple bravado and the dazed mind above it were an open book to Hannibal. He followed, and the bent back before him assumed a rigid verticalness.

"Lem"—his hand was on the tippler's shoulder, in the shadow of the elms—"come with me; I need you to do me a favor."

Lem turned and followed Hannibal's pace thru the lampless street. Who was he, to refuse the village great man a favor? Wasn't it mighty nice for him to have favors up his sleeve? What was a favor, and how was he to present it?

The tippler's vacuity was cut short by Hannibal's actions. They were now approaching Philander Huggins' house, and Hannibal gestured him to be careful.

"I wouldn't wake Mrs. Huggins up for worlds," he explained. "Poor soul! I left her not over half an hour ago." Lem wagged his head in sympathy. "There's a tin box she gave me from the cupboard—perhaps she put it back. At any rate, I forgot to take it home." His hands were directing Lem toward the porch. "Just climb in that window, Lem, and fetch it from the cupboard."

The words were so understandable that Lem wouldn't hesitate at all over doing such a simple favor. He faltered up the steps and shook the window.

"Hush! no noise, mind you."

With thoughts of the widow's broken rest, Lem slid the window up and clambered thru its black void.

"Three steps to the right—bottom shelf. Be quick!"

Lem felt that his favor was being chaperoned rather severely; nevertheless, he did as he was bid and succeeded in laying effortful hands on the tin box.

As he climbed thru the window, Hannibal was quietly watching the white stretch of moon-bathed street. Hannibal seized the box quite covetously and walked Lem thru the widow's lot to the bars giving out on a freshly plowed field.

"It's a short cut, Lem. Good-night."

The tippler felt an irresistible hand turn him into the field and start him going. His feet sank into the yielding soil, and only with supreme effort did he hold his balance. Then Lem decided that his safety lay in speed, and, abandoning dignity, he took to a sort of careening, hopping flight.

Hannibal leaned on the fence and watched Lem's ridiculous passage of the field. His footmarks were ragged holes. A smile struggled to the lawyer's lips. "Poor sinner," he apostrophized, "you are making evidence, fast enough, to convict a dozen men." And he pried open the tin box, to gather the contents into his hands and to cast the empty thing whirling across the field.

Day brightened again over Hardscrabble, wooing the village to life by easy stages. The unlocking of the store-door by Silvanus Bartlett, its proprietor, was the unfailing signal for the entrance of Constable Darius Startle. The State penitentiary lay only a few miles up the railroad, and convicts were always escaping, much to the edification of Darius and his consequent hopes of reward. He had never set eyes on a real, live convict, tho his letter-box often contained handbills about them, striped creatures ferocious as tigers.

Darius treated each circular as a direct and personal communication from the warden, but, after thirty years of lying in wait, his courage had never been put to the test. Each morning he polished his bright star of office, oiled his revolver-trigger and set off for the postoffice; each day brought its unfailing quota of empty inaction.

But luck was to come to Darius faster than he recked. He had barely ensconced himself on the stoop when the Widow Huggins, dressed for the day, came flustering up in search of him. The rapid narration of the open cupboard-door and the missing tin box caused even Darius' callous heart to thrill. Convicts! Midnight prowlers! The old man's constabulary instincts were edged to the cutting-point, and he followed the widow to her home in search of evidence.

The whole thing was absurdly simple, but not so to Darius. With minute deduction, he fathomed the opening of the window, the retreat to the fence-bars and the damnable footprints in the plowed field. The thing began to be serious, and Darius warmed to his task. Darting hither and thither, summoning up his courage, measuring the flawless evidence, the constable started across the field.

"HANNIBAL TURNED TO HIS LISTLESS TOOL"

The footprints could lead to only one place: Lem Ransom's tumbledown cottage.

Darius spun out his pleasurable man-hunt into an endless length of time, long enough for Lem to crouch by the crackling wood in the stove and to dream of the night to come. Mrs. Ransom sudded her tub to a creaming white, and their girl, Nance, cleared up the breakfast-things.

Then Darius knocked loudly, and Nance, with a white face, let him in. Lem eyed the constable meaninglessly.

"See here, Lem," said Darius, "I never seed a feller with less spunk. Gosh hang it! I've come to arrest ye."

"Go as far as you like," said Lem.

Darius drew the jangling handcuffs from his pocket.

"Will ye come peaceable?"

Lem got up and followed him meekly from the room.

Two hours afterwards, in response to Lem's summons, Hannibal sat down beside him in the single cell of the village lock-up. Darius hung around the door, in the hopes of forging heavier evidence.

Hannibal opened the cell-door suddenly. "That will do, Dri—dont carry your vigilance too far. An accused man is entitled to see his attorney in decent privacy."

As the chopfallen constable took himself off, Hannibal turned to his listless tool.

"Buck up, Lem—the thing isn't serious." His strong eyes caught and held the tippler's. "Keep mum until the trial. I'll look after your family better than you ever did."

Lem felt the warm grip of Hannibal's hand, and it heated him like whisky. It couldn't be so serious, after all. Darius was never the instrument of serious things, and Lawyer Hannibal was surely his friend. So Lem gave himself up to patient waiting until the day of his trial should come.

The pew-like benches of the county courthouse were crowded to spilling over on the day of the village tippler's trial. The eloquent county attorney opened the case with such an arraignment of Lem's character, habits and ultimate black deed that the minds of Hardscrabble were at last opened to the contamination of the vicious criminal that they had harbored for years. Darius' evidence was introduced at great length, and poor Lem made a sorry, confused mess of his deeds.

And then, with all the eyes of the town upon him, Hannibal arose, majestically, to plead his client's cause. It was a mere sham—a filmy mesh of legal phraseology, appeals for mercy and sentimental flapdoodle.

The hard-headed rurals of the jury listened thru it patiently, retired for an hour and promptly returned with a verdict of guilty.

It was only then, with his wife baring her heart in his arms, and Nance looking so white and piteous, that Lem awoke, with a rude jar, to the injustice that had been done him. The hypocrisy of Hannibal's hurt look at the jury's verdict deceived him not, and the lawyer's strong eyes refused to cross with the tippler's.

"Lemuel Ransom, step to the bar!" It was the venerable judge's voice. "I hereby sentence you to three years at hard labor, and may the Lord shrive you of your malice toward a widow woman, for I cannot."

Three years may seem a lifetime in a prison, with only the drab past to churn and rechurn in one's head, but in Hardscrabble each small new thing added zest to its unquenchable curiosity. With the passage of years, Hannibal Chapman rose to affluence and donned the robes of a judge. Lem's family, bereft of his casual help, sank lower and lower, until Nance alone, with her mother dying of a malignancy, was the one slender prop to keep a roof over them. Judge Chapman rarely came near them, tho once he called, to look at the shivering invalid so closely that a deadly fear of him took hold of her. Once more he called, about six months before Lem's term was up, and his wife lay very low, scarcely breathing, on her corn-husk bed. It was then that Hannibal appeared to realize, for the first time, that Nance was grown beautiful, a lithe and winsome girl of ruddy hair and deep-lit eyes.

He closed the door that led to her mother's room and, seating himself in a homelike way, drew her hand into his. It was a mannish proposal, and very flattering to be a judge's wife, but the girl's hand remained a mute prisoner, and her heart was as dead as a stone. Perhaps the unexplained half of her was shocked at this grim proposal in the next room to death; maybe she felt the touch of her worthless father's betrayer. However it was, Judge Chapman rose up and took his leave, counting upon her stress of sorrow to drive the girl, eventually, into his mastering arms.

Then a series of startling events descended upon Hardscrabble, seized it by the beard, and quite drove its minor players from the stage. Doctor Thurlow, the aged and time-out-of-mind pastor of the Reformed Church, took it upon himself to begin to feel old and suddenly announced his retirement. No one clergyman in the county felt big enough to ascend to his pulpit, so the deacons convened, and a young minister was called from the city—a bold one, a rash one, no doubt—to attempt to fill the venerable shoes of Doctor Thurlow.

Thaddeus Strong's advent into the village came near being a scandalous and dramatic affair. Not fond of display, he had arrived on an early morning train, even before the committee appointed to receive him had driven to the station, and, dressed in fashionable clothes, he had walked to the general store. Darius immediately "spotted" him. The Reverend Thaddeus was none other than the notorious horse-thief of his latest handbill. And the new minister's arrest would surely have followed, had not the committee arrived in the nick of time.

The Sabbath could come none too quickly for reincarnated Hardscrabble. Dingy silks and seersuckers were hauled from trunks and snipped and sewed into a more rakish cut. The candy store sold out of fashion journals in a scant two hours' rush. The Widow Rushmore's old-rose damask curtains disappeared, to turn

READING THE NEWS OF LEM'S RELEASE

up as an ultra-modish dress. There was a rustle in the air like birds in migration; yet the new minister noticed not these signs, or discreetly appeared not to.

Sunday came; the hour of service was rung in, and the pews of the white-and-drab church fairly burnt with a riot of color. Even Nance was there, with the new loss of her mother upon her, pale, dressed in black, and her deep eyes cast down to the worn carpets as the minister set the hymns.

At such a time as this what more discordant text than that of the vivacious city of Sodom and Lot and his turnabout wife? There, in Doctor Thurlow's sedate pulpit, dressed in a smart broadcloth suit, the new minister had the chilling taste to dwell upon the simplicity of Lot and his pleasuring-loving better-half. Extravagance—the extravagance of aping one's wealthier neighbor, the texture of his clothes or the joint on his table, the flower in his wife's hair or the geegaw on her neck.

It was scathing enough; a whip to the backs of Hardscrabble, where they had wanted a pat. And the congregation filed out with the distaste of their new overlord showing in telltale eyes.

The new minister's words had been as literal as a shower poured upon the village finery, and, by twos and threes, they trooped out, leaving him in dazed discomfort.

In the churchyard only Nance remained. Her flowers were earthly ones, culled for her mother's grave. And the smarting Thaddeus Strong came out, to find her in the midst of her offering.

THE NEW MINISTER JOKES WITH DARIUS

He drew back and watched her. There were things written into her humility, her soft yet bold lines, her sheaf of lustrous hair, that were untaught in holy books, and he plucked up courage to approach this solitary parishioner.

Nance walked home slowly by his side. Her black dress was neat to the point of finicalness, and he wondered where she had caught her taste in this nest of abominable style.

"This is where I live."

The new minister's eyes arose from their shapely place of worship and took in the tumbledown forlornness of the Ransom home. His finer sense forbade even a look of surprise, and his impartial heart weakened toward the fascinating creature who bore such an abode with complacency.

A newer, and even greater event than the minister, was due to descend upon Hardscrabble, for the *Gazette* announced, the following Friday, that Lem Ransom's sentence had been commuted for good behavior. Judge Chapman himself read the news aloud in front of the general store, and his consequent attitude was most patriotic.

"We want no convicts in Hardscrabble," he said, with genuine feeling, and the village headmen wagged their heads in solemn concurrence.

It was too late to prevent Lem's actual invasion of the village—the train was due in half an hour—but there is a cruelty greater than physical punishment, and this his former cronies resolved to resort to.

It was the busy time of day, late afternoon, with the porch well lined with town folks, when the shambling figure of Lem, the tippler and ex-convict, was seen coming down Main Street. Lem made directly for the store, his face set with purpose, nor did he appear to notice the scowling faces that lined his entrance.

THE NEW MINISTER TAKES PITY ON LEM

"Here's five dollars," said Lem to Sylvanus Bartlett; "fill me up a basket with stores for the house."

"Sorry, Lem," explained the storekeeper, "but you cant deal here."

Lem lowered his eyes in thought, while the crowd soon increased outside. Some one shouted, "Tar and feathers!" and a chorus of approving groans followed. Then came silence, the uneasy silence of a mob without a leader. And, thru it all, Lem heard the gentle sobbing of a woman whose heart misgave what was about to come.

Suddenly they began to crowd in, menacing, the torture-light in their eyes, and thru the hurly-burly Lem distinguished the sobbing woman as his daughter Nance, a young stranger by her side.

With the quick, sure thrusts of an athlete, the young man broke thru the hedging ring of vengeful village folk and stood confronting them.

"This man is a former parishioner of our church—as such I welcome him." And his hand shot into Lem's, to shake it cordially.

The new minister's act was a sad dampness for the would-be vigilantes, and they retired in sullen disorder.

All but Darius Startle. He, too, shook Lem's hand and frankly pronounced his verdict.

"This here town needs a convict, Lem," he explained; "it's been sufferin' with sanctimonious dry-rot for a dog's age. Besides, mebbe you'll give me something to look after."

Lem did give Darius something to look after, and the whole village besides, for, under the new minister's urgent appeals, he appeared at church services the following Sunday. Dorcas Tattleby saw him and whispered the news along her aisle; Darius Startle saw him and chuckled; Judge Hannibal Chapman arose from his fat knees, to see him and to turn fishy white and sick.

And, after services, the deacons held a meeting and marched, in solemn body, to the rectory, where Lem, the outcast, had preceded them. Hannibal was the spokesman.

"'I SHALL ALSO ATTEND THE MEETING AND HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY'"

"We have come to the conclusion"—his jaws set like a trap on the words—"that it is not fit for our minister to associate with people who are a disgrace to the town."

"Anything more?" This from Thaddeus, at ease in his morris-chair.

The Judge leaned close. "There will be a meeting of the deacons on Tuesday, and something is likely to happen."

Again a ring of torture-lit eyes peered into the minister's. A shambling step sounded back of him. Lem, erect, his eyes flashing, his voice triumphant, faced his former master.

"I shall also attend the meeting and have something to say."

After Lem Ransom's mysterious remark to the Judge, and its shrinking effect upon him, affairs quieted down somewhat in Hardscrabble. Lem Ransom needed something to do and took to cobbling. He had learnt the trade in prison and could heel and tap with the best of them, but even a good cobbler cant cobble if he has no customers—a very important item in the trade.

The deacons' meeting had been put off, from time to time, for various feeble reasons of Judge Chapman, and Lem let it go at that. He was not a vindictive soul—grateful, rather—and he had won his first victory against Hannibal.

Then, too, came his first customer, the new minister, with a pair of shoes that needed nothing done to them. He stayed a while to talk with Nance by the arbor and appeared surprised at Lem's judgment on his shoes.

The next day, however, the new minister appeared, smiling, with a pair that contained every ailment that shoes are heir to. And Lem pronounced them totally unfit for repair. So Nance and the minister took them out to the arbor and buried them, with scant ceremony and lots of conversation that did not apply.

And then, later, with Lem dreaming over his empty last, they both entered, with colorful cheeks and youth-lover eyes, to tell him their story. And, as Lem listened, it seemed a tale from the faraway, a make-believe, so long had he been out of tune with the world of Hardscrabble and his half-grownup Nance.

Nance, of course, when the new minister came to the point and actually began to ask for her hand, found an errand to do outside. And Lem, without her presence, felt the responsibility of fatherhood too much for him.

And, as Thaddeus Strong was offering up his heart, for the first time, to the cobbler without a customer, the shadow of something menacing, tiger-striped, fear-haunted, crept between them.

Lem turned as the striped creature rushed toward him.

"I'm Frazier—you know me? For God's sake, hide me somewhere till night." Lem searched the ashen face of the man on his knees.

"I know you," he recollected painfully; "you're the man with the sick little boy that wants to grow up like papa."

"Yes, that's me—now he's dying."

THE ESCAPED CONVICT

The man's face wrenched. "I've just *got* to see him; I've broken jail; I've come half-way, crawling on my knees."

Lem puckered his mouth as the doubts began to crowd him.

"Man," said a clear young voice, "I heard you—I'll take the risk." And Thaddeus looked around for a hiding-place.

"Raise the trap," said Lem, absent-mindedly. The fugitive and the minister both sprang to the cellar-trap in the floor, and, in an instant,

"'FOR GOD'S SAKE, HIDE ME SOMEWHERE'"

the creature was below. "Let's go out," said Lem, with more animation, and they did, leaving the house deserted, to all appearances.

Back at the store, Darius Startle had read the usual escaped-convict circular, and the bright thought came to him that perhaps Lem would know all about this one. No sooner thought of than he set off hotfoot for Lem's house.

The constable entered, to find the empty shoe-last and an uncut piece of sole leather.

"Humph! Lem's business is a bluff, I reckon." Darius circled around warily. The trap-door caught his eyes. With the intention of investigating Lem's habits to the very bottom, he raised the heavy trap and cautiously felt his way down the ladder.

As the constable's feet touched the cellar-floor, a cold ring of metal pressed against his forehead.

"Get out of those clothes—quick!" a hoarse voice said. "And give me your word you'll stay here one honest hour."

An hour passed, two, three, four. So figured Darius, dressed in convict's clothes, in the dismal hole. Yet his inclination was not to leave too suddenly this restful place.

Then the faint droning of voices sounded above him, and the thud of feet crossed the trap.

Who was it? Darius snaked his way up the ladder, raised the trap an inch and peeked.

The speakers were Lem Ransom and Judge Chapman. Hannibal appeared to be expounding the law to Lem, the law of informing on a pardner in crime, and how laughable the whole thing was, especially as he had risen in the scales of life, and Lem had sunk to the weight of a convict and outcast. Who would believe him? Who wanted to believe him? Who dared believe him?

Hannibal's logic was irresistible, and, besides, he *ought* to know. Lem sat wagging his head in affirmation.

"Are you all thru, Jedge? Well, what's to become of me?"

"Leave Hardscrabble, Lem—it's a friend's advice."

"'GET OUT OF THOSE CLOTHES—QUICK!'"

"I cant." His face went shy like a woman's. "Nance loves the minister—she's all I have. I ought to be righted somehow—for her."

"That pup!" Hannibal's face blazed. "I'll drive him out of the village. I'll nail his resignation onto the store front. I'll——"

The trap-door rose. Darius Startle, in convict clothes, stood revealed to them. A holy light shone in his goat's eyes. His great day, the day he had dreamed about, had come.

"Hannibal," he said, "I heard ev'ry word ye said. I'll have a warrant for ye in the mornin'." He advanced, full of thought. "There is some men is men, like Lem, and some is skunks, like you, and it takes an ordinary fool like me to find it out."

DARIUS, AT LAST, CAPTURES A REAL CRIMINAL

* * *

After the Summer

By B. L. M. THORNTON

Summer is over, and winds are cold,
But what do we care, my dear?
Tempests are blowing o'er mere and wold,
But why should we fret or fear?
Listen, the message I bring to you,
Whether it rain or snow,
There are blooming roses and wildwood posies
Down at the picture show.

Summer is over, and nights are drear,
But what do we care, my own?
Parks no longer our eyes may cheer,
But yet, we had weary grown.
Listen, the tidings good to hear;
Life shall be bright, I know,
Whate'er the weather, if we're but together,
Down at the picture show.

THE PASSER-BY

(VICTOR)

BY

DOROTHY DONNELL

THE world lay in a sweet, soft love-light. The sun, coquetting with the shadows, paused on the edge of the horizon, flinging indulgent largess of gold across the warm, August air; lingering on the gay group of men and maids laughing over the serious raillery of toast-drinking on the lawn of Meadowcroft. The central figure, a girl's, in crinoline and myriad ruffles, like a befrilled and pastel butterfly with wide-flung wings, meeting the eyes of one of the youths over the brim of her glass, shook her head in a warning.

"Nay, nay, Arthur—later, if you please," she whispered. "But now 'tis the duty of all my good friends to drink to a nineteenth birthday for me at this same time next year."

The latter part, spoken aloud, sent the glasses high.

"To Miss Betty Payson!" the cry went up. "A good health and a long life!"

Under the swaying linden boughs down the roadway, patterned with leaf and light, came a figure—tall, straight. The sunset danced across the features, reddening the dusty garments, glowing in a pair of dark and mocking eyes. The group on the greensward caught his interest. The figure paused; a smile edged the lips.

"I thank you, gentles all," Betty was saying. "Yet wish me not health without happiness, nor a long life without sweet friends——"

The words trailed a little suddenly, then laughter swept across them, lightly, like the shallows of a brook across a pebbly obstacle. None, unless Arthur, jealous of her every glance or thought, saw where her errant wits were wandering.

The figure by the gateway lifted a hand, beckoning. Pompey, the butler, responded; then, mystified, came to Betty, touching her upon the arm.

"Please, li'l missy, dere's a stranger yander askin' fo' a drink o' water."

Betty started. The color crept to the fine line of her curls. She turned, caught up a goblet filled with sweet wine from the table and placed it in the negro's hands.

"Take him this, Pompey," she cried merrily. "On my natal day I would have every one rejoice—even the passers-by."

The group about her laughed applause at the whim, but Arthur, remembering the strangeness of her look, caught angrily at her arm.

"Betty, you forget," he remonstrated. "The table waits us, and we lack a hostless." Then lower: "And I, sweet, lack an answer to my heart."

The girl waved a slender little hand toward a long table, decked in holiday panoply, under the trees. "Come, friends," she cried gaily, "good Mistress Marjorie, our pastry-cook, has fashioned a true marvel of a plum-cake that cries for the tasting, and my father has presented me a great box of comfits lately come from England. To the table, all!"

She met her lover's frown with curved lips and laid her fingers along his sleeve. Yet, even as they went, a little, secret glance escaped her, backwards. Meeting it, the tall figure in the roadway lifted his glass and bowed.

A moment later, at the table, distress reigned.

"But there are thirteen of us, Betty." Her father's voice was worried. "Nay, 'tis no mocking matter, child. Well do I remember how, the eve before your sweet mother was stricken, we were thirteen."

The shadow of superstition lay over their gaiety like a scud cloud dimming the sun.

" 'Pon my soul! I swear I'll not thus endanger your life, sweet Mistress Betty," cried a perfumed gallant with a warm color and cold eyes, half-rising as he spoke. Betty drew a sudden breath that stirred the laces on her bosom. Her eyes sparkled; she clapped her hands.

"Nay, nay, good Master Kirby, seat yourself," she cried. "A pity 'twere to break up this fair company. I have a prettier plan. We will ask yonder stranger to sit with us, thereby cheating the Fates. How say you, my father?"

The anxious Colonel followed his daughter's gesture thoughtfully.

"Egad!" cried he, after a scrutiny. "But it seems a pretty enough lark, and a man of parts by his bearing. Pompey, go bid yon fellow hither if he will, to be our guest."

Acquainted with their hostess' mad whims and secretly relieved from a real-felt dilemma, the guests awaited developments eagerly. Soon the tall figure of the stranger stood bowing before them. Betty waved her hand.

"Friends," she cried mischievously, "allow me to present to your kindness His Excellency, Master Passer-by!"

A storm of applause and laughter met their new guest's courtly bow.

"Make you welcome, Sir Passer!"

"Drat me, but 'tis a topping adventure!"

"Sit, sit, good master, and round out the board!"

Arthur, sullen-browed, rose from his place at Betty's right hand and, bowing, yielded it to the stranger. The newcomer bent again, sweeping the clovers with the doffing of his dusty, broad-brimmed hat.

"A better knowledge of you all," he said quietly, and sat down. The banter and laughter rose again. Yet there was an instant pause as the strangeness of the response struck them, and one or two glanced along the cloth to where their hostess and the newcomer conversed, with no pleasant expression in the pucker of their brows.

A half-hour later, the ladies rose. Pompey appeared with a silver salver, on which tinkled cognac and liqueurs. Arthur started up from his seat.

"A word with you, Mistress Betty," he begged. "There was a matter to be settled before I ride to Georgetown, yesterday week."

Betty's eyes dwelt doubtfully on

the boyish face; then turned, as tho without her volition, upon the stranger. Her hand went out to him.

"Farewell—Master Passer-by," she said slowly. "I—I am glad—very—that it all happed so pleasantly."

The Passer-by touched her fingers. The mockery in his eyes deepened above his smile. "Farewell?" he questioned, as if to himself alone. "I wonder, yet I trust it is not so."

"'A BETTER KNOWLEDGE OF YOU ALL,' HE SAID QUIETLY"

"What said he to you, Betty?—the insolent fellow!" said Arthur Brinkley, fiercely, as he led her away. His young face was pathetic with boyish resentment. He was a slender, well-looking youth, burning, just now, with the conflagration of a first love. The girl at his side did not meet his fevered eyes.

"How foolishly you speak, Arthur!" she said pettishly. "You make much of a trifle. Indeed, the stranger said little. It was I who talked. Would have me rude to a guest at my own table?"

She felt the arm beneath her fingers quiver.

"Nay, nay, sweet," whispered the boy against her cheek. "'Tis only that you are so dear to me. I burn like the fever when I see another win a smile."

They had reached a rose-strung arbor, a valentine bower fashioned for wooing. He drew her down beside him on the bench and touched her dress timidly. "Betty—is it 'yes'?" he breathed, seeking to read her down-drooped eyes. "Has been so long, love, but you are sure now? We will be happy—" His fingers drew a ring from his waistcoat and brushed her own. "You know 'tis the dearest wish of our fathers since we were knee tall. And see, I've brought you our betrothal ring."

The girl sat very still, looking straight before her. In her dark eyes an unrest was growing, and her breath came in tiny gasps as tho her spirit were panting. For five years the boy by her side had been her avowed sweetheart, and she had dreamed shyly ahead to the time when she should call him by a tenderer name. But now—she did not know, was strangely unsure. After all, he was only a boy, and there were men in the world. Her lip quivered. Suddenly she drew her hand away, shaking her curls.

"Nay, Arthur, say no more of this to me," she cried. "I thought I loved you, but now I know not. I—I—am grieved to pain you, but press me not further."

She was gone from him down the sage-sweet pathway, leaving an emptiness and an ache behind. The boy watched her out of sight; then stumbled away, his face distorted like a child who dons a tragic mask.

Around the bend of the way awaited further wooing—perfumed, florid of cheek, cold of eye. In her agitation Betty nearly ran into his arms.

"Oh! Master Kirby, how you startled me!" She tried to draw away, but found herself powerless. The gallant bent over her, musk-reeking hair almost touching her face.

"Pretty Mistress Come-of-Age!" His tone was jocular and slightly thick. "Methinks a kiss is legal toll along this Cupid's highway—— Nay, my flower, you'll not go till I get it—Betty—Betty—"

"No, no!" she panted, beating her poor little feminine wings. "Coward—how dare——" Quick sobs fluttered from her desecrated lips.

A hand tore at the shoulder above her—a dark face flashed between her and the sky. The Passer-by pointed sternly. Sneering, the gallant bowed low.

"I leave you," he said, with ill-hid sneer, "to the care of this—*gentleman.*"

The Passer-by gave his arm. But at the foot of the veranda he paused.

"You will not go without giving my father a chance to thank you?" hesitated the girl. He shook his head. "I am only—a passer-by," he said, bending the inscrutable mocking of his eyes upon her. She colored, as tho the slight were hers.

"But 'tis dusk, and the road yonder but a poor one in stark daylight," she said finally. "I judge, sir, you will have to lodge at Meadowcroft whether you will or no."

Morning. The Colonel, staid in his high, wound choker and ruffled waistcoat, stood by his doorway, bidding his casual guest a reluctant farewell. "Egad! my friend," said he, "I wish you could stay longer—'pon my soul! I do. Not a last stirrup-cup? No? Well, our latch-string is out to you."

Old Pompey, arriving at this juncture, dammed the rising flow of the Colonel's parting eloquence with a letter.

"Your pardon, sir," said the Colonel, breaking the seal. As he conned the contents, his face grew black. With tremulous fingers, he tore the paper into strips and lifted a veined fist above the terrified negro's head.

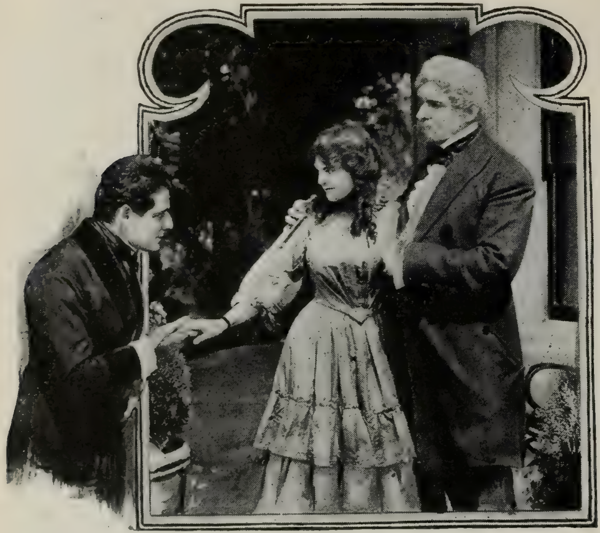
"A VALENTINE BOWER FASHIONED FOR WOOING"

"Tell—the gentleman—to return tomorrow," he thundered. But as the negro darted away on agile, liveried legs, the old man wilted, seeming to shrivel and shrink. He passed a vague, frail hand across his forehead, bowed silently to his guest and strode into the house like a stricken old dog dragging his misery out of sight.

The Passer-by bent above the fragments fallen to the floor. Then he turned, tall, straight, and crossed the sunny morning lawn. Beyond the hedge the road beckoned, but he denied its bidding.

"There is that here which will stay me," he said half-aloud. It was almost as tho he spoke in explanation to an unseen presence. The torn strips, cunningly pieced, read curtly:

> COLONEL PAYSON:—All business is over between us. I must, therefore, ask you to pay me at once the thousand pounds I loaned you. RICHARD KIRBY.



THE PASSER-BY SAYS ADIEU

The Passer-by mused above the ruined missive. His fingers, questing in his waistcoat, came forth empty.

"A thousand?" mused he, slowly. A swift smile edged his lips. "And she so young and fragrant, like the opening rose. A thousand pounds! A thousand pities! And the maid herself, as I live, yonder, by the stream."

Betty looked up. A sunrise of color flooded her cheeks.

"You?" she said softly. "You have not gone, then——"

"Anon!" he answered gravely. "What do you by the brook, Ophelia-wise?"

"Feeding the ducks," she answered vaguely, "and wondering——"

"On what?"

"About the world and its ways," she sighed. "How life is a millstream and, on a sudden, a whirlpool—how yesterday, today and tomorrow are ill friends——" Then, suddenly, she found herself speaking of her boy-lover, their long almost-betrothal, and the unease that had come to her. "'Tis but a stripling!" she lamented. "Nay, sooth, but a child. And I—I—ah! sir, but a woman wishes for strength to lean on, sith she is so lacking therein. Yet I am sorely beset—my mind goes this way and that—"

The Passer-by listened gravely. He did not seem to notice the betrayal of her eyes, the surrender of her voice. Fascinated, she watched the dark face, clean-cut on the sky above her, comparing it to Arthur's. The woman's loyal heart of her rose in arms, yet—yet——

Then, after a while—hours or minutes—he left her, striding straightly across the checkered sward. And she watched him disappear, not quite knowing what he had said or she, but poignantly aware that he was gone.

As she turned, sighing heavily, to the house, she saw Squire Brinkley fling himself from his horse by the door.

"He has come to speak of Arthur," was her first thought. But no; he was holding out a slip of paper, and her father was livid with anger. She hastened her steps.

"I'm sorry, Colonel," the Squire was saying in red embarrassment, "but Dick Kirby told me—and—well, I thought I'd better make certain of collecting my own debts first."

Colonel Payson drew himself up very tall.

"Your thousand pounds shall be given to you, Squire Brinkley," he said coldly, "at once."

But, a few moments later, as he and Betty watched the Squire complacently fold a roll of notes into a mon-

"A HAND TORE AT THE SHOULDER ABOVE HER"

strous wallet and ride away down the avenue on his bob-tailed mare, the old man, breathing deeply, covered his eyes. " 'Tis my last ready cash, daughter," he said brokenly. "To-morrow Kirby comes on a like errand —and—I shall be shamed. *I,* Mayhew Payson, *shamed!"*

From an angle of the hedge the Passer-by laughed aloud. "Peter!" he cried gleefully, "and to pay Paul!"

Then, like the shadow of a coming event, he followed the Squire down the road. At the end of the quest a white, old mansion, a crack across a broken shutter, and a purpose in a pair of dark and mocking eyes.

Some hours later, the gossips and hangers-on at the Red Phœnix tasted the flavor of a spicy sensation. The morning had droned by dully enough, with a game of draughts in the corner and the sober clink of a few mugs of mulled ale. To be sure, there were shrugging of homespun shoulders and nudging of homespun elbows when young Brinkley, face long as a parson's prayer, slouched in, ordered raw rum in a shrill, shaking voice and, an hour later, staggered out, successfully drunk. But at the low-tide hour of three o'clock time dragged heavily. Then a new figure appeared, seating himself insolently at one of the tables, and, staring at a pool of stale liquor on the polished surface before him, smiled as at some inner, secret thought. Dick Kirby, lounging against the bar, caught a glimpse of the newcomer in the pier-glass and whirled about, the smug red surging to his hat-brim. The eyes of the two men met, the ones's hot with angered memory, the other's cool and inscrutable.

"And so," said Kirby, deliberately, after a pregnant pause, "our nameless moth still flutters within the reach of the flame."

The Passer-by's eyes traveled down the dandy's ornamented person. "Where such dainty wings are singed," he said gently, " 'tis no wonder moths of lesser plumage fly."

"You are a plaguey, interfering rogue," said Kirby, fiercely. "Gad! sir, what meant you to thrust your ill visage into my affairs of yestereve?"

The Passer-by said nothing. In their corner, the draughts-players left their game to listen. A slender figure in the doorway swayed forward, boy face darkening. At length:

"The mistress of Meadowcroft lacked a champion," drawled the Passer-by.

Like a panther the boy was between the two by the table, round cheeks aflame, haggard eyes poisonous.

"You lie, you—you—knave!" shrilled Arthur Brinkley. "The lady you tongue so carelessly has no need of aught like you to fight her battles."

The Passer-by smiled. So here, then, was the young lover—and, as she had said, a mere lad. Yet in the boyish face of wrath, glowering into his, there was a nascent hint of manliness. Perhaps, after all, the young sprig had pith. There was a way of telling.

"Large words for a small body!" said, lightly, the Passer-by. "And who, pray, may this be?"

The boy snatched a card from his pocket and snapped it in the other's face.

"My cartel, sir," he fumed. "You shall answer to me for your words."

The Passer-by was smiling gently. "Nonsense, lad; men do not fight boys."

The white card stung his mocking face.

"Now!" gasped the youth. "Now will you fight or no?"

The Passer-by bowed low. "At your service," said he. His eyes questioned the group of onlookers. "If two of these gentlemen would serve me? Ah! thank you."

"Dick, you'll second me?" cried Arthur Brinkley, fiercely. "Tomorrow, then, this very hour, at Darbey's Grove."

"Tomorrow!" mused the Passer-by, as he left the Phœnix and strolled across the shady lane to the inn. "And so *tonight*——"

It was late evening when he stood in his bedroom. A candle-point of gleam pricked the gloom. He drew a bundle of banknotes from his shabby coat, regarding them drolly.

"Moth and rust—and thieves," he sighed, "and it could not buy an hour of life or a drop of water in Hades!" He went to the table, drew a sheet of fair paper into the wavering candle circle and wrote; then folded the notes in the paper, placed them in an outer wrapper, which he directed and sanded. Then he looked long down at his work, and the mocking faded from his eyes. "So white a maid!" he mused. "So sweet a home for homeless hearts! And mine for the plucking, yet beyond my reach. A moth, a flame, said he? Nay, rather a moth wistful of a star! Yet 'tis a wide world, and they are sometimes lonely—those who are the Passers-by——" The dark eyes looking down at the letter were very empty and sad, but, beneath, the lips mocked. "The hearth fire and the nest for homing hearts and wings," said he, "but the long highway and the heath for vagrant birds and passers-by."

Then, taking his hat, he slipped from the room.

For two men the morrow's morning held surprise. One, the Squire, found his little to his taste. Frills awry, coat unbuttoned, hat askew, he burst from his front door to proclaim his woes to the world. On the top step he stumbled violently against the slender figure of his son. A sudden, intolerable suspicion glared from the old face.

"You did it!" roared the Squire, and threatened, with shriveled fist on high. "It's gone—'pon my soul! but 'tis a pretty son to rob his father."

"Gone! rob! What do you mean?" The boy's face went pale; then he straightened his young shoulders in defiance.

"I think you are mad, sir," he said bitterly, "but I cannot parley with you now. I have an—engagement within the hour. Later I will listen."

The other surprise lurked in a long packet beneath the Colonel's door. Pompey, bringing it to him, rolled incredulous eyes at the contents. The ill-scrawled note folded about the bills was not illuminating.

COLONEL PAYSON PAYS OUT HIS LAST THOUSAND POUNDS

"'I am old and repentant,'" read the Colonel. "'I am sending you the one thousand pounds out of which I cheated you in an old slave-trade.'" Payson shook his head, doubting, above the words. "I remember no such trade," he mused. "'Tis passing strange."

A clatter of hoofs sounded down the avenue. Looking, the Colonel's face darkened. He thrust the package of notes into Pompey's hands. "Take this money to Master Kirby, yonder," he directed. Then his eyes filled with the easy tears of age. "Manna!" he muttered wonderingly. "Manna in the wilderness——"

At the Red Phœnix, Dick Kirby, wallet fat with his windfall, was dicing, a heap of bills and gold before him on the polished deal. A hand touched his shoulder. The Passer-by stood, smiling, above him.

"'Tis a staunch old adage," said he: "'Unlucky in love, lucky at cards.' Suppose we probe its truth."

"Willingly," agreed Kirby, with a malicious smile. The cards had long been the slaves of his supple fingers, and he held no man his master in the game.

Like leaves slipping from the fingers, rustling on the table, the polished bits of pasteboard fell from the players' hands in red and black ranks; kings leered triumph, knaves and aces slid across a lengthy game, and the walnut clock above the bar sent withered moments breezing into eternity. Suddenly the Passer-by started to his feet.

"Time presses," he said. "Let us cut the deck for a thousand pounds!"

Kirby's greedy eyes dwelt on the coins that a shrewder wit than his had wrested from him. The sheaf of the Colonel's bills fluttered in his waistcoat. Luck would surely be with him, as in the past.

"Cut!" cried he.

The old Squire, muttering and mumbling his loss as he hurried down the village street, was caught suddenly up in a whirlwind of horses and men. A lightning glimpse of pistols, of his son's white, set face, blurred his retina; then—*mirabile dictu!*—some one was beside him, stooping, tall, straight, dark, from the saddle and thrusting a roll of banknotes into his incredulous hands.

"One who wronged you bade me give you this," a mocking voice murmured in his ears. Then he was alone, a frightened, bewildered old man, clutching a roll of money and hugging a great dread against his heart.

"Arthur!" he cried aloud, as once David had wailed "Absalom!" "My son—I have wronged you—and now—I am afraid—'pon my sinful soul! I am. I saw pistols——" He was running down the roadway stiffly, throwing out his knees, as a very old horse gallops. At the foot of Meadowcroft lawn he met the Colonel and Betty. The girl clutched the old man's arm, eyes big in a face that seemed curiously small.

"What has happened?" she cried. "We—father and I—saw them pass—pistols—ah-h-h——" Her voice broke. The Squire shook his head.

"Faith! I know naught, lass," he wailed. "Yet my boy spoke of a solemn engagement. I fear——"

"Arthur!" Betty seized the hands of the two old men in a wild grip. "Come!" she cried, "come—hurry! We must stop them, and we can."

In Darbey's Grove two faced.

"One—two—three!"

Twin shots scarred the bright air. The boy's arm fell limp, threaded with hot young blood. A girl's figure broke from the larches and stumbled across the green. All for the boy were her glances, and, in a moment, she was sobbing in his arms.

Dark eyes watched the two a moment wistfully. The Passer-by drew a long breath and turned. It was curiously, as tho he harkened to a summons from afar. But before he went, he paused a moment before the lovers.

"Take him, Mistress," he said low. "He has proved his love and courage —he is a man!"

The late sun hovered like a benediction over the world. Its rays, wandering adown the roadway, touched a figure striding away into the west. Under the spray of light and leaves it paused an instant, gazing backward. A smile flashed in the somber face, yet the eyes were wistful. And then, distance and swift-falling darkness, and the Passer-by was gone.

Vacation's Over

By L. M. THORNTON

VACATION days are over,
  I've dipped in ocean's foam;
I've tramped thru fields of clover,
  Since it was good to roam.
But now, a weary rover,
  I'm glad to be at home.

Vacation days are ended,
  And, oh! it's good to feel
Real asphalt, block-extended,
  Beneath my eager heel;
To eat—till feast-extended—
  A real home-fashioned meal.

And then, for evening's pleasure,
  To sit in olden way,
And take what Fate may measure
  At Motion Picture play:
A tale of love and treasure
  That hap'ly ends the day.

(POWERS)

Whoso Diggeth A Pit

BY HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

If Mary Landis' father had not been a speculator in Wall Street, all would have gone well from the start, and Mary would have married and lived happily.

For John Landis, be it remembered, was not opposed to having Frank Wellington for a son-in-law. If anything, he had a marked personal liking for the young man. He knew that his daughter loved him and he expected to be asked to consent to the marriage any day.

In fact, the stage was set for nothing less than the above pretty play in hearts, Mary and Wellington having rehearsed their parts a thousand or more times, when affairs took a most unexpected turn that rang down the curtain on the proposed Comedy and substituted a Tragedy.

For a long time Wellington had had a rival, in the person of Bill Brady, a young broker. Brady was not a bad sort, generally speaking, but he was not exactly a model man, either. That he was violently in love with Mary mattered little, because of the fact that Mary held no affection for him.

When Brady asked Mary to marry him, she told him frankly that she loved Frank Wellington. Brady, not satisfied with this refusal, went to the girl's father and repeated his proposal. He was told that the affair rested with the young lady.

Now, if John Landis had been a man of invincibly strong character, he would have dealt with Brady in the same manner six months later. Brady's manner, upon the second occasion, was filled with self-assurance. He was refused, as in the former instance, and had risen, with a shrug of his shoulders, to go, when the butler entered, bearing a telegram for Mr. Landis. Brady lingered, just as tho he suspected what the contents might be.

Landis glanced at the despatch and sank back into his easy-chair with a groan, shoving the message forward toward Brady.

Brady read it, half-smilingly:

JOHN LANDIS, Seabright, N. J.:
The market gone bull. You are $200,000 short on margins. Wire advice.
HOWELL & MACKAY.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" Landis was moaning, much to Brady's complete satisfaction.

"Possibly I could help you," suggested the young broker, tho there was no trace of eagerness in his voice.

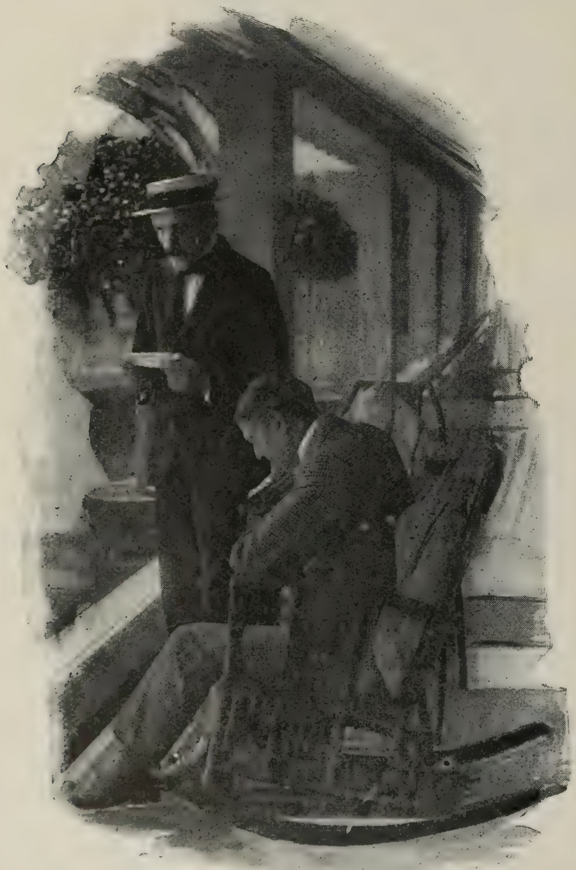
"Do it, and I'm yours to command," half-whimpered Landis.

"I know Mackay better than any one on the Street. There may be a way. What did you say about compensation?"

"It would save me from ruin—

and that is worth anything I have in my power to offer and to give—anything!"

"Very well, Mr. Landis. It's a mighty ticklish piece of business for me to put over, but I think I can do it. You probably recall a slight request concerning Mary that I was making of you ten minutes ago?"



"BRADY READ IT, HALF-SMILINGLY"

Landis put up both hands appealingly.

"My God! Dont ask that! Take a mortgage or a note—anything but her."

"Mr. Landis," continued Brady, coldly, taking his watch from his pocket, "even ten minutes may be too late. Put it down in writing for the present moment, and I'll rush down to the hotel and get a private wire. You can arrange things here and be ready with your daughter's answer when I phone you. As I said, there is no time to lose."

Already Landis was scribbling a few words with a trembling hand. He signed it and handed it to Brady, who hurried from the room. The question that now rose in his mind was whether his daughter loved him as much as he loved his wealth.

"Mary!" he called hoarsely. The girl was in the conservatory adjoining, talking, in low tones, with young Wellington. She came to the door, the cobwebs of happiness still clinging to her expression. "I'd like to speak to you—alone—for a few minutes."

Brady's daring strategy won the hand of Mary Landis; her heart was not hers to sacrifice for her cowardly father. At her own request, the matter was despatched quickly, and, three months later, Mr. and Mrs. Brady were occupying a fine mansion in the exclusive section of the city.

Frank Wellington knew John Landis for what he was, so that he could never quite fathom the girl's action. Of one thing he was certain, however, and that was that Mary did not love her husband. But this assurance was of little service as a balm to his half-broken heart. His firm had been urging him to make a trip, in their interests, to the Orient. He had planned to make it a part of his wedding journey. He set out upon it now with his heart full of the pangs of what might have been.

For a few months Brady made vain attempts to induce an amicable relationship between him and his bride. How decent he might have been had he succeeded is a matter for speculation only. Failing, he grew ugly and began to employ the same brow-beating methods at home for which he was noted in business. While Mary had been won with seeming ease in this way, she refused to be forced any further. She met Brady's brutality with the same unapproachable and suave dignity with which she had rebuffed his displays of affection.

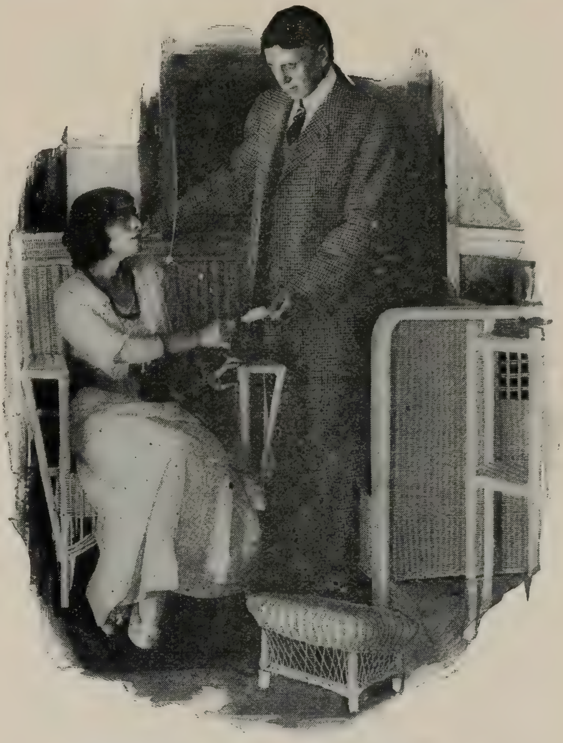
Mary was afraid of her husband only when he was under the influence of drink. For drunk, he threw aside all semblance of chivalry, under the cloak of irresponsibility, and went so far as to lay violent hands upon her in the fury of his futility.

Mary's first impulse, when he had struck her for the first time, was to leave him, in the height of her loathing, but he had accompanied his acts with a few words concerning the strangling power he held over her doddering father, and she felt powerless to carry out the dictates of her womanly nature. She still retained that blind, unfaltering worship for her parent and the honor of her house that forbade self-consideration.

Every Sunday afternoon she went thru the farce of appearing in rehearsal before her father, when he came to pay a formal call and felicitate over the accidental happiness that his financial peril had brought into existence. When he had gone, Brady cursed him eloquently, and Mary secretly wished that he would never show his smiling face again.

As a final test of the pudginess of his character, he was made an eyewitness of his son-in-law's real attitude toward his daughter. He had come, as usual, on a Sunday call of ceremony. Mary begged to be excused just that once, because of a fearful headache; Brady was not in evidence at all. But Landis fussed around and reiterated the pressing necessity of seeing his "children," until he was startled by the sudden appearance of Brady himself, very much the worse for liquor. Simultaneously, Mary appeared, drawn by that same desire to shield her selfish parent that had been the cause of all her unhappiness.

Landis was in a playful mood upon seeing the condition of his son-in-law and could not be made to see the significance of Mary's appealing glances to leave them alone.


LANDIS TELLS HIS DAUGHTER OF HIS IMPENDING RUIN

Brady had said not a word until he saw the exchange of glances between Mary and her father. This seeming conspiracy infuriated him. Without signifying his intention, he pushed the girl roughly from the room.

The convention of chivalry was too strong for Landis to stand by and do nothing. He rushed toward Brady and took him angrily by the arm.

"What do you mean, sir, by laying

hands upon my daughter in that way?''

Brady turned and laughed coarsely. ''Cut it out, Landis. You sold her to me, didn't you?''

For a moment the old man seemed upon the point of rising to a stand of manhood. But the next words of Brady caused him to cast aside a second opportunity of sacrificing himself for his daughter's sake.

''Now look here, Landis. I want you to know how we stand. I paid two hundred thousand dollars for your daughter—or, at least, you thought I did. But, you old fool, your stock was lost that day I said I would assist you. There was but one thing to do, and that was to assume the interest in your stocks myself. From that moment they were mine. I've let you live on the interest of that investment ever since. Dont think I'm sore. I'm not, for the stocks rose, and I made a wad of money out of them. Now, you'd better run along, and dont come again until I send for you.''

With bowed head and tottering step, the old man made his way out of the house, so stricken with his own fate that he never even looked around to see or prophesy the consequences upon his daughter.

Mary had stood in the doorway, now filled with a sudden contempt for her father and an additional loathing for the man she had married.

''Dont worry,'' said Brady, as he lumbered upstairs; ''I wont put the screws on him as long as you behave yourself.''

That night was one of long, torturing debate for Mary. Several times she was on the point of leaving the house, never to return, when that slavish loyalty to her cowardly father's security returned, and she turned her thoughts back to the horror of her present life again.

When morning broke thru the pink satin curtains of her room, she had come to but one distinct understanding with herself—she would remain and stand everything but the weight of his beastly hands. This much more was she ready to sacrifice for her father, who permitted her to suffer all things.

Four months of repressed hostilities ensued. Brady saw something in his wife's eye that limited his conduct to sarcasm.

All this time John Landis had been content to live outside the life of his unhappy daughter, with the fearful assurance that as long as he continued to do so his income would not be disturbed.

So Mary had become the lonely Lady of Regrets. But, in her loneliness, she had unearthed an old source of comfort and loyalty—her sweetheart. For so she termed the portrait of Frank Wellington that she had smuggled into her prison-home. She began her romance anew, spending hours a day in dreaming the life that might have been.

Each day she scanned the papers for news of but one person in all the universe. In her seclusion, she was unable to understand the non-appearance in print of the name of her lover. But if any one knew what resigned patience was, it was she. She could wait an eternity for anything, after what she had already gone thru.

And so this might have gone on indefinitely had not Brady suddenly begun to grow intemperate again. She remembered her vow, to leave him should he strike her again, and waited, not knowing what was preferable, until, one morning, the gladdest piece of news in all the world met her eyes. The newspaper announced that Frank Wellington, the wealthy young merchant who had left town just a year ago, had returned from the Orient the night before.

A year! Had it been but a bad dream of a night or the agony of a century? At the thought of her lover, it seemed all a dream that could not come true. She could feel the approach of his presence. She had no fear of any treatment Brady could inflict upon her. She felt that *he* was at hand to shield her from all things—even tho he could not take her as his own.

Mary was in the midst of this ever-recurring dream one evening, in the still privacy of her boudoir, holding the picture of him she loved fondly before her eyes, when she detected an unwholesome odor in the room and looked about instinctively. Her eyes met the bloodshot orbs of her husband. He stood in his stocking feet, leering and swaying behind her. Just as she laid down the picture, the likeness seemed to penetrate the cloyed senses of her husband. With an oath and an angry snarl, he tore it from the table and threw it on the floor. Then, with all his drunken strength, he pulled her violently to her feet and shook her.

It was, undoubtedly, his intention to throttle her, and, if he had been less drunk, he might have succeeded. But, with all her might, she pushed him backward, and he fell sprawling into the chair she had occupied.

The woman had seen the murderous light in his eye and fled from the room in fear of her life. She called again and again, but the house seemed empty of all save themselves. She pattered down the staircase and into the library.

Once inside, she locked the door, and, on seeing the telephone, decided instantly upon what course to pursue. Frank Wellington was in town. Her Frank!

Long before she had found his house number in the book and had begun calling frantically for "central," Brady was beating at the door and threatening her life. When she did get Wellington, the luxury of the spiritual contact blotted out the terror of the situation. She knew not how long she talked nor what she said, before she heard what proved to be the crack of a pistol, and she turned, to see one of the panels of the door shattered. Then she told him and heard him almost sob at the intelligence.

Then began that terrible ordeal of waiting and wondering who would reach her first—Brady or Wellington.

She heard him fire again and again and stood trembling as ball after ball spent themselves about her. The room looked as tho it had been bombarded, and the drunken maniac without was taking rare delight in the sport.

"'I KILLED HIM, AND THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT'"

And even this would have been for the best had he not suddenly changed his mind and determined to break in and despatch the woman herself. The task had been rendered comparatively easy because of the splintered panel. He began using a heavy chair as a battering-ram, and soon there was an aperture large enough for him to enter. The girl heard his cry of triumph and realized what was bound to ensue. Scarcely knowing what she did, she ran to the opening and grappled with him just as he had succeeded in getting half-way in. He still held the pistol in his hand, but it was, fortunately, outside of the door. He made a vicious effort to haul it inside, and death seemed imminent for the struggling woman. She paused in her struggle, as tho waiting for death. There was a report close to her ear, and, suddenly, the fighting demon that held her released his hold and slipped, an inert mass, to the hall side of the door.

THE DEATH-BED CONFESSION

The pistol fell at her feet. She picked it up and gazed vacantly at it.

She still stood there, shaking her head, when Frank Wellington burst into the room. He took the situation in at a glance. She had killed her husband! He shuddered.

"My God, Mary! I was hoping I could get here before it happened."

There was a sound of feet just outside the door in the hall. Wellington took the pistol from her hand and gripped it in his own. She was not aware of what he did nor of the significance of what he said in a loud voice:

"I killed him, and that's all there is to it, Mary!"

The girl looked at him vaguely. She saw a man, with a blue coat and brass buttons, come forward and slip a pair of handcuffs on her lover, and sank down to the floor as they led him out. She had found the man of her life and of her dreams—and had lost him.

All after that seemed but a dreadful daze that threatened her reason. The year's strain was now bearing fruit.

They said it was her duty to go to the hospital where her husband lay shot thru the body, so she went. She was very ill, in mind, at least, tho none of them seemed to credit it. She could not help but regret that she had ever lived. She vaguely tried to recall what was the terrible thing that had really happened. It was not the fact that her husband lay probably dying in the hospital, but — but—that when Wellington had come within the very circle of her arms, it was her husband who would snatch him away again.

One day she asked the nurse about some of the confused things that were happening. The nurse looked into her eyes, and then took her in her arms. She saw her heart.

"It is all terrible, my dear. The policeman at the corner had seen Mr. Wellington break thru a pane of glass and enter your home. The officer rapped for help and followed, hearing shots at the same time. When he and his companion entered, they heard Mr. Wellington remark to you: 'I killed him, and that's all there is to it, Mary!'"

"Then he really did kill him,

nurse?" she inquired in a troubled voice.

"Of course; he acknowledges it. Every one was sure of it, of course, just as soon as they recalled the circumstances of your marriage."

"But, nurse," insisted Mary, perplexedly, "that pistol was——"

"Excuse me, Mrs. Brady, they have at last resuscitated the patient enough to make a statement. I'll be back presently."

Then the truth flashed across the girl's mind. Her husband was dying from a wound inflicted by her lover. Her husband was going to die; her lover must suffer for his life. A suffocating sense overcame her, and even the blackness faded with a slumping crash.

After that there were bright-colored visions and vague, distant voices and strong, medicated odors, all of which daily grew stronger and stronger. She always listened, in fear, for the voice of her husband, and wondered why she did not hear it. For more than a year she had heard nothing else. Then she remembered.

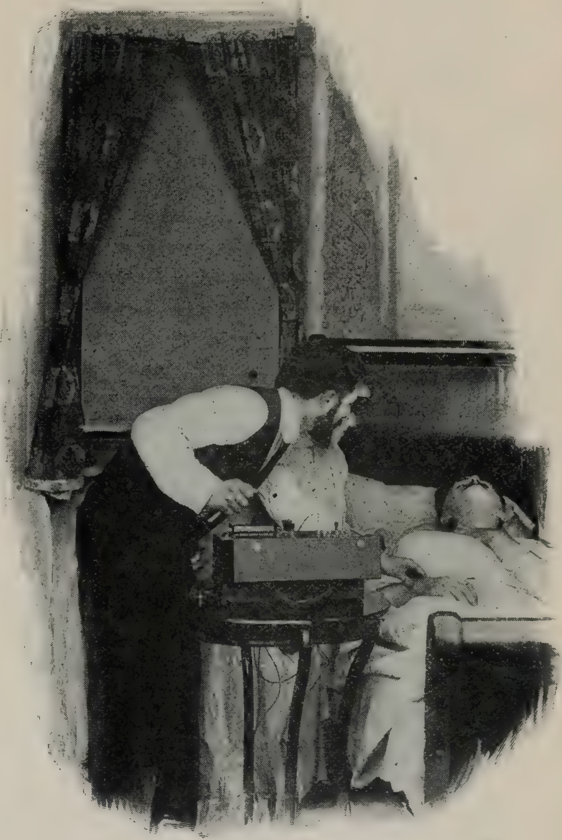
But it was days before she could cry out the thought that tugged at her mind, and when it came it was only a whisper: "Where is—my—husband?"

"There, there, dear!" was the only reply. It was the voice of the nurse who had sympathized with her that day long ago. Then she remembered—he was dead. Her lover, Frank Wellington, had killed him! All had gone into darkness again at that thought.

It seemed days again that passed when, suddenly, she opened her eyes as from a long sleep. She was alone in a hospital room. Her mind was clear, but all she felt now was loneliness. The door quietly opened. Frank Wellington entered on tiptoe.

He saw her eyes and was down beside her, with tears in his own. Again it was getting hard to understand, and she got his explanations vaguely:

"You see, dear, when I came in and saw you standing there, with the pistol in your hand, I thought you had done it—and—and—— No, no, dear, there was nothing to that—— He came to long enough to tell the truth—— The nurse says I must leave you now, dear—— What is it you say, dear——"



THE DEATH OF BRADY

Mary imagined she was speaking in a loud tone, yet he said he could not hear. She laid one of her wan hands on his cheek, and behind her eyes was the tenderest of smiles as he caught the lisp that had been her voice: "Thru it all I have—loved you, dearest!"

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"PLEASE, MISTER, TAKE US IN?"

Daniel

BY GLADYS HALL

This story was written from the Photoplay of REV. MADISON C. PETERS

NEBUCHADNEZZAR, King of Babylon, was making his triumphal return from the sacking of Jerusalem. Down the painted-city square the long procession came—soldiers, horsemen, elephants, and, enthroned in his chariot, the King, a long line of captives, men, women and children, following in a chained line. And in that line of chained captives, their robes fluttering about their dust-caked feet, walked, with their brethren, Daniel and his three companions, Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. Their gait was faltering, for they were weary; but their eyes were aglow, for the worship of the God of their fathers was with them.

It befell that Nebuchadnezzar gave orders to the master of his eunuchs that certain of these children of Jerusalem should be trained to the service of the King—in all branches of learning and in the tongue of the Chaldeans. The King appointed them a daily provision of the meat and wine from his table, so that, at the end of three years, they might stand before the King.

Among the children chosen were Daniel, Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, and they, because they thought the food unholy, besought that pulse be given them to eat and water to drink, and, because they were loved by the master of the eunuchs, this prayer was granted.

When the four Hebrews came before the King, they were skilled in all wisdom, and Daniel was a seer of visions. And thus it came about that these four were chosen for the service of their King.

It was in the second year of his reign that Nebuchadnezzar dreamed strange dreams and awoke in great distress of mind, forgetting of what stuff the dream had been made. He commanded to come to him the magicians and the astrologers and the sorcerers and the Chaldeans, that they might show him his dream and interpret the significance thereof.

The King's agitation was visible, and he spoke to the assembled wisemen, saying:

"If ye show me the dream, great gifts shall be made to you and high honors shall be yours; but if ye fail, your houses shall be lowered to the earth, and your lives shall be as chaff before the wind."

"Live forever," said the wisemen, "O my King! and we will interpret your dream."

Their voices held pleading, for they feared what was true—that the dream had gone from Nebuchadnezzar; that he did not desire interpretation, but the stuff of the dream itself.

They consulted among themselves and knew that no man upon earth could show the King the matter he was asking. So rare a feat could not be done, except by the gods whose dwelling is not with the flesh.

These things they told to the King, and for these things a decree went

"APPOINTED THEM A DAILY PROVISION OF MEAT AND WINE"

forth to destroy all the wisemen in Babylon.

There came to the King, as he was despairing, the captain of his guard, who approached the low throne-table and commended to the King, Daniel, the Hebrew youth, as an interpreter of his dream and one who could vision for the King the stuff whereof the dream had been. All this should Daniel do, the captain proclaimed, thru the might of the God he served. And thus was Daniel brought before the King.

Modestly the Hebrew youth disclaimed any superior knowledge himself, attributing his vision of the King's dream to the omnipotence of the God he worshiped, and, with the glory of his faith upon him, he gave to the King his lost dream and told of the image the King had beheld, whereof its head was of gold, its breast and arms of silver, and its thighs of brass. And he told how that each part bore some relation to the kingdom of Nebuchadnezzar. And wise were the prophecies he uttered.

"Such," finished Daniel, the vision fading from his exalted face now raised in eagerness to the God of the Heavens, and all unconscious of the deep emotion of the King, "such, O King, was thy dream."

And because of the divine knowledge so reverently manifested—because of the God-touched soul of the Hebrew youth—the King of Babylon fell down and worshiped and commanded his courtiers to offer an oblation to the young seer, sweet odors and frankincense, and commanded Daniel to ask what he would, and that wish should be granted to him.

Great was the dissatisfaction among those of the King's court when they realized the glory that had befallen the Hebrew Daniel.

"THE DAY FOR THE WORSHIP OF THE GOLDEN IMAGE HAD DAWNED"

The dissatisfaction rose to a conspiracy point when the King summoned Daniel and his three followers to his throne-room the following day, there to do them great honors. He ordered them clad in costly robes and anointed with rare ointments and bejeweled as befitted the honors he bestowed upon them. To Daniel he gave great gifts and made him ruler over the province of Babylon and chief of the governors over all the wisemen therein.

During the anointing and honoring of Daniel and his three followers, the conspirators, in an anteroom, were plotting, black hatred and a bitter jealousy in their hearts. Their faces were dark with cunning, and malignant spirits were at work, for they were plotting the downfall of the Hebrew Daniel and his three companions. They planned a golden idol to be erected in the city street, before which all the peoples of Babylon were to bow the knee in worship, for they knew how that only thru his God could Daniel be confounded.

As the Hebrew youths, splendid in their jeweled velvets, passed from the presence of the King, the conspirators entered the council-chamber and presented their scroll bearing the design of the golden image.

"Great King," they said, "in your kingdom dwell rebellious subjects who do you dishonor, in that they scoff your commands. This decree have we drawn for your protection, that those of your subjects who are loyal may be proven."

Nebuchadnezzar was troubled, for the peace of the land was dear to him, and because he was troubled he accepted the scroll bearing the golden image and read the decree aloud: "Whereas on the morrow I shall dedicate an image to be worshiped in all the kingdom: Be it decreed that whosoever fails to fall at the sound of the music and worship, those same shall be cast into the burning, fiery furnace."

"Thus it shall be proven," mused the King, and his heart failed to read the malicious intent in the minds of the conspirators. And to the scroll he affixed his name, Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon.

The day for the worship of the golden image had dawned. It was in the form of a gigantic bull's head, and it had been erected on the plain of Dura, in the province of Babylon. Before it was a throne raised for the King, and all the peoples of the streets thronged to join the worship—Princes, courtiers, governors, judges and treasurers, counsellors and sheriffs, and, in their midst, the three Hebrew lads, for Daniel was not there. As the herald gave his decree, the Jewish youths were visibly perturbed, for the proclamation issued was that, at the first blare of the dulcimer, cornet, psaltery and sackbut, all those assembled were to bow in worship of the grinning, golden idol, which seemed to shimmer with the subtle malignancy of its creators.

Then, loud and triumphant, the trumpeters gave their signal, and the King, with his courtiers, bowed to the earth. Erect in the midst of the multitude they stood, the three Hebrews, for whom there reigned one God—and great was the glory that shone in their eyes as they defied all other gods but Him. As the mass of prostrate worshipers stood erect, came the conspirators to the King and accused the Jews, saying:

"These men, O King, have been disloyal; they worship not thy gods. They alone stood erect."

The King turned on them in sorrow and said: "My decree must be obeyed, O Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego; ye, too, must yield."

"Not this, O my King," spoke Shadrach, humbly; "all services I render to my King save only this of bowing to a heathen god. There is but one God, O my King; that God is my God forever."

The multitude seethed nearer, that they might hear the Hebrew's words, and the conspirators hissed among themselves, that the wrath of the King might fall the harder.

Then Nebuchadnezzar rose up and turned a changed face upon the three Hebrews.

"Hear, then, ye heedless ones," he gave command; "since I, your King, am to be scoffed and not obeyed, the decree to which I have affixed my name shall be obeyed."

The captains of the guard surrounded the Jews, who stood calm in the face of the King's death-dealing wrath, and, as they raised their patient faces, his words fell:

"Take them to the burning, fiery furnace!"

Because the King's wrath was urgent and his courtiers bitter in their jealousy of the three Jews, the furnace was heated one more than seven times its usual heat, and the condemned captives were bound in their hosen and other garments, more ignominiously than the day they had entered Babylon, fresh from Jerusalem.

The room into which the captives were led was of prison kind. Its walls rose sheer and high, and were grated from above, and in the floor was an iron door that gave forth a faint, red glow as from some unbearable heat. This door the captains opened with long, pronged hooks, and a mighty volume of flame roared below, scarlet against the blackness of the pit, pale blue at the tips, where it reached a white heat. Into this pit of terrible death the three Hebrews were thrust, bound and girded, and they smiled as they went.

The guards shuddered, and the conspirators turned aside, for the heat from the open door singed them at a great distance, and they were filled with awe at the death gone to so unflinchingly. Then Nebuchadnezzar

THE THREE FAITHFUL JEWS IN THE PRISON YARD

spoke, and his voice was low with a mighty fear.

"Did we not cast three men into the furnace, bound and girded?" he asked.

"True, O King," responded his men.

Then Nebuchadnezzar went to the mouth of the fiery furnace, and there were four men in the pit—untouched they were; and, lo! the fourth was like unto the Son of God!

The crowds fell back, and the King ordered the wondrous host to come forth. Only the three obeyed; the fourth was left, a heavenly mission done, and the door closed behind.

"What is the meaning of this, O Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego?" asked the King, and the Hebrews smiled with a beauty not of earth.

"O, my King," they told him then, "our God was with us."

Then Nebuchadnezzar ordered that the conspirators be dragged away, and he knelt to the God of the Hebrews.

After Nebuchadnezzar came Darius in the land of Babylon, and Daniel had risen high in the power of the land. Over the Princes and over the presidents he was set, that all accounts might be rendered justly to Darius, and, because of his power, he was hated. Most especially was he hated by the Princes, for they were luxury-loving and steeped in ill-got fat of the land, and so wisely did he minister that none of the accounts of the dilettante Princes escaped him.

Since his power in the land began, and they saw that he was to deal justly, they had conspired against him, but always he had escaped their malice, and they had finally concluded that only thru the word of his God could Daniel be confounded. It was not until the most idle, the most in debt of all the shiftless Princes had been called to account publicly, that the vague plots reached a culmination, and it befell in this manner.

In a long, low chamber, opened sectionally to the heavens and intersected with columns curiously painted, Daniel sat at a long, low table, on a skin-draped chair, between

"LURED BY THE WINE AND BY THE WILES OF A WOMAN"

two secretaries. Before him were money-bags and piles of coins and scrolls of parchment closely interspersed with figures.

In the stately, patriarchal man, gravely busy over the affairs of the King he served, little trace could be found of the slender Hebrew youth who, vision-lit and faith-transformed, had told a King his dream and come, by right of his divine power, into a high place in the land. If one looked closely, however, there remained still the eyes of the rapt seer who, true to one faith, lived close to one God.

As the piles of coin were divided and subdivided, and in some cases adjudged fair, in others insufficient, Daniel gave an order to a guard, who, obeying, sought a certain street in a section of Babylon devoted to wine-sellers' booths. There, as had been supposed, sat a certain Prince of the land, ordering wine with a liberal hand. A Babylonian girl, scarce more than a child, served the Prince his wine and bartered her mouth for the coin he flung. The retinue abandoned itself to luxuriating for the day. Surely, wine was plentiful in the city of Babylon, and a Prince of Babylon—were not his money-bags fat and bursting with the luscious golden coins?

Into this atmosphere of great plenty entered Daniel's guard. The Prince laughed at the whispered order and flung his wine-cup to the floor, insolently calling for another; then he crimsoned as the guard repeated aloud:

"You are commanded to come with me to Daniel. It is his order and must be obeyed."

"Is it the King who orders me thus?" cried the Prince, the red flag of anger and wine coloring his face. "Or is it this Hebrew captive, who, ranting of his God, has been an evil soothsayer in our land—laid low our gods—and, by his spell, held even our kings in his Jewish hands?"

THE KING IS INDUCED TO SIGN THE DECREE

"It is Daniel who commands," repeated the guard, and the message carried a note of high authority wielded by this Daniel in the land of Darius.

With a curse for the race from which Daniel had sprung, the Prince abandoned the liquor-booth, and, escorted by the guard, he and his suite sought Daniel.

"I have come, O Daniel!" said the Prince, as they found the patriarch busy still with the money-bags and accounts, and for answer Daniel gave to him the report and made a gesture, expressive of his meaning, toward the money piles.

"Pay what you owe to my secretary, O Prince," was his command.

Reluctantly, and after many extortions, the Prince doled from his money-bags the money which was due and left the council-room, plotting in his mind.

That night, amid the columns of a disused banquet-hall, the Prince of the morning's encounter, with a fellow plotter by his side, met there another Prince of the land and a woman of flashy attire.

To the woman the Prince explained the plan they had formed—how that their hatred of Daniel had driven them to the writing of a decree which would mean his downfall. "For," said the Prince, "not thru greed, but only thru his God can this Daniel be humbled.

"It is your lot, therefore, O woman, to see that this decree is signed by Darius."

The woman read the decree:

Whereas, be it decreed that for thirty days all men shall pray unto the King. Whosoever prays unto any other god shall be cast into a den of lions.

Signed,

———

DANIEL APPEARS BEFORE THE KING

The woman looked dubious, but the Prince reassured her, saying:

"All my money-bags shall be at your disposal, and jewels beyond your dreams. Behold, my hatred of this Daniel is worth many times the precious stones that shall be yours."

The woman consented, and they arranged among themselves how that, at a certain banquet, the King should be cajoled into the signing of the decree thru the medium of wine and the caresses of the concubine.

Thru the city of Babylon, on all tongues, was the story of the banquet of Darius—how he had been lured by the wine and by the wiles of a woman of the flesh into the signing of a decree whereby for thirty days no prayers might be made but to the King. It was told how the woman had wooed him with soft words and scoffed his hesitations with mocking laughter, and how, in the orgy of the feast, the decree had been signed, and the King, forgetting, had abandoned himself to the revelry of the night.

And among those who heard of the decree was Daniel, and he knew, too, that it was for him this thing had been done by the Princes, who hated him for the power that he had.

It had been a custom of Daniel's to go every evening into his chamber and, at a window facing toward Jerusalem, to pray there to the God of his fathers, and, because his faith was fast, he went this night, too, which was what the Princes had been hoping. As Daniel prayed, his face alight with the ever-burning fervor of his faith, a crowd watched him from the streets, and the Princes entered his house and forced an entrance to his chamber by a door opposite the window at which he prayed.

As he felt the touch on his shoulder and saw the soldiers waiting, Daniel knew, and, with the grace of dignity born of his life, he went as he was ordered—to face the King.

At the door of the throne-room Daniel was left behind with the soldiers, and the Princes approached the King, saying:

"O our King, we have with us a person who has broken a decree which you signed and ordered that it be not changed."

"What person has broken my decree, and what manner of decree has been broken?" demanded the King, and the Princes showed the King the decree signed in the banquet-hall. When he saw the decree and his name affixed, he was displeased, for he knew that it had not been Darius who had done this thing, but a dupe of wine and of the wiles of a woman of the streets.

"Who is this person?" then demanded the King, and his face was white as they made answer:

"It is Daniel, the Hebrew, O our King."

Then Daniel entered, and the King told him how the decree had been signed, and how that his word was law in his kingdom and must be enforced.

"O my King," answered Daniel, surely, "fear not for me—my God is with me. Let it be so."

When the night of that day fell, Darius was on the house-top of his palace overlooking Babylon, and near him was the woman of the banquet-scene, singing to him and playing soft melodies on the dulcimer, but the King leaned over the parapeted wall, and the thought of Daniel lived again in his mind.

He saw the gate of the arena and the starving brutes within; he watched the keepers enter with gobbets of raw meat on long poles and torment the animals with the smell of it, only to withdraw it; he saw their red jaws yawn and heard the horrible howls.

Then he saw Daniel, the peace of God on his face, entering the arena, in prayer, and caught the echo of his words: "The God of my fathers."

He prayed for the morning, to know the fate of the man he had grown to love and to trust, and when the night waned tediously away to dawn, the King was at the arena gate.

Thru the gratings the lions were pacing with a curious, softened tread, as if some gentler spirit had calmed their savage breasts, and in their midst, sleeping as if in his chamber at home, was Daniel, unharmed and secure.

Then the King cried aloud: "O Daniel, thou servant of a living God, great is the miracle thou hast brought about in the city of Babylon."

Daniel came forth from the den of the lions, and the peace on his face passed all understanding. Then the King ordered that the Princes themselves be turned in to the lions, and, as they paused to listen, came cries that rent the air.

Then Darius turned to Daniel and fell on his neck, saying:

"Daniel, Daniel, what manner of man art thou?"

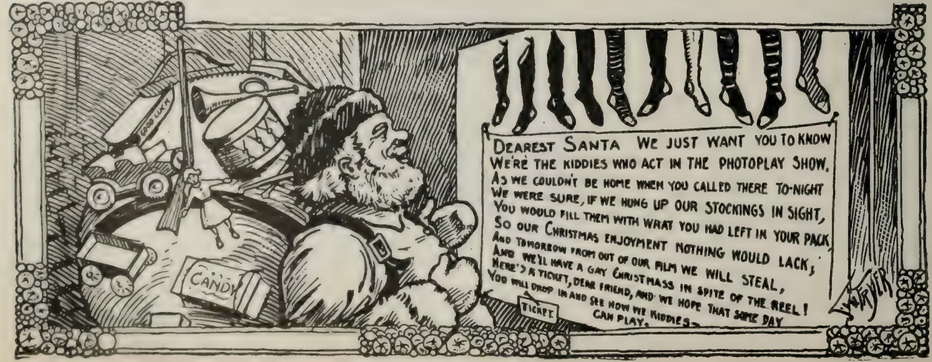
And Daniel answered him then: "O my King, my God was with me!"

OPENING THE DOOR TO THE LIONS' DEN

SANTA AT THE SHOW

BY GEORGE WILDEY

Santa Claus was abroad with his famous reindeer
And his great Christmas pack with its load of good cheer;
Many millions of chimneys he'd popped in and out,
And he'd scattered his Christmas gifts freely about.
Now, the night was far spent, and the stars had grown pale,
As he drew near the end of his snow-driven trail,
And he sighed with contentment, as onward he sped,
At the thought of his home and his warm, cozy bed.
Just a few empty stockings remained yet to fill,
So he urged on his fleeting reindeer with a will,
Till he came to a quaint little town by the road,
Where the last of his dear little children abode.
Here the jolly old fellow, without the least noise,
Scampered up and down chimneys with gimcracks and toys;
And he smiled as he thought how familiar they were—
All those homes he had visited year after year!
But his round little eyes into question marks grew
As they dwelt on a scene that was certainly new.
Every object looked strange in the shadows of night,
So he pressed a flat button and switched on the light.
In the flood of its brilliance he saw at a glance
He had come to a Picture-Play Parlor by chance!
And, great wonder of wonders, quite plain to be seen
Was a row of limp stockings, pinned fast to the screen,
With a note for himself, which he read with surprise,
While the quick tears of sympathy sprang to his eyes:
"Dearest Santa," he read, "we just want you to know
We're the kiddies who act in the photoplay show.
As we couldn't be home when you called there to-night
We were sure, if we hung up our stockings in sight,
You would fill them with what you had left in your pack,
So our Christmas enjoyment nothing would lack;
And tomorrow from out of our film we will steal,
And we'll have a gay Christmas in spite of the reel!
Here's a ticket, dear friend, and we hope that some day
You will drop in and see how we kiddies can play."
I am sure you'd have laughed could you only have seen
How he hopped on the stage and danced up to the screen,
How he filled up the stockings and piled a great stack
On the floor, until nothing was left in his pack!
Then he scrambled down nimbly and switched off the light,
And away with his reindeer he sped thru the night.
"Merry Christmas!" the Man in the Moon heard him say,
"I shall surely make use of your ticket some day."


DEAREST SANTA WE JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW
WE'RE THE KIDDIES WHO ACT IN THE PHOTOPLAY SHOW.
AS WE COULDN'T BE HOME WHEN YOU CALLED THERE TO-NIGHT
WE WERE SURE, IF WE HUNG UP OUR STOCKINGS IN SIGHT,
YOU WOULD FILL THEM WITH WHAT YOU HAD LEFT IN YOUR PACK
SO OUR CHRISTMAS ENJOYMENT NOTHING WOULD LACK;
AND TOMORROW FROM OUT OF OUR FILM WE WILL STEAL,
AND WE'LL HAVE A GAY CHRISTMASS IN SPITE OF THE REEL!
HERE'S A TICKET, DEAR FRIEND, AND WE HOPE THAT SOME DAY
YOU WILL DROP IN AND SEE HOW WE KIDDIES CAN PLAY.
TICKET
CANDY

Appreciation & Criticisms of POPULAR PLAYS and PLAYERS

BY OUR READERS

It would be more in keeping, perhaps, if the "criticisms" were omitted from our heading, and only the "appreciation" left, for, in the glowing little verses and true-blue notes that come to this department from all over and everywhere, it would be hard to find a critical word. We hope that this warm-hearted interest will always be as free, both for the sake of these very popular players and for the good will that is implied.

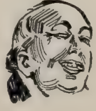
Let's start the ball rolling by glowing words for Alice Joyce from "E. P.," of Chicago, Ill.:

All the world is sad and dreary,
  Everywhere I roam,
If I cannot see sweet Alice
  Somewhere near my home.
Some call her American Beauty,
  Some call her the Kalem Queen,
I call her all these—and the fairest
  In the world of the picture screen.
She is this to me—and more,
  The meaning of all things sweet,
The winner of hearts galore—
  A legion are at her feet.

K. W. Baker, of Nacogdoches, Tex., sends us four concise little lines to John Bunny, entitled:

NO SUPERFLUOUS FLESH.

Altho he is a portly man,
  He has no flesh to lose;
If Bunny should reduce his waist,
  He'd waste his revenues!



Which is a neat bit of commercialism for Mr. Bunny.

Little May Caldwell, of Hattiesburg, Miss., avows that her one criticism of our magazine is withdrawn if we pay tribute to Mary Pickford, and we gladly comply in Miss Caldwell's own verse:

She's the dearest little girlie ever I did know,
I met her just four years ago—'twas at a photoshow;
I've searched the wide world over for one just half as sweet,
But never in my lifetime did I her equal meet.
"Little Mary," listen, I suppose it must be told,
I'm a little girl, dear, just fifteen years old;
But if I were a big man, I know what I would do—
I'd go straight to old New York, and tell my love to you.
They tell me you are married, and, tho this should be true,
I'll just keep on a-lovin', a-lovin', lovin' you.

Perhaps no words of ours are necessary to emphasize the sentiment so feelingly expressed by E. H. K., of Birmingham, Ala.:

TO MRS. MARY MAURICE.

I have seen your dear face on the screen
  Until I know its every line by heart,
I look with tender reverence on its beauty
  And hold its grandeur as a thing apart.

Your eyes hold each emotion of the soul,
  Reflecting inner shrines of love and truth,
Which fold within their strong and safe embrace
  The weak, the old, the middle-aged, and youth.

Your tender touch a blessing seems to hold,
  And oft I crave to stretch my hand to yours
That I may pluck a golden ray of sun,
  With which your heart so tenderly o'erflows.

Mr. Herbert Bender, of Carlisle, Pa., very rightly wishes fame given where it is due. We are sure all readers will agree with the sentiment—and with the verse:

Grandpa says he thinks you're fine,
Grandma says you're just her kind,
Father says you take the cake,
Mother says she thinks you're "grate,"
Brother says you cant be beat,
Sister says she thinks you're sweet,
Baby is your littlest fan—
Romaine Fielding, you're the man!

It is refreshing to hear praise of the Indian these days, and just what the praise is Mr. Billy C. Van expresses in his appreciative letter below:

While so many are voicing their admiration, silently, but with so much satisfaction, thru your MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, may I add that my hat is off to one whose portrayal of the Western Indian is the greatest I have ever seen, or, meaning the same, Mr. Frederick Church?

His work is as pleasing as it is natural, so here's good luck, Mr. Red Man, in all you portray.

Mr. John E. Sykes, of Cleveland, Ohio, sends us a string of pearls—very rare ones—and very aptly strung.

A STRING OF PEARLS.

Were I to form a string of pearls,
The richest you have seen—
The pearls to be of human kind
From off the picture screen—
I'd hardly know where to begin,
So many are so fair,
But Alice Joyce and Edith Storey
Would certainly be there.

Gene Gauntier, Mary Pickford,
And Florence Turner, too;
Lillian Walker, Ormi Hawley,
And, Florence Lawrence, you;
Ruth Roland, Norma Talmadge,
And dozens more as well,
Mary Fuller, Anna Nilsson,
And some I will not tell.

"But what about the men?" you ask,
"Will they have part in it?"
If they're the men I think they are,
They will not care a bit.
But just to show I can be kind,
Tho this may make you gasp,
We'll take them all—not missing one—
And they shall form the clasp!

Mr. John Tapley, of Jackson, Miss., dreams a very lovely dream-fancy in his lines:

TO MISS RUTH ROLAND.

The writer's pen is incomplete,
Words sink to a faint gleam,
To place this tribute at your feet,
Fair lady of the screen.

Your eyes are luminous orbs that beam
More tender than a Southern June,
Like mystic lakes that ever dream
Before the huge, electric moon.

Your lips are like the peach's blush,
And innocent as driven snow,
Soft and tender is thy flush
In the picture glow.

May your years be as sunny days,
Bright skies that are ever blue;
My dream is on you to gaze,
A dream that must sure come true.

From F. M. H. come the letters of Maurice Costello's name twined into acrostic form:

M any stars rise, and many stars fall, but
A lways there's one who is loved by us all!
U nder the spell of his acting we gaze,
R egarding the screen whenever he plays.
I n drama—in comedy—none hard for him,
C ostello is always dead certain to win,
E ndowed with such talents—such manners—such looks,

C omparable only to heroes in books.
O f all other players we know he is best,
S ought by all the film fans before all the rest.
T he favorite of all, regardless of parts,
E nthroned is Costello in all of our hearts.
L et's join in the chorus, that he may be seen
L ong years yet to come
O n the photoplay screen.

From Mr. George G. Herche, Jr., comes the idea for a team of girls in competition to the "Beauts," given in our October magazine. Mr. Herche calls his team "The Daisies," and would like to see a series played between the two teams. What do you think of it for next season's World Series?

THE DAISIES.

Ruth Roland	Catcher
Isabelle Lamon	Pitcher
Gwendoline Pates	Short Stop
Anna Nilsson	First Base
Blanche Sweet	Second Base
Ethel Clayton	Third Base
Pearl White	Left Field
Myrtle Stedman	Center Field
Lillian Logan	Right Field

M. A. Buell, of Oglethorpe W., Savannah, Ga., submits this clever drawing of Clara Kimball Young, which is a tribute without the need of words.

It's worth playing an Indian princess when one reads these tributary lines to little Mona Darkfeather:

My darling Princess Mona,
  My heart is in a whirl;
I love to watch your acting,
  You pretty little girl.

Why, Marlowe is forgotten,
  And you have won the day;
You're great—and with the Movies
  I hope you'll always stay.

But when I pay a nickel
  To see your smiling face,
You kiss the picture hero,
  And let him take my place!

You're better than Maude Adams,
  And Leslie Carter, too;
They cannot hold a candle
  To any one like you.

And if Belasco chances
  To hear you're all the rage,
He'll make you a big offer
  To go upon the stage.

A graceful tribute to Edwin Carewe is sent by Miss Katherine Lee, of Bristol, Conn.:

Seated one day at the Movies, I was as sleepy as could be,
Until a Lubin film came on, and he appeared to me.
His face is strong and manly—his acting is divine,
And yet no one has written him a pretty little rhyme!
His splendid work remains unsung, just why I cannot see;
That he remains unnoticed is a mystery to me.
No one has raved about his eyes, his teeth, his nose, his hair—
He is the nicest one of all, yet no one seems to care!
Why some one does not sing of him does really worry me;
He's tall and straight with manly grace, is natural as can be.
His eyes? What are their color? My favorite ones are blue—
I wish, dear Mr. Editor, we'd have an interview.
I wonder what his voice is like—it must be low and deep—
I wonder such a lot of things that I can hardly sleep.
So let them rave—I'll stick to him, from now until the end,
And wish him health and happiness, my unsung picture friend.

Mr. W. T. Godbold, of Tuscaloosa, Ala., is not a fair-weather admirer of Henry Walthall. He demonstrates his unswerving admiration as follows:

TO HENRY WALTHALL.

Henry, old top, how are you, sir?
You're looking quite fit, I see;
Saw you last night at the "Diamond,"
Kissing a girl publicly.

Some one should take you to task, sir,
For only on last Sunday night
You flirted in church with a maiden,
And seemed to think it all right.

As a flirt you are a past master,
You've got the skirts going for fair—
You've married at least half a dozen,
And the rest are all up in the air.

I do not know why it is, Henry,
But no matter what crime you commit,
Be it bigamy, arson, or murder,
We like you the better for it.

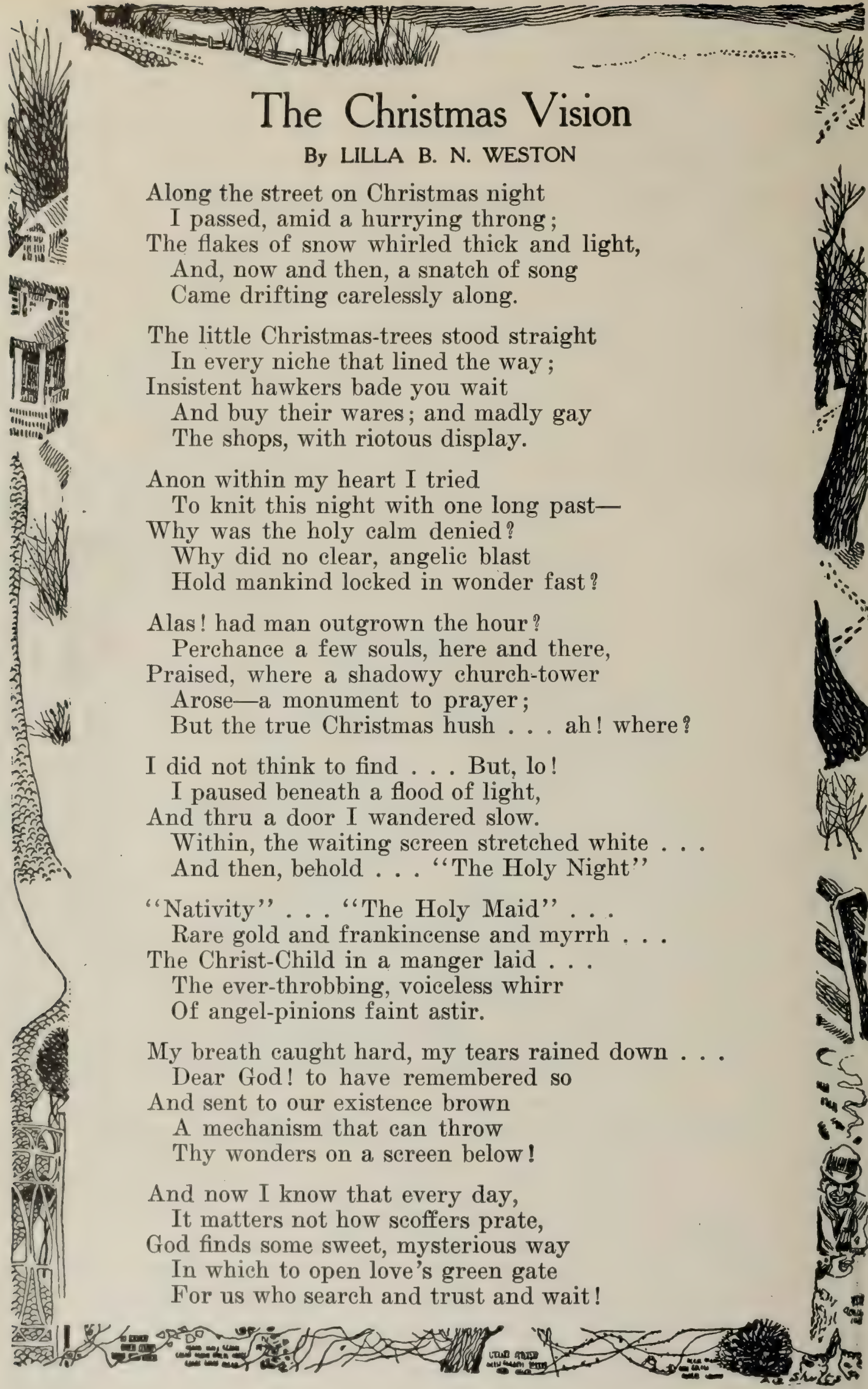
Your friends are all anxious about you,
And your recklessness cannot condone;
Yet it was a sad jolt to us, Henry,
When you blew out your brains at the 'phone.

Here's to you, old pal, you're a wonder,
Here's hoping we some day may meet,
Here's to a life full of sunshine—
And here's to your partner, Blanche Sweet.

A couple of verses from this clever double toast were regretfully omitted because of length.

Pittsburg admires Guy Coombs as follows, from "S. M. D.":

Of all the faces I have viewed upon the picture screen,
There is one which more appeals to me than any I have seen.
His acting is the finished style—of course, it pleases me;
His face is manly; eyes so blue—I wish that they might see
The hundreds who enjoy his work; no matter what he's in,
His splendid face seems to reveal the good there is within.
There are many who are good, you know, but above all others looms
The stately figure, perfect grace, the manly man, Guy Coombs.



The Christmas Vision

By LILLA B. N. WESTON

Along the street on Christmas night
  I passed, amid a hurrying throng;
The flakes of snow whirled thick and light,
  And, now and then, a snatch of song
  Came drifting carelessly along.

The little Christmas-trees stood straight
  In every niche that lined the way;
Insistent hawkers bade you wait
  And buy their wares; and madly gay
  The shops, with riotous display.

Anon within my heart I tried
  To knit this night with one long past—
Why was the holy calm denied?
  Why did no clear, angelic blast
  Hold mankind locked in wonder fast?

Alas! had man outgrown the hour?
  Perchance a few souls, here and there,
Praised, where a shadowy church-tower
  Arose—a monument to prayer;
  But the true Christmas hush . . . ah! where?

I did not think to find . . . But, lo!
  I paused beneath a flood of light,
And thru a door I wandered slow.
  Within, the waiting screen stretched white . . .
  And then, behold . . . "The Holy Night"

"Nativity" . . . "The Holy Maid" . . .
  Rare gold and frankincense and myrrh . . .
The Christ-Child in a manger laid . . .
  The ever-throbbing, voiceless whirr
  Of angel-pinions faint astir.

My breath caught hard, my tears rained down . . .
  Dear God! to have remembered so
And sent to our existence brown
  A mechanism that can throw
  Thy wonders on a screen below!

And now I know that every day,
  It matters not how scoffers prate,
God finds some sweet, mysterious way
  In which to open love's green gate
  For us who search and trust and wait!

MARGUERITE CLAYTON, OF THE ESSANAY COMPANY

The sun shone hot, and the breeze blew from an oven, and my spirits and my collar wilted with simultaneous discouragement. This sounds rather like the beginning of some horrible experience with its scene laid in the East in August. But it isn't. On the contrary, it was in California that all this happened, and only thirty miles from the chill Pacific, at that. Thirty miles of that sort, however, represent in summer the difference between seventy-five and one hundred degrees in a truthful thermometer. But I'm not writing an interview with California, but in California, so that is really neither here nor there. To begin again:

Casting my perspiration-blinded eyes around in the hope of seeing some object that would suggest that all was not as it felt, imagine my relief at beholding a spectacle that Providence, on such a day, could only have devised for good people like interviewers and parsons. Under the leafy shade of a cherry tree, toying restfully with a Japanese fan, sat a girlish figure in white. A book lay neglected on her lap, and her hair in the sunlight was a sight for the gods to rejoice over, and a lasting, eloquent rebuke to those fair damsels who seek to assist Nature with a dismal row of glass-stoppered bottles on their Princess dressers.

For, believe me, Marguerite Clayton is natural from the sole of her dainty foot to the sun-inhabited crown of her pretty head. The only unnatural thing about her (for an actress) was the fact that she really didn't want to be interviewed.

"Very well," I soothed, "I will merely chat you."

"What's that?" she inquired, and I explained it was a soothing, delightful process invented by the founders of The Motion Picture Story Magazine that did everybody good and created a deal of pleasure, particularly on a hot day. At that she was reconciled and chatted with the best of them.

There never was any one more in earnest than Miss Clayton. There never was any one that had more excuse for a swelled head and absolutely no symptom suggesting it. She is young; she is beautiful—I dont have to tell you people, who've seen her in the Western Essanay pictures, playing, for the most part, with G. M. Anderson, that—she is almost inexperienced, and yet as a Motion Picture actress she is not only a huge success, but there is no telling what a splendid future she has in this wonder-field of action. It was delightful to hear her talk, and to see how wrapped up she was in her work, and how she meant it when she said that she realized that good looks were quite a lot, but didn't of themselves make a first-water Motion Picture player.

"I've been in the pictures only three or four months," she confessed candidly.

"Nobody would ever believe it to watch your work," I said; and, upon my word, it's true, for had I not seen her in rehearsal but yesterday and marveled at the utter forgetfulness she exhibited of her surroundings and the intense absorption she displayed in the part she was enacting at the moment? Dont let anybody run away with the idea from all this that any girl with a nice face and a plump figure—not fat, oh! dear me, no—can be a good actress in three months. It requires brains, and lots of them, besides constant hard work. This isn't copybook platitude; it's fact. Miss Clayton has the brains, and hard work never had a more ardent companion than she.

"Yes," she went on, "my folks are in Utah, and my father is a retired mining engineer, and none of them was ever connected with the stage in any form."

"They conserved all their ability," I ventured, "and awaited you before releasing it."

"I've no history whatever," she resumed—("You are too young for that," I murmured)—"but you can say, if you want to, that I was educated in a convent, and one day answered an ad. of Mr. Anderson's for a girl to play small parts. That's why I'm here. I live in a cottage at Niles, and I never go to town, and I never want to."

"What do you do with yourself?" I inquired—Niles is by no means exciting.

"Work," said Miss Clayton, laconically, but none the less eloquently. "I intend to keep on working until I am at the top. If I could always be sure of as good a teacher as Mr. Anderson is, I am sure I'd have no doubts of getting there."

"Have you any decided opinions?" I asked.

"Only that it's awfully hot," she said. A. A. P.

J. W. JOHNSTON, OF THE ECLAIR COMPANY

Given six feet and one hundred and eighty-five pounds of muscle and movement, dark hair worn à la genius, in a careless pompadour, romantic dark-blue eyes and a deep man-size voice, and the ensemble is one J. W. Johnston, of the Eclair Company, better known as "Jack," an Apollo according to the ladies, a fine motion actor and a very vital personality.

"There's a reason" for the twinkle in Mr. Johnston's voice, for he was born in Killkee, County Clare, Ireland, and his subsequent New York education did not erase the original Irish wit of him. Whist, darlin', but 'tis the thrue Irish gift o' gab he has, to be sure!

An interview is too frequently a sort of ordeal, the patient wearing a resigned, dentist-chair expression of patient pain while the operator extracts the facts with a forceps. Not so this one. Five minutes with this cheery and breezy young man in his pleasant study on Fifty-seventh Street informed me that he is a Democrat, and more, a Bryan-brand Democrat, thirty-four years old and unmarried (women's magazines please copy), likes Kipling, Omar Khayyam, Poe, Dickens—*and* Browning—certainly a most omnivorous literary appetite—writes scenarios himself and doesn't believe in woman suffrage, the saints presarve him from harm!

I cautiously introduced the matter of his work, but he did not wince nor shy from the subject in the skittish manner of many performers.

"In an evil moment," confessed Mr. Johnston, reminiscently, "I discovered that a sombrero was becoming to my general style of expression. Since then I have done sombrero parts almost exclusively. I was on the regular stage with the Frohman company in 'The Squaw Man,' in which play I wore chaps and a sombrero. Shifting to the 'movies,' I was given the cowboy heavy in 'Sing Lee and the Bad Man,' still sombrero. I have played about fifty parts in my two years of Motion Picture work, and most of them have been played beneath that article of headgear. Now, personally, I believe that I should do a derby proud. I might even carry off a top hat. But no, I cant break away from the deadly sombrero, do what I may."

Mr. Johnston has the healthy ambition that goes with a firm jaw and a dogged chin. "Life is only worth the living," said he, and the morris-chair fairly groaned with the force that he put into the words, "when a man has ambition and a definite aim in view. I have no little, predigested, breakfast-food theories of life. I dont dabble in spiritualism nor mess around in philosophy—it's bad for the liver. A good swim, a ten-mile tramp, a tussle with weeds in a cornfield, a whacking big auto to manage—things like that are better for a man's mind—provided, of course, that he has one—than too much guesswork about 'Whys' and 'Whithers,' begging old Omar's pardon, to be sure. Clean living, good health, a job of work to be done, and done as well as it is in you to do it—this makes life worth living in this world, and the next one, too. If a man doesn't work with his body, his muscles, his strength, he's dead long before he stops living!"

A good working basis for life, to be sure! And our friend "Jack" lives up to his lights bravely.

When he works, he works hard—four or five hours of steady rehearsing and studying a day, on horseback, in a boat. When he plays, he goes hunting big game in the Northwest, quite like a Rex Beach hero or a Remington sketch. And I have no doubt that he wears a sombrero and chaps on such occasions. For, after all, there is no manner of doubt that he is becoming to a sombrero.

It is a pleasure to quote once more.

"I like THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE," he said, with satisfactory emphasis. "The stories are splendid, and you are doing a great work for photodrama."

◆

ANITA STUART, OF THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY

HAVE you seen "Wood Violet," or "The Lost Millionaire"? Then you remember that charming young lady who played the simple little wild-flower of the backwoods, because you simply could not forget her. Everybody I know who saw her in those plays wants to see her again. There was something so entrancing and captivating about this unassuming maid in those plays that it won her many admirers. I have seen her in stronger parts, too, and in "dressed-up parts," and so, when I was assigned the duty of hunting up Anita Stuart and getting a chat with her, I entered upon the quest with unusual zeal and interest, for it struck me that here was something more than a shooting-star that flits brilliantly across the sky for a second and then disappears forever; that here was a star destined, perhaps, to outshine many others and to gain a permanent place among the stars of the first magnitude in the photoplay firmament.

I found her sitting in a hammock on the porch of her brother-in-law's pretty bungalow at Brightwaters, Bayshore, L. I., and recognized her at once. Her sister, Mrs. Ralph Ince, met me as I walked up the steps and bade me welcome.

"Interview? Gracious! Ann doesn't know how to be interviewed," laughed the pretty sister when I told her my mission. "She's only a child, you know, but here she comes, and you can see what you can do with her. Take my advice, tho, and dont tell what you are about. My sister, Miss Stuart, Mr. Tattler."

"Very pleased," said the young photoplayer, as she came forward and held out her hand, smilingly.

"The pleasure is all mine," I assured her. "Yes, thanks, I *will* sit for a few moments. So you are a photoplayer, your sister tells me. Do you like it?"

"Oh, yes, immensely," she replied, as we all were comfortably seated. "I have never been on the stage and dont think I would like that, but I do like the pictures so much. I have been at it for only about a year—started just after leaving Erasmus High School in Brooklyn."

"That so!" I said, indifferently, for I saw a fine, painless interview coming, without any effort on my part. So I let her just wander on.

"I like 'Wood Violet' as well as anything, I guess," she went on, "altho I sometimes think that I was not quite bad in 'The Prince of Evil' and in 'The Web.' No, I cant say I like comedy, but I do like 'Why I Am Here,' and, do you know, I actually laughed when I saw myself in it. Dont you think Mary Pickford a darling? Carlyle Blackwell is a fine player, isn't he? I liked 'Cinderella' awfully well; didn't you? No, I'm not so old as that—why, I'm only eighteen, born February 17, 1895. Parents both Americans. I dont write much and dont get much time to read. I adore Dickens and love Browning when I understand, but, you know, it's so deep. Ambitious? Yes, I suppose you would call me ambitious, because I have two all-absorbing motives—one is to become a great photoplayer some day, and another is to feel that I have done some good in the world. It must be an awful feeling when you die to think that you haven't made the world a little better for having lived in it and that you might just as well never have been born. Oh, I love the woods, the meadows, the fields, the water, the sea—all outdoor sports are so tempting that I fear I get selfish at times and think only of my own pleasures. Ralph is so good to me—I owe him everything. He helps me wonderfully. Yes, I like to be criticized—even as much as I like to be praised. How can one improve if people dont tell you the bad as well as the good? Why, of course I read THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE—every word of it; everybody does, dont they? I think I like the Answer Man's Department best. Dear, no, I'm not interested in politics and dont want to vote. Home life is the great thing in this world. My mother is everything to me, and I love to look after her wants. Yes, I love music, and I took lessons for a long time. I sing and play some. I've played in about thirty photoplays, I think. And I always think I might have done a little better, but you never can tell. Oh, there comes Ralph in his new car. I love motoring; dont you? Can you tell me why they dont have revivals of old photoplays? Seems so funny that all those beautiful plays we saw a year or two ago are not shown again. I think the theaters ought to show all their pictures for two or three days, instead of changing every day; dont you? Hello, Ralph!"

The pretty little lady waved her hand to Ralph Ince, in his Overland. She stood up, and I got a good look at her. She is about five feet four and a half, weighs about 122, has medium dark hair, dark brown eyes, is very gracefully built and is full of vivacity.

"Is life worth living?" I offered, as a parting shot.

"'Deed it is!" she said, emphatically. "What would we do without it?" And then she laughed and laughed, and we all laughed. In fact, all the time she talked she smiled and laughed frequently, showing a sunshiny disposition, free from care, and bubbling over with the buoyancy of youth. Then she skipped away to the garage to see if she could help with the car, and I'll wager anything that she doesn't know to this day that I was an interviewer man and that she had been interviewed.

THE TATTLER.

* * *

MY MAIL: CONFIDENCES BY ARTHUR V. JOHNSON

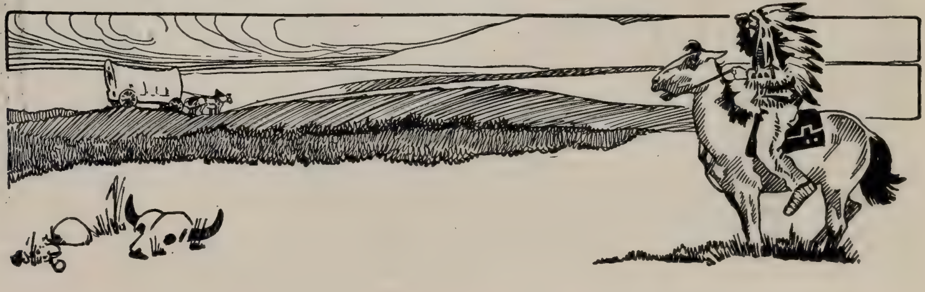
"A CARD of collar-buttons, three knitted tobacco-pouches, a cherry pie, a pair of braces, a bull pup, a deed to a tract of land and a turtle are some of the articles I have found in my mail," was Arthur V. Johnson's astonishing reply to an inquiry the other day, "and what is more, I personally wrote a letter of thanks to the sender of each!" The interviewer's blank expression must have carried with it a whole paragraph of exclamations, for the lanky Lubin magnet, known among reporters as a hard subject, didn't wait for a verbal question. "Of course I did," he went on, "and do you want to know why?" A hasty assent, and this followed: "Because back of every one of those gifts was a power which neither I nor any one else can consistently ignore—the force of good-will." For an instant the tall star looked very earnest. "Each friend was sending me the tangible result of a thought for my good. Not one of the people I had ever heard from before, yet their good-will made them all my good friends. I might have ignored their gifts and withheld acknowledgment, but in so doing I would have weakened the very force that was sent to benefit me, besides being grossly discourteous to people with the best of motives." I began to catch a glimpse of an unsuspected side of Mr. Johnson's character. Outside his dressing-room there was the usual activity of the busy Lubin studio, but my host was in no mood, apparently, to be disturbed. He quietly closed the door.

"You see, the donor of the collar-buttons, after seeing me in a succession of vagabond rôles, probably thought that I needed something to hold me together, and the maker of the tobacco-pouches knew that my pipe and I are frequently seen together, and instinctively guessed that the third member of the trio—My Lady Nicotine—can never be found when we plan a session, simply because my tobacco-pouch is forever among the missing. Therefore, the dear old lady in England sent me three. The cherry pie brought its message from a well-wisher who assumed that my boyhood, spent in the West, must guarantee an especial weakness for the national delicacy. The friend who sent me the braces accompanied them with a plea, 'not to stoop so!'—sure proof of a genuine desire to correct my bad habit." While Mr. Johnson was consulted by his aide in regard to a disputed question in costuming, I made a mental note that the motive behind the turtle had *not* been accounted for. The assistant's difficulty disposed of with his customary decision, Mr. Johnson took up the thread of his conversation.

"Where were we? Just passed the braces, I think."

"'You need a real home, and so we thought that if you would accept the enclosed deed, you might be induced to build later on and become a neighbor of the members of the ——— Club,' so ran the letter bringing the real estate. There's no more rigid test than that of being a convenient neighbor, yet these people were willing to take the risk—sublime faith, if it ever existed." Mr. Johnson flashed a glance of good-humored irony at the last phrase. Pointing to a photograph of a sturdy brindle bull, he said: "What better companion can a man have than a dog? The faithfulness of such a pal has been sung for ages. My friend in Kentucky knew that he was sending me a chum who might do honor to a king, and Flickers is a prince of the blood." Mr. Johnson explained that the dog was out in the country, and that he hoped to use him in a picture shortly. "So, you see, these were not merely presents sent unthinkingly by people who happened to know me on the screen; at least, I do not regard them as such. I choose to make them of greater significance, and I dont believe I have exaggerated the value of the pie and the braces and all the rest. There have been floods of letters, many of them not lacking in originality, but you ask me for the most unusual grist from my mill, and you have it." Then followed the usual thanks for the time taken from the star's more pressing duties, but Mr. Johnson impetuously silenced his interviewer.

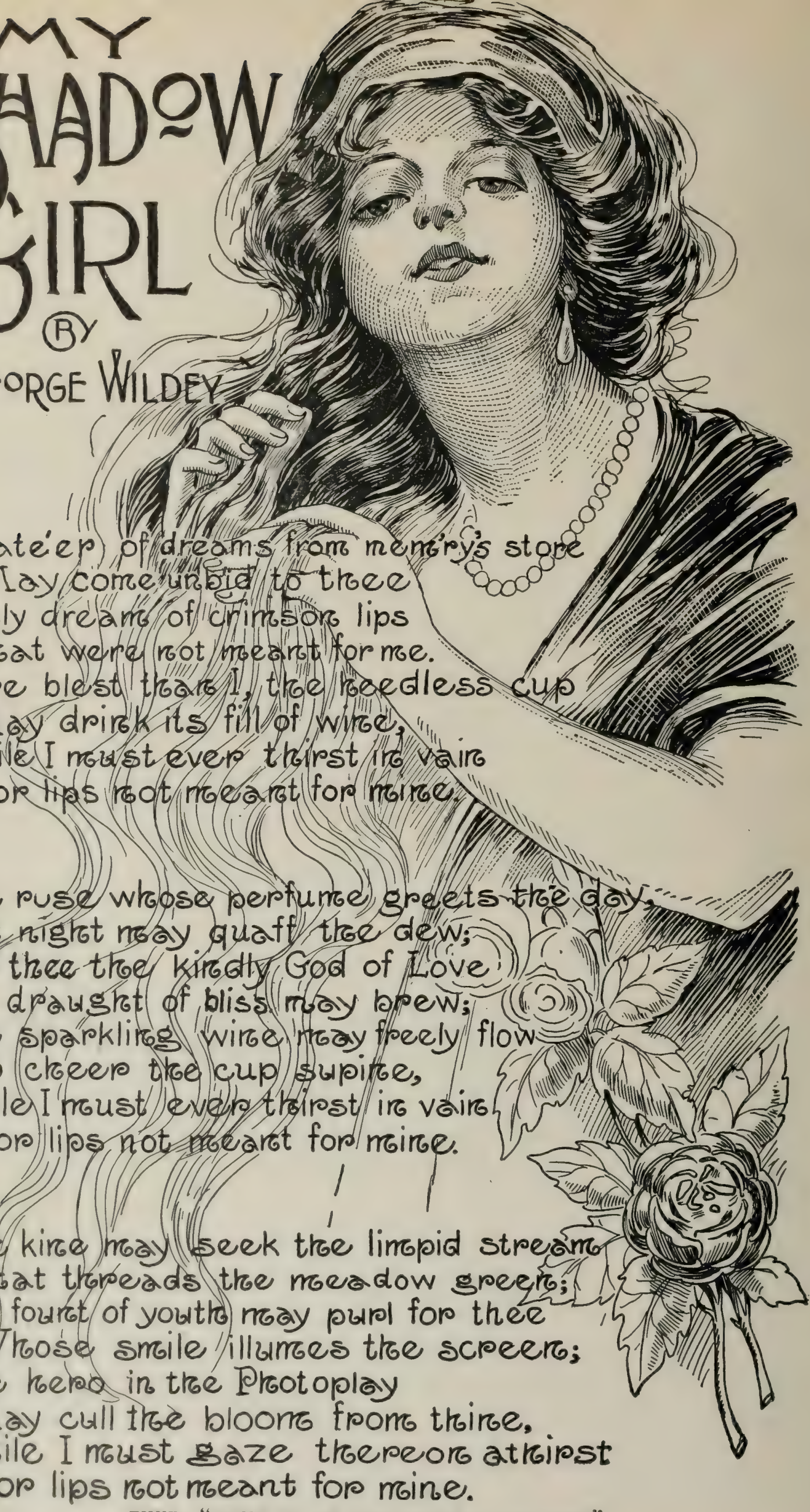
"Oh! dont thank me for this stuff," he laughed; "I doubt very much if it passes muster. Why, I haven't said a word about my favorite breakfast-food, nor invented any blood-curdling escapes from death while acting before the camera, nor even mentioned my ten thousand dollar French car, nor hinted at the shower of offers which have (not) come to me to organize a photoplay company of my own, nor spoken of any of those topics that Bridget and Bedelia love to read about." The long star stretched himself wearily. "This hasn't been an interview; it's just an accident." At the door I turned and meekly asked a question: "But what about that turtle, Mr. Johnson?" The Mansfield of the Movies broke into laughter such as his admirers would delight to hear. In it there was his unfailing, compelling sense of humor, which he runs in and out of his conversation, much as a weaver would at a loom. "Oh! the turtle—I've never been able to discover the motive for that gift, try as I might. I daresay it was like what I've said today—merely an accident!" N. L.



MY SHADOW GIRL

BY

GEORGE WILDEY

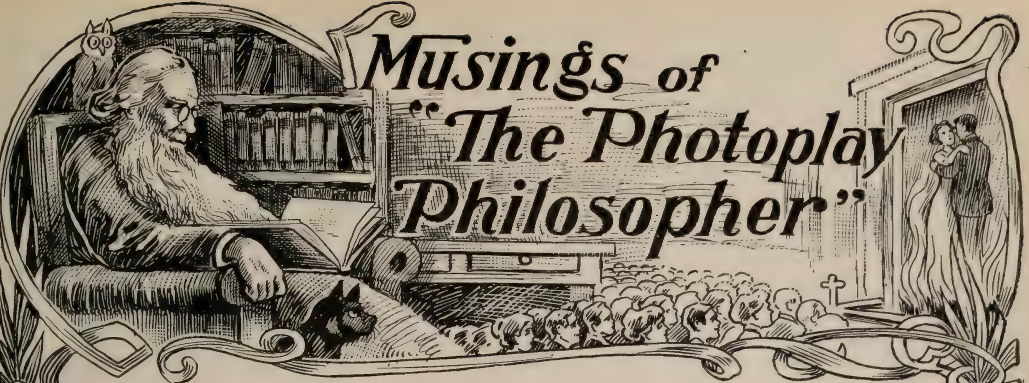


Whate'er of dreams from mem'ry's store
  May come unbid to thee
I only dream of crimson lips
  That were not meant for me.
More blest than I, the heedless cup
  May drink its fill of wine,
While I must ever thirst in vain
  For lips not meant for mine.

The ruse whose perfume greets the day,
  At night may quaff the dew;
For thee the kindly God of Love
  A draught of bliss may brew;
The sparkling wine may freely flow
  To cheer the cup supine,
While I must ever thirst in vain
  For lips not meant for mine.

The kine may seek the limpid stream
  That threads the meadow green;
The fount of youth may purl for thee
  Whose smile illumes the screen;
The hero in the Photoplay
  May cull the bloom from thine,
While I must gaze thereon athirst
  For lips not meant for mine.

TUNE: "DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES"



Musings of "The Photoplay Philosopher"

A GROWING abuse of photoplay deportment is the tendency of many in the audience to bring their family troubles with them and to discuss them so loudly and liberally that those sitting in front or behind them are, as it were, dragged into the discussion. Our ears may be unwilling to hear about Mamie's new beau or Jimmie's raise in salary or Mrs. Flinders' dainty habit of leaving the garbage-can on the dumbwaiter, but what can our suffering orifices do? For me, in the dramatic and gripping part of a play, the strident discussion near-by of dress-goods or of a neighbor's shortcomings throws me completely out of tune. It might offend some people to read a theater placard to this effect: "Keep your troubles at home—we dont want them here," but it would be salutary and silencing in the end.

* * *

One of the earliest editorials of this magazine was on the topic, "Raise the Standard," and from that time to this we have steadily advocated that policy. Those who remember the average quality of the pictures three years ago will see a vast difference in the pictures of today. Not only have the pictures improved to a marvelous degree in that short time, but the theaters and the general conditions have also improved, and are still improving. The growth of the Motion Picture industry in every branch has been slow and sure, and the future seems bright and rosy. Let us all get together and insist, ever, that they still Raise the Standard, for there is still lots of room for improvement.

* * *

The serious representation of physical defects on the screen should not be a cause for mirth in the audience. Yet however much our sense of humor may differ one from another, a part such as Monsieur Mastripietri assumes in "Quo Vadis?" that of Chilo, the crippled and palsied Greek slave, is no laughing matter, except for those that take a pleasure in seeing pain or deformity. In my many *silent* sittings before this screen masterpiece, I have noticed that several in the audience always guffaw at the efforts of the cripple—it is not until his wonderful acting has finally gripped them that the seriousness of the rôle silences this minority with an unfortunate sense of humor.

* * *

The word *Movies* as applied to Motion Pictures, like many other illegitimate and objectionable words, will not down. The people seem to think it "cute" and expressive, and the newspapers insist on it as a terse, popular substitute for the longer term. Language is formed in this way, and it seems probable that *Movies* will some day be found in the dictionaries as a correct English word having its origin in slang.

MUSINGS OF THE PHOTOPLAY PHILOSOPHER

Leonard Keene Hirshberg, A.M., M.A., M.D., of Johns Hopkins University, sends me the following interesting and learned item:

"Doctor J. Commandon, of Paris, observing that the bacteriologists are fiddling around and fishing for new facts about the ultra-microscopic domain of living things that are beyond the realms of all visible things, has begun to experiment with the world of ultra-microscopic by means of the Moving Picture machine.

"He has triumphantly reproduced, with all the details of their lightning-like motion, not only the most ultra-minute organisms that have been recently identified by Professor Simon Flexner and worked with by Professor Paul Ehrlich, but he has unearthed many never before identified or suspected by the greatest of ultra-microscopic bacteriologists.

"The ultra-microscope, which was devised about eight years ago by Doctors Zsigmondy and Siedentoff, permits many molecular movements, quite invisible under the most powerful microscope, to be plainly seen. Instead of illuminating these particles from underneath, as with the microscope, they project a powerful beam of light sidewise upon the object. Thus each particle becomes, like the stars of heaven, its own beacon light.

"Doctor Commandon has utilized this plan with his Moving Picture machine to such good purpose that French scientists are now trying to name, number and identify the multitude of unlabeled, 'extraordinarily ultra' microscopic objects thus discovered.

"Indeed, he has made Moving Pictures of molecules, atoms and electrons with ease. Their motions are being analyzed, tabulated and dissected, and a myriad of new mathematical and physical laws are expected to result."

* * *

Those who are complaining that Motion Pictures are not true to life, that they exaggerate the news of life by emphasizing the sensational, and that thrilling things happen only on rare occasions and not every day, should be reminded of the old saying that truth is stranger than fiction. We have grown so accustomed to the sensational that it makes no impression now. Contemporary history is full of thrills, heart-throbs and blood-curdling events. Take the history of any one day—yesterday, for example—and see what happened. In today's paper (New York *World,* September 29th) I find the following items, all on one page—the front page:

"Ma's Big Little Boy Is Auntie's Prisoner. He Is Accused of Blackening Relative's Eye."

"Osborne, Convict, Will Occupy Cell to Study Reforms."

"Two Policemen, Defending Girls on L Trains, Stabbed. Women Flee. Men Help Hold Prisoner. Last Rites for Officer on Station Platform."

"Bride and Sister in Auto Chase Run into Police Net."

"So Eager to Study, He Robbed Store. Boy from Cleveland Arrested."

"They Took Poison Tablets; Then Won the Game."

"Drunken Negroes Kill Eight; Then They Are Lynched. Sheriff and Two Other Whites Among Those Slain by Two Brothers Crazed by Whisky and Cocaine and Barricaded in Cottonseed House. Nine Whites and Sixteen Negroes Are Wounded."

"For Beating Wife, $15. Beating Husband, $3."

"Yale Man Falls Two Stories."

"Racing Hydroplane Sinks."

"Tickled, He Cuts Off Feather on Her Hat."

"Let $100 Run Away."

MUSINGS OF THE PHOTOPLAY PHILOSOPHER

The new book on "The Baconian Heresy," by John M. Robertson, is doubly welcome, for it is not only a valuable treatise by a Shakespearian scholar, but it purports to be, and probably is, the "last word" on the theory of the Baconian origin of the Shakespearian plays. If Lord Bacon wrote all that his different admirers have ascribed to him, he was indeed a marvel, for Ignatius Donnelly says that Bacon wrote not only all the Shakespearian plays, but also Montaigne's philosophical essays; Sir During-Lawrence ascribes Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" to Bacon; R. M. Theobald affirms that Bacon was the real author of Marlowe; Parker Woodward declares that Bacon wrote Nashe; and other writers have, from time to time, assigned the greater part of the literature of the Elizabethan period to Bacon. But now comes Robertson with a book that ought to go far toward setting at rest the absurd theory that the Shakespearian plays were written by anybody else but Shakespeare himself. It is unpleasant to have one's idol shattered, even if it is only a childhood idol like Santa Claus or Jack the Giant Killer, or that more recent shattering of William Tell by John Fiske; but when it comes to destroying the greatest literary idol of all ages, William Shakespeare—well, let us be glad that it is not shattered, and that Shakespeare still lives.

⁂

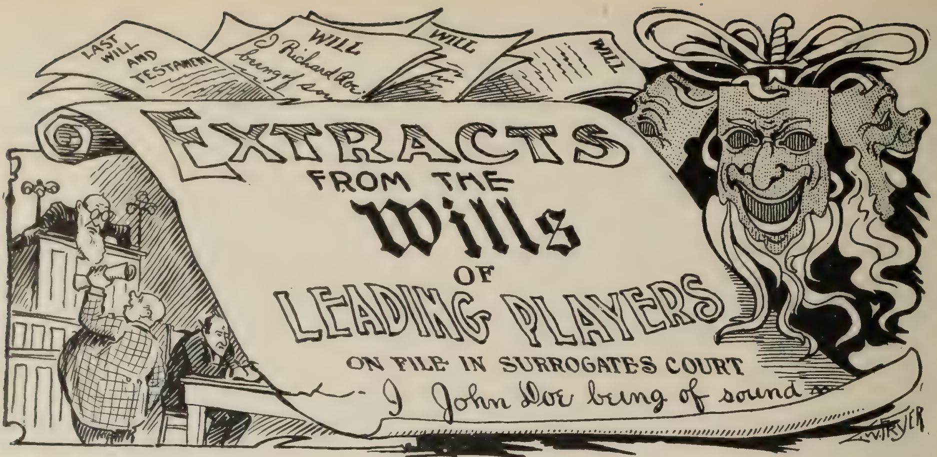
It is difficult to understand why we do not have an era of revival of some of the fine old films of a year or two ago. Nearly everybody seems to favor it, yet nobody seems willing to start it. One difficulty is that there are far more old films that should not be revived than those that should be revived, and the selection of the latter is a task that should be placed in unusually competent and discreet hands, which are not easy to find. Many of the manufacturers would, of course, welcome an opportunity to foist upon the public some of their old works that never did pay, and, if the matter were left to them, the public might be doubly disgusted. The public themselves should in some way be consulted, and the public should have full say in the matter.

⁂

This magazine would very much like to know how the Motion Picture public feels on several important questions, and with that end in view the editors have decided to ask all readers of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE to volunteer their services. We request that answers to the following questions be put on postal cards and mailed to us as soon as possible:

1. Do you prefer multiple reels to single-reel films?
2. Do you think that there are enough educational films shown?
3. Do you favor the present plan of changing pictures every day at a theater?
4. Do you favor an era of revival, in which the best of the old, popular films would be shown again? 5. Do you like stories from the classics?
6. Do you like dramas? 7. Do you like comedies?
8. Do you like "Westerns"? 9. Do you like war pictures?
10. What kind of pictures do you like best (educational, drama, war, Western, or comedy)?
11. Do you think all pictures should be officially censored?
12. Do you think it would be safe to leave the censoring to the public?
13. Do you make your wants and likes and dislikes known to the managers of the theaters you attend?

(In sending in your answers, do not repeat questions; just put down the numbers and "Yes" or "No" opposite them. If you wish to make any additional comments, please do so on a separate card or paper. From time to time we shall publish the results. Kindly lose no time in sending in your answers. Address all communications to "Statistics Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.")


LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT
WILL
I Richard Roe being of sou
WILL
WILL
I John Doe being of sound

EXTRACTS FROM THE Wills OF LEADING PLAYERS
ON FILE IN SURROGATES COURT

THIS is a new department of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, and our readers are invited to make it their own by contributing to it, from time to time, as the spirit, or their sense of humor, moves. It goes without saying that the players themselves will take it in good part and will realize that this department is not intended to emphasize their peculiarities and idiosyncrasies, but to afford innocent amusement for their many admirers. Communications intended for this department should be addressed to "Wills Department, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y."

1. I, Lillian Walker, feeling that my last hour has *came*, do herewith solemnly bequeath to Maurice Costello my bewitching dimples, feeling that a few more added to his supply will add muchly to his looks.

2. I, Carlyle Blackwell, do leave to my devoted friend, Arthur Johnson, a few inches of my height, and also recommend him to a good carpenter, who would be willing to elevate the roof of his house at a very reasonable rate.

3. I, Brinsley Shaw, do herewith leave to my side-partner, Gilbert Anderson, my firm and manly jaw, and also a few dozen of my firearms, feeling that they will prove of use to him in his business.

4. I, Arthur Johnson, do leave to my faithful crony, Earle Williams, a bottle of my hair-oil, hoping that he will have as much success skinning his hair back as I have had.

5. I, Roger Lytton, leave to Jack Richardson my ability as a neat and nifty villain, hoping that it will help him in his pleasant little tasks.

6. I, John Bunny, fearing by his steadily decreasing flesh that my poor friend, Hughie Mack, is in poor health, do herewith leave him a few hundred pounds of my own flesh, hoping that it will improve his looks.

7. I, Crane Wilbur, herewith leave to my little friend, J. Warren Kerrigan, my bewitching ways with the girls and my good looks. May he have luck with both.

8. I, Alkali Ike, herewith leave to my friend, Fred Mace, my enormous height and my ability to make anything laugh, hoping that he will shed a tear for me when he uses them.

9. I, King Baggot, after due and deliberate consideration, have decided to leave to Harry Myers my presidential seat at the Screen Club, as a result of his gentle and modest suggestion in a recent interview.

10. I, Francis Bushman, leave herewith to my friend, Hobart Bosworth, my shaggy crop of bonny blond locks, feeling that his own are growing a bit thin.

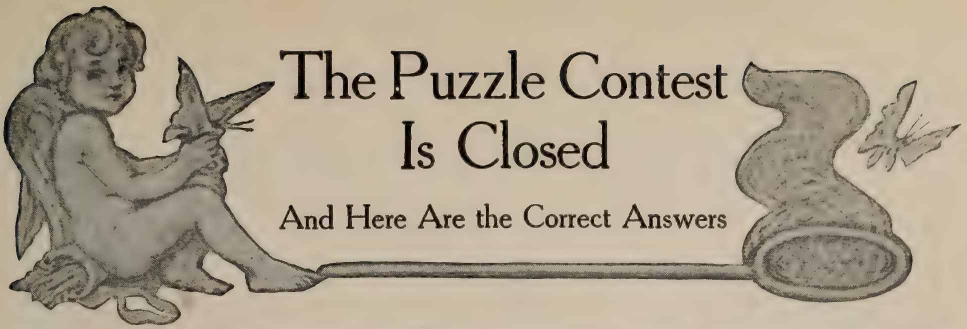
11. I, Guy Coombs, herewith leave my extreme bravery in minutes of great peril to Jack Clarke, hoping that in time he will learn to face a cannon as bravely as I.

12. I, Romaine Fielding, herewith leave my extraordinary ability to write, act in, and boss the whole concern, to Gilbert Anderson, as I understand that that gentleman entertains modest desires in that line.

13. I, Ralph Ince, leave my talent in playing Lincoln to Alkali Ike, feeling that he will make an able successor to myself.

14. I, Marc MacDermott, leave my ability to wring tears from the eyes of a sawhorse to Mrs. Mary Maurice, feeling that she will appreciate the kindly gift.

15. I, Flora Finch, do herewith transfer the affections of John Bunny to Kate Price, hoping that she will take as good care of him as I have done.



The Puzzle Contest Is Closed

And Here Are the Correct Answers

On page 116 of our October issue there appeared a puzzle, consisting of forty-nine sentences, the contestants being required to spell out the names of as many Motion Picture companies and players as possible. The contest closed on October 20th, and it was hoped that we could announce the winners in the present issue, but, since we received over 12,000 answers, some of which were beautiful enough for any art collection and some almost perfect in other respects, the judges find it necessary to spend another week or two before making the awards. The original sentences are here repeated, the answers appearing in capitals:

1. COME To the garden, Maud, where the flowers aRE All in bloom.
2. AcROSS the BAY, NEar the house, a GALE was blowing o'er the SNOWy sea.
3. I place no RELIANCE on the mediCINE Sent to the patient.
4. The REPUBLICan Party is all its name IMPlies.
5. "It's your TURN ERic," she cried. "You're the YOUNGest."
6. These appleS ELI Grant raised on his farm.
7. Give the suit-CASE KEYS TO NEllie.
8. FrED IS ON the police force now, and winning a reputation.
9. There is need foR EXcellent policemen, the present ones are SO LAX.
10. "You aRE IDiotic," she cried, groWING WILDER and FULLER of hatred.
11. Miss LuLU BINns received a few callers yesterday evening.
12. The handsome ITALIAn let the girl have a MONOPOLy of his attention.
13. Franklin's AutoBIOGRAPHy is an AMERICAN classic.
14. Up the steep PATH, Every day, he toiled, and his game BAG GOT heavier every trip.
15. The NaTHAN HOUSE Rates are REAsonabLE Enough for a large city.
16. "Is this, SaM, A JEST?" I Cried. 17. The address is AuBUN, N. Y.
18. Mr. AlEC LIPSE answered the BELL immediately.
19. RoME LIES east of this country, on her seven hills.
20. The angels sing of JOY CElestial, as they tell the old, old story.
21. We live and LEARN, and THE BY-ways of knowledge are ours.
22. I made some nut fudge, and PoP ATE Some.
23. She gave a terrible soB; I, SON of Luther, heard her.
24. The omniBUS Halted. 25. IN CEcilia'S HEArt throbbed a new joy.
26. She eloped with GeorGE Montmorency.
27. The FEDERALs were VICTORious in the war.
28. The edition de LUXe, of the popular plAYERS, is a prize worth having.
29. The Czar used his POWER So well that he was conqueror AT LASt.
30. The baby birds must be in the NEST, OR on the tree.
31. LataKA LEMons are the best in the market.
32. Shipwrecked, they were forced to spend ChristMAS ON the lonely island.
33. He was a gREAt WALKER, and found MOOR Ever full of interest.
34. Out on the FRONTIER, he daily rode on his BRONCHO.
35. "Hurry, Ned, a huge frOG. LEt's catch him."
36. This is Joe's place; this, JOHN'S. ON the other side is RAY's.
37. "And who wouldn't CRY, STALled in the mud, miles from home?"
38. The mother hen goes into her COOP ERe darkness falls.
39. They saw a shark's FIN CHasing thru the brine toward corRO LAND.
40. Clinging to the daVIT, A GRAPHic account he gave, of storm and stress.
41. His suit he continued to prESS. A NAY was all the maiden would give.
42. "Oh, Helen," cried Amy, "you look GRAND IN blue velvet."
43. She says he is BLACK. WELL, a man's a man for a' that.
44. From the limeSTONE HOUSE I saw the red AUGUST sun setting in the WEST.
45. We were pursued into the BUSH. MAN after man fell.
46. In poker, four queens is a HAND WORTH holding.
47. In CASE You lose your present job, I'll introduce you to my BOSS.
48. Thru FIELD and LANE he pursued her flying feet.
49. I went to the STORE Yesterday.

An Observation From The Screen

By ANDREW JOSEPH Sodich

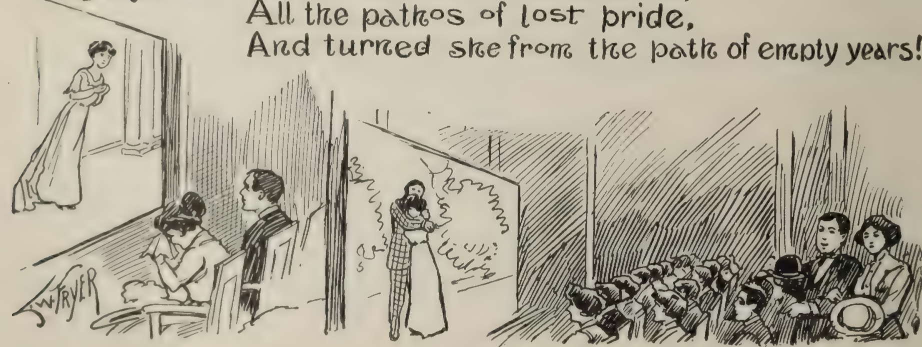
I know that I am lifeless
Tho I move upon the screen,
But grant me observation and I'll tell
You just a little story
Of an Incident I've seen
While in the role - but you know it full well.

'Twas in the role of Nellie,
Who was starting the wrong way
That leads to naught but sorrow and regret,
But now 'twas oh so gaudy,
Yes very, very gay—
You see I had not travelled far as yet.

While at my film's beginning,
I caught a young girl's glance,
Seated 'mongst the other gazing throng.
She watched me so intently!
I then saw she was entranced.
Perhaps, I thought, she, too, is starting wrong.

And when the scene developed,
Where I spurned my lover true,
For one more handsome and of wealth possessed,
The girl's eyes told the story,
That my scene was not quite new,
But fresh upon her mind it seemed impressed.

But when I reached the crisis,
The turning of the tide,
Her eyes that sparkled were now dim with tears;
Before her rose the lesson,
All the pathos of lost pride,
And turned she from the path of empty years!



Education and Moving Pictures

By WILLIAM LORD WRIGHT

Teachers' institutes in the West are adopting the motto: "To make the best better." This is doubtless in recognition of the fact that there is considerable complacency extant regarding education; so much so, indeed, that anything that is called education is calculated to awaken praise. This is why the system of education in many localities, according to authorities, is not improving any. Teachers in public schools of the West are interested in Moving Pictures, and they are taken up with the idea that even if the system of education employed nowadays is perfect, they propose to make it more so. They propose to drop all appearance of vanity and to take a higher position with the aid of Cinematography.

Not only are the instructors in public schools of the West installing Moving Picture class-rooms, but Buffalo, N. Y., recently tried an experiment in behalf of more interest in school hygiene. Moving Pictures were used to show public-school conditions. The original feature in connection with the exhibit was the use of what might be called positive instead of negative subjects. In the Buffalo films tuberculous children were not shown, but, on the contrary, rosy children who once had been threatened. Pictures were shown of girls in out-of-door sports, of boys ripping up the universe in healthy exercise, sunlight, flowers, fresh air, good food, ventilation, proper seating —all were shown in the affirmative sense, emphasizing the good, rather than denouncing the bad.

The experiment, tried in Buffalo, N. Y., has spread rapidly. The idea is to make the constructive take root in popular imagination. It is said that, as a result of this plan, there is an appreciable increase in public interest in school hygiene. It has been indicated in several ways. Parents in communities where pictures have been shown are making inquiries as to conditions in the schools to which their children are sent, and they ask about the sunlight, the fresh air, the seating, etc. This is an indication of advanced education by means of Moving Pictures; it is evidence of a newer and more vital interest. It "makes the best better."

And there is also no reason why Moving Picture machines should not be utilized to teach the Sunday-school lessons. This modern educational method is being followed in several Chicago churches. Many films illustrating Bible stories and scenes in foreign lands are shown. Other films portray life in the city slums and awaken the church people to a sense of their social duty. The Sunday-school system of education is still another system that might be thus improved upon. With the keen interest that everywhere exists in mission activities, it would seem to be a great thing if scenes in the foreign mission fields, in every part of the world, could be reproduced in the churches back home. It would be not only informing and vitally interesting to the people of the churches, but it could be made the means of a more earnest appeal for funds. People of all classes and of all stages of mental development like to see the pictures, but there is need of more diversity. We must have more of travel and history and Scripture and literature and art. Pictures of a more serious nature, pictures of worth and character, are sure to come into their own sooner or later, and the signs of the times augur that the time is nigh. The teachers' institutes of the West have finally been attracted to the picture screen, and the motto: "To make the best better" will soon be customary.

ROMAINE FIELDING

O'NEILL

DILLON

BAGGOT
AS "IVANHOE"

THE — MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

LOTTIE BRISCOE

BROWER

PANZER

WILBUR

ALICE JOYCE

LAUGH, GOL DURN YE, LAUGH!
BY GOSH HE'S FUNNY!
HIRSCHBAUM

BRENNAN

BIGELOW COOPER

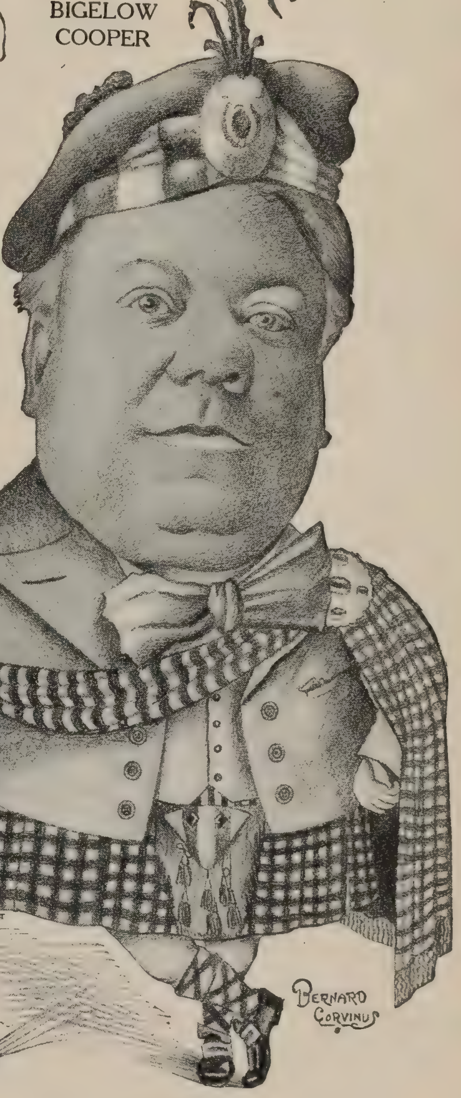
FUNNY KING BUNNY OF THE COMEDY

AT MARDI GRAS

STEPPLING

YALE BOSS

BILLY QUIRK



BUNNY

GREENROOM JOTTINGS

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

ROSEMARY THEBY, who became famous as a Vitagrapher, has left Reliance and joined the Lubin Company, to play opposite Harry Myers.

Fickle Carlyle Blackwell has a new leading lady—Louise Glaum, formerly a Patheplayer and late of the Broncho Company.

The stage has, at last, reclaimed Billy Quirk.

Edwin August has just made a spectacular military drama for the Bison 101 Company.

The Famous Players Company have engaged that very popular stage player, Jack Barrymore.

The gold prize for the best story in this issue goes to the author of "The Pay-as-You-Enter Man"; the second prize to the author of "Our New Minister."

Tom Moore, Alice Joyce and company are at Jacksonville, Fla., for the winter.

Ned Finley invited our staff to a grand barbecue given by his section of the Vitagraph Company, at Bat Cave, N. C., on October 22d. Thanks and regrets. But if Mr. Finley will get up one nearer home——

Brinsley Shaw and Darwin Karr have joined the Vitagraph Company.

Walter Belasco, brother of David, has been engaged by the Broncho and Kay-Bee companies as a character actor.

While at Bat Cave, N. C., recently, Edith Storey attempted to trail and capture two escaped negro convicts. Her rifle was loaded for big game, but Ned Finley discovered her and took her back to camp.

Mack Sennett, managing director of the Keystone Company, is training twenty little boys and girls for some "kid" comedies.

It is well that water is cheap in Jacksonville. Mae Hotely's company used over 40,000 gallons of it in a picture in which a pipe was supposed to burst and flood a house.

Observed of all observers at the World's Baseball Series was John Bunny, and he attracted as much attention as even "Matty."

Charming Anna Nilsson has returned from Canada to become a Kalem Sherlock Holmes.

Sidney Rosenfeld, the playwright, is the latest to turn out some successful photoplays, among them "The Heart of the Rose" (Reliance).

Jane Fearnley has left the Imp Company to become a Vitagrapher.

Francis X. Bushman apologizes for neglecting his many correspondents lately, but promises to do better soon. Besides, he promises an autographed photo. Isn't that fine?

In "In the Shadows," Gene Gauntier had to let a sculptor take a plaster cast of her face, which resulted in the loss of some of her cuticle when the mask was removed.

Lillian Wiggins, assisted by twenty other Pathé players, is to have a farm studio at St. Augustine, Fla.

Pretty Billie West and clever Albert Hale are now with the Western Majestic Company.

A number of people are asking for a new kind of contest to ascertain the Prettiest Player, the Artisticist Artist, Comicalest Comedian, etc., regardless of popularity. Perhaps! Why not?

Earle Williams and Edith Storey are in Boston, doing some big scenes for the Vitagraph Company.

The Kalem Company have profited by the success of Harry Millarde in "The Vampire," and have cast him for a strong part in another drama.

Louise Huff is the latest acquisition to Edgar Jones' Lubin Company. Miss Huff was formerly with the Edison and Famous Players companies.

The Essanay Company have captured the real, live Buffalo Bill (William F. Cody), who will live over his daring feats and Indian battles, before a camera.

Gene Gauntier's "Eye of the Government" is about done, and has been done in many places, including Ireland, England, New York and mid-ocean.

When you see "The Foreman's Treachery," taken on the Cornish Coast, and note Marc MacDermott nimbly leaping from cliff to cliff like a mountain goat, with terra firma a thousand feet beneath, you will be just as well satisfied that you are not a photoplayer.

Harold MacGrath, the writer, is doing some "Adventures of Kathlyn" for Kathlyn Williams.

Two masterpieces yet remain to be done: Mary Pickford in "Cinderella," and the Answer Man in "Old Father Time"—youth and old age!

Bessie Eyton (Selig) has just been released from the hospital in Los Angeles, and Mary Charleson (Vitagraph) has just recovered from an attack of jaundice, which was anything but becoming to such a pretty person.

Should you see "The Fickle Freak" and find something faintly familiar about the bearded lady and the fair and fat Circassian Beauty, simply think of those funny Kalem laugh-creators, and you will get their identities. Yes, that's it—Ruth Roland and John E. Brennan.

Dorothy Kelly, who has been on the sick list for the last month, suffering with nervous prostration, is still absent. She has gone South to recuperate for a few weeks, when she will return to the studio to resume her place among the players.

Irene Hunt is the author of her latest masterpiece, "The Other Woman" (Reliance).

The Mutual and the Universal companies are both releasing J. Warren Kerrigan films these days, so everybody ought to be satisfied. You will see Mr. Kerrigan as the Passer-by on page 74 of this issue—a clever story, by the way.

Gilbert M. Anderson is said to be the wealthiest player in Motion Pictures.

John Drew, famous stage favorite, will play a reel or two for the Kinemacolor Company.

Kathlyn Williams is probably the first actress to write, direct and play a photoplay—"A Leopard's Foundling"—which suggests "Beauty and the Beast."

Watch out for "Alkali Ike and the Wild Man" (sounds interesting, doesn't it?) and "Sophie's Hero," for Augustus Carney has been strenuously Alkali Iking in his usual classical manner, lately.

Helen Holmes plays the telegraph clicker like a professional in "The Runaway Freight" (Kalem), and that is because she has adopted telegraphy as a hobby.

One of the saddest events in the life of Mary Fuller is the realization that her little, pet pig is growing up. Its name is Wilfred—isn't it touching?

Vivian Rich (American) has received a box 2 feet by 3 feet in size, containing twenty pounds of chocolate bonbons, from an unknown Los Angeles admirer, who is bound to see that the pretty young lady is well fed.

Fresh from the vaudeville stage comes pretty Clara Dale to join the Chicago Essanay Company.

To see Sidney Drew on the street, or even in the Vitagraph studio, you would never take him for the clever comedian that he is. He is serious, dignified and sedate, but before the camera—well, you understand.

Jack Richardson (American), being an ugly villain in reel life and a handsome gentleman in real life, may yet be known as the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde of the screen.

If you want each particular hair to stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine (apologies to William Shakespeare), see Henry E. Dixey in "Chelsea 7750." It doesn't give you time to catch your breath.

One of America's greatest enemies of the automobile has been Robert Brower (Edison), but now he, too, has one. On the back of it he has a sign, "Dynamite!" to prevent others from running into him.

Lillian Walker went up in a flying-boat with Wally Van in an elopement scene, in a picture of many thrilling situations. Before they succeeded in getting married, they took flight in a motor-boat, a steam-yacht, a sail-boat and, incidentally, indulged in a long swim before they reached the parson's. John Bunny, who took the part of Lillian's father, had a startling accident in a pursuing aeroplane, when he fell into the water, thirty feet below. Then the tide rose.

A big and spectacular "Joan of Arc" is coming to this country, care of the Eclair Company, with Marie Jacobini in the title rôle.

Mary Charleson appears to be Maurice Costello's permanent leading woman, and a fine couple they make.

Myrtle Gonzalez (Western Vitagraph), whose beautiful picture appears in our Gallery this month, insists that her name shall end with a z and not with an s, and we, naturally, fear the dire consequences of our error.

Charles Clary has returned to the Selig Company after a long absence.

E. H. Calvert is now directing, as well as playing leads in Essanay dramas, "An Apron String" being his first.

Mrs. Alice Washburn (Edison) was shocked, but she should have been pleased, recently, when, as she was playing a character part on the street, an English tourist remarked: "Well, that's the first intoxicated woman I've seen in America."

Sidney Ayers has joined the American Company.

New York theaters are waking up. The Herald Square Theater now shows five "first-run" pictures every day.

Wallace Reid is now directing and playing leads for the Nestor Company.

Joe Welch, who became famous on the stage as a Hebrew impersonator, is the latest "Warner Feature."

Among Beverly Bayne's many admirers is a one-legged man who volunteers to surrender his other leg, if necessary, to prove his devotion.

"Broncho Billy" has enlarged his sphere of usefulness, and he now "Gets a Square Deal" in two reels.

Mary Fuller says that she does not object to sending a photo to an admirer once in a while, but she does object to sending locks of her hair. Luckily, "Baldy" Edward O'Connor, of the same company, does not receive such requests!

Fred Mace's idea is to build a subway, connecting the Screen Club, in New York, with the Photoplayers' Club, in California. The plan meets with our approval, so let the good work go on.

Winnifred Greenwood is now playing opposite Edward Coxen in American plays, and you will see them to advantage in "The Trail of the Lost Chord," in this issue.

In "The Diver," the Vitagraph Company features the champion woman swimmer and acrobatic diver of the world plunging into the Niagara, with her clothes on, to rescue a child from drowning. Where was Rodman Law?

Mrs. Fiske and Lily Langtry are the latest of the Famous Players of the screen.

William Brunton (Kalem) is the proud owner of two fine bloodhounds, his boon companions.

Funny Happenings at the Movies

By GEO. M. RITTELMEYER

Some funny things happen occasionally in the Moving Picture shows, and smiles that appear upon the faces of the audience are not always caused by things that take place upon the screen.

Not long ago, in a picture show in Mississippi, a stout woman came in and wedged herself in a seat next to a slender young man. For a time both seemed to be extremely interested in the pictures. Then, suddenly, the woman discovered that one of her shoe-laces was undone. After a struggle she bent over and finally succeeded in bringing both the laces together. A few minutes later the man got up to go out. As he started down the aisle he felt something pull his foot, and he went sprawling to the floor. The woman gave vent to a loud exclamation. The audience turned from the picture on the screen to witness the real catastrophe. The woman had knotted her shoe-lace with his, and it was several minutes before the pair became untangled and untied. It is needless to say that both were very much embarrassed by the awkward situation.

At another theater a very dignified-looking gentleman purchased a ticket and walked in and took a seat. He was evidently suffering with a cold, as he used his handkerchief frequently. A serious picture was flickering over the screen, and the audience was watching it intently. Suddenly a loud sneeze sounded thruout the house, and immediately all eyes were directed upon the party who uttered it. The party gave vent to a sneeze even louder than the preceding one, and the crowd burst into laughter. The picture was temporarily forgotten. "Dont blow us away!" yelled a voice from the other end of the house. The unfortunate gentleman got up very indignantly and left when this remark reached his ears.

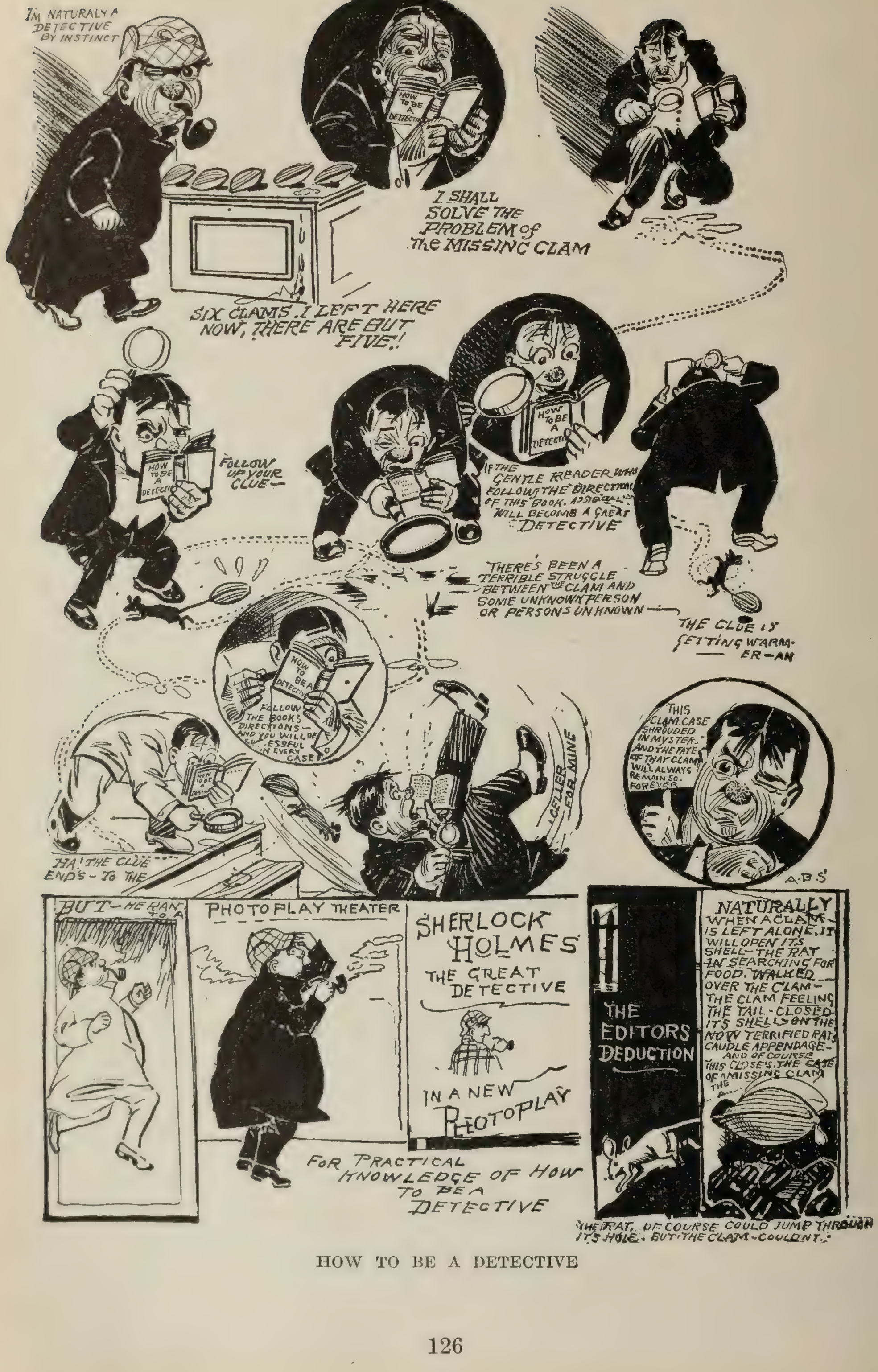
On another occasion it was whispered to the manager of a certain picture theater in New York that a well-known citizen was waiting on the outside of the theater with a gun in his hand, to intercept his wife, who was supposed to be in the place with another man. He realized that a tragedy might occur, and he took steps to prevent it by announcing the facts to the audience. His concluding remarks were as follows: "I will now darken the theater, and if there are any married women in this show who are not the property of their escorts, I will give them an opportunity to go out thru the back entrance without being seen." The lights were turned out, and immediately there were heard sounds of people getting up in several directions. When the lights were turned on again it was discovered that five couples had sneaked out. They may all have been perfectly innocent, but nobody wanted to take any chances.

A newly married couple started into a picture show one night recently, and the husband told his wife to move up toward the entrance while he purchased the tickets. She did so and fell in with the crowd that was surging in. Her husband soon joined her, and then became separated in some way, but she was not aware of the fact. She grabbed hold of the arm of the man nearest her when she entered the theater, which was dark, and clung to him tightly. "Isn't it dark in here, dear?" she said. Just about that time the lights were turned on suddenly, and when the wife looked up and saw that she was with a total stranger she nearly swooned.

One of the most amusing and at the same time one of the most tiresome things that happens at a picture show, is to hear some one behind you telling some one else about the pictures. What they dont know about Moving Pictures is not worth telling. They talk continually about the players on the screen, what will likely happen in the next scene, and finally you become so bored and disgusted that you feel like turning around and asking them to remain silent for a few minutes.

Two farmers were watching a thrilling Western picture with mouths wide open. It was evidently their first trip to the movies. They became very much excited as different events happened upon the screen. Suddenly an Indian crept up behind the hero with a knife in his hand. "Look!" exclaimed one of them, hoarsely, clutching the other by the arm. "Are we going to sit here and see that fellow killed before our own eyes?" "No, sir-ee!" exclaimed the other one, rising up out of his chair. He was saved from going to the rescue, however, by a party of settlers coming upon the scene, who appeared just in the nick of time to prevent the hero from being killed. The farmers were greatly relieved, and showed their approval by clapping their hands loudly, much to the amusement of the audience.

No matter how deeply interested the audience may be in the picture, the most trivial happening is likely to divert their attention. A very pathetic picture was being shown on the screen, and the feminine part of the audience was almost in tears. Suddenly a man who had gone to sleep snored very loudly, and the pathos quickly changed to laughter.


I'M NATURALY A DETECTIVE BY INSTINCT
SIX CLAMS. I LEFT HERE NOW, THERE ARE BUT FIVE!
HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE
I SHALL SOLVE THE PROBLEM of the MISSING CLAM
HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE
FOLLOW UP YOUR CLUE—
HOW TO BE A DETECT
IF THE GENTLE READER WHO FOLLOWS THE DIRECTIONS OF THIS BOOK. ASSIDUALLY WILL BECOMB A GREAT DETECTIVE
THERE'S BEEN A TERRIBLE STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE CLAM AND SOME UNKNOWN PERSON OR PERSONS UNKNOWN
THE CLUE IS GETTING WARMER—AN
HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE
FOLLOW THE BOOKS DIRECTIONS— AND YOU WILL BE SUCCESSFUL IN EVERY CASE
HOW TO BE A DETE
HA! THE CLUE END'S—TO THE
CELLER FOR MINE
THIS CLAM. CASE SHROUDED IN MYSTERY AND THE FATE OF THAT CLAM WILL ALWAYS REMAIN SO. FOREVER
A.B.S.
BUT—HE RAN TO A
PHOTOPLAY THEATER
SHERLOCK HOLMES THE GREAT DETECTIVE IN A NEW PHOTOPLAY
FOR PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE OF HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE
THE EDITORS DEDUCTION
NATURALLY WHEN A CLAM IS LEFT ALONE, IT WILL OPEN ITS SHELL—THE RAT IN SEARCHING FOR FOOD. WALKED OVER THE CLAM— THE CLAM FEELING THE TAIL—CLOSED ITS SHELL ON THE NOW TERRIFIED RATS CAUDLE APPENDAGE— AND OF COURSE THIS CLOSE'S THE CASE OF THE MISSING CLAM
THE RAT. OF COURSE COULD JUMP THROUGH ITS HOLE. BUT THE CLAM—COULDNT.

HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE

ANSWER DEPARTMENT

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire early answers by mail, or a list of the names and addresses of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and use separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer, but these will not be printed. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

Daisy M. P.—Frederick Church was one of the bandits in "Broncho Billy and the Western Girls" (Essanay). Joseph Baker was Bob in "O'Hara as a Guardian Angel" (Vitagraph). Thomas Commerford was the elderly man in "The Divided House."

Elfrieda.—Louise Vale and George Morgan had the leads in "The Promoter" (Pilot). Yes; Romaine Fielding's parents are English and French and Spanish and Italian, but he was born in Corsica. What is he?

Helen L. R.—Henry Otto was the Crow in "The Flight of the Crow" (Selig). Charles Stine was Mr. Stine in "Making Good" (Essanay). Pathé wouldn't tell the brother. Your letters are always interesting.

Dolly J. C.—That was Barney Oldfield himself. Ford Sterling was the villain in "Barney Oldfield's Race for a Life" (Keystone). Mrs. Lawrence Marston was the wife in "A Crêpe Bonnet" (Thanhouser).

Anthony.—You never forget that V. Thanks. (*Sotto voce*: coin, not paper.) Harriet Notter was Ethel in "The Broken Vase" (Selig). Alfred Bracci and Miss Nina Menichelli played in "By Unseen Hands" (Cines). Walter Miller and Mae Marsh in "The Reformers" (Biograph). The Biographers are going to California again.

Sunny.—Helen Holmes was the girl, and Tom Forman was Harold in "Baffled, Not Beaten" (Kalem). John Ince and Jennie Nelson in "The Exile" (Lubin). Leah Baird was chatted in September, 1912. I'll have to know the name of the plays.

Dorothy D.—I keep all the pictures I receive. Have quite a collection. Comedies sell best. They are even making two-reel comedies now.

Ruth P.—Anna Nilsson and Marian Cooper in "Shenandoah" (Kalem). I will put that in the surest corner of my memory; my dome is quite large, as you have observed.

M. E. W., Texas.—Harry Myers was the man in "The Price Demanded" (Lubin). Tom Forman in that Kalem. Blanche Sweet in that Biograph. Jean Darnell is with Thanhouser. Mary Pickford has recovered; she was in the hospital one month.

S. C. H.—Ernest C. Jay was the rival in "For the Man She Saved" (Thanhouser). He was formerly of Eclair, now with Majestic. The word "Cossack" means *robber*, and their name was given to them by the Turks.

Helen Y.—Ruth Hennessy was the girl in "The Pathway of Years" (Essanay). No, you cannot copyright a title. You may name your photoplay "Everywoman," if you like, altho the speaking drama by that name is copyrighted, but your photoplay must not resemble it in any other particular.

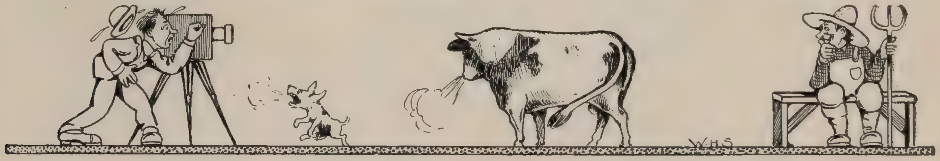
Alibi A.—Hazel Buckham was the girl in "A War-time Mother's Sacrifice" (Broncho). Billie West and Robert Grey in "She Will Never Know" (American). Yes, I knew Socrates very well; he and I used to play marbles together.

Vyrgynya.—Only the people in the office know me; I have no other friends. I stay in my cage most of the time. William Russell was the sweetheart in "A Beautiful Ocean" (Thanhouser). Francelia Billington was the girl in "Pajama Parade." Thanks.

Miss Baltimore.—Dorothy Gish was the girl in "Those Little Flowers" (Biograph). Wallace Kerrigan is now manager of a Universal ranch. No; E. W. Sargent does not conduct a school—at least, he does not call it a school. He is a sort of scenario doctor, however, and advertises to correct and criticise photoplays.

J. R. B.—We have never used Jane Fearnley's picture. Will chat King Baggot soon. Fritzi Brunnette in "The Foolishness of Oliver" (Victor).

Please, Alliance.—But who are you? Those are the facts, quite true.



Edith and May.—Joseph Belmont was the father, and Chester Barnett was the sweetheart in "What Papa Got" (Crystal). Irene Wallace was the girl in "The Heart of a Jewess" (Victor). She is playing in the same company with Florence Lawrence.

Short Hills.—Elmer Booth was the husband in "Gold and Glitter" (Biograph). Eagle Eye was the Chinaman in "A Dangerous Foe" (Biograph). Marion Swayne in "A Fight for Millions" (Blache).

Florence M.—Eclair does not tell us about "The Girl from Maxim's."

Elmer B.—Myrtle Stedman was Belle in "The Stolen Moccasins" (Selig). Claire McDowell was Galora in "The Vengeance of Galora" (Biograph). Estelle Allen is now leading woman in Kay-Bee.

Peg o' My Heart.—Romaine Fielding and Mary Ryan in "The Accusing Hand" (Selig). Thomas Carrigan and Margaret Prussing in "The Coast of Chance" (Selig). Dorothy Kilgour was Madame Milo in "No Sweets" (Vitagraph).

A. W., Milwaukee.—Yes; Pauline Bush in that American. Louise Glaum was leading woman, and Charles Ray the leading man in "The Quakeress" (Broncho). Anna Little was Hope, and Charles Ray was Nathan in "The House of Bondage."

Johnnie, the First.—Henry Otto was the Crow in "The Flight of the Crow." Charles Mailes and Jennie Lee in "The Reformers."

Emmesty.—Keystone never answer our questions. Mary Pickford in "An Unwelcome Guest" (Biograph). Thanks for the joke. It may be printed later.

B., 131 C.—Lillian Gish in "An Indian's Loyalty" (Biograph). That was the office-boy. Lottie Briscoe in that Lubin. Thanks for the suggestion. It may be done.

Lloyd S.—Muriel Ostriche was second. Burt King was Burt in that Lubin. George Larkin is now with Kalem. He has played with Edison, Pathé and Eclair. He says dancing, and to be smartly dressed, are his principal hobbies.

Vyrgynya.—How do you pronounce it? You ask: "Is the Answer Man tall or slender, or short and stout? That he is very handsome, I do not doubt." Correct.

William T.—Yes, that was Louise Glaum in that Kay-Bee. Yes, I like the country best; there isn't enough room in the cities.

Wilfred H. S.—Dont you mean Kalem, instead of Bison? Think you refer to Guy Coombs. Billie West is now with Majestic.

Water Lily.—Evelyn Selbie in "The Tenderfoot Sheriff" (Essanay). Arthur Mackley has left Essanay, and he is not yet located. Anna Nilsson in that Kalem. Walter Miller had the lead in "The Coming of Angelo." Harry Myers and Ethel Clayton in that Lubin. Charles Clary in "The Stolen Face" (Selig). Adrienne Kroell and Tom Carrigan also in that photoplay.

G. W. M.—Beatrice McKay was Hope in "Dr. Crathern's Experiment" (Vitagraph). Octavia Handworth was Mrs. Wilbur in "The Mad Sculptor" (Patheplay).

Edward G.—Claire McDowell and Lionel Barrymore had the leads in "The Rancher's Revenge" (Biograph). Guess Ruth Roland would write to you. The first day she met her boss she broke his cane—in, play, of course.

Ruby, No. 1.—Henry Walthall and Blanche Sweet had the leads in "The Mistake" (Biograph). Gwendoline Pates had the lead in "A Modern Garrick" (Pathé).

Jonsie.—Wont answer letter; it isn't according to Hoyle. See note on page 127.

Calgarean.—William Garwood was the thief in "Cymbeline" (Thanhouser). Perhaps you refer to Florence LaBadie. I dont know of any players who are getting rich. Money easily made is easily spent.

Ivy W.—E. H. Calvert had the lead in "The Unknown" (Essanay), and also in "The Forbidden Way." Cyril Galieb and Mildred Harris in "An Orphan of War."

E. T., Chicago.—Jack Standing in the Lubin. Charles Murray in "A Rainy Day" (Biograph). Harold Lockwood was the lieutenant in "Lieutenant Jones" (Selig).

Mrs. W. M.—Brinsley Shaw can be had at the Vitagraph Company, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BOSS, WE ARE NOT WITHIN 200 FEET OF HER PROPERTY
YOU SHANT DEPRECIATE MY PROPERTY LAW OR NO LAW NO POLES
"YOU! MEN CAN LEAVE FOR THE DAY—ON FULL PAY—WE'LL SEE HOW WE STAND—TOMORROW AS TO THE LAW ON THIS MATTER!
THE HOLE DUG & MADE READY. SHE JUMPED IN IT AND REMAINED THERE

G. R. T.—Robert Frazer and Nancy Averil in "The Man She Loved" (Eclair). The others were not answered. Sorry.

Arrabelle.—Dolly Larkin was the girl in "Rustic Hearts" (Lubin). James K. Hackett is playing on Broadway, I believe.

Charles R.—Wallie Van was the nephew in "When the Press Speaks." Mary Ryan and Romaine Fielding in "A Dash for Liberty." Phyllis Gordon in "At Shiloh."

Kitty, Cleveland.—Dolly Larkin was the girl in "Her Atonement" (Lubin). I agree that that player does not seem to improve much. He forgets that a career is a progress, not a station.

Desperate Desmond.—The editor needs no more artists. Large sufficiency. Thanks.

Herbert L. E.—You have Ruth Roland and John Brennan placed correctly. That was a dummy. Thanks, to your mother.

Buff, 15.—"Jack's Chrysanthemum" was taken in Japan by Vitagraph. That was "The Knight of Cyclone Gulch." Estelle Hopkins was the girl in "International Spies."

Gwinevere B.—Audrey Berry was the child. Guy Coombs has been chatted.

Clarence.—Ethel Clayton was Dora in "When the Earth Trembled" (Lubin). Yes, a blizzard could be produced, but you are a little late in submitting them for this season.

Cutey, 17.—Benjamin Wilson in "The Romance of Rowena." Clara Kimball Young has no regular leading man. E. K. Lincoln very often plays opposite Anita Stewart.

Mrs. Joe.—Dont know about Mary Pickford. Billy Quirk was with Gem last. Selig is now giving the author of the play credit on the screen. Yes, it is tiresome to see, in those chase scenes, the pursuers firing guns up in the air when the pursued is a mile beyond gunshot. It may amuse the boys, but nobody else.

Paula F.—Virginia Westbrook in "The Madcap of the Hills" (Reliance). Francelia Billington and Jean Darnell in "The Widow's Strategy" (Thanhouser).

Betty, of C. H. S.—Jack Standing was Laurence in "The Other Woman" (Lubin), and Baby Nelson was the daughter. Mae Costello in "The Spirit of the Orient."

Daisy M.—Bessie Sankey and Evelyn Selbie in "The Western Girls." Maidel Turner and Lionel Adams in "The Angel of the Slums." Harry Carey was the gambler.

Mrs. N. E. C.—Richard Stanton was the young man in "From the Shadows" (Broncho). They are in Los Angeles.

G. A. P.—Mary Ryan was the girl in "The Dash for Liberty" (Lubin). Brinsley Shaw is now with Vitagraph. The Joker is the name of a new brand of Universal. They release two comedies every week.

Dolly, Vermont.—Carl Von Schiller and Dolly Larkin in that Lubin.

E. B., Chicago.—Helen Gardner was Lispeth in "The Vampire of the Desert" (Vitagraph). That was Wallace Reid in "The Heart of a Cracksman" (Powers).

Stacia C.—Lucile Young in "The Poet and the Soldier" (Kalem). Anita Murray was the girl in "Broncho Billy in the Ranch Feud." Charles Arling and Gwendoline Pates had the leads in "A Modern Garrick." Vivian Rich in "When Chemistry Counted."

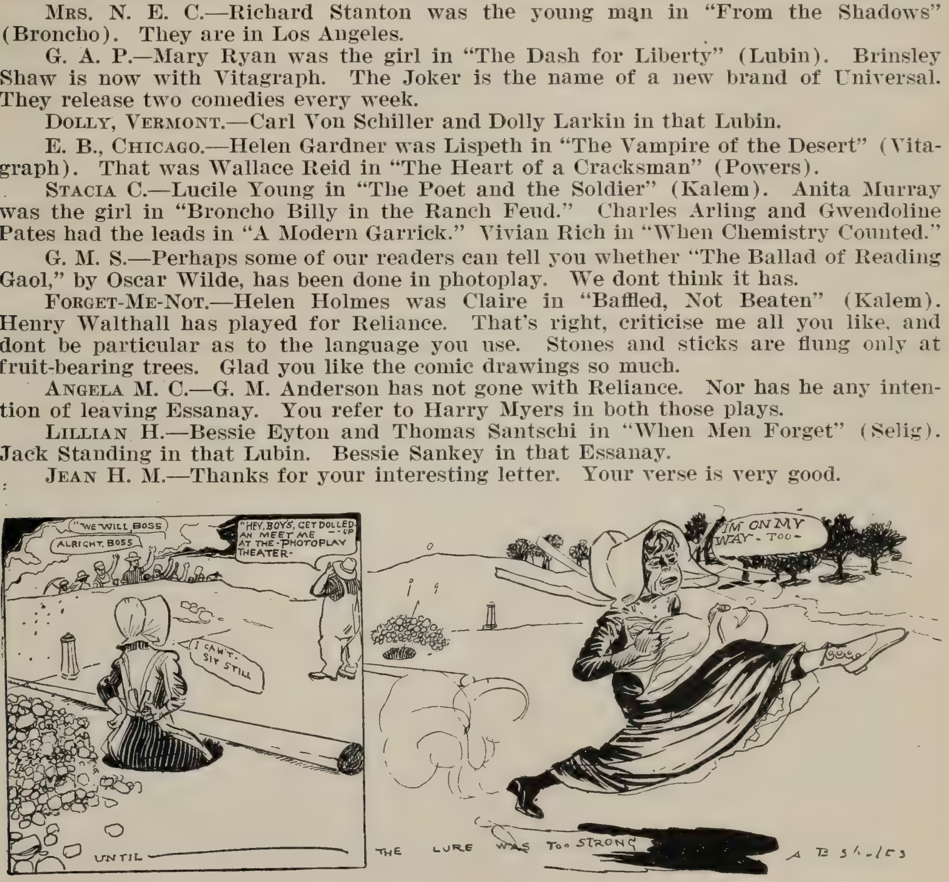
G. M. S.—Perhaps some of our readers can tell you whether "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," by Oscar Wilde, has been done in photoplay. We dont think it has.

Forget-Me-Not.—Helen Holmes was Claire in "Baffled, Not Beaten" (Kalem). Henry Walthall has played for Reliance. That's right, criticise me all you like, and dont be particular as to the language you use. Stones and sticks are flung only at fruit-bearing trees. Glad you like the comic drawings so much.

Angela M. C.—G. M. Anderson has not gone with Reliance. Nor has he any intention of leaving Essanay. You refer to Harry Myers in both those plays.

Lillian H.—Bessie Eyton and Thomas Santschi in "When Men Forget" (Selig). Jack Standing in that Lubin. Bessie Sankey in that Essanay.

Jean H. M.—Thanks for your interesting letter. Your verse is very good.


"WE WILL BOSS
ALRIGHT, BOSS
"HEY, BOYS, GET DOLLED UP AN MEET ME AT THE PHOTOPLAY THEATER-
I CAN'T SIT STILL
UNTIL
I'M ON MY WAY - TOO -
THE LURE WAS TOO STRONG

Flower E. G.—That was the fault of the director. The play was written much different than it appeared. Dont you think Mr. Brewster has enough to do without being the Answer Man? Guess again. That should have been Mignon, instead of G. M. (Anderson). Alice Hollister in "A Virginia Feud" (Kalem).

Liberty.—Ethel Clayton was the girl in "When Tony Pawned Louisa." Yes, I know all about the Motion Picture Club of America. I am even a member. It is all right.

Lily M. C.—Biograph did not tell us. Dont know who that automobile belongs to. Perhaps to Vitagraph Co. Write direct.

Doro Edna.—Herbert Rawlinson and Margaret Loveridge in "The Woodsman's Daughter" (Selig). Pearl Sindelar was the bride in "The Italian Bride" (Patheplay).

Cathie W.—Dorothy Gish in "Her Mother's Oath" (Biograph). Use heavier paper; difficult to read your letters.

Mrs. McG.—Edna Payne was Kitty in "Kitty and the Bandits" (Lubin). She is a very fine player. Anna Nilsson in "Shipwrecked."

I. T., Jamestown.—Isabelle Lamon in that Lubin. Vivian Prescott had the lead in "The Wiles of Cupid" (Lubin). Ormi Hawley still plays. Harry Carey in "The Mirror."

Mt. Beacon.—Letter long and interesting. Send package to the Universal Co., Hollywood, Cal., and he will get it.

Dolly Gray.—Rosemary Theby and Anna Stewart in the Vitagraph, and R. Paton Gibbs was the spy in "The American Princess" (Kalem). Gwendoline Pates and Charles Arling in "The Frozen Trail" (Patheplay).

Mary L. M.—Guy Hedlund was the brother in "The Greater Call" (Eclair). J. W. Johnston was Steve in the same. Estelle Allen in Kay-Bee now.

Harlan J. C.—Florence Lawrence is with Victor, and it is rumored that Warren Kerrigan is also with them. Mabel Trunnelle is with Edison.

Mary C. P.—Harry Myers and Ethel Clayton in both plays. Yes.

Lou M. Harrington P.—Some recent releases of photoplays written by readers of The Motion Picture Story Magazine and sold thru the Photoplay Clearing House are: "Buried Alive" (Vitagraph), "Playing the Pipers" (Vitagraph), "The Heart of a Fool" (Majestic), "An Error in Kidnapping" (Vitagraph), "The Amateur Highwayman" (Solax), "Roughing the Cub" (Vitagraph), "The Schemers" (Vitagraph). The greater part of our readers' plays have not been released as yet. Write later, and I will get a long list for you.

M. A. C.—You must give the name of the companies. That was Dorothy Gish.

Dolores.—Florence Foley was the girl in "Out of the Storm" (Vitagraph). Jack Standing and Isabelle Lamon in "For His Child's Sake" (Lubin).

Agnes E.—Irene Howley was the girl in "Her Rosary." Yes; Dante's "Inferno" has been done in photoplay by Milano.

Irma Y. F.—Yes; Paul Panzer played a double rôle in "The Governor's Double." He called at the office the other day; fine chap. Sidney Drew in "The Snare of Fate." Tom Moore was Edward in "The Pawnbroker's Daughter." Watch out for his chat.

Byron C. W.—Dolly Larkin and Carl Von Schiller in "The Padre's Strategy" (Lubin). Marguerite Courtot was Roxana in "The Fire-fighting Zouaves" (Kalem). Neither of the plays you mention has appeared in the magazine.

Birdie Charmeuese.—Miss Golden was the girl in "The Sorrowful Shore" (Biograph), and Lucile Lee was the girl in "How Fatty Made Good" (Vitagraph).

Piggie.—Robyn Adair was the brother in "The Weaker Mind" (Lubin). Harry Millarde was the detective in "The Smugglers" (Kalem).

Julia B.—Viola Albert was the girl in "The Wine of Madness" (Lubin). Dont be afraid to ask your questions.

Herman.—Mary Pickford is not yet twenty years old. Yes, rather cool down this way. No, dont start a subscription for a new overcoat and a few quilts for the Answer Man. Will get my old ones out next pay day. You think Walter Miller's hat too large for him? Well, it isn't because he has a swelled head.

Daisy M. P.—Earle Metcalf was Dave in "Her Husband's Picture" (Lubin). Lillian Gish and F. Burns in "During the Round-up" (Biograph). Ethel Clayton.

Dawson K.—Harold Lockwood and Kathlyn Williams had the lead in "A Little Child Shall Lead Them" (Selig). Blanche Sweet in "Oil and Water" (Biograph).

Vyrgynya.—You say, "There is gladness in your gladness when you're glad. There is sadness in your sadness when you're sad. But the gladness of your gladness, and the sadness of your sadness is nothing to your madness when you're mad!" Pray, what have I done to cause this eloquent outbreak? Marc MacDermott is playing right along.

The Twins.—Jack Standing had the lead in "The Wiles of Cupid" (Lubin). Henry King in "Jim's Reward" (Lubin). Josephine Rector in "The Fur Ranchmen" (Essanay). Dorothy Gish in "Pa Says."

Alice M. V.—Hazel Buckham was the girl in "The Crimson Stain" (Kay-Bee). Eleanor Kahn was the little girl in "Tapped Wires" (Essanay). Carlyle Blackwell.

Violet E. L.—Robert Fischer was Mr. Flint in "When Mary Married" (Lubin). Peggy O'Neil and Robert Drouet had the leads. The author of the play writes the subtitles, but the director often changes them. Thanks.

Flossie, Jr.—Earle Metcalf was Jack in "The Call of Her Heart" (Lubin). Alma Russell was Henrietta, and Palmer Bowman her lover in "Henrietta's Hair" (Selig). Anna Nilsson in "Shipwrecked" (Kalem). Come again.

Pinkie, Germantown.—Charles Arthur was Frank in "The Silver Fox" (Lubin). Crane Wilbur in "The Days of War" (Pathé). Mary Fuller in that Edison. Richard Purdon was the invalid in "For Her Sister's Sake" (Kalem).

C. S. R. F.—Barbara Tennant and Will Sheerer in "The Unbeaten Path" (Eclair). Robert Frazer played in same. Arthur Ortega was Snake, Harry Von Meter was Dan, and Mona Darkfeather was the girl in "The Snake" (Bison).

F. E. G.—Nice speech. Lillian Wiggins was the girl in "The Erring Brother." Tom Forman and Helen Holmes had the leads in "The Alibi" (Kalem). Yes; Arthur Mackley was in New York about the first of September. Dorothy Gish and Gertrude Bambrick in "The Widow's Kids" (Biograph). Sorry you dont like Biograph. Perhaps you haven't been educated up to it.

Ruth S.—Cannot identify the player from the small piece of film you enclose. Gus Pixley, Edward Dillon and Grace Lewis in "With Club Fellows" (Biograph). Dorothy Phillips in "The Power of Conscience."

C. McC.—Dolly Larkin and Ray Gallagher in "Black Beauty" (Lubin). Henry Otto was the villain in "Fate Fashions a Letter" (Selig). You are like the man who fled from the rain, and then sat down under a water-spout.

Ree, Baltimore.—Fred Burns and Lillian Gish in "The Indian's Loyalty." Tefft Johnson and Anne Schaefer in "Father and Son" (Vitagraph). Frank Lyon was Sir John in "The Romance of Rowena."

Emilie S.—Kay-Bee does not give us all information. You have doubtless received the portraits by now. Marguerite Snow in "Tannhauser" (Thanhouser). William Shay in "She Never Knew" (Imp).

Naomi, of St. Louis.—Your logic is *non profundus*. According to the latest reports from Jersey City, Crane Wilbur did not get any sand in his "beautiful pompadour" while rolling down hill after that tussle on the tail-end of that car. Audrey Berry in "When Society Calls," and Jack Conway in "Birds of Prey." As for "Whoops, m'dear! *pardonnez moi s'il vous plait*"—I dont know him. Edwin Carewe in "Her Husband's Picture" (Lubin).

Harold X. Y.—Frank Weed was the Jap in "The Stolen Face" (Selig). He is not a real Jap. What make of car do I use? Well, I dont know who made them, but they run on tracks, and they call them trolleys.

E. C. B.—Miss Gena Romani in "She Must Never Know" (Cines), and Toniniasini Conserela in "The Ideal of Her Dreams" (Cines). Dont know why Vitagraph always begin their plays with sub-titles, and many criticise the practice.

M. Hawley.—Courtenay Foote in "When Society Calls." Gertrude Bambrick in "Those Little Flowers" (Biograph). You want to know who Romaine Fielding's barber is? He hasn't any.

Dawn Floy.—Miss Little was Hope Alden, and Charles Ray was Nathan Cabot in "The House of Bondage" (Kay-Bee).

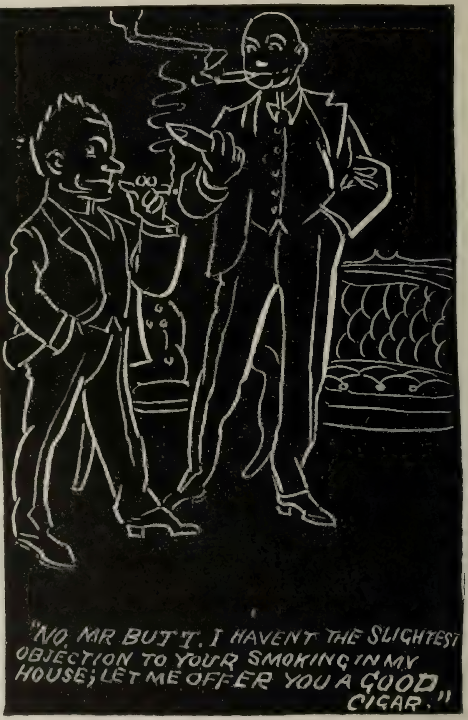
Juanita O.—Richard Stanton was Dick in "A Dixie Mother" (Broncho).

Kananha Bell.—Chester Barnett was Markham in "Out of the Past" (Crystal). Dolly Larkin and Carl Von Schiller in "An Actor's Strategy" (Lubin). E. H. Calvert in "Every Thief Leaves a Clew" (Essanay).

Blunderra.—Harry Spirgler was the messenger boy, and not Whitney Raymond, in "A Hospital Romance" (Reliance). Wallace Reid is with Universal, but he plays in Powers and Rex plays.

Grace, 16.—Irene Howley was Rosa in "Italian Love" (Reliance). Rosemary Theby was Dorothy in "A Hospital Romance" (Reliance). Mildred Harris in "Granddad" (Broncho). Margaret Loveridge in "Dora" (Majestic).

"JOHNNIE, YOU MUSTN'T PUT YOUR STICKY FINGERS ON MRS. COME-OFTEN'S NICE DRESS! IT'S THE ONLY SILK DRESS SHE HAS."


"NO, MR BUTT, I HAVENT THE SLIGHTEST OBJECTION TO YOUR SMOKING IN MY HOUSE; LET ME OFFER YOU A GOOD CIGAR."

Josephine S.—Harry Carey in "The Girl's Stratagem" (Biograph), and Charles West, also. Not Howard Missimer. He is now with Famous Players.

Cute Cutie.—Ambrosio do not answer our questions. Sorry. We have never printed a picture yet that has done Earle Williams full justice. Thank you.

C. E. L.—Your letter is very interesting. Thank you. Hazel Buckham is still with Kay-Bee. Carlyle has not left Kalem and doesn't intend to.

Doe-Doe.—Last date for press is the 25th. Yes; Blanche Sweet. Mrs. Costello acts very little. Alice Joyce wore six different gowns in "A Midnight Message"? That's nothing; Queen Elizabeth had 3,000 dresses in *her* wardrobe.

Vyrgynya.—So now you want Warren Kerrigan and Barbara Tennant to play together. Thanks for the serum information, but I dont care to be petrified into a living sphynx. You are getting to be a frequent visitor here.

Mary P.—Thanks. Yes; Gwendoline Pates is married and still on her honeymoon. She may never return to the pictures.

Jannette G.—Thanks for the correction. We will print a good picture of Earle Williams as soon as we can get one. Letter very interesting. The best players are those who can forget that they are before the camera.

Madelyn S.—Gladys Field is not playing at present. Tom Carrigan in "The Water Rat" (Selig). Your questions are too old. Winnifred Greenwood was the girl in "The Ghost of the Hacienda" (American).

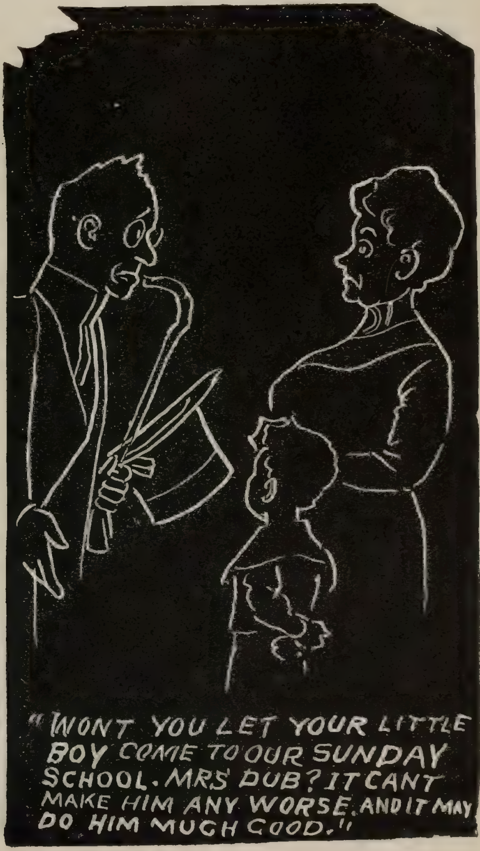
I. B. Interested.—Maurice Costello owns only one car. Marshall Neilan in "The Girl and the Gun" (American).

Walter C.—Charles Ray in "The House of Bondage" (Kay-Bee). Sherman Bainbridge was Captain Bainbridge in "In the Coils of the Python" (Bison 101). Phyllis Gordon was Edith in the same. John Leverton in "The Sewer" (Solax). Haven't the other Solax. No.

Marjorie May.—Of course you are welcome. Blanche Sweet in "The Mistake" (Biograph). Robert Drouet in "Dregs" (Lubin). Hans Robert in "The Grecian Vase" (Edison). Chocolate marshmallow sounds good.

Johnnie, the First. Thanks for that clipping. It is quite interesting.

"YOU SHOW GOOD LITERARY JUDGMENT.-MR, PIP: YOU'RE ALWAYS STEALING MY STUFF!!"


"WONT YOU LET YOUR LITTLE BOY COME TO OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL. MRS DUB? IT CANT MAKE HIM ANY WORSE, AND IT MAY DO HIM MUCH GOOD."

C. L. B.—You and several others are hereby notified that all allusions to a picture called a certain fall morn are strictly taboo. Tom Moore plays opposite Alice Joyce.

Socrates.—There are just so many knockers in the world; dont mind them. Had seen that clipping. Some concerns dislike to see the others get along. Yes; Romaine Fielding writes, directs and plays. Pathé Frères produce both in Europe and America.

Dolly Varden.—I believe Earle Foxe is now with Ryno Film Co. You must not make fun of my bulbous excrescence; I use it as a peg to hang my hat on. You hurt my feelings when you call it a hogshead. Write Gen. Film Co., 200 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Carl H., 16.—Dont know whether Warren Kerrigan has ever been in Vancouver. He is not in Santa Barbara now. It is also rumored he will play in Rex, opposite Pauline Bush. Edison seems to produce more educationals than any other company.

Elsie W.—Lester Cuneo and William Duncan in that Selig. Boyd Clark and Marian Cooper in "Captured by Strategy" (Kalem). Carl Von Schiller and Dolly Larkin in "The Breed of the West" (Lubin).

Dolly F.—Your letter is interesting, but it is all about Warren Kerrigan. Well, Frederick Church makes a handsome and noble Indian, doesn't he?

Mae, 16.—We have no small pictures such as you mean. She did not get them from us. Mona Darkfeather is now with Kalem.

Nance.—Octavia Handworth was "The Schoolma'am" (Patheplay). Mary Ryan is the only name we know of. We dont give private names of players.

Hazel.—Write to the player about that autographed photo. We have sent all records to the players. Pathé did not tell us about that play. Perhaps Ormi loves her table too much, or her confections.

Walter C.—Ebba Thomsen was Mrs. Thompson in "Lost Memories" (Great Northern). Italia does not answer. Sidney Mason was Percy in "Bella's Beaux" (Crystal). Charles Perley was Walter in "The Woman in White" (Gem). William Duncan was Huntley in "An Apache's Gratitude" (Selig). Winnie Brown was the girl in "Campaigning with Custer" (Bison). Yes; Mona Darkfeather. Ammex does not answer. E. H. Calvert in "Into the North" (Essanay). Rodman Law in "Death's Short Cut" (Reliance). They come under Exclusive. Haven't that Eclair this time.

Kentucky Kut.—Lillian Wiggins had the lead in "An Accidental Shot" (Pathé). The Correspondence Club is doing great work now. They have a paper which comes out once a month.

"OLD TOP, YOU PITCH ALWAYS A GOOD GAME OF BALL — EXCEPT — WHEN I AM BETTING ON YOU."

"YOU LIVE IN FIZZELHURST, DO YOU, MR.— MUFKINS? HAS THAT SUBURB A RESPECTABLE RESIDENCE SECTION
WHAT DO YOU MEAN SIR!!

Kitty C.—Palmer Bowman and Alma Russell in that Selig. Pray tell us who it is you liken unto Diana, with the beauty of Cleopatra and the genius of Semiramis.

Karl B. E.—David Wall in "The Bishop's Carriage" (Famous Players). Glad you liked the interview with Courtenay Foote. Thanks for your letter.

Pet.—William Stowell in "The Adventure of a Watch." What! Flora Finch's nose and mouth look like an exclamation point? But she is an artist, just the same.

Celia N.—William Stowell and Winnifred Greenwood in "Put to the Test" (Selig). Marin Sais in "The Girl and the Gangster" (Kalem).

Princessa.—Pauline Bush was the girl in "Cupid Thru Padlocks" (American). You sign yourself "Yours till Turkey becomes Greece," but suppose I am a vegetarian.

Doe-Doe and Bess.—Thanks for your card. George Gebhardt in "The Price of Jealousy." Virginia Chester is the girl.

Johnnie, the First.—Al Green was Jerry, and Al Filson was Dad in "Dad's Reformation" (Selig). The paper is getting better and better.

Buddie.—Henry King in the Lubin, and William Duncan in the Selig. Write Kalem.

Mary Ellen, St. Louis.—Harold Lockwood was the favored suitor in "The Child of the Sea" (Selig). Al Filson was the father. Harrish Ingraham was Howard in "The Mad Sculptor" (Patheplay). Yes; Octavia Handworth. George Gebhardt in "The Mexican Gambler." In "The Blind Basket-Weaver" (Kalem), James Vincent, Alice Hollister and Irene Boyle. Ethel Phillips was Alice Joyce's sister in "For Her Sister's Sake" (Kalem). Tom Moore was the artist. M. O. Penn and Pearl Sindelar in "When a Woman Wastes" (Patheplay).

Albert W. L.—Mrs. Henderson was the villainous maid in "The Unseen Enemy" (Biograph). A chat with Ben Wilson will appear soon.

Little Jo.—Rogers Lytton in "The Prince of Evil" (Vitagraph). Winnifred Greenwood was the girl in "Put to the Test" (Selig). Anna Nilsson in that Kalem.

Piggie.—Isabelle Lamon in that Lubin. Idea sounds good. Why not write the play?

Vyrgynya.—Ah! you're here again. Of all the names you mentioned, you haven't mine. Send the picture. Horace Plimpton seems to be the head of the Edison studio.

Mrs. H. L. O.—Miss Francis was the stenographer, and Charles West her sweetheart in "When Love Forgives" (Biograph). Marian Cooper and Harry Millarde, and Irene Boyle as the maid in "The Smuggler" (Kalem). Harrish Ingraham was the cousin Howard in "The Mad Sculptor" (Patheplay).

Kitty, Cleveland.—Amy Trask was Louise, Wheeler Oakman was Richard, and Hobart Bosworth was the guardian in "Her Guardian" (Selig).

Marjorie B. V.—Your writing reminds me of a rain storm; it is straight up and down. No information on that Kay-Bee question.

Gussie J.—Mae Marsh and Walter Miller in that Biograph. Thanks for the clipping from the English *Pictures.* I see the Britishers dont like our simplified spelling. Anyway, it's better than theirs, when they spell "gentlemen" *gents.*

Viola and Bess.—Do not know where Lillian Christy is at present. It is because lots of fine actors on the stage do not take good pictures on the screen.

Esther E., 15.—There is no way we can help you get on the stage or in Moving Pictures. We have nothing to do with it.

Molly Mc.—Gene Gauntier is back from Ireland. We have sent the request to her for picture. Marguerite Courtot in September, 1913, and another in this number.

A. T. R., N. Y.—Miss Ray in "The Saving Lie," and Octavia Handworth in "The Secret Formula" (Patheplay). Henry Walthall in "The Mistake" (Biograph). Lester Cuneo was Ray, and Myrtle Stedman the girl in "The Law and the Outlaw" (Selig).

Billy, Baton Rouge.—Richard Leslie was the valet in "The Intruder" (Vitagraph).

Dorcas J. H.—Your letter is very interesting, and we feel very sorry for you.

Fifi, 16.—Charles Arthur was Frank in "The Silver Fox" (Lubin). Louise Lester is Calamity Ann. You think Vitagraph needs a young Sarah Bernhardt? Certainly they do, but where is there one?

Chollita.—Gertrude Bambrick was Marguerite in "Those Little Flowers" (Biograph). Romaine Fielding in "A Dash for Liberty." Marie Andreas and George Baud in "The Statue of Night" (Cines). Irene Hunt in "Kentucky Foes" (Reliance).

Dorothy F.—Ormi Hawley was the wife in "On Her Wedding Day" (Lubin). You might send Ormi Hawley a copy of Delsarte.

Mildred F.—Earle Williams was chatted in September, 1913. Alice Joyce is now playing at the N. Y. Kalem studio. Earle Williams is with the Brooklyn Vitagraph.

Marie A. D.—But you must always give the name of the company. Players you mention will be chatted.

Twins & Co.—Robert Grey and Billie West in "Single-handed Jim" (American). Al Garcia was the prince, and A. Livingston was the lieutenant in "The Mansion of Misery" (Selig). Thomas Santschi in "Man and His Other Self" (Selig). Dorothy Gish in the Biograph.

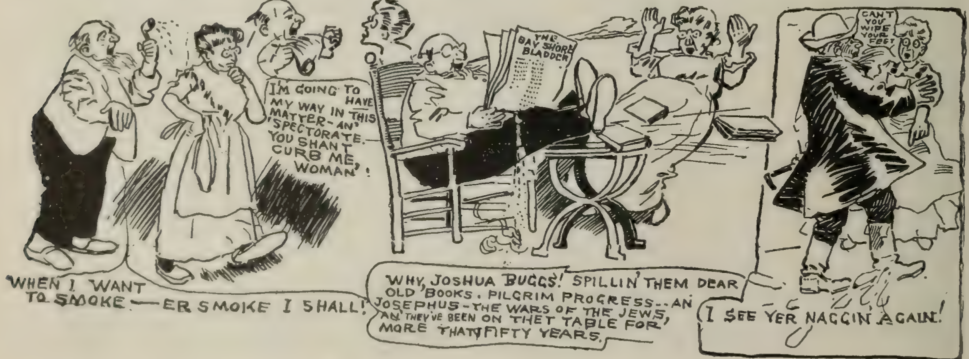
Bee, 16.—Larmar Johnston was the lead in "Hearts and Crosses." You are refering to Wallace Reid. He has been with all three of those Universal brands. Edgar Jones is directing for Lubin. William Russell and Florence LaBadie were husband and wife in "In the Nick of Time" (Thanhouser). Lila Chester was the neighbor.

Marjorie.—Tom Moore was the burglar in "A Thief in the Night." Gertrude Bambrick in "Non-Committal Lady" (Biograph). Mary Pickford in "Mender of Nets."

L. S., Bronx.—No doubt if you write to the player, he will send you his picture.

Goldilocks.—Violet Mersereau was the daughter in "The Stranger" (Imp). That was Robert Grey in American. Never saw G. M. Anderson's nose, but I know it compares favorably with Cyrano's. But, handsome, for all that; so?

Etta F.—Harry Millarde was Jack, and Marguerite Courtot was Myrtle in "The War Correspondent" (Kalem). Mignon Anderson in "When Darkness Came."


WHEN I WANT TO SMOKE—ER SMOKE I SHALL!
I'M GOING TO HAVE MY WAY IN THIS MATTER—AN' 'SPECTORATE. YOU SHAN'T CURB ME, WOMAN!
THE BAY SHORE BLADDER
WHY, JOSHUA BUGGS! SPILLIN' THEM DEAR OLD BOOKS. PILGRIM PROGRESS—AN JOSEPHUS—THE WARS OF THE JEWS, AN' THEY'VE BEEN ON THET TABLE FOR MORE THAN FIFTY YEARS.
CAN'T YOU WIPE YOUR FEET
I SEE YER NAGGIN AGAIN!

Patty O.—Tom Forman had the lead in "The Treachery of a Scar" (Kalem). Helen Holmes was the girl.

Herman.—I dont think that "The Iliad of France" ("Romance of the Rose") has yet been done in photoplay. As I remember, it is allegorical, and I would not care to pass judgment on its adaptability; and since it has something like 22,000 verses, I hope you do not expect me to read it again for your benefit. Picture resembles Edwin Carewe.

City of Promise.—Haven't the name of the company that produced "Raniona."

Doris L., Lockport.—Robyn Adair was Curtis in "A Dash for Liberty" (Lubin). He is no longer with Lubin. Hope you got those magazines.

Pat, 18.—Marin Sais was the Indian girl in "The Fight at Grizzly Gulch" (Kalem). Billie West is now with Majestic. That was correct. Cleopatra married her brother, and later her younger brother, who was only eleven years old, whom she later poisoned.

Toodles.—Ethel Phillips was Margaret in "For Her Sister's Sake." Audrey Berry was the child. Paul Kelly has left Vitagraph to join Belasco's "A Good Little Devil."

Theresa.—Elmer Booth was the farmer boy in "The Unwelcome Guest" (Biograph). You must not ask for middle names. The players dont give them. Jennie Nelson was the old hag in "When Buster Went to Dreamland" (Lubin). Dorothy Davenport has been with Nestor, Edison and Selig.

Lucile F.—Ethel Clayton was the girl in "Home, Sweet Home" (Lubin). We do not give the personal addresses of the players, unless printed in the chat.

Mabel M.—Florence LaBadie in "The Lie That Failed." Ethel Clayton in that Lubin. Florence Foley was the daughter in "Tiger-Lily's Daughter."

Clarence.—The magazines are shipped so that they will be on the newsstands all over the United States on the 15th, or date of publication. That means that some are shipped from here on the 4th or 5th. Yes; Sidney Drew. I really dont know where the mosquitoes go in winter, but I wish they would stay there. You might write to Pathé, Jersey City, on the mosquito question.

Murray Mc.—Not Tom Powers, but James Morrison in "The Tiger-Lily" (Vitagraph). Elmer Booth was the snapper kid in "The Musketeers of Pig Alley."

Fritz, New Zealand.—Charles Gunn was Dr. Watson in "The Sign of the Four." Mary Pickford is playing for Famous Players. She played in "The Bishop's Carriage."

Carl H., 16.—Mary Charleson was the girl in "The Intruder" (Vitagraph). Leah Baird and William Shay were in Berlin when we last heard from them. Anita Stewart in "The Wood-Violet."

Helen from Helena.—Ethel Clayton in that Lubin. Harry Beaumont was the Secretary in that play. You dont mean Carlyle Blackwell, do you?

Dorothy K. K.—Francelia Billington had the lead in "The Pajama Parade" (Majestic). Marshall Neilan in "Curing Her Extravagance" (Kalem). Mary Fuller played the part of the widow. You know there are two kinds of widows: the bereaved and the relieved.

A. B. C.—Mrs. Costello in "The Taming of Betty" (Vitagraph). Vitagraph have postals of their players for sale. Most all companies have.

Cashier.—You will have to write to Essanay for the Alkali Ike dolls.

R. F. B., Los Angeles.—"Birds of Prey" was released July 29, 1913, and "A Substitute Engineer" on August 18, 1913.

Mendel S.—You must not send your photoplays to the players to get their opinions. They are too busy. Submit them direct to the companies or to The Photoplay Clearing House. Thanks for the clipping.

Harriet M. S.—Jack Standing and Isabelle Lamon in "The Other Woman" (Lubin). James Vincent in "The Detective's Trap" (Kalem).

Flossie, Jr.—Vivian Rich was Constance, and Charlotte Burton was Queen Antoinette in "The Adventures of Jacques" (American). Eat it, of course.

I'M LEAVING JOSHUA!
WIFE DEAD—ALONE ALL ALONE!
HE GOES TO A PHOTOPLAY AND HE THINKS, "I WILL SEEK HER"
AFTER FORTY YEARS OF BICKERING—THEY ARE BROUGHT TOGETHER—BY A PHOTOPLAY
AB Shults

GERTIE.—James Vincent was Robert Illington in "Shenandoah" (Kalem). Henry Hallam was the general. Yes, I could read it. Laura Sawyer is playing opposite Henry E. Dixey in "Chelsia, 7750" (Famous Players).

A. J.—Write to Warner's Film Exchange for a picture of Marion Leonard. Helen Gardner's pictures will be released by herself, and not by Fuller Distributing Agency.

W. T. H.—Yours is bright and inspirational. If your long letters give you as much pleasure to write as they do me to read, we're both as happy as a clam at high water. So you think Mabel Normand is an Alice Joyce electrified, and that Rosemary Theby is the imperial one? You may feel like a serial in a once-a-year periodical, but you dont write like one. You are wrong about the contents of my dome; the phrenologists tell me that it's do (the editor wont let me spell dough the way I want to) and not brains. Yes, the original George Cooper is with Western Vitagraph. You are perfectly right when you say that I am a very congenial old gentleman.

L. S., KENTUCKY.—Muriel Ostriche was the girl in "The Big Boss" (Reliance). Lillian Gish in "The Mothering Heart." Director Griffith has left Biograph to produce plays for his own company.

OLIVILO.—Yvette Anderson had the lead in "With Honor at Stake" (Gaumont). Juanita Dalmorez was Mrs. Powers in "Every Thief Leaves a Clew" (Essanay).

ROSALIE.—Blanche Sweet was the wife in "The Mistake" (Biograph). Gwendoline Pates in "A Modern Garrick" (Patheplay).

LYDIA B.—Lillian Walker and Wallie Van in "The Feudists." Mary Fuller was chatted July, 1912.

MORMON GIRL.—Your letter is very interesting. Pictures have been taken in Utah.

BETH T.—You are not the original Beth that played in "The Ranch-Girl's Trial," are you? Frances Ne Moyer in "Beating Mother to It." E. H. Calvert and Beverly Bayne in "The Forbidden Way" (Essanay).

POLLY M.—Octavia Handworth and Crane Wilbur had the leads in "The Compact" (Patheplay). Marguerite Snow in "Carmen" (Thanhouser). Harry Myers was Paul.

B. E. B., ELMIRA.—Ormi Hawley and Edwin Carewe had the leads in "Into the Light" (Lubin). So Earle Williams loves like an angel, and Arthur Johnson like an animal! Well, which do you prefer?

M. N. P.—Out of the ten titles you give, you haven't given the name of a company.

RANDALIN.—Harry Carey and Claire McDowell in "The Well" (Biograph). Edgar Jones in "The Girl Back East" (Lubin).

GLADYS.—You had better write direct to Carlyle Blackwell about the matter.

ELEANOR MARY.—Cant get the name of the boy in "The Sea Dog" (Keystone), even if he were a beauty and a clever little player, as you say. As to the color of Alice Joyce's hair, I dined with her once, and, as I remember it, it was a reddish brown, fairly dark. Little Roswell Johnson does not look well—too much make-up around the eyes? The same may be said of 'most all the players, mayn't it? They would look better without any make-up whatever. Sorry you do not like Cines films.

R. B. M.—Evelyn Selbie was the Indian maid, and Bessie Sankey the girl in "Broncho Billy and the Navajo Maid" (Essanay). Write our Circulation Department.

MISS BILLIE.—Ethel Clayton was the girl. Charles Arling and Gwendoline Pates in that Pathé. Bessie Eyton is still with Selig. No, they typewrite, read, criticise and revise scripts.

KANAWHA BELL.—Ethel Clayton was the girl in "The New Gown" (Lubin). Jack Standing and Vivian Prescott in "The Wiles of Cupid" (Lubin). Robert Walker and Marian Cooper in "The Moonshiner's Mistake" (Kalem). Ethel Phillips was the sister.

ALMA.—Helen Gardner was leading lady in "Eureka" (Imp). Wallace Reid was the son in "His Mother's Son" (Reliance). Yes, we seem to be having an era of two- and multiple-reel plays now. Next cometh an era of old stage plays. Watch Biograph and Vitagraph.

DORIS.—We do not get the casts from Warner. The players you name all play in the same branch. Carlyle Blackwell and Billie Rhodes in "Perils of the Sea."

BY THE ETARNAL, HEZIKIAH HAWKINS IS GOIN TER DEW HIS DUTY, THIS TIME I WOULDN'T MIND IF IT WERE A CHICKEN STEAL AN THEY SLIPPED A DUTCH-OVER — TO - BUT — THE HONOR AN INTEGRITY OF THIS COUNTY MUST BE UPHELD —
I'M THER SHERIFF OF THIS YER COUNTY ... IN SINGLE FILE — AN DRAP YER GUNS
DON'T NEED THE CLIM-FOR THE 12 40 A.M.
THE TRACK WALKER IS MADE HELPLESS BUT! THE SHERIFF - TAKES A HAND

L. J. G., Seattle.—The word "Kalem" came from the names of the three men who first owned the firm—Messrs. Kleine, Long and Marion. They put vowels between the letters K-L-M, and there you are. "Bill Kalem" Wright is their publicity man.

Marie, Chicago.—Charles Arling in "Clarence Looks for a Job" (Patheplay).

Marshall D.—Ruth Stonehouse and John Steppling had the leads in "The Star" (Essanay). Write to Circulation Department, and they can give you more information.

Grace, 16.—Mary Fuller was Rowena, and Benjamin Wilson opposite her in "The Romance of Rowena." Virginia Westbrook was the Southern girl in "Annie Laurie."

Betty B.—That Howard Mitchell question is not according to Hoyle. Edgar Jones is at the new Betzwood studio.

F. H., Moscow.—Mary Pickford in "So Near, Yet so Far" (Biograph). Julia Sanderson, the Broadway star, in "Two Daughters of Eve" (Biograph). Gertrude Robinson in "The Wood-Nymph" (Reliance). Jessalyn Van Trump in that American.

Eddie L. P.—Marshall Mackaye was the boy in "Mission Bells" (Kinemacolor). Florence Lawrence with Victor. It is rumored that Jack Standing is with Pathé.

Althea T.—Josie Sadler was Gretchen, but the girl you describe is not on the cast.

Julius Sees Her.—Joseph Holland was Robert, Henry King was Ollie, and Dolly Larkin the girl in "The Outlaw's Gratitude" (Lubin). That is the Western Lubin. Mrs. Costello in "The Joys of a Jealous Wife" (Vitagraph).

J. F. F., Newark.—With the aid of a dictionary I read your dazzling letter, only to find, at the end, that your question is unanswerable. My last name is Man, and my given name is Answer. I dont know why Gwendoline Pates got married.

Mary B., Wheeling.—At last! That was Isabelle Rea in "A Saving Lie" (Patheplay). Haven't Ben Cooper's whereabouts. Alice Hollister was Bernice, and Harry Millarde was Gerson in "The Hidden Witness" (Kalem).

Goldilocks.—Your letter is interesting, but you do not ask any questions.

Patsy, 16.—G. M. Anderson is not dead. Bartley McCullum was the father in "When the Earth Trembled" (Lubin). Wallie Van was Tom Craig in "The Feudists."

F. B. W., Groton.—Your scheme of a cat farm is funny, but I've seen it before. Marshall P. Wilder first introduced it.

M. O'K., Vicksburg.—Clara Kimball Young was Betty in "The Taming of Billy" (Vitagraph). Mrs. W. V. Ranous was the mother. William Russell, Gerda Holmes, Harry Benham and Lila Chester are in the cast for "Moths." Maude Fealy, lead. Of course I saw the World's Series; I never let business interfere with pleasure.

Elizabeth W., Wis.—Dorothy Kelly had the lead in "The Snare of Fate" (Vitagraph). Ralph Ince was Abraham Lincoln in "The Songbird of the North" (Vitagraph). Dolly Larkin the girl.

Betty W.—Earle Williams was chatted June, 1912, and September, 1913. Helen Gardner in that Vitagraph. Dont envy; envy is but punishing yourself for inferiority.

Twins, Milwaukee.—Olive Kirby was Jessie's friend in "The Girl and the Gangster" (Kalem). Robert Walker in "The Moonshiner's Mistake" (Kalem). George Stanley was the husband in "The Sixth Commandment" (Vitagraph). Betty Grey was Mrs. Frazer, and Nancy Avril her mother in "The Price of Silence" (Patheplay).

Kentucky Quizz.—Peggy O'Neil was the girl in "The Penalty of Crime" (Lubin). Myrtle Stedman and Lester Cuneo in "Religion and Gun Practice" (Selig).

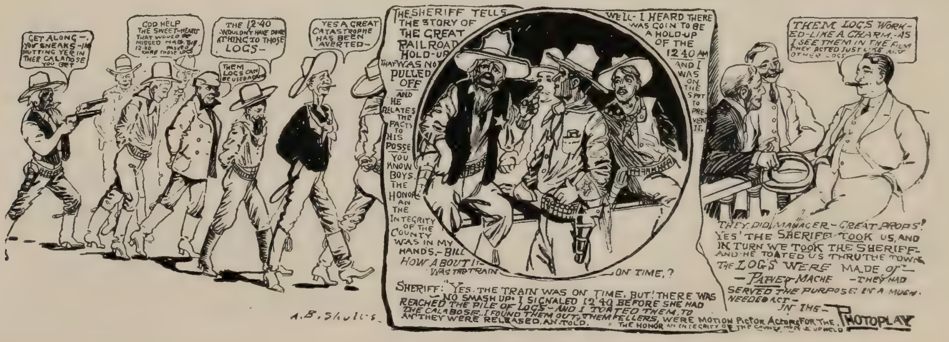
Elf, Green Bay.—Naomi Childers in "Panic Days on Wall Street" (Kalem). Yes; Margaret Fischer in "The Diamond Makers" (Rex).

Sophie N.—Peter Lang in "Pete Joins the Force" (Lubin). Louise Beaudet was the mother in "The Snare of Fate" (Vitagraph). You think he lacks temperament? Perhaps he hasn't had a chance. Keep your temper—to yourself.

Peggy S.—Haven't heard who is going to produce "Hamlet." Thanks for clipping.

Edith G. Mc.—Bessie Eyton was Haidee, and Eugenie Besserer was Mercedes in "Monte Cristo" (Selig). Mildred Bracken in "The Sinews of War" (Broncho).

Pinky, 16.—Yes; Marshall Neilan has joined Biograph. Yes; Christmas week.


GET ALONG—, YOU SNEAKS—I'M PUTTING YER IN THER CALABOSE YOU GET
GOD HELP THE SWEET-HEARTS THAT WOULD BE MISSED HAD THE 12.40 PASSED THRO THOSE LOGS
THE 12.40 WOULDN'T HAVE DONE A THING TO THOSE LOGS—
THEM LOGS CAN BE USED AGAIN
YES A GREAT CATASTROPHE HAS BEEN AVERTED—
THE SHERIFF TELLS THE STORY OF THE GREAT RAILROAD HOLD-UP THAT WAS NOT PULLED OFF AND HE RELATES THE FACTS TO HIS POSSE
YOU KNOW BOYS, THE HONOR AN THE INTEGRITY OF THE COUNTY WAS IN MY HANDS.—BILL
WELL—I HEARD THERE WAS GOIN TO BE A HOLD-UP OF THE 12.40 AM AND I WAS ON THE SPOT TO PREVENT IT.
HOW ABOUT IT—WAS THE TRAIN ON TIME, ?
SHERIFF: "YES. THE TRAIN WAS ON TIME, BUT! THERE WAS NO SMASH UP. I SIGNALED 12.40 BEFORE SHE HAD REACHED THE PILE OF LOGS—AND I TOATED THEM, TO THE CALABOSE. I FOUND THEM OUT, THEM FELLERS, WERE MOTION PICTOR ACTORS FOR THE PHOTOPLAY AN THEY WERE RELEASED, AN TOLD." THE HONOR AN INTEGRITY OF THE COUNTY [illegible] UPHELD
THEM LOGS WORKED-LIKE A CHARM.—AS I SEE THEM IN THE FILM THEY ACTED JUST LIKE ANY OTHER LOGS
"THEY DID, MANAGER—GREAT PROPS! YES' THE SHERIFF TOOK US, AND IN TURN WE TOOK THE SHERIFF—AND HE TOATED US THRU THE TOWN THE LOGS WERE MADE OF— —PAPIER-MACHE —THEY HAD SERVED THE PURPOSE IN A MUCH-NEEDED ACT— IN THE—
A.B.Shults

Anthony.—No casts for Ambrosio. Stephen Purdee was the city idler in "The Christian" (Kalem). James Cooley was with Reliance last.

Elsie M. L.—Your letter is too long, but you ask no questions. James Vincent and Marguerite Courtot had the leads in "The Fatal Legacy" (Kalem).

J. R. W.—Mabel Normand was Mabel in "Mabel's Awful Mistake" (Keystone). There is no tale, legend, novel or drama that cannot be reduced to photoplay, if you know how. Who ever thought that "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" could have been done, and done so beautifully?

Theresa S. De Soto.—Robyn Adair was Bob in "The Accusing Hand" (Lubin). Alma Russell was the daughter, and Jack Nelson was opposite in "The Jeweled Slipper" (Selig). Carl Von Schiller and Dolly Larkin in "The Actor's Strategy."

Mary P.—No, there is no way in which you can compel an exhibitor to use Licensed service. Cant help you.

Lyla B., New Zealand.—Address Carlyle Blackwell, Kalem Co., and Lillian Walker, Vitagraph. Carlyle Blackwell came from Syracuse, N. Y.

Pussyfoot.—Gwendoline Pates is on her honeymoon; dont know whether she will return to Pathé. Thanks for that fee; it will help me to pay my income tax.

Curly.—Alma Russell was the daughter, Adrienne Kroell the dancer, William Stowell the leader of the gang, and Jack Nelson the fellow tied to the chair. Haven't the brother in "The Adopted Brother" (Biograph).

Helen L. R.—Juanita Dalmorez was the girl in "Tony, the Fiddler" (Essanay). True Feature Co. is Independent. There are only eleven Licensed companies. Kathlyn Williams had the lead in "Young Mrs. Eames." Children are very seldom on the casts.

Alice B., San Pedro.—You will have to find out from your exchange where you can see "The Last Days of Pompeii." Get Barbara Tennant's picture from Eclair Co.

Mamie H.—Charles Ray was Red Mask in "Red Mask" (Broncho). Mildred Harris was Mildred in "Granddad" (Broncho). Thank you for the cards.

T. S., Pittsburg.—Universal companies are at Hollywood, Cal. Interview with Irving Cummings soon. Germany is a big country, but only half the size of Texas.

Flower E. G.—Stephen Purdee was the villain in "The Counterfeiter's Confederate" (Kalem). As soon as we know that Edwin August is permanently located, we will try to get a chat with him.

Naomi, of St. Louis.—William Duncan in "Howlin' Jones" (Selig). You are right. Some players play always the same. They forget Coquelin's advice: "Do not play a drama as you would play a comedy, nor Molière as you would play Beaumarchais."

Clytie C. F.—William Dunn was Harvey, Harry Morey was Dan, and Dorothy Kelly was the girl in "The Line-up" (Vitagraph). Mary Fuller and Benjamin Wilson in the Edison. Lionel Adams was Phil, Frank Tidmarsh was Tom, and Edna Luby was Edith in "The Gangster's Sacrifice" (Lubin). Arthur Johnson was John in "A Leader of Men" (Lubin). Anita Stuart in "The Lost Millionaire."

Elsie D.—Lionel Adams and Maidel Turner in "The Great Discovery" (Lubin). Fred Church and Eleanor Belvins in "The Broken Parole" (Essanay).

W. E. W., Pasadena.—Phyllis Stuckey was the barmaid in "Keepers of the Flock" (Edison). Charles West in "The Son of the House" (Biograph).

Anthony.—Nothing to answer, thank you. Carlyle Blackwell is not with American.

Nathalie.—We forwarded your letter to Mr. Anderson, but it is better to send your letters direct. Dont know how many inches Edwin Carewe's mouth measures, but if it is as deep as it is broad, he ought to have a good appetite. Ormi Hawley has been playing opposite him. Yes, a good team.

Dixie Jewel.—Violet Mersereau was the mountain girl in "The Stranger" (Imp). Haven't heard whether King Baggot plays the piano; very important, so some night I'll camp out under his window and listen.

Rose F.—Cant get a chat with Leo Delaney. His picture printed December, 1912.

American Beauty.—Mae Marsh and Walter Miller in "The Reformers" (Biograph). Alice Joyce did not play in "Shipwrecked" (Kalem). Use home address.

L. A. K., Syracuse.—True Boardman was the foreman, Virginia Ames the wife, and Brinsley Shaw the owner in "The Boss of the Katy Mine" (Essanay). Isabelle Rea is still with Pathé. The Motion Picture Club of America is only for enthusiastic Motion Picture patrons.

Helen L. R.—Will see about a chat with William Bailey. Anna Nilsson played the double rôle in "The Counterfeiter's Confederate" (Kalem).

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.

The very thing!

A Kodak

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,

Catalogue free at your dealers or by mail.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

Miss Dillpickles.—Gene Gauntier did not play in "Shenandoah" (Kalem). Florence Hackett and Vivian Pates in "The Burden-Bearer" (Lubin). Lillian Gish in that Biograph. I do not criticise photoplays.

Imperial.—E. H. Calvert had the lead in "The Final Judgment" (Essanay). Frank Burbridge was John, and Violet Horner the girl in "A Modern Romance" (Imp). Florence LaBadie and David Thompson in "The Lie That Failed."

Kitty C., Cleveland.—Lillian Wade was the child, and Bessie Eyton the girl in "The Child of the Jungle" (Selig). John Ince was Avis, and Muriel Turner was the child in "The Profits of the Business" (Lubin). William Duncan was Pete in "The Taming of Texas Pete" (Selig).

James R. P.—Guy Coombs in war pictures, also in fancy-dress plays. George Reehm was George, and Mae Hotely was the mother in "The Engaging Kid" (Lubin). Beverly Bayne and William Mason in "A Tango Tangle" (Essanay). Anita Stuart and E. K. Lincoln in "The Lost Millionaire" (Vitagraph). Dolly Larkin and Henry King in "His Last Crooked Deal" (Lubin).

Emma H.—Wallace Reid was the father in "The Gratitude of Wanda" (Bison). The half-breed was Arthur Rosson. Jessalyn Van Trump was Wanda. Pauline Bush was the wife. Gene Gauntier is back in America.

Wm. F., Mattoon.—Eleanor Dunne was the child in "Seeds of Wealth" (Lubin). Florence Lang was the mother. Ben Hendricks was Snake Sykes in "The Price Demanded" (Lubin). Peter Lang was the father. Alma Russell and Palmer Bowman in "Henrietta's Hair" (Selig). Adele Lane and Burt King in "Good for Evil" (Lubin). Alice Hollister was the crippled girl in "The Blind Basket Weaver" (Kalem).

Martin B. J.—I wont be eligible to membership in the Anti-profanity League if you send me any more letters like that. Try to be ladylike.

M. A. D.—I agree with you that silent, tense emotion is more effective than the frenzied tearing of hair and flinging around of arms kind. You signed correctly. Your own name should be down in the left corner. You mean Kirschbaum, the artist.

Louisiana.—Tom Mix was the Apache in "The Apache's Gratitude" (Selig). Impossible to find the player you mention, as he no doubt was never cast in the plays, and the company could not give us the information.

Flower E. G.—Charles Wells was Julian Driver in "The Monogramed Cigarette" (Kalem). Haven't the other two players you mention. Never say "gent"; even the sign, "Gents' Furnishings," is vulgar.

Berkshire.—Bryant Washburn was Byron, E. H. Calvert was Hale, and Francis Bushman was the minister in "The Power of Conscience." You refer to William Stowell. Vivian Rich was Beauty in "The Scapegoat" (American).

F. W. B., Taunton.—No, those animals are not killed. Have noticed that several of the players hesitate about dying. They think about it before closing their eyes.

Vyrgynya.—Dont like being called father. I am not used to it. Broncho will not give us that information. Correct; Byron had a deformity in his foot. Larmar Johnstone in that Majestic.

The Beauty.—Gertrude Robinson was the girl in "An Unseen Influence" (Victor). Florence Labadie in that Thanhouser.

Agnes of Westerly.—Thanks for your bright letter. Cines will not give us the name of the husband in "The Queen of Spades." They very seldom give us casts.

H. R. C.—The cast in "The Frontier Wife" (Broncho) was too old. That is a real mammy. Edna Cunningham was the girl in "The Grafters" (Reliance).

Jakey.—Thanks for the coins and gum. Mrs. Marston was the mother, and we haven't the son, in "Her Two Jewels." Joseph Belmont in "Pearl's Dilemma."

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TRADE MARK
Thomas A Edison

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George W. M.—Francelia Billington was the girl in "Bashful Bachelor Bill" (Reliance). Cannot tell you the others; Independent wont answer us.

Walter C.—Josie Sadler in "The Coming of Gretchen" (Vitagraph). Mildred Harris was the child in "An Orphan of War" (Kay-Bee). Palmer Bowman in "Borrowing Trouble" (Selig). Joe Hamman and Mrs. Joe Hamman had the leads in "The Mong Fu Tong" (Eclipse). It means that Mr. Kleine is the American representative for both companies. J. B. Sherry was leading man in "The Heritage of Eve."

Tom.—Harry Benham was the son in "The Spartan Father" (Thanhouser). Pauline Bush and Jessalyn Van Trump in "Mental Suicide" (Rex). Wallace Reid was the young man. Chester Barnett in "College Chums" (Crystal).

Bess, of Chicago.—William Russell and Jean Darnell in "While Baby Slept" (Thanhouser). It was a real live snake. Guess we all dislike to see snakes.

Peggy Lincks.—Neither Alice Joyce nor Edith Storey, my child. Verses excellent. So you love the magazine and me, but Edith Storey best. Alas, alas, woe is me! Beethoven is supposed to be the greatest musician. He was short—had a lion-like face.

Johnnie, the First.—Thanks for the pretty card. Larmar Johnstone, Anna Drew and Victory Bateman in "The Greater Love." The *News* is better each time.

C. W., Blue Island.—Eddie Lyons and Donald MacDonald in "The Toll of the Desert" (Nestor). Biograph without Griffith is like Hamlet with Hamlet left out? Wait and see. You never can always most generally sometimes tell.

Lillian L., Marion.—No more February 1911 copies. Harry Millarde and Marguerite Courtot in "Breaking Into the Big League" (Kalem). William Garwood was Bill in "Bashful Bachelor Bill" (Majestic). Robert Grey in "Flesh of His Flesh" (American). Harry Benham and Mrs. Marston in "The Medium's Nemesis" (Thanhouser). Muriel Ostriche in "Frazzled Finance" (Thanhouser). Robert Gaillord in "The Only Veteran in Town" (Vitagraph).

Pauline M.—Anna Drew was the heiress, and Francelia Billington was the other girl in "Told in the Future" (Majestic). The trick-film owes its inception to a well-known French prestidigitateur, Monsieur Méliès.

Kathryne S.—Harold Lockwood was the sweetheart in "A Child of the Sea" (Selig). Harry Millarde in that Kalem. David Thompson was Benson in "The Lie That Failed" (Thanhouser).

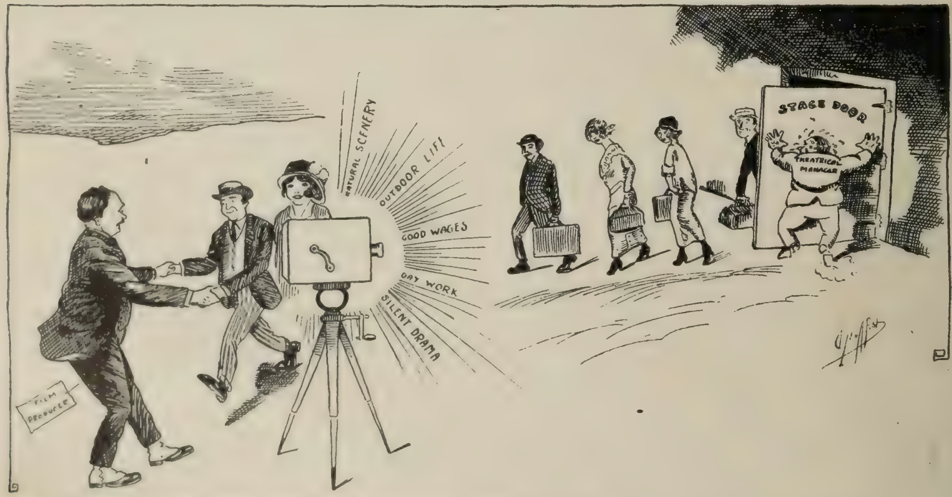
Anastasia.—Right you be. Never speak of a person's virtues to his face nor of his faults behind his back; and when you write to a player, mention the faults as well as the good points, but do it kindly. Mona Darkfeather is now with Kalem. We dont treat of *fama clamosa*.

Doña W. C.—George Band was Robert, Juliet Ferill was the widow, and Ralph Lyon was Gilbert in "A Villain Unmasked" (Cines). George Gebhardt and Lillian Wiggins in "The Trapper's Mistake" (Patheplay). Ned Nye and Gertrude Forbes in "Something Rotten in Havana." Edward Dillon and Grace Lewis in "Noisy Suitors."

Maurice L., Lancaster.—Tom Carrigan and Adrienne Kroell in "The Price of the Free" (Selig). Yes, the latter looks as if she was well fed.

Virginia, of New York.—Jean Darnell in that Thanhouser. Very nice. The other player you mention does not seem to play sincerely, hence he plays unnaturally.

Happy Jack.—Miss Ashton was the blonde in "Father's Chicken Dinner" (Cines).



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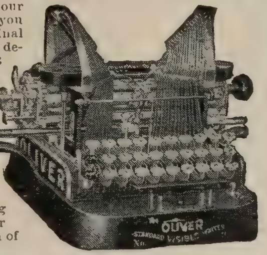

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Vyrgynya.—Kenneth Casey plays occasionally; he attends school. My beard reminds you of Johan Mayo's and Killingworth's? Broncho did not answer.

Primrose.—Lubin is at 20th Street and Indiana Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa. The player fell thru the opening and, no doubt, on a mattress or net. The extent of the fall was about four or five feet. Those pictures are made in sections, and the player does not fall as it appears.

Daphine D.—Francelia Billington and William Garwood in "Hearts and Hoop" (Majestic). Mabel Normand in "Love and Courage." That was Peggy O'Neil.

Madeline W.—Sorry, but it is almost impossible to answer Broncho questions.

Walter C.—William Garwood in "The Toy" (Majestic). Dorothy Davenport was Mabel, and Thelma Slater was the little girl in "The Failure of Success" (Kay-Bee). Charles Elder was Jabez, and Mr. Emerson was the lieutenant. Robert Grey had the lead in "While There's Life" (American).

Berkshire.—Marguerite Clayton was Bonnie in "Bonnie of the Hills" (Essanay). Arthur Johnson and Lottie Briscoe in "The Road to the Dawn" (Lubin).

Hans Deneaux.—Nein, my French ami, actors et actresses do non paint their lips with black paint. Peste! It is red paint, but red takes black in photography, and this is a truth that many players have yet to learn. The picture looks like Anna Nilsson.

Kurious, Astoria.—Emma Bell was the agent's wife in "The Evil One" (Lubin). C. Barr was Paul in "Objections Overruled" (Biograph). Alice Hollister in that Kalem. Naomi Childers and Richard Purdon in "The Heart of an Actress," as Jane and the father. William Humphrey was Edith's husband in "My Lady of Idleness" (Vitagraph). Edwin Carewe and Ernestine Morley in "On Her Wedding Day."

Miss D., Newburgh.—You think Earle Williams too sedate and dignified? No, not always; yet, *too* much dignity and you will be taken for a footman. You will see that he wins in the next contest? That should not be difficult.

Olive Oil.—Jack Pickford is Mary's brother. Mary Pickford is leaving Famous Players to become a Belasco's "Good Little Devil" again.

Eddie L. P.—Communicate with Harry Oviatt, 76 N. Main Street, Milford, Conn.

Lenore C.—Harold Lockwood was Jed in "The Diverging Path" (Selig). Edwin Carewe in "It Might Have Been" (Lubin). George Gebhardt in "The Bear-Trap" (Patheplay). He is not an Indian. We are in *D'accord.*

Stella C., Brattleboro.—William Mason, Eleanor Blanchard and John Steppling in "Billy" (Essanay). Yes, Crane Wilbur in "The Infernal Pig" (Patheplay). Yellow always takes black in the pictures—even tan shoes. I did not realize this till I once saw a ballroom scene being taken in which several of the men were attired in tan shoes.

Chums.—Edward Coxen and Marion Murray in "Red Sweeny's Defeat."

Masie W.—Francis Bushman was the escaped prisoner, Beverly Bayne the hermit's daughter, and William Bailey the recluse in "Hermit of Lonely Gulch."

Cecilia C.—Mabel Normand has not got springs in her legs, nor Ford Sterling Saint Vitus. They are naturally acrobatic.

Knowsey.—Mae Hotely was the mother in "A Mountain Mother" (Lubin). Lionel Barrymore and Claire McDowell in "The Crook and the Girl" (Biograph). Adrienne Kroell was Marion in "The Water Rat." Maidel Turner was Ethel in "Over a Crib."

Aline, of St. Louis.—Lionel Adams was Jerry in "Over a Crib" (Lubin); the nurse is not cast. Any one can join the Correspondence Club, I believe.

Anna S. L.—The picture looks like Ray Gallagher and Dolly Larkin. Reports are correct, but the one about Carlyle Blackwell is not; he is still with Kalem.

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Each of the following cipher telegrams spells the name of a popular photoplayer if the letters are properly arranged, but no letter must be omitted. To the three persons sending in the neatest and most perfect translations of these telegrams before January 15, 1914, we will award three suitable prizes. Address "Telegram Puzzle, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y."

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3. Larry luf me.
4. Lice is the rumor.
5. Bag your milk an' call.
6. U dug in a west.
7. Cab wheel nest.
8. I'm ray whole.
9. Role mole caustic.
10. I ram one on lard.
11. On wee room.
12. An arm bond elm.
13. We laid clear.
14. We mop rots.
15. Cub's fans in harm.
16. Can clown reel free.
17. Hub N. Y. on N. J.
18. Link a real will.
19. If I rein on glad me.
20. Kid for my carp.
21. Go weep and tinsel.
22. I dont style Co.
23. Will dared Don.
24. Lodge lie cry.
25. Run Fleet corner.
26. Joe Clay: Ice.
27. Rooms at home.
28. Rain rub clew.
29. Rest note and girl.
30. I now get arm sure.

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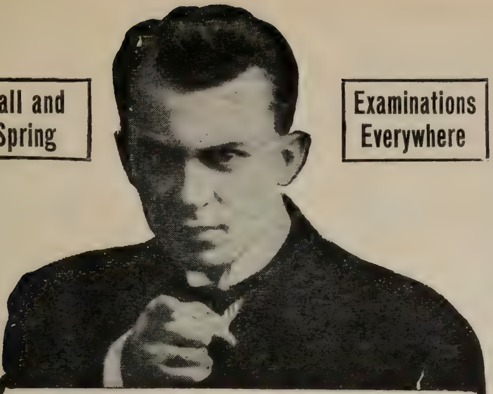

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"The Little Stocking"	Imp
"Solitaires"	Vitagraph
"Downfall of Mr. Snoop"	Powers
"The Red Trail"	Biograph
"Insanity"	Lubin
"The Little Music Teacher"	Majestic
"Sally Ann's Strategy"	Edison
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Nellie Bly.—Vivian Prescott in "The Wiles of Cupid" (Lubin). Betty Harte was Susan in "I Was Meant for You" (Biograph). When a fee is enclosed, your letter is given a preference.

M. B. W.—Ormi Hawley does not play opposite Arthur Johnson. Dolly Larkin and Henry King in "The Perilous Ride" (Lubin).

Cut-it-out.—In plain English, your letter is imponderable and garrulously nugatory; and until you are tamed I dont want to hear from you. You violate proprieties.

Warren A. G.—Vivian Prescott was leading lady in "Success" (Reliance). Irving Cummings, Allan Hale and Irene Hunt in the same play. Others not in line.

Elsie M. H.—Wallace Reid was Northern captain, and Marshall Neilan the Southern, in "The Powder Flash of Death." Fred Mace is directing for Thanhouser.

Lois B., Pittsburg.—Helen Dunbar and Ruth Stonehouse were mother and daughter, and E. H. Calvert and Dolores Cassinelli in "The Unknown" (Essanay).

Ida-Ho.—Yes, that is Pearl Sindelar now with Pathé. Howard Davies was leading man in "Pure Gold and Dross" (Rex). Alexander Gaden was the leading man in "Smuggler's Daughter" (Rex). Thanks.

School Girl, New Zealand.—Myrtle Stedman was the girl in "Buck's Romance" (Selig). Florence Dye was Mrs. Madden. Mrs. Costello in "Six o'Clock."

Dan Cupid.—That was Gladden James as Tom Hughes. Dont do it if you dont want to; no task is well performed by a reluctant hand.

Grace, 16.—Most players will answer if you write to them. We do not get the middle names of the players, and they dont care about telling.

Kerrigan Club.—Yes, that was a real fire in "A Hero Among Men" (Lubin). Warren Kerrigan was with the Western Victor last. You will recognize him in "The Passer-by," in this issue, with Jessalyn Van Trump opposite.

Mary Pickford Admirer.—Mary Pickford was chatted last month. Expect a chat with Irene Boyle soon. We have chatted with Blanche Sweet and Lionel Barrymore, and you will probably see the results in next issue.

Texas Bluebonnet.—Francelia Billington was the girl in "The Pajama Parade."

Ogden, Utah.—Marguerite Courtot was the grandfather's wife, and Alice Hollister the son's wife in "Fatal Legacy" (Kalem). Anna Nilsson was the grandson's wife. Doris Mitchell was the girl in "Stone the Woman" (Essanay). Gladden James in "The Call" (Vitagraph).

The Twins.—Frank Tidmarsh was Tom, Lionel Adams was Phil and Edna Luby was Edith in "The Gangster's Sacrifice." Pathé will not answer.

Melinda.—You mustn't judge Bernhardt's appearance as Elizabeth; judge her acting. It is not known whether Queen Elizabeth's eyes were gray or black; some say one, some the other. She was of middle height, and her face was long, like Bernhard's, with a hooked nose. Her eyes were small, her teeth bad, and she was masculine.

Virginia D. P.—Francelia Billington was the girl in "The Heart of a Fool" (Majestic). "Across the Chasm" (Patheplay) was taken at Lake Placid, N. Y. Warren Kerrigan in "For the Crown" (American). It was taken in California.

Essie B. N.—Adele Ray in "The Saving Lie" (Pathé). Dolly Larkin in "Black Beauty." Ernestine Morley and Edwin Carewe in "In the South." Wheeler Oakman and Bessie Eyton in "The Ne'er to Return Road." Barney Furey was Henry.

Correspondence, Jr.—There is a Belmar Company, but they're not doing much.

E. W. K., Albany.—There is no Jack Conway in "The Renegade's Heart." You perhaps refer to Ray Myers, or Richard Stanton, the latter formerly with Méliès.

Madame X.—Warren Kerrigan's sweetheart was Vivian Rich in that American.

Spring Maid.—Robyn Adair was the outlaw in "The Reformed Outlaw" (Lubin). He has left Lubin. Marin Sais was the girl in "Intemperance" (Kalem). You must not ask why a player left one company to join another.

Mary Cary.—You should have written Circulation Department. You might write Edison in regard to that song. That was not her fault. The real Sapho was of short stature, and a brunette, and noted for her violence of passion and disregard of decency. She was a regular volcano.

Helen E. L.—Lillian Gish had the lead in that Biograph. Edgar Jones and Clara Williams in "His Redemption" (Lubin). William Bailey and Beverly Bayne in "Hilda Awakes" (Essanay).

Idelle Mc.—Dorothy Gish in "Those Little Flowers" (Biograph). Gertrude Bambrick was Marguerite. Yes; Crane Wilbur. You think Arthur Johnson graceful? I haven't noticed it. But he is always masculine and manly.

Marguerite R.—Paul Kelly was Bobby, and Sydney Cummings was Sydney in "The Feudists" (Vitagraph).

Kerrigan Club.—E. H. Calvert had the lead in "The Final Judgment" (Essanay). Bryant Washburn and Dorothy Phillips in "The Prophecy" (Essanay). Herbert Barry was the Indian in "The White Slave" (Vitagraph). Wallace Reid now with Powers. Marshal Neilan and Wallace Reid in "The Wall of Money" (Rex).

Gladys.—Arthur Johnson in "The Road to the Dawn." Tom Carrigan and Adrienne Kroell in that Selig.

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MARIE V.—E. K. Lincoln was Ned, and Gladden James was Tom in "The Call" (Vitagraph). E. K. Lincoln has never been with Lubin. Admiration is about the only thing you can give away without losing it.

JOHNNIE, THE FIRST.—Robert Drouet and Peggy O'Neil in "The Penalty of Crime."

APPRECIATIVE.—Jessalyn Van Trump's pictures in November, 1912, and January, 1913. She is now with Rex.

SUNSHINE.—Ormi Hawley was Tamandra in "Tamandra, the Gypsy" (Lubin).

PAT AND MIKE.—Tom Moore played opposite Alice Joyce in "The American Princess." Benjamin Wilson in "Romance of Rowena." Will chat William Mason soon.

OLIVE W.—Blanche Sweet did not play in "The Reformers." Irene Hunt in that Reliance. Gertrude Bambrick in "Just Kids" (Biograph).

BESSIE B.—We expect some new pictures of Crane Wilbur. Jack Standing had the lead in "The Father-love." Harry Hyde was the tramp in "The Lady and the Mouse" (Biograph).

MARJORIE M.—Blanche Cornwall in "Kelly from the Emerald Isle" (Solax). Robert Grey and Charlotte Burton in "While There's Life" (American). Velma Whitman and Raymond Gallagher in "Playing with Fire." Richard Bartlett in "The Bribe."

E. F. H.—Harold Lockwood was Henry in "The Stolen Melody." Jane Fearnley is now with Vitagraph, playing in "The Golden Pathway." Louise Glaum is with Carlyle Blackwell in the old Essanay studio in Los Angeles.

MARGUERITE, BALTIMORE.—Irene Boyle was the child in "Sacrifice at the Spillway" (Kalem). You might try.

JOHNNIE, THE FIRST.—Raymond Gallagher was Jim in "Playing with Fire" (Lubin). Thomas Carrigan was Phillip in "The Wheels of Fate" (Selig).

ROSEMARY.—Warren Kerrigan is with Victor, Western section. Billy Quirk is doing a monolog act in vaudeville.

JULIET.—Billie West was Lucia in "His Sister Lucia." Warren Kerrigan's brother does not play in the pictures. That was supposed to be old Father Time. He is pictured as with a scythe, because all flesh is grass.

JEAN B., COLUMBUS.—Vivian Prescott and Jack Standing in "The Wiles of Cupid" (Lubin). Irene Boyle and Harry Millarde in "The Smuggler" (Kalem). Lottie Briscoe was Nellie, and Florence Hackett was Grace in "His Better Self" (Lubin).

SUKIE SAL.—Marguerite Snow and James Cruze had the leads in "Jess" (Thanhouser). Dolores Costello was Magdalena in "She Never Knew" (Vitagraph).

INQUISITIVE DOTSY.—Alice Joyce was chatted in August, 1912. Ruth Hennessy was Cinderella in "Cinderella's Gloves" (Essanay).

SOCRATES.—Thomas Carrigan was the man in the street, Alma Russell the girl who wore slippers, and Jack Nelson the fellow they tied to the chair in "The Jeweled Slippers" (Selig). Write to Selig, and they may send you the plot.

MARY FRANCIS.—Yes; Ethel Grandin used to play for Broncho and Kay-Bee. Yes; Ray Myers. Dont know where he is at present. You might write to Pauline Bush. Ah! but you must give that player a chance. Even polished steel will not reflect in the dark.

P. V. C.—Expect to chat Wallie Van and the Nash twins soon. No one seems to know where Lillian Christy is at present. Perhaps on the stage.

VERNON L. K.—Ruth Roland in "Fatty's Deception" (Kalem). Lottie Briscoe was Mabel in "The School Principal" (Lubin). Thanks for the Australian program. We have no record of "The Hidden Message."

J. E. R.—Jack Richardson appears to be with American. Vivian Rich was the girl in "The Adventures of Jacques." So you think that they overdid the arresting scene in "The Riddle of the Tin Soldier." Perhaps; when I saw it several people had an attack of nervous exclamation.

WALTER C.—Anna Little was Virginia in "The Battle of Gettysburg" (Broncho). Leo Maloney was Jason in "A Demand for Justice" (Kalem). No answer on that Bison. Larmar Johnstone and Anna Drew had the leads in "The Greater Love."

CATHERINE E. P.—Florence Turner films are being shown in America. Yes, the Leah Baird and William Shay pictures will also be shown in America. Thomas Carnahan was the child.

THE UNKNOWN KID.—Jean Acker is on the stage, and therefore we will not print her picture. Write direct to Essanay.

DOROTHY M., INWOOD.—Dorothy Phillips was the girl in "The Power of Conscience" (Essanay). We do not give personal addresses. Vitagraph have taken several pictures of different gardens—what is the name of the play?

WANGA, 18, O.—Cleo Ridgely in "Beauty and the Beast." Larmar Johnstone had the leads in "The Politician" and in "The Greater Love." Right you be. Who ever heard of fat men heading a mob? They are usually too good-natured.

ANNA S.—You did not see Florence Turner in Indiana. She is in England.

ELSIE M. L.—Why dont you write that play and send it to Kalem? Charles Ray was the lieutenant in "Bread Cast Upon the Waters" (Broncho). Better write to the main Kalem office, 235 W. 23d St., N. Y. City.

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Nellie Rose.—Anna Nilsson in that Kalem. Miriam Nesbitt was the daughter in "Keepers of the Flock" (Edison).

G. P. C.—George Field was the brother and Robert Grey the lover in "His Sister Lucia" (American). Robert Grey in "Mysterious Eyes" (American). Harold Lockwood was the publisher in "The Stolen Melody" (Selig).

Edith H.—Cannot recognize the player from picture; looks like Bryant Washburn.

M. F. W., Phila.—Henrietta O'Beck was the child in "A Jealous Husband" (Lubin). Dont know her mother.

Kerrigan Klub.—William Garwood and Francelia Billington in that Majestic.

Anna B.—Tom Shirley was the boy in 'Tapped Wires" (Essanay). Ernestine Morley was the daughter in "In the Southland." Minor Watson is still with Essanay.

Miss Snow.—Your poems were no doubt received, but they were passed along to that department. The poem basket is cleaned up twice a month.

Helen of Troy.—Anita Stuart was the girl in "The Lost Millionaire" (Vitagraph). Yes, her arms, face and legs were too white for the part. Marshall Neilan was the lead in "The Wall of Money" (Rex). That's a very sad romance.

Julius G., Chicago.—Essanay is at Niles, Cal. Lillian Walker is still at the Vitagraph studio, and Carlyle Blackwell is with Kalem. Yes, some of those three-reel plays are rather tame. What they lack in breadth and depth, they give you in length.

Jackie, 20.—David Thompson was the doctor in "When Darkness Came."

Dan No. 2.—Peggy O'Neil in that Lubin. True Boardman and Bessie Sankey in "Broncho Billy's Brother" (Essanay). I really dont know why the lady players laugh so much; perhaps because they think it is becoming or because they have dimples or teeth to display. Laughing is an art as well as a luxury.

Lovie Paul.—Anna Nilsson in "The Counterfeiter's Daughter" (Kalem). Guy Coombs opposite her. Mr. Brewster is the Editor and not the Answer Man.

Florence, Boston.—Henrietta O'Beck was the child in "Over the Crib" (Lubin).

Dorothy, Pontiac.—So Evebelle Prout was playing in vaudeville in Michigan. Thanks. Marin Sais was the girl in "The Invaders" (Kalem). Charles French was the father in "The Skeleton in the Closet" (Kalem). Henry Walthall was the husband in "The Mistake" (Biograph).

Deau Lex.—Phillip Smalley was the leading man in "The Rosary" (Rex). Jeanie MacPherson was the girl in "The Surrender." Last question against the rules.

Helen L. R.—A chat with Billy Mason is on the way. We have no cast for "In Convict's Garb" (Essanay). Sorry. Romaine Fielding was R. Fernandez in "Courageous Blood" (Lubin). Your letter is very interesting.

Walter C.—Burton King was Jim in "The Battle of Gettysburg" (Broncho). William Clifford had the lead in "War" (Bison). Richard Stanton was Wilton in "The Flame in the Ashes" (Kay-Bee). Thanks for that five. You never forget it; and times are so hard, these days.

Helen F. L.—You say "Harry Myers and Ethel Clayton just suit one another; why don't they get married?" I'm sure I dont know. You are right! (He who praises us never lies.) Arthur Johnson and Florence Hackett.

Sukie Sal.—You want to know what sort of hours actors keep? 'Most any kind, and they are not particular which. So you like the Kalem plays best?

Helen.—You must not believe all you read. The papers always say that about a player when they give him a write-up. The question of salary is not discussed here.

G. K. M., Lowell.—Cyril Gotlieb was the drummer boy in "The Drummer Boy of the Eighth" (Broncho). Audrey Berry was the child in the Vitagraph. William Duncan was Huntley in "An Apache's Gratitude" (Selig).

Mrs. H. S. W.—Your letter is long and interesting. So you advise keeping a record of every play you see, the leading players, company, etc. The Photoplay Philosopher suggested this some time ago. Very fine idea.

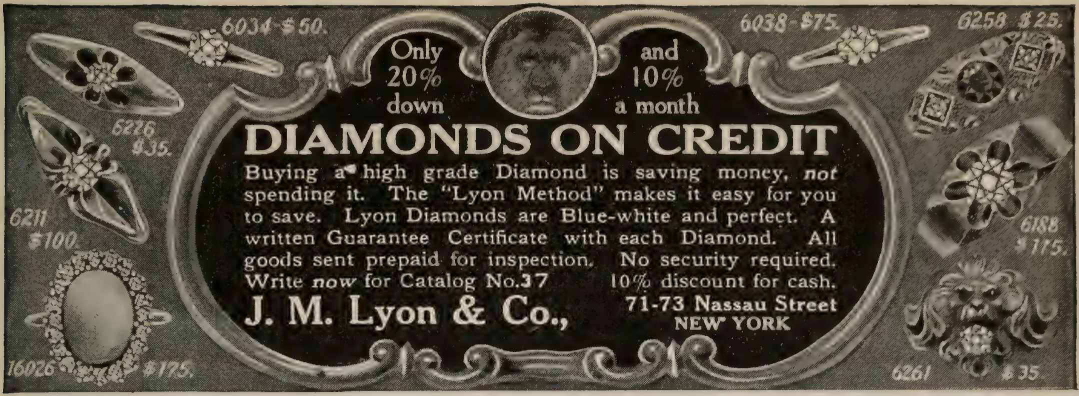
Betsy R.—Dorothy Phillips was the girl in "The Power of Conscience" (Essanay). Robyn Adair was Carlos in "The Fatal Scar" (Lubin). Dolly Larkin in "The Camera's Testimony" (Lubin). Miss B. Adair was the wife in "The Better Father" (Eclair). Margarita Fischer and Robert Leonard in "The Diamond Makers" (Rex).

Mrs. E. W.—Henry King and Velma Whitman in "To Love and Cherish" (Lubin). You think that picture bad, but you missed the fine moral. Bees extract honey even from the bitterest flowers.

Miss B., Alameda.—George Lessey was leading man in "Fresh Air Romance." He is director now for Edison. There were two "Woman in White" plays—which?

Gordon R.—Helen Bright was Mary in "Witch" (Eclair). Robert Frazer was the Governor. You ask why do we see so many more women than men in the pictures? For the same reason that we see more heaven than earth. (Turn on a little slow music here, professor.)

Dan C. K.—Harry Myers and Ethel Clayton in "The Burning Rivet" (Lubin). Arthur Johnson did not play in this play. Yes, the Princess acted the part in every way in "The Flower of Destiny" (Cines). I believe the Italians pronounce "Cines" *chinaze*. On the Bowery they pronounce it *signs*.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Sylvia L.—I have nothing to do with the Clearing House. Glad they sold one of your plays for you. Did not see that Edison. So G. M. Anderson is going to have an Aztec Village in the 1915 exposition. That's a long way off yet.

Philo H. H.—Florence Turner is making pictures in London. Dont ask the average salary of a Moving Picture star. Their salaries vary between $25 and $250 a week. Your poem is good, but we cannot publish it here. We print only about one in every hundred received, and some of those would never be taken for Milton's.

Pasquinet.—Thanks for clipping, but I doubt if process will be successful.

Hitchy-Koo.—You have seen Crane Wilbur, have you? Wonderful! Lillian Wiggins was the girl in "The Engineer's Daughter" (Patheplay). Dolly Larkin was the girl in "Padre's Strategy" (Lubin). Carl Von Schiller opposite her.

Naomi, of St. Louis.—Lionel Adams and Maidel Turner in "Over a Crib" (Lubin). They also played in "In the Toils." Josephine Rector was the girl in "The Dance at Eagle Pass" (Essanay).

Josy, N. Y.—Burt King was Burt in "Good for Evil" (Lubin). See above.

Well-Meaner.—Edwin Carewe was Robert in "His Conscience" (Lubin). Bessie Eyton in "A Wild Ride" (Selig). I'll have to call you Crosspatch, or Spitfire, if you write so vitriolically. Be nice.

Snookie Ookums.—You had better write Earle Williams and get it out of your system. Marshall Neilan, Jessalyn Van Trump, Pauline Bush and Wallace Reid in "The Wall of Money" (Rex). Anita Stuart in that Vitagraph. Stick to school!

Kerrigan Klub.—You had better read Warren Kerrigan's chat in May 1913 issue. Bessie Sankey the girl in "At the Lariat's End" (Essanay). William Clifford in "The Battle of San Juan Hill" (Bison). Beverly Bayne and William Mason in "A Tango Tangle" (Essanay). Ray McKee was Ray in "Silence for Silence" (Lubin). That "Yours till the mail boxes and till the board walks" of yours is brilliant.

M. P. Nutty.—So you know Muriel Ostriche personally. Maidel Turner was Mona in "In the Toils" (Lubin). Harry Carey was the crook in "A Modest Hero" (Biograph. That cul'd pussun isn't on the Eclair cast. Dont know whether he was burnt-corked or a real chocolate Eclair.

Minnie C.—The little boy in "Longing for a Mother" (Lubin) is Raymond Hackett.

Mabel A., San Diego.—George Field was Tom in "Dead Man's Shoes" (American). You mean Richard Stanton. The Nestor company is at Hollywood.

Estelle M. B.—E. H. Calvert and Juanita Dalmorez in "Every Thief Leaves a Clew" (Essanay). Dot Gish and Gertrude Bambrick in "The Widow's Kids."

Sylvia D.—Ethel Phillips was the girl in the Kalem. E. H. Calvert had the lead in "The Forbidden Way" (Essanay). So you dont want to meet Mae Hotely in the dark? Why, my dear, she is a charming, gentle, harmless lady when not acting, but she can certainly make the hair fly when she is.

Twins and Co.—Lillian Drew was Cora in "The Forbidden Way" (Essanay). Mae Abbey was the grandmother in "The Patchwork Quilt" (Edison). Miss Ashton was Mrs. Spriggs in "Mrs. Spriggs Buys a Dog." Thomas Carnahan, Jr., was the boy.

Olga F., New Zealand.—You know if you send the International Coupons, they are good for a five-cent stamp, and that is the only way for New Zealand inquirers to send their postage. Blanche Cornwall and Darwin Karr had the leads in "The Detective's Dog" (Solax).

M. A. D., Bronx.—Your suggestion for a puzzle was turned over to the Editor.

Adele T., Jersey City.—Frank Newburg was the tenderfoot in "The Tenderfoot's Luck" (Kalem).

Hazel G., Kelso.—Florence Hackett was Cecilia in "The Burden Bearer" (Lubin). Evelyn Selbie was the girl in "Broncho Billy's Way." Lillian Wiggins in "The Outlaw" (Patheplay). Evelyn Selbie in "The Crazy Prospector." Lillian Logan in "Love in the Ghetto." William Stowell in "The Water Rat" (Selig). They were divorced. It is easier to get married than to stay so.

Mary W.—Irving Cummings is still with Pathé Frères. Robert Grey in "She Will Never Know" (American).

Billie, 23.—Lillian Wiggins was the girl in "What the Good Book Taught" (Patheplay). Frankie Mann in "Nearly in Mourning" (Lubin). Mae Marsh and Walter Miller in "A Modest Hero" (Biograph).

Nellie D., London.—Jennie Lee was the mother in "Her Mother's Oath" (Biograph). Thanks for your kind words; may they always be merited, and when angry passions rise, your letter will hit me with a dull and sickening thud. (Slow music.)

Lee H., Chattanooga.—Louise Glaum was the girl in "The Quakeress" (Broncho). It is very difficult to get Broncho news, but we will try to get pictures for the gallery.

Libbie M. G.—Harry Millarde was Gerson in "The Hidden Witness" (Kalem). Charlotte Burton was Helen in "Truth in the Wilderness" (American). Dolly Larkin was the lady barber in "The Lady Barber" (Nestor).

E. W. L.—Jack Standing was Tom in "The Wiles of Cupid" (Lubin). Henry King was Tom in "A Tenderfoot Hero" (Lubin). Bessie Sankey was the girl and Fred Church her sweetheart in "Broncho Billy and the Schoolma'am."

The January Number of

The Motion Picture Story Magazine

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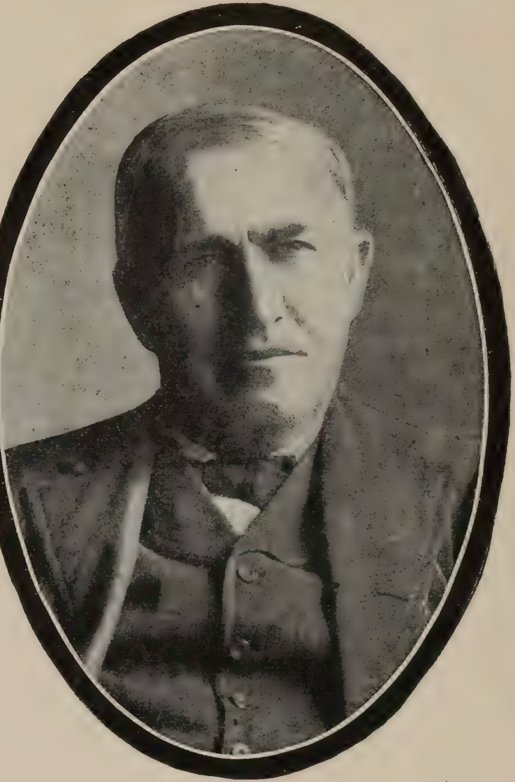

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Sallie Suk.—Alice Joyce was the wife, Stephen Purdee was the husband and Tom Moore the thief in "A Thief in the Night" (Kalem).

Adele T.—Earle Metcalf was Paul in "From Ignorance to Light" (Lubin). M. P. Penn was John, and Pearl Sindelar was Miss Jenkins in "The Crooked Bankers" (Patheplay). I admit all you say. I envy nobody who knows more than I, but pity those who know less.

Cutey, 17.—Dolly Larkin was the girl in "Jim's Reward" (Lubin). Anna Nilsson in "Shenandoah" (Kalem). Carl Von Schiller was Carois in "The Camera's Testimony" (Lubin). Beverly Bayne was the girl in "Marston's Engagement" (Essanay). William Brunton was Tom in "The Treachery of a Scar" (Kalem).

Edna May W.—Carl Von Schiller in "An Actor's Strategy" (Lubin). Wheeler Oakman was Hanson in "The Ne'er to Return Road" (Selig). Mae Hotely was the widow in "The Widow's Wiles" (Lubin).

J. R. B., Reading.—Alexander Gaden was the doctor, and George Holt was the husband in "Without Reward" (Nestor). Kalem's "From the Manger to the Cross" will be shown in many theaters in December, and you ought to be able to see it.

The Research.—Wallie Van in "The Feudists" (Vitagraph). Robyn Adair was Bob in "Accusing Hand" (Lubin). The main difference between you and me is that I love everything, you love nothing.

Harry W., Brooklyn.—Thanks muchly for the colored postals. They are very well done. No, I do not think Kathlyn Williams' hair is too blonde. It seems to be natural—the color, I mean.

Swastika.—Romaine Fielding has been with Lubin about four years. Leah Baird is with Imp. There is no definite time for manufacturers to keep the finished films before they are released. It varies, according to circumstances.

Wm. G.—G. M. Anderson has never been with Thanhouser Company. That was an error. Mignon Anderson. Kalem have a studio at Cliffside. Alice Joyce usually plays at the New York studio. "The Flood Tide" (Edison) was taken on Cornish Coast, England. Carl Von Schiller and Nellie Hopkins in "Her Atonement" (Lubin).

Eddie L. P.—Bartley McCullum was Sullivan in "The Burning Rivet" (Lubin). Martin Faust was the mayor's son, and Ethel Clayton was the daughter in the same. Do you mean George Gebhardt? He is again Pathé's star Indian.

Lucile, Brooklyn.—Thomas Santschi and Bessie Eyton in "When Men Forget" (Selig). Jack Standing in the Lubin. Ford Sterling was the driver and Mabel Normand his wife in "The Handsome Driver" (Keystone). Dorothy Kilgour was the physical culture instructress in "No Sweets" (Vitagraph). That was not a misprint. Dolly Larkin and Henry King in "The Mysterious Hand."

Kitty C.—Eugenie Besserer and Herbert Rawlinson in "Indian Summer" (Selig). You want more Biograph dramas, rather than comedies? Very well.

Snookey-Ookums, Berkeley.—Why not join the Correspondence Club? Write Harry Oviatt, 76 Main St., Milford, Conn.

William P., Richmond.—Henry Walthall was with Reliance before joining Biograph, and the picture was taken before he joined Biograph. Kathlyn Williams.

Helen S. W.—Romaine Fielding and Adele Lane in "Good for Evil." The world always looks bright and rosy after we have come from a good photoshow.

Perry W. S.—Send stamped, addressed envelope for list of manufacturers. Sometimes the films are changed from the scenario that our story was written from.

Barbara S.—Look up the August 1912 issue for long article on difference between Licensed and Independent companies. Mary Fuller plays in New York, Ormi Hawley in Jacksonville and E. K. Lincoln in Brooklyn.

T. C.—Do these letters stand for Terrible Complainer? Same as Carlyle's, and even he was never satisfied. Cant you find a good word for something or somebody? We are born crying, live complaining, and die disappointed, but that does not excuse a chronic fault-finder. Cheer up!—your stomach must be out of order.

Timmy W.—Romana Langley was Romana in "Weighed in the Balance" (Nestor). Thanks for the umbrella. I will lay it aside for a rainy day.

Alton, 606.—Mabel Normand was Mabel in "Mabel's Awful Mistake" (Keystone). Clara Williams was the girl in "The Paymaster" (Lubin). Lillian Wiggins and Joseph De Grasse in "What the Good Book Taught" (Pathé). J. Lancaster was Sweeney in "Sweeney and the Fairy" (Selig). Never was a cast made for "A Woman's Heart" (Lubin). Alice Hollister and Harry Millarde in "The Hidden Witness" (Kalem). Tom Moore was Raymond in "A Bolt from the Sky" (Kalem).

Knowsey.—Lillian Drew was Mrs. Wilson in "Anonymous Love" (Essanay). Thomas Santschi in that Selig.

Lincoln C. P.—Bessie Eyton and Thomas Santschi had the leads in "When Men Forget" (Selig). Julia Swayne Gordon never was an animal trainer, except in the pictures. She played the lead in that fine drama, "The Kiss of Retribution."

Peggy, Dallas.—Marion Cooper and Hal Clements had the lead in "The Sacrifice at the Spillway" (Kalem). Alice Hollister in "The Blind Basket Weaver" (Kalem). Tom Moore in "For Her Sister's Sake" (Kalem).

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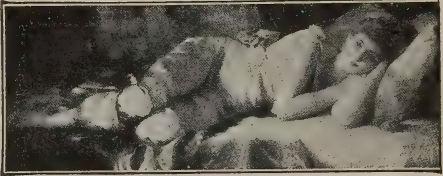

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Colonial K.—William Duncan and Myrtle Stedman in "The Marshal's Capture" (Selig). Marin Sais was the girl in "Intemperance" (Kalem). Francis Carlyle was the Governor in "The Governor" (Lubin).

Ralph P. W.—Edna Maison was the Nautch girl in "The Death-Stone of India" (Bison). Charles Bartlett and Belle Bennett in "Soldiers Three" (Bison). Wrong; the Desert of Sahara would cover the whole of the United States.

S. S. M. N., Freeport.—Tom Shirley was Mike in "Tapped Wires" (Essanay). Dorothy Gish was the invalid in "Lady and the Mouse." Dont believe in those reports.

Little Eva.—Evelyn Selbie was the girl in "The Crazy Prospector" (Essanay). Elsie MacLeod was Cinderella in "The Reluctant Cinderella" (Edison).

Pasquinet.—Ethel Phillips and Tom Moore in "For Her Sister's Sake" (Kalem). Harry Carey was the thief in "The Stolen Loaf" (Biograph). Yes.

Youkon Kid.—So you, too, have joined the Anvil Chorus. Knock away and be happy. You were probably answered in the last issue.

Kiddo, Tucson.—Edith Storey was Chloe, Harry Northrup was Dagban, and Ralph Ince was Eric in "Before a Book Was Written" (Vitagraph). Dot Bernard and Wilfred Lucas in "The Girl and Her Trust" (Biograph). Mary Fuller was the wife in "The Commonwealth" (Edison).

Fern D., Kalamazoo.—Ernest C. Joy was the villain in "For the Man She Loved" (Thanhouser). William Garwood and Peggy Reid in "Forgive Us Our Trespasses" (Thanhouser). Viola Barry was the girl in the restaurant.

Tom.—Jack Standing and Isabelle Lamon in "The Exile" (Lubin). No cast for the Pathé. Please dont crowd all your questions on a postal.

Elizabeth T.—Ethel Phillips was Beryl in "A Victim of Deceit" (Kalem). Bess Meredyth was the girl in "Bred in the Bone" (Bison). Kathlyn Williams was Edna in "The Flight of the Crow" (Selig).

Annette A.—James Vincent and Marguerite Courtot were Mr. and Mrs. Halleck in "Fatal Legacy" (Kalem). Tom Moore and Alice Hollister were Jack and his bride.

Peggy R.—Mae Marsh was Elsie. Margarita Fischer was the girl in "The Diamond Makers" (Rex). Benjamin Wilson in that Edison. Of course, I try to know something about everything, and everything about something, but the older I grow the less I know. My twin brother, the Photoplay Philosopher, gets all his ideas from me.

H. M. B., New York.—Edgar Jones was Jack in "The Girl of the Sunset Pass" (Lubin). Charles West opposite Claire McDowell in "I Was Meant for You."

Brownie.—Grace Cunard and Ray Myers in "War" (Bison). James Vincent was Robert, Marian Cooper was Madeline, Marguerite Courtot was Jennie, Guy Coombs was Kerchival, and Anna Nilsson was Gertrude in "Shenandoah."

Naomi, of St. Louis.—Ernestine Morley was the girl in "In the Southland" (Lubin). E. K. Lincoln and Edith Storey in "The Call" (Vitagraph).

Lupe, Tucson.—Constance Johnson and Charles West in "The Vengeance of Galora" (Biograph). Miss Goldie and Harry Carey in "The Sorrowful Shore" (Biograph). Charles Murray was McDoo, and Katherine Butler and Florence Lee were the girls. William Clifford was leading man and Victoria Forde was the girl spy in "Stars and Stripes Forever" (Bison).

Bob, London.—Your letter is clever, but you must not make fun of my beard. You ask no questions, but I'll suggest one for you:

Bob shave great George, our king!
Make him look just the thing!
  Bob shave the king.
Razor and soapy suds,
Powder and scented duds;
Hold up your chin, my liege—
  Bob shave the king.

Harry L. O.—Warren Kerrigan will be seen in "The Passer-by" (Victor), the story of which appears in this issue. How do you expect me to pay for my hallroom and buttermilk on a one-cent fee? Sorry that your heart has been so sadly dented. Consult a tinsmith. Harold Shaw is directing in England.

Sophie N.—Thomas Santschi and Bessie Eyton had the leads in "The Prisoner of Cubanas" (Selig). Rosemary Theby has left Reliance.

Lillian L.—Harry Carey was the butler in "Diplomatic Circles" (Biograph). E. H. Calvert was the detective. Opinions differ. Coquelin says, "To move, you must not be moved." Cecilia Loftus will soon be seen in the pictures.

R. S., New Zealand.—Yes, that was Romaine Fielding, and he wrote, directed and played in that play. I'm glad there is no tariff on good letters.

Felix E.—We never give the private addresses of players. You should give name of company.

Anthony.—Yes; thanks again for that present. Guy Coombs was the city fellow in "Retribution" (Kalem). Crane Wilbur was the man in "The Climax" (Pathé).

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Dimples.—Vivian Rich and Charlotte Burton in "Truth of the Wilderness." I know that what you speak of is an outrage, but you cant dispel a fog with a fan. A fly is as untamable as a hyena, and some exhibitors are as dumb as a clam.

A Beaut.—Mrs. Ralph Ince is Lucile Lee. She plays in several Vitagraph plays, among them being "Master Fix It."

Helen L. R.—Benjamin Wilson was the lead in "The Awakening of a Man" (Edison). Pathé wont tell. George Hollister was the boy in "The Gypsy's Brand" (Kalem). A chat with Billy Mason is ready for next month.

W. L., Ill.—Your letter is bright, but no questions. You dont suppose I can look up that other letter. Oh! yes, I love to hear people's troubles. Trouble is the only thing we borrow and want to pay back in a hurry.

Cecil M.—Joseph Holland was Señor Gazanga, and Henry King was Tom in "A Perilous Ride" (Lubin).

Bertha B.—Mary Fuller was the girl in "The Girl and the Outlaw" (Essanay). Beverly Bayne was Alice in "The Death Weight" (Essanay). No, you cant buy popularity and have it last. Such popularity is "the cold storage house where the world sends her favorites before she forgets them."

Unsatisfied.—Ethel Davis was the actress, and Joe King the missionary in "The Missionary and the Actress" (Selig).

Flower, Charlotte.—E. A. Turner was Sam in "In the Toils" (Lubin). Bob Walker was Billy, and James Ross was the old engineer in "The End of the Run." M. O. Penn and Pearl Sindelar were man and wife in "When a Woman Wastes."

Margaret A.—William Duncan was Howlin Jones in that play. Marin Sais and Paul C. Hurst in "Intemperance" (Kalem). Henry King was James, Carl Von Schiller was Manuel's son, and Irene Hunt was Paquita in "Love and War in Mexico" (Lubin).

Bessie C. D.—So you are going to name your boy Warren Kerrigan? He will have a good start in life. So Biograph plays make you think, Kalem plays appeal mostly to the eye, and Vitagraph plays appeal to the emotions? Well, between the three you ought to be well pleased, Mrs. Philosopher.

Jessie James.—Charles Stine was the uncle in "Their Waterloo" (Essanay). Leo Delaney was the doctor in "The Silver Cigaret Case" (Vitagraph).

Mary S.—Guy Hedlund was Guy in "Fortune's Pet" (Eclair). Barbara Tennant was Edith in the same. There are very few good critics of the photoplay, and they all differ about it.

Marie Antoinette.—You say, "G. M. Anderson's face looks as if it needs scouring." Dont you know that all cowboys are rugged, rough and ready? Pearl White is a natural blonde.

Mildred and Meredith.—Glad to hear that the Photoplay Philosopher won your debate, "Motion Pictures Are Harmful." He says a number of useful things for debaters.

Desperate Desmond.—Howard Missimer and John Steppling are both with Famous Players. Darwin Karr and Marion Swayne had the leads in "A Fight for Millions" (Blache). Kidd Bill Arthur was Pete, and John Ince was Bill in "The Taking of Rattlesnake Bill" (Lubin). George Reehm, Marguerite Ne Moyer and Arthur Hotaling in "Will Willie Win?" (Lubin). Thanks for the stickpin.

Mary P.—Glad you liked the November cover, but what about this cover—best yet?

Correspondence, Jr.—Howard Mitchell was Abel, and Florence Hackett was Mrs. Boone in "Her Husband's Wife" (Lubin). Herbert Prior was the villain in "Why Girls Leave Home" (Edison). Ethel Phillips and Tom Moore in "The Attorney for the Defense" (Kalem). Grace Cunard and Francis Ford in "The She Wolf" (Bison 101). Gladden James was Tom in "The Call" (Vitagraph). Dot Bernard had the lead in "The Blot in the 'Scutcheon" (Biograph). Of course I am benefited.

Martin A.—William Garwood and Florence LaBadie had the leads in "Petticoat Camp" (Thanhouser). Robert Grey and Billy West in "While There's Life" (Thanhouser). Romaine Fielding and Adele Lane in "Good for Evil" (Lubin).

Herman.—I think that the time will come when patrons will not be admitted to the theaters except between reels. How would this placard do: "Patrons will greatly add to the comfort of others if they do not take their seats till the end of a reel"? Anyway, we could never leave our seats till the end of a reel.

Mrs. E. C.—Bertram Bracken was Dexter in "Playing with Fire" (Lubin). Read the newspapers, and you will get all the plots you want. Everything good and great in this world begins as something else. Truth is stranger than fiction, and you can get both in the newspapers.

Ida L.—Bessie Sankey was the girl in "Broncho Billy's Reform" (Essanay). Dick Coburn was the husband, and Juanita Sponsler was the wife in "Wanted—A Plumber."

Roxie, Marlow.—Mignon Anderson was the girl in "In Their Hour of Need" (Thanhouser). You needn't describe a pawn ticket in scenario.

Juanita O.—The picture you enclose is of Richard Rosson. James Morrison is back with Vitagraph. No. I would also like to meet your father.

Anthony.—Thank you kindly for the Boston garters. Very thoughtful of you, and you were rather early. Irving Cummings is with Pathé now.

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Theresa.—You got me wrong. Miss Marie Hesperia was the Duchess in "When a Woman Loves" (Cines). We expect to have a chat with Wallie Van some time.

W. W. D.—Sorry you did not like our story, "The Diamond Makers." Wasn't our fault; we simply followed the scenario. If you read "The Trail of the Lost Chord," in this issue, and say that it does not make up for the other, you are beyond hope. It will bring tears to the eyes of a brass monkey.

Rose, Montgomery.—Velma Whitman was Edith, Henry King was Ralph, and Ray Gallagher was Bruce in "To Love and to Cherish" (Lubin). We have books of Popular Players for sale.

Mrs. E., Burlington.—Mrs. W. V. Ranous the chaperone in "The Lonely Princess."

A Westerner.—Florence LaBadie was the girl, and William Russell the doctor in "The Girl of the Grove" (Thanhouser). The Great Lakes around your State contain nearly one-half the fresh water on the globe.

C. E. Blackwell.—Warren Kerrigan with Victor. Edward Genung was David in "David Copperfield" (Thanhouser). No answer on that Bison. They are still asleep.

Betty Bill.—Thank you. We expect to have a picture of James Young in time. Ah, but you flatter! You know that flattery is like wine—it soon goes to the head.

Ada J., Albany.—Larmar Johnstone was the bandit lover in "Love of Conchita."

Peonie A.—Edgena De Lespine had the lead in "The Social Secretary" (Reliance). You might try that plan. It may be successful. No, I am not afraid of being poisoned. I eat anything that is given to me free.

Della M. G.—"The Bishop's Carriage" and "The Good Little Devil" are the only Famous Players' that Mary Pickford has appeared in up to this writing.

Henry B. R.—My, but your twelve-page letter fairly glows with love for Helen Costello, and you say you are nineteen. She is about eight, I would say.

Jason, Long Beach.—Francelia Billington was the princess in "The Heart of a Fool" (Majestic). Edgena De Lespine was the girl in "Twickenham Ferry" (Reliance). Muriel Ostriche plays regularly.

A. J. S., Cleveland.—We have no cast for "Sleeping Beauty." Billie Rhodes in "Perils of the Sea" (Kalem). The club is for members to exchange postals and letters. Vitagraph are doing the Liebler plays, and Biograph the Klaw & Erlanger.

Mary Ellen.—Lionel Adams was the doctor in "The Angel of the Slums" (Lubin). Maidel Turner was Mabel. Minor Watson was the lead with Beverly Bayne in "What's the Matter with Father?" (Essanay). Marion Cooper in "The Moonshiner's Mistake."

Elfrieda B.—William Williams in "Clarence Looks for a Job" (Patheplay). You are barking up the wrong tree. That was a Biblical quotation: "Transgressors shall be taken in their own naughtiness." (Prov. xi:6.)

Joy, N. Y.—Ned Finley and Herbert Barry both in "The Strength of Men" (Vitagraph). Ethel Phillips was the sister in "For Her Sister's Sake" (Kalem).

Florence P.—Sorry you are not contented with your lot. We are never satisfied. Diogenes was content to live in a tub, but Alexander the Great wanted worlds. Henry King in that Lubin. Anna Nilsson in the Kalem. Edna Payne and Earle Metcalf in "Down on the Rio Grande" (Lubin).

Blanche P.—Dorothy Phillips was the girl in "The Power of Conscience" (Essanay). George Siegman was Andy in "Kentucky Foes" (Reliance). Anna Little in the Broncho.

C. M. W., Ill.—Margaret Fischer was the girl in "The Power of Heredity" (Rex). Dolly Larkin and Henry King in "A Perilous Ride" (Lubin). Claire McDowell and Henry Walthall in "The Mirror" (Biograph).

C. K. W., Orange.—The Philosopher handed me your letter and thanks you. So "Success" (Reliance) is the picture masterpiece of the day, and Irving Cummings the peer of all actors? Very well, have your way about it.

Vyrgynya.—Imp wont tell us who Harry was in "Escaped from the Asylum."

Walter C.—Sherman Bainbridge was Nyzam in "The Girl and the Tiger" (Bison 101). Marie Walcamp was Zahanna, and Valentine Paul the resident. H. A. Livingston was John in "John Bousall, of the United States Secret Service" (Selig). Dont know whether Bison tore that old fort down; probably. You show very good judgment. Charles Clary in "The Policeman and the Baby" (Selig). Anna Little in "The Banshee."

Desperate Desmond.—Robert Broderick was the father, and Ida Darling the mother in "The Pawnbroker's Daughter" (Kalem). Alice Joyce and Tom Moore had the leads. Bessie Eyton and Thomas Santschi in "In the Long Ago" (Selig). Lew Weston was Cohen in "The One Best Bet." Ruth Roland was chatted in August 1913.

Nellie M.—William Russell in "Orator, Knight and Cow-charmer" (Thanhouser). Sam Bolnik was the boy in "Taking Care of Baby" (Thanhouser).

EVERYBODY.—Here's a new rule that you all must follow hereafter to facilitate my work: At the top of your first sheet, write the initials or name you wish to have printed; next your questions, each on a separate line. After that, say what you want to say and go as far as you like. Then sign your correct name and address. All letters will be read, but the questions must come first. I have a time for writing, and a time for reading, and when I write I haven't time to read—much.

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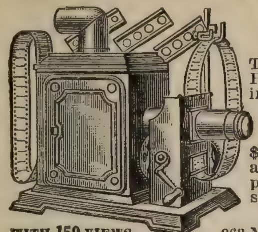

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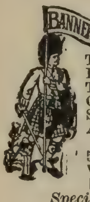

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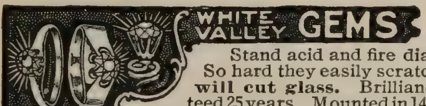

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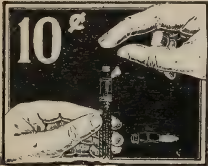

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City.................................... State..............

(*Continued from page* 32)

room, started and drew back at the sight of the visitor hanging to her husband's arm. Her faded eyes searched the weak, boyish face, blurred with drink, and she grew very white indeed. But she went on stirring the saucepan mechanically and did not speak nor move.

"Well, Jamison, my boy," said Ambrose, familiarly, pushing the limp figure into a chair and clapping him on the back, "got cleaned out tonight, didn't you? Tough luck! How much do you owe——"

"Five thousand——"

"Whew!" Ambrose whistled. A crafty look came into his small, pig eyes. "Pity you couldn't have a bunch of that money you handle every day at the bank, aint it—just *borrow* it, o' course!" He watched the words sink into his hearer's mind. The weak face, lolling against the chair-back, flushed resentfully; then Bob sat up excitedly.

"W'y, blamed if I don' do it!" he exclaimed heavily. "Nobod' 'll ev' be wisher, eh, ol' man?" He laughed maudlinly.

A hand fell on Ambrose's arm, gripping it tensely like spring wires.

"Dont do it, Rob," said his wife, in a strange voice. A terrible light shone in her eyes. "Let the young feller go. You'll be sorry if you hurt him—you dont know what you're doin'——

"Dont, eh?" sneered the husband. "Who'll make me sorry, hey?" Suddenly he flung her off with a gesture like a blow. "You keep out er my affairs, you hag—hear me?" he roared; then, turning, he seized his victim's arm and led him away.

On the floor the woman, moaning, watched them go.

"My God!" she said drearily, over and over. "His own son!"

In the big, glittering room the air was stifling with tobacco smoke and tense with excitement. At a table in the center young Jamison was playing wildly, and, with every play, the pile of bills before him was melting—lowering. Ambrose, watching his veined forehead and glazed eyes, felt the time was ripe. He strolled across to a telephone booth, entered and called up the police station.

Ten minutes later riot reigned. In a chaos of overturned chairs and struggling men Bob Jamison and Robert Ambrose met face to face. The older man was sneering.

"Like a rat in a trap," he smiled evilly. "Stolen bills and all! How about your father's chances of being governor now, with a jail-bird son?"

An insane hatred flashed to the duped boy's eyes.

"So this is a plant, is it?" he shrieked in a high-pitched voice. He raised a heavy chair above his head, above the sneering, triumphant smile.

"Well, then, I'll go to jail for a better reason than theft, you dog!" And the chair came crashing down.

"But *our boy,* Helen—*a Jamison!*" Andrew Jamison moaned, over and over. "My God! sweetheart, it seems every moment as if I'd wake up suddenly and laugh and say, 'What an ugly dream!' but I *cant wake up!*" His gray head rocked on his hands. The woman opposite shivered as tho his every word were a lash across her bare soul. Then into her sunken eyes sprang a sudden gleam of hope. She leaned forward eagerly.

"But—if we'd never had a son, Andrew?" she asked. "Suppose Bob had never been born—would you be happier?"

"Than to be the father of a thief and a murderer?" He laughed drearily. "God knows it would have been better if we had never had him, dear."

Helen rose suddenly. On her white face was a strange exaltation. But she only said aloud: "It is time we went down to the court, Andrew." To herself her heart was crying: "I shall tell everything. He will never forgive me for deceiving him all these years—never love me again; but what do *I* matter if he is happy?"

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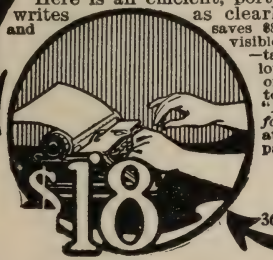

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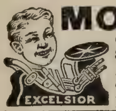

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her name echoed thruout the courtroom.

"Helen Elizabeth Jamison!"

The eyes of the courtroom were on the slender, veiled figure that walked to the witness-stand so composedly. The wife of the candidate for governor did not glance at the boy sitting sullenly between his lawyers, nor at the white-faced man in the audience-seats, whose turn, as character witness for his son, would come after hers.

"Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you, God?"

The clerk handed her the greasy Bible. Her lips quivered, but her voice was low and steady:

"The truth, the whole truth, so help me, God!"

"Prisoner, stand up! Witness, look at the prisoner!"

Helen's eyes and the boy's met. In hers was no pity, no tenderness. If he had been a stranger, the spectators thought, she could not have looked more coolly upon him.

"This is your son, Mrs. Jamison?"

Helen drew a slow breath, gripped the rail and turned a set face on the judge.

"No, he is not my son!"

The level tones sent a strange, electric thrill over the room. The hearers straightened, leaning forward. Two among them started violently: one was the gray-haired candidate for governor, the other a frail, illy-clad woman with a bruised forehead, sitting in the back row.

"Not your son, you say?" said the judge, sharply. "Where *is* your son?"

Helen's face burned with a white flame. "I have never had a child," she said slowly. "That is the boy's mother, yonder, in the back row."

The frail little figure swept to her feet, flinging out wild arms.

"Yes, yes!" cried the mother, eagerly. "That's my boy, yonder. Thank God I've got him back again after all these years!"

"One moment, madam." The judge turned to the witness-box gently. "Please explain briefly the circumstances of the case."

"My husband grieved for a child," Helen said simply. "I had none. I would never have had one, but I wished him to be happy. He went to Europe for nearly a year. I adopted a baby and told—him it was—his—"

"Ah-h-h!" The judge nodded slowly, then motioned. "That will do, Mrs. Jamison. The other woman will take the stand."

Mrs. Ambrose faced the astounded court, the judge, the curious eyes of the son she had never known.

"Judge," she said solemnly, "judge, it's all my fault—mine. I wanted my baby should have a chance in life same as if he'd had a different father. So I gave him away. And now I know that it's the mothers that count, judge. I robbed my boy of his mother, and he went wrong. There hasn't been a moment for eighteen years I haven't been hungry for him. I could 'a' taught him; I could 'a' warned him, because I knew the blood he had to fight. But I thought that riches and easy livin' and schoolin' was more important. Oh! judge, I've never had my baby—give him back to me!"

With the sullen face of the boy-prisoner hidden in his hands, and the eyes of jurors and spectators alike wet with tears, the gray-haired man who was to be the next governor touched his wife's arm.

"Come, dear," he whispered. "Let's go home."

"Andrew—can you forgive me?" her lips whispered faintly.

He laughed aloud, boyishly. "Forgive you? There's no need of that. You've given me back my little dream-boy, Helen; the little, clean-souled, clear-eyed shaver that might have been our son!"

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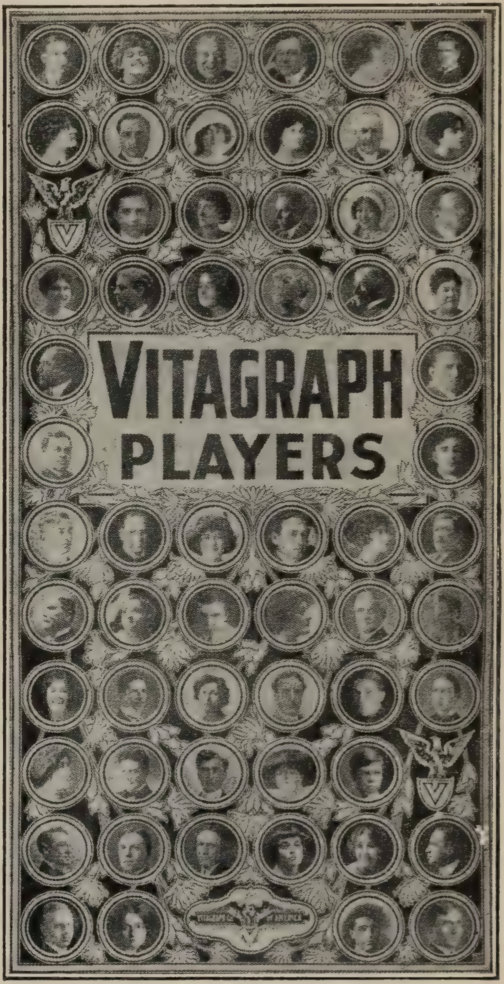

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☙ ☙ Letters to the Editor ☙ ☙

The following telegram was received from Romaine Fielding, winner of the Popular Player Contest:

Eugene V. Brewster, Editor MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE:

Sincerely regret that being back in the mountains made it impossible sooner to acknowledge receipt of the magazines and their superb and exquisite bindings, also the other valuable and instructive volumes. Such rich, rare and artistic coverings are seldom practical, but these are beautiful and almost indispensable. Please permit me to fervently thank the Moving Picture public as well as yourself and that valuable educational vehicle that you represent, for these books which shall be truly priceless so long as I may live. Earnestly,

ROMAINE FIELDING.

East Las Vegas, N. Mex.

Earle Williams, the popular Vitagraph star, Arthur Johnson, chief leading man and director of the Lubin Company, and Frederick Church, Mr. Anderson's chief support, thank their friends as follows:

My Dear Mr. Brewster:

Am glad to see that I finished second in the "Popular Player Contest," and I wish to thank the Moving Picture public for their splendid support. Believe me, I appreciate it greatly. I think your magazine deserves a great deal of credit for conducting such a splendid contest.

Very sincerely yours, EARLE WILLIAMS.

My Dear Mr. Brewster:

Thru THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE I wish to express my deep appreciation of the splendid vote cast for me by my friends in the Popular Player Contest. A few years ago a competition of such magnitude would have been an impossibility, but your admirable magazine has done much to increase the scope of photoplays and players. The knowledge that I hold so high a place in the regard of the public inspires me to exert every effort to warrant their esteem for all time. Very sincerely yours, A. V. JOHNSON.

Dear Sirs:

Please accept my thanks for the certificate you recently sent me as a result of the voting in your Popularity Contest concluded a short while since. It hangs in an honored nook in my den in this pretty village.

Thru you, I would like to convey to the thousands who voted for me, all unknown to me, and thru no direct efforts of mine, my deep and sincere appreciation of the honor thus conferred upon me. I can only hope that my work in the pictures in the future will ever enable me to try and deserve the good-will and friendship of my many unknown friends, to whom herewith I extend my cordial thanks. Sincerely yours, FREDERICK R. CHURCH, JR.

Niles, Cal.

Miss Harriet E. Orcutt, of the executive committee of Ruskin Commongood Society, Ruskin, Fla., writes as follows:

The new letter department is exceedingly interesting. If you get so many letters every month, we ought to have several pages of them.

I bought the first copy I ever saw of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, and have been an interested reader ever since. The girl at the window was reading, and the title attracted me. I asked her about it, and she sold me her copy. It was a July number, so it must have been two years ago. It has been interesting to watch the magazine grow and get better and better; also to watch its influence on the Moving Picture business, which has certainly been good. Some of the old plays were as good as any of the new ones, but, on the whole, the average is better now than ever before.

I believe in your ideals; there is a great future for the Moving Pictures. Rightly managed, they can become one of the most important factors in our educational system. I hope to see the day when every school, large and small, even to the country district school, will be equipped with sets of Moving Pictures for the teaching of geography and history. I hope to see the day when colleges and universities will use Moving Pictures in their science and art departments. They are already a most important factor in the moral education of the people.

I believe the time has already come when, if producers and exhibitors would work together, Moving Picture schools might be started in the cities. These schools would give picture courses in geography, history, science and art, and also literature. Not only school pupils, but all classes of people, educated or uneducated, would enjoy these courses. I have taught in district school, grammar-room, high school and college, and I know that these things are practicable. They are not mere dreams. They are bound to come, because they are needed. There are so many possibilities ahead—but I will not weary you with them. I only wish I might have an opportunity to help carry them out.

Here in the South, some of the old war plays are still given. The best one I ever saw was given at Tampa, and received with enthusiastic applause, altho some of the films are nearly worn out. It really ought to be renewed. Two old soldiers, one from the North, one from the South, each having lost an arm in battle, are neighbors and friends. Their son and daughter are engaged, and everybody is happy. They all go to a picnic. The two fathers discuss battles and get so excited that they flourish canes and accidentally demolish the dishes, and become so angry that each father orders his child home and forbids them to see each other again.

The next day each father takes an afternoon nap and dreams over his part in the war. "One fought under Grant, that all might be free." The army was in the mountains, the Virginia mountains, our party thought. The rocks looked like some we passed on our automobile trip—we even thought we could recognize the place where we camped by the Potomac and ate our lunch—on our way by automobile from Chicago to Ruskin, Florida. The wounded Northern soldier was brought on a stretcher to Grant's camp and cared for by the black-robed sisters.

"The other's loved chieftain was Robt. E. Lee." In the South, we watch an attack on a house, which is finally demolished by cannon, and our Southern soldier is taken to the camp of Lee, but there are no sisters to receive him. When Lee and his camp were shown there was a burst of applause from all over the house. Grant had been received in silence. But we Northerners are not so emotional as our Southern friends. Tampa is a tourist town, and that house was certainly half-filled with people from the North. But we Northerners never thought of

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Atlanta, Ga., June 9, 1913.

I received the completed copies of my song, "Never Leave Your Home, My Boy," and found it to be very attractive, as you stated, and I am certainly pleased with same. I also received your revision of the poem, "Down in Old Dixie," and I feel that you have made a splendid song of it, especially when the music is composed thereto. When you finish the music, let me know, as I have another poem I would be glad to send you for your investigation as to a new contract.

Yours sincerely,
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applauding Grant! Memorial Day, fathers and children meet in the cemetery, and reconciliation follows, and all are happy in a united North and South. Martial airs of both sides were played, and I never before saw so enthusiastic a house over Moving Pictures.

The scenery in the "Girl in the Orange Grove," a Florida story, is natural. It might all have taken place near Tampa. The water scene where the girls were drowning themselves was probably taken on the Tampa Bay Hotel ground, a few feet from where I frequently sit to write, as that curving stone sidewalk had an extremely familiar look. But the orange grove girl was 'way behind on bloomers. She should come to Ruskin and see the dainty, pretty suits our college girls wear. Hers were just overalls and waist, very convenient to pick oranges, but not at all artistic. Our Ruskin girls wear suits of middy and khaki trousers for work, and pretty blues and whites, and one color trimmed with another, for school and play. With white stockings and slippers they look very dainty and Turkish, and those who are inclined to scoff soon learn to admire.

Why do we not have more Florida plays? Florida scenery is unique and picturesque. The State has had Indians and Spanish and French and plenty of romantic history that ought to be good material. The colony life of the present ought also to be of interest.

I hear there is a new company starting at Tampa, so perhaps we will have more of Florida some day.

You ask for hints and suggestions for the magazine. I have three to offer. The first is applicable to a large number of magazines.

1. Why, oh why, does not every magazine put name of month and year plainly on the cover, not merely on the back, where the date is always at the bottom, and is sure to wear off, so when you have a pile of old magazines to file, you have to hunt sometimes for both month and year?

It is exasperating and bad for one's temper. It makes so much entirely unnecessary work. Life is too short to spend that way. Month and year should be plainly marked on both back and cover of every magazine. Wish you would set the example.

2. Give us a good letter department every month. We are all interested in knowing how it is in different states and countries.

3. You are making us acquainted with the players; now make us acquainted with the authors, the writers of the good picture plays. Who are they? How many of them are writers known in other fields?

It seems to me that it must take as much mental ability to work out a really good picture play as it does to write a good story or a good novel. Who is doing this work? A multitude of unknown writers who study out a play or two and then stop? If so, it would of course be impracticable to make us acquainted with them all. But if there are writers who are sending forth a succession of good plays, we, the public, want to know about them, just as we want to know about the men and women who write the books we read. Please tell us how it is.

Here's a charming little letter from "Little Mary," written while she was in bed, in the hospital, a couple of months ago:

DEAR EDITOR—With my nurse's special permission I'm going to write a few lines of explanation. This morning the Famous Players forwarded my mail, and in it was a letter from your magazine, stating that you had requested me four times to send my picture to a Miss Caldwell. I wrote Miss Caldwell a letter and autographed two pictures, parceled them, but didn't mail the letter nor the pictures, as I was taken so terribly ill. I was in bed over two weeks at home before being moved here, making, in all, nearly a month since I've been on my feet. However, I'll write the young lady today and have my mother send the pictures. There are three other young ladies I've neglected to send the pictures to, but I'll have mother attend to it. Miss Edna Wright gave me that little book you sent me, for which I wish to thank you. I'm going to read it over several times. Miss Wright told me you were going to print that snapshot of me taken standing by the machine. I'm going to ask you please not to, as I dislike it. If you care to have some of my pictures, I'll gladly give you as many as you wish. Marceau took several poses, and none of them have been used. I would love to thank the dear people, thru your magazine, for the beautiful flowers, letters and telegrams I've received since I've been ill. Many of them have only signed their initials, so I cant write them personally. God has been good in giving me back my life. One time (the night of my operation) I was fully prepared to die. In fact, no one expected me to live, not even the doctors or nurses, and consider my recovery most wonderful. It is a splendid feeling to slowly gain back one's life and strength. I'm sorry for the grief and terrible anxiety I caused my dear family and friends, but, thank goodness, it's all over, and I'll be up in another two or three weeks. I'll close now, as I'm beginning to feel tired. Wishing you and the entertaining MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE continued success, Sincerely, MARY PICKFORD.

P.S.—I hope you will be able to read this. I'm not permitted to sit up, so have written this with only one pillow under my head. M. P.

Mr. George W. Gauding, proprietor of the Lyric Theater, in Pittsburgh, writes as follows:

It has been some time since the writer has had occasion to write you, but if you recall when your publication first made appearance, in 1911, I corresponded with you on several occasions—sending different items to you. Now I am conducting the above theater, in conjunction with my other business.

I have not had an opportunity to write you before this regarding THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, which I consider the best ever, not forgetting the fact that it was the pioneer in the field. I have been interested in it since its organization and am, at the present time, a client of the Photoplay Clearing House, having two scripts listed with them.

Concerning the magazine, will say the Greenroom Jottings is certainly a valuable addition. And from the Gallery of Picture Players I have succeeded in assembling a very attractive gallery.

Am enclosing one of our feature schedules, devoid of advertising except for the theater. Later we expect to publish a four-page bulletin regularly; having my own printing establishment, can do it economically.

Wishing you continued success, beg to remain, Yours truly,

GEO. W. GAUDING.

Miss M. M. G., of 559 Evergreen Avenue, Brooklyn, pays us this high compliment:

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE is the book that made Brooklyn famous. In fact, it is the best thing that ever "happened" in Brooklyn.